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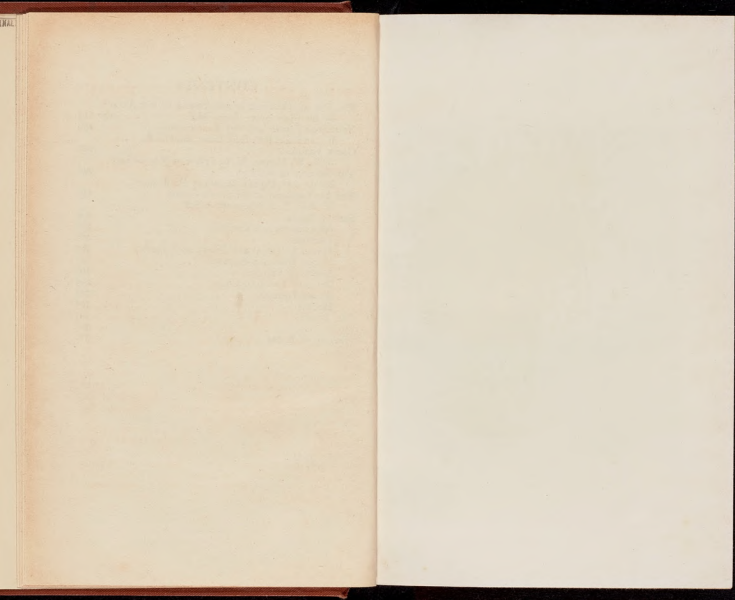
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CARDINAL GASQUET

25th May, 1914

Frontispiece

"SUA EMINENZA"

ONCE the date of a Consistory is fixed gossip in Rome becomes active and widespread, elevating to the Sacred Purple enough names to make up two or three complete Colleges of Cardinals. Curiously on this last occasion Abbot Gasquet's name was not so frequently mentioned as on the approach of former Consistories. Those who "knew" said his time was past: that with his appointment to the headship of the Commission for the Revision of the Vulgate his "career" was completed.

The writer confesses that he was thus taken by surprise at San Calisto on the Sunday in May when Abbot Gasquet came to his room saying, "At last the blow has fallen." I had an instant to ejaculate "How?" and to think of possible evils before the Abbot explained that Cardinal Merry del Val had just left a letter saying that the Holy Father intended to raise him to the Sacred College. Only the day before had I seen the Cardinal Secretary of State, and we had been speaking of the Abbot and his work. At the moment there was a question whether the Cardinal was expecting Abbot Gasquet to call on Sunday, and so close did his Eminence keep his secret, that I even thought he seemed somewhat indifferent about the Abbot's movements; "Oh! let him come if he likes: but he must take his chance of seeing me"; although at that very time he had the letter of notification ready written in his desk, waiting to be delivered! Some weeks later I ventured to congratulate his Eminence on the perfect secrecy "Rome" could maintain when it wished, and he told me that in this case the Holy Father had expressed his strong wish that no news of the coming appointments should get out until a fixed date on which all the new Cardinals would receive their letters of notification. The Cardinal wrote all the thirteen notices

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himself, calculated the days for postal delivery to each prelate, and posted the letters at intervals so that all might reach their destinations on the same day, and then on the eve of that day drove round Rome to deliver personally the letters for the city.

At San Calisto where, at the time, were Abbot Gasquet, Fr Philip Langdon and myself, we felt that the news should not be published until the appearance of the official announcement in the *Osservatore Romano*. It might come out that evening. A messenger was sent for a copy. He did not return. Another was sent to bring a copy at once from anywhere! This anxiety at 10 p.m. aroused the suspicion of the acute Italian servants. "Why all this excitement to get the *Osservatore*?" and this an hour after the Abbot's hour for retiring. "Why is Dom Filippo so unusually restless?" There must be some important news expected. "Hurry you out, Antonio, and get a copy." And in a short time the household was lined up at the Abbot's door, the first to present their respects and congratulations to his "Eminenza." At that very hour Abbate Amelli of Florence, a member of the Committee of Revision was hurrying up to Rome, and on his arrival declared that he had felt or heard a voice urging him to get back at once to Rome.

The various stages of making a Cardinal are well known. The formal notification, as above; the secret Consistory, the sending of the *biglietto*; the imposition of the biretta; the public Consistory at which the Cardinal receives the red hat,—the "*Galerum*"; the Pope's allocutions. Then for two days the new Cardinal is "at home" to receive the visits of congratulation from the members of the Sacred College, and from all who wish to see and do him reverence. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster was among the first. The reception is known as the "*visite di calore*."

The sending of the "*biglietto*" has many interesting features which do not get into the Press reporter's accounts. The pretence,—if we may so describe what is really a survival of days when there were no telegrams, no penny post, no railways—the pretence is that the "*biglietto*" is unexpected: its arrival is a surprise. The Cardinal-designate and his household

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are (supposed) to be found at work in their daily affairs. The couriers from the Vatican arrive. They have come straight from the secret Consistory. In this case the leader is Cardinal Merry del Val's private secretary. "Is the Abbot Gasquet 'in casa'?" they demand at the great gate. We immediately muster in the large hall. A number of students from the English College, from Sant' Anselmo, many friends, the Abbot's future gentiluomo, Sir Henry Howard (old Gregorian), several Abbots, and others happen to be present. The couriers are brought in. Twenty feet away from the Abbot and the group about him, they stop; and then at once without any preliminary, in a full, clear voice, in rounded, well balanced, easy-flowing sentences and graceful words in "*bocca romana*," the Cardinal's secretary announces the object of his visit. The Holy Father in the secret Consistory of this morning has conferred the Cardinalate upon the Venerable Abbot President of the Benedictines of England. It was all well done, and as he concludes he hands a sealed packet to the Abbot. But the Abbot must not open it. He hands it to the Rector of the English College, Bishop McIntyre. Fortunately some one present has not a pen-knife, for we are back in ceremonies of the Middle Ages, but a handsome stiletto, with which the bishop opens the packet, and he reads to the Abbot the document declaring his elevation to the Sacred College. A second packet contains the authoritative document conferring all the privileges and authority of his office upon Cardinal Gasquet.

The whole scene and the fiction of its surprise carry us back to the days of courtiers, to days when the horseman was the quickest post, to days when others than the reigning Pontiff would create Cardinals if they could—days when the rough times gave occasion to Canonists to write legal tracts on forgeries and counterfeits. In the ceremony we witnessed there was little room for mistakes, or deceit, or false documents. All was open and fully witnessed.

Cardinal Gasquet in a few sentences of Italian thanked the Holy Father, through his messengers, for the great dignity that had been conferred upon him. The couriers then bowed, "kissed the Sacred Purple," and hastened away with

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their missives to other non-expectant dignitaries. Cardinal Gasquet then delivered his "Words."

The "visite di calore" are worth more than a passing reference, for like the delivery of the biglietto they hold a significance which is worth study. To a stranger in Rome they are at least remarkable, but it needs some experience of Italian social life as moulded by Catholic ideals to recognize that this ceremony of "visite di calore" is a natural arrangement for facilitating the expression of the democratic instinct of the people. Any one of any rank or quality feels that he has the right and the privilege to call at the palazzo and see the new Cardinal. His Eminence has to remain "in casa" for the purpose. He is a great prelate, amongst the nations of the world he ranks with their princes of blood or their chief magistrates. Apart from his Cardinalitial rank he may be only a peasant, or he may be a Roman prince, it makes no difference. Whatever his birth, all make their "visite di calore." And—a thing that is so mysterious to the Englishman—all know how to deal with the Cardinal. Two days were given up to these visits, and on the following Sunday the people of the parish, St Maria in Trastevere, with their wives and children, came into the palazzo *en masse*, a dense crowd of the poor; yet I do not think that the Cardinal will have the memory of any act or word that was intrusive, unseemly or false in feeling.

Abbot Gasquet's arrangements for housing the Vulgate Revision Committee at San Calisto have fortunately relieved him of all trouble in finding a suitable Cardinal's residence. The palazzo San Calisto was built about three hundred years ago for a Cardinal. It contains all the suite of rooms needed for a Cardinal's receptions and business. The whole of it—rooms, halls, chapel, staircase, passages—is all on the grand scale. (When shall we learn how to build a stairs in this country?) In the 'eighties it was occupied by Cardinal Pitra, for the building belongs to the monks of St Paul's, and has been rented from them by the Revision Committee.

The palazzo stands at right angles to the façade of St Maria in Trastevere, and forms one side, the north, of the piazza. It is two sides of a square, the rooms looking on to a garden

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and its fountain, and receiving the sun all through the day. For many years the monks of St Paul's used it as their summer residence, when the heat and miasma made the monastery of St Paul's too unhealthy. But of late years the climate around St Paul's has been so improved that the monks ceased to use San Calisto and the interior of the building had fallen into disrepair and disorder. During the last year the building has been completely renovated, and it is now ready to renew its ancient greatness as the residence of the English Cardinal of the Trasteverini.

H.E.F.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

XIII. THE DECLINE OF THE OMMAYYADS

UNDER Walid the Ommayyad house reached the highest point of its glory, thenceforward, the destiny of the line of Moawiya took a rapid downward course, which neither success in the field nor acquisition of territory could check. Although for some years after the accession of Sulayman the decay of the power of the Syrian Khalifs was superficially concealed, the student will notice in the course of the following chapter that in reality it proceeded apace. Walid, indeed, was the last of the Princes of his family who could afford to repose the slightest confidence in his lieutenants and Emirs; he was the last of the rulers of Damascus who did not learn with apprehension of conquests and victories on his eastern and western frontiers; he was the last who did not hear of the return of a victorious general with greater fear than a report of disaster and distant rebellion.

The moment Sulayman was proclaimed Khalif it was apparent that the successor of Walid was one under whose rule ability was looked upon as a dangerous virtue, and the services of the generals and Emirs were repaid with appropriate rewards! For having conquered Spain, Musa was bastinadoed and disgraced, his son, Abdel Aziz, was beheaded, his lieutenant, Tarik, driven into private life. Mohammed ibn Kasim, who had led victorious Moslems into India, was outlawed and exiled, while, as we have seen, the acquisition of Transoxania by Qotaiba was rewarded with death.

In his brother Maslama alone, among the lieutenants of his predecessors, did Sulayman appear to recognize merit or constancy. This chieftain, who had for some years been engaged in prosecuting a successful but desultory warfare with the scattered armies and local levies of the Byzantine Empire, was now given charge of an expedition which promised, if successful, to crown the glories of the Khalifate with the Imperial diadem of the Caesars. Sulayman, though perhaps

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wanting in the greater qualities of a prince, at least was not afflicted with a lack of ambition, and he dreamed that the annals of his reign should eclipse in brilliance that of the former Khalif by recording the capture of Constantinople, and the final destruction of the Empire of the Romans.

Maslama was entrusted with the task of reducing the last stronghold of the Christian civilization to Mohammedan subjection. An enormous fleet of Egyptian and Syrian vessels was put at his disposal, and the home provinces of Damascus were ransacked for men and treasure with which to enable him to maintain and supply an overwhelming army for the double purpose of siege and blockade. Once more the fate of the world trembled in the balance. Europe, unorganized and incoherent, lay weak as a newborn infant, in ignorance of the impending danger. In Constantinople the citizens stood trembling around a feeble and incompetent prince, while against them marched the undefeated warriors of Islam, filled with zeal and confidence, under the leadership of one of their most famous Emirs.

Constantinople and Europe were inevitably doomed had it not been for the action of one man; from all the disasters which had befallen the Byzantines since the accession of the detestable Justinian, one Imperial officer had emerged with an unsullied reputation—he was Leo the Isaurian, the commander of the Anatolic theme.

The records of his prowess are dimmed by religious bias, and the hatred which he subsequently provoked by his espousal of the Iconoclastic cause. The shreds of history, Arabian and Greek, give very little substance from which we can form a figure of this truly remarkable man. That he was a consummate general and a wily diplomatist is not only probable, but certain. We see Armorium being besieged by the advancing Moslems, Leo, the general, persuades them to relinquish the attack, Theodosius, the incompetent Emperor, is alarmed, Leo proceeds to Constantinople in full revolt, strangely enough Maslama and his men do not follow him or harass his retreat. Both Greek and Arab writers concur in a vague hint that there was some understanding between the Isaurian and his foes from the East; Theodosius abdicates and Leo is

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Emperor—Maslama, who had apparently been awaiting this event, was suddenly disappointed in his expectation of a peaceable surrender of the capital.

Sulayman the Khalif commanded his brother to take the city by force, then it was that the Arabs swarmed into Thrace and Bythinia, that the Egyptian fleets blockaded the Bosphorus and Propontis, and the city of Constantine was hemmed in on every side. Of this siege we know little, the historical picture is blurred and confused—through the driving mist of time we get occasional but vivid glimpses of those two years of unavailing effort and steadfast defence. Now we see the shores of the Bosphorus black with tents and swarming with white robed warriors, vast convoys of Mediterranean shipping flit to and fro across the Marmora and up to the Black Sea. Constantinople itself stands lonely, isolated, but pregnant with valiant hosts. There seems to be but little fighting, the Arabs busy themselves with a wall of circumvallation, Maslama the Emir parleys with his enemies, Leo the diplomatist and soldier, though strongly armed, seems ever ready to temporize, to delay the attack, to keep the hot blooded fanatics from rushing madly against the city, since against their more than human valour even tall walls, Greek fire, and the choicest troops are no guarantee of safety. Suddenly Leo takes the initiative,—a little fleet steals away from the Golden Horn, confused cries ring out across the water, a vast column of smoke rises in the air—the Egyptian fleet is burned. Now comes a nipping frost, the dome of Santa Sofia and the red roofs of the palaces whiten under the warm haze of winter fires which hangs over the beleaguered town, but without, in the Moslem lines, there is misery and suffering indescribable, the rigid limbs of men and beasts protrude stiffly through the trampled snow, the black tents grow thin and tattered, the icy, northern wind howls through the narrow straits breathing cold death and frozen pestilence among the shuddering masses of the faithful. Waziers, Emirs, Saints, and Martyrs wither and perish beneath the blasting strokes of the new year, fresh ships and fresh men come from the South to take the places of those that are lost, only to pass through the same gate—the hosts of Islam fade away; Sulayman the Khalif dies

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while marching to their assistance; Leo grows bolder, crosses the Bosphorus, and routs the watching army on the Asiatic shore. The Moslems are now themselves in danger of being besieged within their camp, the Christians of Asia Minor are ready to rise, swarms of Bulgarians flock to the rescue of the beleaguered city—threatened on every side, his fleets destroyed, his armies but a shadow of their former strength, Maslama had no choice but to accept the decree of the Decreeer, reluctantly he struck his tents and retired to Magnesia,—Constantinople has been saved.

Although Leo the Isaurian has justly earned the title of the Saviour of Europe, we must remember that the strength of the enemy whom he had to face could not at that time be measured by the numbers of his subjects or by the extent of his dominions. Historians are a little apt to assume that, at the time of the second siege of Constantinople, the Khalif Sulayman could concentrate such forces as he desired at any given point. This indeed was far from being the case, the student will have noticed that Moslem success from the very beginning depended to a great degree on the disaffection or conversion of sections of the inhabitants of the territories invaded, and that each step of conquest provided men and money for the next campaign—the men of Medina subjected the tribes of the Arabian coast of the Persian Gulf, they in turn subdued those people of Irak, who subsequently swelled the ranks of the armies which over-ran Persia, Persians served in the armies which occupied Khorasan, and Turks helped to conquer Transoxania, just as an influx of Berber converts made the annexation of Spain a possibility. But there were limits to this system of progressive absorption of peoples and kingdoms into the Moslem fold.

No mohammedanized Spaniards seem to have assisted in the raids beyond the Pyrenees, no large additions to the Moslem ranks were gained in any of the Byzantine Provinces west of the Taurus.

From these facts we may deduce that the army of Moslems was fighting under conditions quite different to those under which Transoxania and Spain had been conquered by Qotaiba and Musa. The latter had not only conquered but actually

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absorbed the bulk of the populations in their rear before making a forward move, while Maslama was in the position of general commanding an army in the heart of a foreign country far removed from his base and deriving nothing for his support or sustenance from the actual locality where he was conducting operations. Besides this point we must also take into consideration another feature of the situation, which is that the Empire of the Ommayad Khalifate was not one which could depend on its provinces for concentrated support. Neither Irak, Persia, Transoxania, Barbary, Morocco, nor Spain could provide men or arms for the siege of Constantinople, tribute and taxes indeed would be forthcoming from those distant regions for the equipment of an army, but as far as men and ships were concerned, the exceedingly limited areas of Egypt and Syria were the only sources of supply.

Had Constantinople fallen at the first onset all would have been changed, but Leo's first year of successful resistance practically made its final deliverance a certainty—the last reserves of Egyptians and Syrians were probably very inferior troops, and when they were exhausted the Moslem attack ended in an ignominious fiasco.

When Sulayman died his dominions were in an extremely disordered condition. In North Persia Yazid-ibn-Mohallab, who succeeded Qortaiba, after meeting with serious disasters in the provinces of Jurjan, Tabaristan, and Daylam, had finally conquered the South Caspian littoral; owing to the prolonged siege of Constantinople Yazid had received very little assistance from Damascus, and as his conquests had been achieved entirely by his own efforts, he had been able to increase his personal authority to a very dangerous degree of independence. While the difficulties of communication were gradually separating North Africa and Spain from the Empire, local governors conducted wars, conquests, and raids against the Christians with little reference to headquarters.

Consequently, on succeeding to the Khalifate, Omar found the affairs of Islam deeply involved, Spain and North Africa ever tending to become independent principalities, Persia ready to revolt, and the Imperial army of Constantinople shattered and destroyed.

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Omar was a stern orthodox Moslem of the old school, and his brief reign reminds one for a moment of those rugged heroes who had first drawn the sword of God in defence of the Koran. Already worldliness, luxury, and pride of place had conquered the hearts of Moslem Emirs, the stones which Omar I had thrown at the silk clad conquerors of Syria had had but little effect. Abu Serr had died alone in the desert, the tombs of Abu Bakr and Mohammed, like the Ka'aba, had become resorts of formal pilgrimage. Self denial and poverty were the stock in trade of the religious devotee, prayers and sermons the perquisites of the readers and clerks. Religious zeal was relegated to the mosque and the theological college, where the old Trinitarian and ethical contentions of the departed Christian doctors on predestination, the origin of evil, were re-echoed in arguments concerning the nature of the theocratic scheme of the universe and the essential co-existence of the Koran with God—problems which were discussed with all the refinements of the metaphysical logicians and philosophers of the past. Wars of the faith were degenerating into the conquests or raids of princes and Emirs. The desire to die a martyr's death on the battlefield was giving place to the desire for wealth and success in this world.

Omar the Second's hope was to restore in this corrupted age the pristine virtue of the Moslem commonwealth. He reduced the luxury of the Imperial court, he passed oppressive edicts against his non-Moslem subjects, and he ruled his Emirs with a rod of iron. Yazid the Governor of Khorasan he imprisoned at Damascus, until such time as he should disgorge the gold which he had amassed by illicit means, Maslama he upbraided publicly for his profusion and wealth, and when the Viziers announced that the revenues were decreasing owing to the conversion of Christians, instead of relaxing his severities, the Khalif increased them and praised God that more souls were saved for Paradise. It would have been interesting to see what would have been the ultimate result of this return to primitive faith on the part of the Khalif had he lived a little longer. But Omar's experiment was destined never to be put into practice, and before Yazid-ibn-Mohallab had given up

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his ill-gotten goods, before Maslama had been weaned from luxury, or the Christians and Jews expelled from the Moslem world, the Khalif sickened and died. The religious enthusiasm of Omar seems to have found no response in the breast of his immediate successor, Yezid-ibn-Abdel Malik, nor was his attempt to reform the manners of the degenerating Moslem persevered in by any of the succeeding Ommayad Khalifs, a fact, which if it were needed, would prove beyond a doubt that Omar's ideas and hopes were but little in accord with the spirit of the age. Strangely enough the failure of Omar to reintroduce simplicity and severity of religious conduct among the Moslems, ran almost concurrently with the successful efforts of Leo the Isaurian to enshroud the neighbouring Christians in Iconoclastic gloom. A very short time after, the lax servants of the Commander of the Faithful had begun to delineate the rude outlines of a human figure on the coinage uttered in the name of the Khalif. The last smouldering embers of the Arts were being trodden under foot in Constantinople by order of the Emperors.

During the brief period which elapsed between the death of Omar and the accession of Yezid III, Ibn Mohallab, who was still languishing in prison, contrived to escape, fled to Basra and raised the whole of Irak in rebellion. After so long a period of repose the wild Shia and Kharijite elements broke into a new combination, the population rose in the name of Hassan and Hussein, the tragedy of Kerbela was once more remembered, Ommayad supremacy challenged, Syrian governors deposed, and in a very short space of time the whole of the work accomplished by the ruthless Hajjaj undone.

The flame of rebellion spread from Basra to Kurdistan and thence eastward to Khorasan, but if Irak was prolific in rebellions, they were seldom enough successful. The religious and political motives, which separately impelled the various elements in these frequent insurrections, invariably ended in treachery and divided counsels, and the combination which had proved fatal to Ali, Hussein, Hassan, Mokhtar, and Ibn Zobair, now rendered the operations of the son of Mohallab equally futile.

When the leaders of the rebellion proposed a night attack

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on the Syrians, who were advancing under Maslama, the Kharijites objected that no attack must be made until the opposing enemy had openly stated their disbelief in certain religious doctrines. When Ibn Mohallab's brother endeavoured to rouse the martial ardour of the population by inflammatory addresses, learned and holy men negatived his speeches by proclaiming passive resistance and peaceful admonition as the only weapons which true believers could use against a tyrant. Meanwhile Maslama advanced with rapid and skilful marches, Ibn Mohallab was forced to accept battle while his army was yet disorganized, his supporters doubtful, and his plans unmade—as might be expected, the first engagement ended the rebellion, and Ibn Mohallab, preferring death to dishonour, voluntarily sought his doom at the hands of Maslama's troops.

Scarcely had the religious tumult in Irak been quelled by Maslama than news came from the North that the hordes of Khazars and Alans were in full revolt, and were now making common cause with their old enemies, the nobles of Armenia, in an attempt to shake themselves free of the yoke of the Khalifate.

A general named El Jarrah was selected to re-conquer Armenia and the Caucasus; the task before him was serious and difficult, for centuries the warlike tribes of the Khazars had been the terror of their neighbours—sometimes we hear of them raiding Armenia and even breaking into the countries as far west as Sivas, at others threatening Azerbaijan and the lands south of Urumia, so mobile as to be difficult to pursue, so daring and elusive as to be impossible to check; they had always been the plague of Rome and Persia, and now after a few years of tranquility they were returning with redoubled vigour to harass and plague the Moslems.

El Jarrah made a bold bid for success by advancing over the Caucasus mountains, pushing his way into the heart of the country of his enemies, and there endeavouring to turn the tables on the tribesmen by occupying the cities, by plundering and devastating their homes, even as they had raided in Azerbaijan and Armenia.

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At first El Jarrah was apparently successful, the Khazars fled before him and the whole of the lands as far north as Bab-al-Abwab seemed subdued. Indeed, so satisfactory did the issue of El Jarrah's campaign appear to the ministers at Damascus, that when the Khalif Yezid died his successor, Hisham, had no thought of replacing the general by any one else; however, the new Khalif had not been long on the throne before news of crushing disaster roused him from his sense of security. Jarrah had been slain, the whole of his army destroyed, the captured towns of the Caucasus lost, and countless hordes of Khazars were pouring into Armenia and Azerbaijan, besieging the cities, massacring the newly converted peasantry, and stirring up the remaining pagans and Christians to rebellion.

The Khalif was at first overwhelmed with grief at the magnitude of the disaster, but at last, with aid of his ministers, managed to raise and equip an army, which, under the leadership of Said-al-Hareshi, was dispatched with orders to retrieve the lost fortunes of the Moslems.

El Hareshi was an able and courageous warrior, and his first care was to avoid the error into which the unfortunate Jarrah had fallen. El Jarrah had made the Napoleonic error of pursuing his enemies too far into that unconquerable region which is now known as Russia, while leaving his rear open to attack. Hareshi decided to secure his base before proceeding further. Consequently the first serious action of the campaign was the reduction of the fortress of Aklat on the shores of Lake Van, from whence by slow and carefully considered stages the Arabs picked their way to Bardha'ah, where to their great joy they found that the Moslem garrison of the city was still holding out in hopes of relief.

Having succoured the starving town Hareshi turned southward and endeavoured to cut off the Khazars from the regions of Bab-al-Abwab, by falling upon them from the North. True to their ancient tactics the Khazars broke up their army into smaller detachments and endeavoured to escape round El Hareshi's flanks.

The greater mass of the Khazars appear to have got away, but so vigorous were Hareshi's methods, and so rapid the

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movements of his troops, that before very long Azerbaijan was cleared of marauding parties, the blockaded towns relieved, and the whole of lost provinces once more settled under a stable government.

Having cleared Azerbaijan El Hareshi turned his attention to the Caucasus itself, and ere long had inflicted a severe lesson on the marauding tribesmen; he was on the point of pursuing the enemy beyond the chain of the Caucasus, when orders reached him from Hisham the Khalif commanding him to await the coming of Maslama, to whom the completion of the campaign had been entrusted. Hareshi, though perhaps deeply disappointed, obeyed the Khalif's missive and awaited the arrival of his newly appointed superior.

When Maslama reached the Caucasus, he found that the campaign was practically at an end, and that all men praised the valour of Hareshi, and attributed to him the deliverance of Azerbaijan.

Maslama, who had probably spent much gold in intriguing for the appointment which he held, was enraged when he discovered that another should have reaped the honours which he had coveted.

Furious with jealousy the newly arrived general caused the virtuous Hareshi to be brought before him—"Vain-glorious dog!" he cried, "why hast thou continued the war, and risked on the hazard the hopes of the Moslems?" It was in vain that El Hareshi protested that he had halted the troops the moment the Khalif's order arrived, but Maslama would have none of it, and El Hareshi was publicly flogged and imprisoned for his successes.

Such violent and shameless injustice on the part of a Court officer suffices to give us a fairly clear insight into the state of corruption and weakness into which the Ommayyad Khalifate had fallen, and, although at the moment of which we write the conquering Moslems were devastating the south of France under Abdur Rahman, the treatment of El Hareshi by Maslama is sufficient to show that the dynasty was tottering on its basis, that insolence and insubordination were rife among its supporters, and that every incentive for disaffection must have been offered to the common people.

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It is true that Hisham endeavoured to adjust matters, that he reprimanded Maslama and reinstated El Hareshi, but that he had either not the power or the will to do more proves clearly enough that his dominion was either perilously weak or utterly unjust.

Maslama continued the campaign against the Khazars with varying fortunes; now he gained a fortress by some signal act of treachery, as when he offered quarter, saying, "Truly I will not slay one of you," and on the surrender slew every man save one; now winning a battle, now losing several, but gradually succeeding in his main object in pushing the Khazars back to their old camping grounds in the North. At last Maslama recaptured the town of Bab-al-Abwab, and having, perhaps, as he imagined, seized the last point where there would be any considerable booty, handed over the government to Merwan, a cousin of the Khalif, and retired to Syria. I conceive that there was little beside honour to be gained in the Caucasus, for a single winter's campaign sufficed Merwan himself, and that Emir decided to give the command of the army once more to El Hareshi, the faithful soldier, who ever since his release had been acting in a subordinate position.

The old Emir carried on the final stages of the campaign he had initiated with so much success until his eyesight failed him, and he was forced to retire from active service; it is the eternal fitness of things that Hareshi went blind just before the Khakan of the Khazars, utterly disheartened by the perty of the Moslem troops, abjured his religion, accepted the Koran, and became a vassal of the Khalifate.

During the years of the Khazar wars the population of the Moslem Empire had been slowly laying the foundations of modern Oriental history. In Spain the followers of the prophet had swept beyond the Pyrenees, but as the Arabian leaven in their hosts wore thin and weak, they lost that strange power of assimilating the peoples whose lands they over-ran, degenerated from colonists of Morocco to the conquerors of Spain, from conquerors to the marauders of France, and as marauders, breaking before the hosts of Charles Martel, retiring into the Iberian Peninsula never to emerge again save as enemies or freebooters.

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In North Africa the coastwise population, which was so rapidly absorbed into the fold of Islam, now still more rapidly engulfed the Arabian armies of the Khalif in the ocean of the indigenous savagery, losing all touch or sympathy with east and west.

In Egypt and Syria the subordinate spirit remained, for there indeed the provincial tradition of obedience to force still held good. On the frontiers of the Greek Empire a chronic war had taken the place of a doubtful peace, and after the first fury had passed the war degenerated into a series of raids and counter-raids without any purpose beyond plunder or petty revenge.

Out on the eastern frontiers of Khorasan the remaining unconquered tribes of pagan Turks attacked and harassed without achieving any definite result, retiring before superior numbers only to return when vigilance was relaxed. It may be seen that Islam as a single and united force had reached its natural limits and was completely exhausted; henceforth, though still many new nations were to be drawn into its embrace, the work would not be accomplished either by desert Arabs or even by Emirs of the Khalif.

From death of Yazid the Second (?) the original motive power of the Mohammedan religion lost its energy, the idea of forming a single great world state, directed by a solitary head in whom religious and civil power was centred, ceased to occupy the minds of men, henceforth Mohammedanism was to take a place as a religion among the religions of mankind, and its increase or decrease would depend rather on isolated political circumstances than on anything else. With the gradual fading away of the cosmopolitan ideal, the internal forces of disruption, which were ever straining the inner fabric of the Empire, gathered strength and volume. Once the hope of a Moslem world had been dissipated, the house of Ommaya lost its power rapidly; so long as Arabs conquered in the names of God, the Koran, and the Khalif, and so long as a succession of new peoples were in the process of being converted in those names, so long was the Khalifate strong and flourishing, and neither rebellion nor disaffection could bring about its collapse, but when conquest was replaced by

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mere defensive wars on the frontiers, or plundering expeditions beyond, the magic of the name of the house of Ommaya rapidly lost its hold on the potential enthusiasm of the people, and other forces began to absorb their devotion and fidelity.

As might be expected the first mutterings of the coming storm were heard in Irak, where the restless ghosts of Hussein and Hassan still stirred men's minds to mutinous thoughts and bloody intrigues.

In Kufa the people might be cowed into submission, might pray for the success of Hisham, might crouch before the Emir of the Khalif on the day of audience, swear windy oaths of allegiance, cheer at the news of the conquest of the Khazars, but beneath the surface there boiled and seethed the most ferocious political hatred, religious, and passion. Every Kufan hung his head with shame when he thought of Kerbela, every Kufan Arab alike detested authority, every Kufan loathed Syrian government, not because it was Syrian, but because it was government, every Kufan dearly loved riot, dearly loved brawling, dearly loved revolution, strife and excitement. In Kufa the Shīa spirit never slumbered, and it only required a word, a man, and a favourable opportunity to blaze out with redoubled fury and vigour. Scarcely had the Khazar wars come to an end than the explosion took place with remarkable suddenness. In Kufa still lingered one direct descendant of the hapless Hussein—his name was Zaid, the son of Ali, the son of Hassan, the son of Ali, the son of Abu Talib—in him centred the hopes and aspirations of the revolutionary, and in Zaid was once more incarnate that mild nature, that indecision of character, and that mystical and visionary disposition that had been the curse of all his house.

The whispering shaykhs and babbling poets flocked round the house of Zaid, prayed him to lead them and their rabble against the Syrian tyrants, promised faithful service and boasted of their prowess. Fatally undecided Zaid listened, but neither encouraged them, nor chided them in their frowardness. The shaykhs continued to whisper and the poets to babble. Rumours buzzed through the bazaars and markets that Zaid should head a rebellion—hummed so loud, indeed,



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that presently they passed the curtained doorways of the palace of the Syrian Emir. Presently officers of the government came to the house of Zaid bidding him leave the town under pain of punishment—Zaid hesitated—said he was ill—that presently he would go—delayed long enough to enrage the Syrians and give hope to the Kufans—then departed.

Scarcely had Zaid left the town than the mob came out after him. "Whither goest thou, son of the Apostle!" they cried, and dragged him back by force. After some fashion Zaid contrived to appease the Syrian Emir, then weakly giving way to the promptings of his adherents began to intrigue. The Ommayad governor's suspicions were now thoroughly aroused, either Zaid must go or a revolution break out. Yet it was difficult to convict the descendant of Ali of any serious intentions. His adherents were spied upon and searched, his servants watched, his movements noted, yet no evidence was forthcoming, until at last a certain poor man, coming from the North, was seized and arrested. Something in the fellow's demeanour excited the suspicion of the government spies. He was ragged and only bore a staff in his hand. He almost escaped observation, and would have made away in freedom had not a soldier noticed a blot of wax on the wood of his stick.

The wax was scraped away, the stick was hollow, and within a finely rolled and closely written parchment manuscript.

Imagine the feelings of the governor of Kufa when the screed was deciphered. In this short letter a fearful and far-reaching conspiracy was unveiled, for it was an appeal in the name of Zaid to the Shiites of the Jazirah and of Mosul, not only to the Shiites and Kharijites, but to the Christians and Jews, calling on them to rise and exterminate their oppressors, and promising redress of wrongs, the punishment of tyrants, and the slaughter of the Syrians.

The governor of Irak decided to bring matters to a crisis at once, promptly dispatched a force of troops under a competent officer to Kufa; the same night Zaid was apprised by his friends of the betrayal of his cause, on this the son of Ali decided to make the plunge into rebellion ere it was light,

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and while the Ommayad troops were riding into the town, seventeen of Zaid's followers paraded the dark streets, giving the signal for rebellion, crying, "Zaid and Victory!" By dawn Zaid himself joined them and saw with consternation that only two hundred men had gathered together. The Kufans had again played the house of Ali false, they lurked in their houses, or assembled in the mosques like panic-stricken sheep.

The Ommayad governor had taken his measures in accordance with the situation—the gates of the mosques were guarded, the streets cleared and patrolled—vainly did he shout "Men of Kufa! Men of Kufa!—you have sworn an oath—make your honour white by helping me!" The men of Kufa stopped still. In desperation Zaid led his men to the great mosque where above a thousand of his supporters were hiding, and where the troops of the Khalif guarded the gate. In fury he flung off his helmet and led his men to the charge bareheaded, crying, "I am Zaid, the son of Ali, help me, O men of Kufa! Do away with the shame of Kербela when you sat silent and hearkened not to Hussein. Help me to uphold the right. Woe to ye men of Kufa, if you desert me." But the men within the mosque stayed like frightened cattle in a pen, lowing and murmuring, but doing nothing. Twice Zaid charged the gate, twice he was driven back, once he gained the door and thundered against it with his sword, sixty of his men were killed, the rest wounded, he himself was bleeding in a score of places, but still if those craven chattering within made an effort he might succeed.

The Syrians had been driven away by the sheer fury of his "Help me, O men of Kufa, the right shall triumph, and the wicked shall be dispersed," but it was too late. The Kufans remained silent within. For a moment the air was obscured by a cloud of Syrian arrows, and Zaid lay dead upon the ground amidst a heap of his few faithful companions. Tabari tells us nothing, but I wonder what the Syrian soldiers said when they opened the mosque gates and drove into the streets the cackling, craven cowards for whom Zaid had died so fine a death, and by whom Hassan and Hussein were still unavenged.

The rebellion of Zaid had utterly failed, and though for a time his son Yahyah was passed on in disguise, from town to

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town, and village to village, he could do nothing to raise active enthusiasm for the house of Ali, and when Yahyah was eventually slain the Shi'ite cause was eclipsed for many a long day. But with the temporary disappearance of the Kharijite and Shi'ite confederation from the theatre of internal politics there came no respite for the Ommayad dynasty. At the time of the death of Hisham, in (125) 743, the popularity of the reigning family was vanishing more and more quickly. Hisham, though a wise financier, a mild ruler, and in all respects a moderate and thoughtful prince, had been unable during a reign of twenty years to do more than keep his Empire together by sheer force, there was no enthusiasm for the Khalifate, and there were no bonds of sentiment by which the imagination of its subjects could be held in thrall. Hisham contrived to keep the ship of State afloat by compromise, and care, and determination; a like successor might have maintained it in a similar position for an indefinite period, but Walid the Second, who now became Khalif, was the very man who, by his character and personality, was doomed to precipitate a catastrophe.

Walid, although a man of retiring disposition, had studied deeply and widely of the various and conflicting schemes of philosophy, which racked the minds and intellects of such Moslems as were not completely satisfied with the Koran, nor yet entirely engrossed in mundane affairs. As a result Walid had to all intents and purposes abandoned the creed of the prophet, and became either a pantheist or a materialist. Had Walid kept this fact a secret and distinguished himself by the correctness of his ablutions, the frequency of his prayers, and the rigidity of his moral discourse, it might not have mattered a great deal, but instead, with an ingenuousness worthy of Julian the Apostate, he openly mocked at the ceremonies of the faith, jeered at the ludicrous jumble of the Koran, and abandoned himself and his court to pleasure and amusement. Now if the Ommayad line had had one merit hitherto, it was that its representatives had paid due deference to orthodox views, had maintained the public worship, and had been what a modern might call "highly respectable." In fact, Hisham and his immediate predecessors had been to ordinary

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Moslems what the Archbishop of Canterbury was to a moderate Churchman in the time of James II, or what George II was to one of his loyal English subjects after the retreat of the Pretender from Derby—not quite orthodox, not exactly unassailable from a legitimate point of view, but still acceptable at a pinch.

However, when the Khalif Walid became known as a scoffer and a wine-bibber, who said no prayers and ate swine's flesh, even this slender thread of propriety was snapped. That Walid was slain in a street fight soon after his accession is a matter of small moment, what is important from an historical point of view is the utter disrepute into which his actions brought the house of Ommaya.

In the East a rapid sequence of short-lived rulers is an almost infallible presage of the impending fall of a dynasty.

The reckless Walid was succeeded by his first cousin, Yezid,* who vanished from the scene shortly after his accession, giving place to Ibrahim, who in his turn was dethroned within a few months by Merwan. Merwan was the only living member of the Ommayad house who had shown any capacity either in peace or war, his generalship was equal to that of any Emir of his day, and he had gained a certain amount of credit in Armenia and on the Roman frontier, but neither valour nor military capacity could recover the lost prestige of the Khalifate. When Merwan reached the goal of his ambition he found himself but the leader of a failing cause, the representative of a discredited party, and the ruler of a dissolving Empire.

The Shiites had been crushed by the deaths of Zaid and Yahyah, but another and even more dangerous faction had been steadily gaining ground at the expense of both Ommayyads and Alids. The new party which now threatened the internal peace of Al Islam was that of the house of Abbas. While the intrigues and rebellions of the Kharijites, Legitimists, and Shias had engrossed the whole of the attention of the Ommayad Khalifs, the descendants of Abbas had been quietly preparing to seize the reins of power.

The family of Abbas had long been regarded as of a sacred

* He is said to have died of plague.

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and holy character. A carefully manipulated tradition pointed to Abbas as the one chosen to prepare the Prophet's body for burial. As the beloved of Ali and the counsellor and companion of Abu Bekr, Omar and Othman, rumours were craftily spread abroad that the children of Abbas had been privately invested with the rights of the house of Ali. Prophecies were distorted or manufactured foretelling the rise of the Abbasids to the throne of the Khalifs.

Since the death of Omar this subterranean intrigue had been slowly and craftily set on foot. The Abbasid agents wormed themselves into every portion of the Eastern Empire; in the palaces of the governors, in the mosques, the houses of the Emirs, the camps of the armies, wary and politic men hinted, cajoled, and bribed the Moslems into abandoning allegiance to the ruling family.

Wherever there was discontent more converts were silently secured, wherever a Syrian governor oppressed the people the fact was magnified to the discredit of the Ommayyads, whenever news came of a disaster capital was made out of the event in favour of the Abbasid line, wherever there were Shias the fondness of Ali for Abbas was gravely insisted upon, wherever there were Kharijites the sanctity and orthodoxy of the Abbasids were trumpeted abroad—so by degrees, without exciting any remarkable suspicion, the Abbasid family stealthily wriggled themselves into popularity. The first signs and aspirations of the Abbasids were visible in the reign of Omar, and it speaks highly for their political talent and guile that no hasty rebellion, no abortive struggle, was undertaken for more than thirty years after the death of that prince.

However, when Merwan became Khalif the ground had been completely prepared for the event which was to follow, since each unsuccessful Shia and Kharijite rebellion had added to the numbers of those on whom the Abbasid could rely, by demonstrating to the discontented and fanatical that the hated Syrians could only be overthrown by one single and combined effort, and making it clear that the descendants of Abbas were the only men who could bind together their discordant forces. Hitherto the Abbasid cause had lacked one essential for victory, and that was a skilful general; the three

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surviving great grandsons of the founder of the family, Ibrahim, Abu el Abbas, and Abu Ja'afar, were none of them soldiers of note or men experienced in the field, and though their organization was widespread, their adherents numerous, their rivals discredited, and the moment ripe for striking a blow, unless some person could be found who might gain for them a brilliant initial success they were doomed to languish in obscurity.

The Abbasids sought high and low for one who might act as champion and hero of their cause, and at last found him in the person of a certain soldier named Abu Muslim. Abu Muslim was one of the curious products of the spread of Al Islam. Supposed to be of mean extraction, he had been carried off in youth as a slave from Persia by a tribe of Syrian Arabs, with these he worked for a time as a saddler's apprentice, then was sold or handed over to the Abbasid family. These crafty intriguers soon noticed that Abu Muslim was a youth of no ordinary ability, and decided to make use of him as one of the greater pieces in the desperate game they were playing. Not only was Abu Muslim one endowed with the most brilliant gifts, but further it was rumoured that in his veins ran the blood of the kings of Persia, and to such masters of secret and subtle policy as the leaders of the house of Abbas, this in itself was no small recommendation. By appointing as their deputy a native born Persian of royal lineage, the sons of Abu Talib hoped to sweep into their net another great section of the population. Those Persian lords who had accepted Islam, and so retained their lands and power, still remembered the days of Khosrau, still cherished the memories of the heroes of the past, and in Abu Muslim might see one who, though a Moslem like themselves, was also a Persian of the Persians and a scion of their Royal House. Abu Mecca was sent out from Meccan to Khorasan, there to prepare all things for the final revolution which was to level the house of Ommayya with the dust.

While the Abbasids worked in silence toward their appointed end the Ommayyads seem to have remained utterly oblivious of their efforts; government grew more difficult, the Arab colonists more quarrelsome, the Emirs more doubtful, the soldiers more indisciplined, but neither the Khalif nor his

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ministers appear to have divined the origin and root of the evil.

Things progressed from bad to worse, riots and rebellions in Africa, rumours of revolution in Irak, defeats and disasters in distant Spain, and lastly the towns of Syria grew so completely disaffected as to oblige Merwan to retire to the secluded city of Harran and govern the Empire from thence. It was while the Khalif was thus engaged in that place, that Abu Muslim judged the moment favourable to precipitate matters in Khorasan.

The province of Khorasan had hitherto been one of the few in which neither imposters nor fanatics had been able to disturb the peace, the inhabitants of that district, under the leadership of their feudal lords, had quietly submitted to the Moslems, the Arab colonists who had settled in the cities and the surrounding country were chiefly engrossed in developing their lands and newly-acquired riches, while the ever-present menace of the Turkish frontier served to keep all men's minds diverted from subtleties of either religion or politics.

Hence it might have been supposed that Merwan's governor of Khorasan, Nas'r, had the easiest post of all the Khalif's lieutenants, and that Abu Muslim, the secret envoy of the Abbasids, was entrusted with the most difficult task in achieving his overthrow, but Abu Muslim awaited his opportunity, and it came as opportunities often come in the East, in a ridiculous and unexpected manner.

Now Nas'r had been governor of Khorasan since the early days of Hisham, and among the Arab colonists he had ever favoured the men of his own tribe, the tribe of Modhar, and neglected to promote the men of Azd and other colonists who had been settled there since the time of Mohallab's governorship. Gradually these Arabs began to grow jealous, and complained to their leaders of the unfairness of the governor's promotions.

The chief representative of the Arabs, who did not belong to the governor's tribe, was a certain shaykh, named Jodair al Kirmani, of the tribe of Azd, a fat, well seeming man, greatly respected by his followers, held in high public esteem,

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and perhaps not a little conscious of the dignity of his position. Now when he had heard the complaints of his fellow tribesmen, he answered them, saying, "Retire and hold your peace, for I will reason with Nas'r."

On the following day the stout representative mounted his horse, and proceeded to the governor's palace, with all the pomp and ceremony of a leading Emir. Presently he obtained audience with the governor and laid the complaints before him, adding with some solemnity, "I speak thus, fearing rivalry among the Moslems."

Nas'r was overwhelmed with rage and cut the audience, crying, "Who art thou to speak thus?" and ordered Al Kirmani to be cast into prison. When the news was bruited abroad that Kirmani was in gaol the Arabs of the tribes of Rabi'a and Azd were filled with rage, and decided to rescue their patron.

Accordingly a party of them proceeded in the night to assist him to escape from the prison by a secret passage; unluckily, the passage was exceedingly narrow and the venerable Kirmani more than usually stout, and it was only at the risk of suffocation and death that the unfortunate man was dragged out by his friends and slaves, but at length after much pushing and thrusting he was eventually released, set on a mule, and carried to his home.

In the morning Nas'r learned of the rescue, and, perhaps regretting his former violence, sent the captain of the guard with a conciliatory message to the outraged Kirmani; but the shaykh had been provoked beyond endurance and would hear of no apologies.

"If thou wast not a numskull," he roared, "I would give thee a lesson in conduct."—"Do you threaten me?" answered the captain of the guard angrily.—"If thou wast not my guest," answered Kirmani, swelling with rage, "I would put thee in thy place. Go to that son of a thief, thy master, O enemy of God, and tell him what thou wilt, for truly I care not for either of ye!" The captain withdrew abashed and reported to Nas'r who, beginning to grow uneasy at the turn of events, decided to dispatch the most famous general in Khorasan, named Isma, to assuage the injured

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dignity of Kirmani. Isma having presented himself to the angry shaykh, began to speak with honeyed words, protesting, apologizing, flattering, and soothing by turns, but Kirmani would have none of it, and interrupted the ambassador with furious words: "Son of a harlot with choice of a hundred fathers, verily thou speakest thus to boast to Nas'r; assuredly if thou wert not my guest I would strike off thy head." And Isma retired to Nas'r, saying, "Never have I seen so furious a fellow, and he has gathered about him seven hundred horsemen armed *cap-a-pie*." In vain did Nas'r endeavour to calm the rage of Kirmani, each ambassador was received with grosser words and more contumely than the last. Finally Kirmani sent a message to Nas'r telling him to leave his post and hand over the government. Nas'r was now filled with apprehension and called his counsellors together, asking them what he had better do. The advice tendered him on that occasion will serve to give some idea of the condition of affairs. "O Emir," said a counsellor, "if thou art certain of slaying Kirmani, attack him, if thou hast any doubt let us empty the treasury and flee." But Nas'r was not a man to submit thus tamely to the furious upbraids of a tribal shaykh. Losing all patience he summoned his troops and called the captain of the guard, saying, "Go, fetch that raft-punter here, for he insults us." The captain of the guard galloped off to the house of Kirmani, where the men of the tribe of Azd were gathered. There he halted and shouted, "Tell that son of a barge pole to come out for the governor wants him." Whereupon the men of Azd were enraged, raving back in defiance, "Son of a pimp, is it thus thou speakest of a Shaykh of the Shaykhs?" Swords were drawn and the battle engaged, the captain of the guard was slain, and the town set in an uproar, while Nas'r withdrew his troops from the city to prepare for battle. Abu Muslim, who had waited patiently in silence all this time, sent a messenger to Kirmani, telling him to fear nothing, and that the whole country was on his side.

Nas'r realized when too late where the true danger lay, his troops deserted in hundreds, his counsellors vanished from his side, and in a few days Abu Muslim unfurled the black banner of rebellion—black for the mourning for Hassan and

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Hussein—black for the Royal House of ancient Persia—black as a contrast to the Ommayad white—black for the colour of the Abbasid family. Nas'r vainly endeavoured to stem the tide, and having tried and failed, sent word to the Khalif at Harran that Khorasan was lost to the Empire.

On receipt of the news, Merwan endeavoured to strike a blow by ordering the seizure and imprisonment of the three Abbasid brothers; only one, Ibrahim, was secured, and his instant execution did nothing to allay the turmoil, his two brothers, Abdallah and Ja'afar, had escaped to Irak.

The rebellion now spread over the Eastern provinces like a desert fire in summer, in every town Ommayad governors deserted to the rising party or were massacred in their palaces, and thousands of Persians, Shias, Kharijites, and Legitimists thronged to the black standards of Abu Muslim who was the presiding genius of the insurrection. Merwan, learning of the defeat of Nas'r, called upon Ibn Hobaira, the governor of Irak, to march north and meet the rebels; Ibn Hobaira replied that he must first secure Kufa, but before the Syrian forces could occupy even this town it had been seized by an army of Persians, 30,000 strong. Events now marched with great rapidity, Abdallah, the son of Abbas, was proclaimed Commander of the Faithful, and the first rightful Khalif since the death of the Prophet, the towns of Irak were decked with the black flags of Abu Muslim, and in a short time between Merv to Mecca, there was hardly a city or camp where the son of Abbas was not recognized as a rightful prince.

Merwan learned in dismay of this fatal and disastrous turn of events, hesitated for a moment as to whether he should not call on the Christian Emperor of Constantinople for assistance, then abandoning the idea as disgraceful to a Moslem prince, marshalled such troops as he could find and set out from Harran to Mosul.

At Mosul the Ommayad Khalif obtained some slight reinforcements and pushed on southward towards Basra. On the banks of the Zab the Abbasid and Ommayad forces met, and there the final battle was set out. Merwan led his men in person and at first achieved some considerable success, but losing his horse in the *melée*, it was rumoured that he had been

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slain, and his men were filled with a panic which nothing could stay, whole divisions went over to the enemy, others fled and were drowned in the river, while Merwan himself was dragged away by a few faithful followers, leaving the Abbasids in full possession of the field.

The unfortunate Merwan was able to make good his escape from the leisurely pursuit of his enemies. He retired to Harran in hopes of making one last effort to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Finding neither friends nor supporters there he fell back on Damascus, but the gates of his capital were closed against him, and he was perforce obliged to march on to Egypt; the brown skinned people of the Nile valley showed no desire to rally round the deposed Prince. Further in his retreat his few followers deserted him, his wives and children were carried off, his baggage train dispersed, and at last the all powerful Khalif became a solitary refugee. Some Abbasid troops, wandering in the Fayum, saw a slave shoeing a worn out horse. "Whose steed is that?" "Merwan's," replied the slave, indicating the church where the unhappy man was hidden. The soldiers rushed to the door, which opened and disclosed Merwan armed and ready to fight—before this noble picture of unconquered courage, "Slay him," shouted an officer, and after a short struggle the last of the Ommayad Khalifs was no more, his head was struck off, and sent as quick as men and horses could carry it to Abu-al-Abbas the Khalif.

The last scene of the tragedy of the Ommayyads was horrible indeed,—the bones of the dead Khalifs were burned and scattered to the winds, while every living male of the family was collected and gathered together in the presence of Abu Abbas, and there by his order massacred without mercy, their palpitating bodies were thrown together in a heap and covered with a leather carpet. On this hideous table a feast was served for the new Khalif and his ministers—at last Hassan and Hussein were avenged and the Ommayad house was extinct.

[To be continued]

MARK SYKES

LOCUS BENEDICTUS DE WHALLEY

HE who would see Whalley Abbey aright will be well advised to select a clear sunshiny day. A moonlight visit would be of the stuff night-mares are made of. Against the sky, instead of traceried windows, he would have the monstrous sight of a long-legged centipede of a viaduct stretched across the entrance of the valley. Instead of the midnight fragrance of garden and lea his nostrils would be irritated by sulphurous whiffs from factory chimneys and noisome exhalations from the black ooze of a half-emptied river. And let not his going be in the winter, nor on the Sabbath; in winter the place has the dejected look of a suburban park in a manufacturing town, and on the Sabbath—whether Jewish or Christian—he is likely to have the company of a Blackburn holiday-crowd, orderly enough and good-natured, but disturbing the echoes of the past with cheerful up-to-date profanity. The “Locus Benedictus” has yet some considerable remains of its ancient grace and beauty. Its framework or setting is imperishable. Factories and mines and quarries have done their worst to disfigure the Pennine hills, but the injuries they have sustained are only skin-deep, and behind the thin, blue veil of an English summer’s day they sleep as softly and smile as sweetly as of old, whilst the Calder, though it runs as black as ink and one half of its waters is diverted to do some dirty work in a factory, winds through a well-wooded, precipitous gorge, as picturesque as a bit of Dovedale—whilst the sun shines. Without the glow and sparkle of light on grimy rock and leaf and stream, a good deal of our best Lancashire scenery looks as if it would be the better for a week-end at the seaside.

I may as well quote here Dr. Whitaker’s words descriptive of the situation of Whalley Abbey (“words, tinted with a Claude-like warmth,” v. Introduction to the *Coucher Book*, p. viii), not for the reader’s approval, but as a text leading up to some remarks about its early history. They run as follows: “A copious stream to the south, a moderate expanse of rich meadow and pasture around, and an amphitheatre of sheltering hills, clad in the verdant covering of their native

Locus Benedictus de Whalley

woods, were features in the face of nature which the earlier Cistercians courted with instinctive fondness.” The “copious stream to the south” is now as I have described it, neither “copious” (except in the winter floods) nor to be “courted with instinctive fondness”; the “moderate expanse of rich meadow and pasture around” is mostly built upon, but there is plenty left, for the valley is only in a very loose sense an amphitheatre and stretches out in front to the west, north-west and south-west for many miles—all rich meadow and pasture; the woods are still there—Trespassers will be Prosecuted; but the monks who founded the Abbey were not, strictly speaking, “early” Cistercians, nor did they court the site with instinctive fondness. The laborious historian of Whalley has even thus early begun to colour his story according to pre-conceived Protestant tradition. We shall see this more clearly as we gather the facts together and place them in their proper order.

In A.D. 1178 a Cistercian abbey was founded by John, sixth Baron of Halton, and hereditary Constable of Cheshire (we now call the like office Lord-Lieutenant of Cheshire), at Stanlawe in Cheshire, where the Gowy and the Mersey meet. The monastery was built on a low rock, in a barren marsh, chiefly productive of flags and bulrushes. “Even at the present day,” Mr. Ormerod says, “it is difficult to select in Cheshire a scene of more comfortless desolation than this cheerless marsh; barely fenced from the waters by embankments on the north; shut out by naked knolls from the fairer country which spreads along the feet of the forest hills on the south-east; and approached by one miserable trackway of mud; whilst every road that leads to the haunts of men seems to diverge as it approaches the Locus Benedictus of Stanlawe.” Locus Benedictus! If the “earlier” Cistercians who settled down there had shown any pronounced predilection for “an amphitheatre of sheltering hills, clad in the verdant covering of their native woods, a moderate expanse of rich meadow and pasture around” and the other features in the face of nature which Dr Whitaker asserts they “courted with instinctive fondness,” this gift of a Cheshire marsh as a site for a monastery, “ad construendam Abbathiam . . .

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quem mutato nomine *Benedictum Locum* vocari volumus," must have seemed to them something in the nature of a ponderous and unkindly-conceived practical joke. But we give John the Constable credit for a right understanding of the spirit of the earlier Cistercians and the knowledge that a gift is blessed of God, not for its value, but for the simplicity and whole-heartedness of the giver. As for the monks they behaved in this instance as they always did and do. They accepted the gift in the spirit of the giver, thanked God for it, and made the best they could of it.

They did excellently well; patient, intelligent, daily labour will make something even out of a barren marsh. An unkind critic, in a generous mood, admits that, half a century after the foundation of the monastery, "the fruits of their patient poverty then began to appear, and it was discovered that the place was not without its peculiar advantages." Why not be more generous still and give the monks their due? They were not mendicants and asked for nothing but the blessing of God on their labours. Poverty in religion is a very fruitful virtue and in the world may, as we say, be a blessing in disguise, but, however patient, it can no more drain a marsh or build a steeple than honour can "set to a leg." The "peculiar advantages" which the monks are said to have "discovered" were in reality created by them—fashioned out of disadvantages by their industry and skill. They reaped no fruits but such as they had earned by the sweat of their brow. It should be said that John the Constable, in addition to Stanlawe, gave the abbey, as an endowment, two granges, with some two or three hundred marshy acres of land, at Staneye and Acton (Acton). It is not possible to suppose them to have been valuable properties. At the Dissolution of the monasteries, the Staneye estate was valued at £19 13s. od. per annum, and the Acton at £18 2s. 2d. per annum. This would mean an income in these days of about £450 a year. But we must make a liberal deduction from this sum (divide it by 2) because of the fact that the Staneye and Acton estates had been very greatly augmented (about doubled in area) by later donations before the reign of Henry VIII. Moreover, we must take into consideration the improvement

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of the properties by the labour and care of the monks during some three hundred and sixty years. A good deal of it was sour marsh land, like Stanlawe, and some other portions virgin forest. Stanlawe was worth less than nothing when the monks entered into possession. It was a mere tract of mud and bulrushes, fit only for a colony of coots. Yet, in King Harry's time, after the monastery and church had disappeared and it had finally degenerated into a grange, the annual income was estimated (in its modern equivalent) at £200.

Poor and uninviting as the prospect was, the monks settled contentedly in this marsh and made for themselves a very sufficient and, in some respects, an attractive home there. The Locus Benedictus won for itself, far and wide, a reputation in accordance with its name. Young men of the county families of Lancashire and elsewhere applied for admission within its gates. No one knows what the abbey buildings and the church and tower were like, but they could hardly have helped but be handsome, built as they were at a period when architecture in England was so youthfully enterprising and so rich and ambitious in its conceptions. Moreover, the early Cistercians were as good builders as our country has ever produced, and did their best work just precisely at this date. However, little or big, rude or costly, any one with a knowledge of monks and their ways will be sure that, once the Stanlawe community had made a consecrated home for themselves, and had begun monastic observance, an aesthetic discontent with unattractive surroundings will not have disturbed their peace of mind. In general, the poorer the accommodation, the better a monastery is loved. Monks are as variable in their capacity for affection and in the strength of their feelings as other men, but no one without personal experience of a monk's life can realize to the full his heartfelt devotion to his religious home. The surroundings have little to say to this feeling. He may find, perhaps, that daily association with the beauties of nature stimulates his nobler aspirations. Or he may discover that a featureless outlook does but harmonize with the sweet monotony of the "Opus Dei" and the quiet of the daily observance. Neither fact matters greatly to him. But what does matter, and becomes

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very helpful to him in his religious life, is the truth that, if all goes well with him, he comes to give to his monastery a reflex share of the love that he gives to God. The place is verily to him the House of God and the Gate of Heaven. He becomes as jealous of its good repute as he is of the welfare of the Order or the honour of its Founder. In the days of its poverty, he can be relied upon to labour for it in a beautiful spirit of sacrifice and forgetfulness of self; in the days of prosperity all superfluous wealth will be freely spent upon its enrichment and in the beautifying of its holy precincts. Even in his personal ambitions outside his state of life—should the monk be possessed with them—the increase of fame to his monastery will figure largely in his dreams. In the olden times of almost absolute monastic seclusion these feelings will have been far more intense than they can possibly be in our days of full communication and greater familiarity with the world outside. Then, a monk, banished for awhile from his cloister, must have seemed to himself an alien, a complete stranger even in his native land. And, like the exile of Sion, not even the gardens of Babylon, or the wonders of Egypt, would have been able to tempt him to think less of the place which to him was birthplace and home. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee—if I make not Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

This expression of feeling will explain itself when the reader has pondered over the following passage in Mr Hulton's narrative. "Increase of wealth led to its natural consequences; vows of poverty, uttered when worldly possessions were wanting, were forgotten, and towards the close of the thirteenth century the monks longed for a translation to a more congenial site. The inconveniences of the locality began to be perceived, and if the Chronicle of St Werburgh be correct, the monks met with some well-timed misfortunes. In 1279, the sea broke in upon Stanlawe, did the greatest damage, interrupted the highway and washed down the bridge towards Chester. In 1287 the great tower of the church was blown down; and two years after, not only did the greatest part of the abbey perish in a conflagration, but the sea a second

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time inundated the abbey and stood in the outhouses to the depth of three or four feet." I must confess I felt irritated when I met with this bit of historical slander. We may put aside consideration of the effect increase of wealth may have had upon vows of poverty, and whether it matters if vows uttered by certain individuals in the twelfth century were forgotten by other individuals making other vows a century later. But what right has an historian to assume, without a particle of evidence, that the monks of Stanlawe, after an intimate and endearing association with the place for a full century, had become discontented, and "longed for a more congenial site"? What right has he to throw suspicion upon statements of fact made by the St Werburgh Chronicle—facts whose truth or untruth will have been ascertainable and, doubtless, were of common knowledge when the Chronicle was written, and which have never been challenged? What does he mean by "well-timed misfortunes"? In conjunction with the veiled sneer—"if the Chronicle of St Werburgh be correct"—the historian's words suggest that somehow the untoward happenings at Stanlawe had been juggled with by the discontented monks in collusion with the St Werburgh chronicler. This is the more unforgivable that in the volume he is editing there are transcripts of documents which give a full, clear, unvarnished story of the translation of Stanlawe Abbey to Whalley. There is, first of all, a licence given by Edward I, King of England, Lord of Ireland and Duke of Aquitaine, permitting Henry de Lascy, Earl of Lincoln and Constable of Chester, to give the advowson of Whalley and its chapels to the Abbot and Community of the Locus Benedictus of Stanlawe as a personal favour to "our beloved and faithful" Earl Henry. Secondly, there is Earl Henry's gift of the advowson and the reasons why he has made it; because, as he says, (*oculata fide*), he has the testimony of his eyesight that the abbot and monks are in grave danger from the vicinity of the sea, that "on one side the land has been devastated and the monastery destroyed and on the other there is immediate danger of the like destruction, so much so that on account of these so great and unusual (*nimias et insuetas*) inundations they cannot stay

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there any longer. "He," therefore, "urges, as strongly as he can, (*volumus quantum in nobis est*) the aforesaid religious men, fleeing from the dangers of the sea, to remove the monastery which his ancestors had erected and build a new one somewhere—in any place they may think expedient—upon the lands of the aforesaid Church of Whalley." Thirdly, in another document, Earl Henry formulates the reasons why Pope Nicholas IV should give his approval of the translation of Stanlawe to Whalley, stating the above particulars and adding that "the salt waters had stood in the cloisters and church to the height of three or four feet, greatly endangering not only the property but the lives of the monks and their dependants—*non solum rerum sed et corporum quam grave periculum*—and that worse may happen to them if they remain there." As a further inducement, he tells the Holy Father of the daily and unceasing hospitality of the monks and their bountiful alms to the needy inhabitants of the sterile and impoverished district and assures him that, through the translation, they will be the better able to continue this work of charity. Then we have the lengthy and detailed approval of Popes Nicholas IV and Boniface VIII, a second and final royal charter, and several documents attesting the legality and authenticity of the transaction and the charters and documents connected with it.

This Henry de Lascy, "*vir illustris in concilio, strenuus in omni proelio, et in omni regno ornatissimus*" was the lineal descendant of John the Constable, the founder of Stanlawe. The de Chesters, barons of Halton, succeeded to the property of the de Lascys on the death of their kinsman, Robert de Lascy, in 1194, without issue. They adopted the surname de Lascy, and, some years later, through another marriage with an heiress, obtained the grant of the Earldom of Lincoln, by royal letters-patent, dated Nov. 23rd, 1232. Earl Henry's inherited devotion to the *Locus Benedictus* de Stanlawe, is, therefore, accounted for satisfactorily. The documents describe him as himself taking the initiative in the translation of Stanlawe to Whalley. The monks, of course, knew all about their patron's good fortune and had already been benefited by it; they doubtless looked forward to

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further benefactions; but it is not reasonable to suppose an enclosed Community in Cheshire well enough acquainted with Whalley in North Lancashire to cast sheep's eyes on it and long for it as an ideal earlier Cistercian pasturage. Earl Henry clearly thought it suitable; yet the words of his charter, "*in terra dicte ecclesie de Whalley, ubicunque sibi viderint expedire*," show that he was not quite sure whether the site would find favour with the monks. The Whalley lands were extensive and rather widely distributed, and he left them at liberty to choose where to settle down. They might possibly prefer a site at Blagborne, or Rachedale, or Brunlay or Derwent—all on the Whalley estate. But he, undoubtedly, wanted the *Locus Benedictus* to be re-established at Whalley. The monks, very properly decided, without hesitation, to conform to their patron's desire and remove to Whalley. They were in no great hurry to do so. The grant of the property is dated 1283, shortly after the first of the Stanlawe calamities. The rapidly succeeding catastrophes, in 1287 and 1289, doubtless, made the Earl and the monks hurry through the legal preliminaries. But it was not till April, 1296, that Abbot Gregory de Northbury led forth his community to take possession of Whalley, leaving behind them the ex-Abbot, Robert de Haworth, and a few of the monks who preferred, or were ordered, to remain at Stanlawe.

Dr Whitaker informs us that, on seeing more of each other, the courtship between these later Cistercians and the new *Locus Benedictus* cooled down and the relations became somewhat strained, so that the monks, for their part, were anxious to break off the engagement—without a return of the letters and presents. He says that, at Whalley, "We find the monks still unsettled, dissatisfied with their situation and calling upon their patron for a new translation. That place which heretofore seemed the great object of their wishes became not convenient enough, principally for want of timber to build the new monastery and the other houses. So different is the language of hope and possession." I do not deny that this paragraph, though a bit over-coloured, is a possible interpretation of the facts, though I doubt if it be the true one. In the year 1316, Thomas Plantagenet, Earl of Lancaster,

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Leicester, Derby, Lincoln and Salisbury, executed a deed, confirmed the year after by King Edward II, in which he conveyed to the Whalley monks and their successors, in the usual form, the forests of Toctath (Toxteth) and Smethedon (Smithdown)—the former extending (so says another deed) from where the Okelesbrok falls into the Mersey inland and northwards to Waterfall, at the head of Otterpol (Otterspool) descending by the latter to the Mersey—in order that they may remove the monastery founded at Whalley by the late Earl Henry and construct and build another, which shall retain the name and be called "Locus Benedictus de Toctath." He permits them to keep all their present lands and possession, and confirms all previous gifts and rights obtained from his predecessor, Henry, &c., &c. This Thomas of Lancaster, son-in-law of Henry of Lincoln, who had died without male issue, succeeded to his father-in-law's estates, title and privileges, and, among the latter, to the office or dignity of Patron of the Whalley Community. In the conveyance, he is seen exercising this privilege in the usual masterful fashion. It is logical to deduce from it that the monks, in difficulties at Whalley, made a strong appeal to their patron for succour. The particulars that no roof-timbers for the new buildings were procurable, that in the present makeshift accommodation they were inconvenienced for want of room, that they were short of firewood, and, because of the remoteness of the place and the bad roads, had trouble in procuring the very necessities of life, could only have been furnished by themselves. They may, perhaps, have gone so far in their petition as to suggest a translation elsewhere. But I do not think they did. It will have, or ought to have, seemed to them an injustice to the memory of their generous founder to think of disestablishing his Locus Benedictus, and it was, in plain fact, a legal injustice to alienate his bounteous gifts to it—I doubt if Rome could have been persuaded to sanction such a misappropriation of ecclesiastical property—and my reading between the lines of the Earl of Lancaster's document tells merely of a pressing appeal from the monks for a gift of forest-rights and other needed assistance. It is in accord with the Earl's temperament, as revealed in history,

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that this pious and assertive rival of King Edward, instead of giving help to carry out and perfect another person's foundation, should have conceived, and attempted to bring into being, a new foundation, all his own,—a Locus Benedictus, not of Whalley but of Toxteth; thus supplanting his predecessor, securing to himself the chief affection and prayers of the monks and adding lustre to his already glorious name. The after-history of Toxteth throws no light on the transaction. Earl Thomas was beheaded after his defeat at Boroughbridge in 1322. His estates became forfeit and, though they were afterwards restored to his descendants, Toxteth and Smithdown never passed into the hands of the monks. They do not figure in a detailed list made in the reign of Edward III, nor in the survey of the Abbey property taken at the final dissolution of the monastery.

I have left myself small space to deal with Dr Whitaker's calumny against the Abbot and monks of Whalley to which I referred in my last article. I noticed it first in the popular *Guide to Whalley*, and merely laughed at it as a piece of nonsense. But it is repeated in Baines' excellent *History of Lancashire* and may not be passed over without notice. Dr Whitaker's assertion is that "merely for the abbot's table were slaughtered each year 75 oxen, 80 sheep, 40 calves, 20 lambs and 4 porkers. For the refectory and inferior tables 57 oxen, 40 sheep, 20 calves and 10 lambs. The total number of mouths was 120, exclusive of visitors and poor persons who were daily partakers of the monk's hospitality. Certainly those mouths must have been well employed." O monstrous! A meagre diet including such an intolerable deal of meat! But Dr Whitaker's computation is based upon the monk's own accounts and they are authoritative. By these accounts then let us judge Dr Whitaker and his methods. Would the reader believe it, that, search as you may, not a single pound of butcher's meat is entered in them as supplied to the monks? There was meat at the Abbot's table but none throughout the year in the refectory. The monks kept their constitutional abstinence from flesh-meat most rigorously. But how then did the historian get his very positive figures? To use a slang expression, he cooked them. He found in the items of general

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expenditure two entries labelled Provisor's expenses and served these up in the monk's refectory as "shambles-meat." He tells us so himself in a modest footnote. "This computation (of 57 oxen and cows, 40 sheep, 20 calves and 10 lambs consumed by the monks annually) supposes that the first article (item) *Provisori conventus* was a charge for shambles-meat on the general account of the house, which is nowhere else provided for; and the two sums charged under this head are nearly one-half of that which is placed to the account of the Abbot's table." A little deft manipulation with the rule of three and there you are. Now the Provisor was not the Cellarius or Procurator but a steward; who managed the outside business of the Abbey, supervised the estate, had charge of the granaries and store-rooms and sent in what the Cellarius ordered for the use of the kitchen. He was generally a layman, but not always; in any case his expenses were administrative and had nothing to do with the purchase of shambles-meat. Dr Whitaker found no meat provided for in the general account, because no meat was eaten by the monks. They kept their rule. If a monk was weakly and for some infirmity needed flesh-meat, he would sit at the Abbot's table and not in the refectory. The meat provided for dependents, doled out to the poor, and sent as presents to the gentry was also debited to the Abbot's account—indeed monastic largesse generally was credited to the Abbot. The old abbey had every year a quantity of salted-meat to dispose of. Whalley Abbey, according to another *status*, possessed a herd of four hundred horned cattle; nearly half of these would be slaughtered and made into salt junk before the end of the year. They had no winter fattening foods like turnips, mangolds or oil-cake in those days. I wonder if Dr Whitaker noticed in the accounts that the monks made beasts of themselves by consuming annually twenty-six cartloads of salt!

Would that "this blessed plot" were not "now leased out like to a tenement or pelting farm," "bound in with shame with inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds," and at least protected by law against the pestilent corruption of smoking factories and the unsightliness of modern improvements!

J.C.A.



THE NORTH HILL AT CALGARY

OUR district at Calgary was the whole North side of the Bow River except one small strip of land. For practical purposes it stretched about three miles to the north, and four or five miles east and west. It is called the North Hill by contrast with the hollow in which Calgary began; but really it is the prairie at its natural level, if one may so express it. The Bow River bends south here, and on the outer side of the curve—the north side—eats into the base of the cliffs constantly deeper and outwards; while on the south this process has left a long, gentle slope, stretching from the present bed of the river back to the original level of the prairie in the far south. In this sheltered hollow is the main part of Calgary, with probably sixty or seventy thousand of its people; the other ten or twenty thousand are scattered over the North Hill.

To walk along the forehead of the cliff, on the North side, is the only refreshing walk in Calgary. Standing back a hundred yards from the edge and looking south, you would not guess that there is a town in the hollow; you look straight on to

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the further prairie—waves of low grass-covered hills, backed by the Rocky Mountains along one-third of the horizon, from due south to north-west. Going forward to the cliff top you look down a steep slope, something over a hundred feet high, covered in places with brushwood. At the foot is Calgary's one tree, a variety of poplar or aspen, guarded by the City with a Fence and a Notice. In two places the river is at the very foot of the cliff. Between these, in the Riverside district, and again to the west, in Hillhurst and Sunnyside, the river has receded, leaving a flat margin, three-quarters of a mile wide, between the cliff-foot and the present river-bed. These flats are naturally the most populous parts of the North half of the town. The eastern flat—Riverside—is the foreign quarter pre-eminently. There are endless German Protestant churches in it, and a large Russian population. But to us it is the Italian quarter. There must be over a thousand Catholics in this part alone. I said to a politician, "That there must be hundreds of Italians there." He answered, "There are more than six hundred men alone. I've naturalized more than four hundred of them in this election."

"All into good Conservatives?" I asked; and the answer was, "Sure; all into good Conservatives."

The school which we got opened in this district was practically an Italian school. Of about forty children in it, probably over thirty are Italian. They had been almost lost to the faith. Their distance from St Mary's is about a mile and a half, and from the Ruthenian church (to which we had to persuade them to come) nearer two miles. Women, who in Italy went to Mass—a few yards away—nearly every day, here tried to hear Mass on Easter and Christmas. Practically all the children were at Protestant schools. When I looked into their Sacraments, there were children up to thirteen years who had not made their first Confession; others who had been to Holy Communion in Italy, and never since.

The school in the other flat district—Hillhurst—was even more needed in this respect. It was opened not two months before I left, and soon had forty children. From these I had more than twenty first Confessions. This school was about

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two miles from our house and church, and within one mile of the Sacred Heart church in West Calgary. Yet these children were most regular in coming to Catechism on Sunday afternoons. When I left there were sixty children at this Catechism. In January there was a blizzard on one Sunday afternoon, and only seven children came; but three of them were little Italians who had never come before, and chose that day to make a beginning!

Up on the hill itself, a mile north of the river, was the school that was opened first of the three. Previously there had been no Catholic school at all north of the river. When the Ruthenian priest came, I took him into this school to see his share of the little flock. There was a doubt about one girl, whether she was Polish or Ruthenian. We asked her; but the answer was "I am Canadian."

For each of these schools, the Catholic School Board pays fifty dollars a month rent. One of them is a dancing-hall above some shops; one a disused Presbyterian church; and one, built on purpose, is the shell of a future shop, leased as a school for two years. Each has one teacher, paid about seventy or eighty dollars a month—but a teacher is paid only ten months in the year. With three schools, nearly two miles distant from each other, it was, of course, impossible for me to give instruction during the fixed Catechism time, and therefore the teachers let me instruct at whatever time I could, with the full approval of the School Board.

The full title of the Board is Calgary Catholic Separate School Board, by way of distinction from the Protestant Public School Board. In a Catholic town the names would be the other way—Catholic Public School Board, and Protestant Separate School Board. Every ratepayer chooses (in theory) which board he will support. On the paper informing him of the amount he is assessed at, the last two columns are headed respectively, "Assessed to Public Schools" and "Assessed to Separate Schools," and his assessment is entered in one or other column according to the office records. If he is not satisfied, it is for him to get it changed.

Banks and suchlike companies form a "neutral panel," and must either pay a proportion of their taxes to the Separate

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Schools, or else prove that their shareholders include no Separate School supporters.

The only one-sidedness in the law is that all assessments go automatically to the Public schools, until the ratepayer takes the trouble to separate himself.

In practice, this has resulted in untold loss of funds to the Catholic schools and corresponding gain to the Public schools. When it came out that the Bishop himself and (delightful irony) the Catholic School Board were being assessed to the Protestant schools, the matter was taken in hand seriously, by making a register of Catholic ratepayers, and getting from each a power of attorney enabling the Secretary of the Board to see that their taxes go to the Separate schools.

The Catholic ratepayers meet annually, at the City Hall, to elect their own School Board; if necessary, a poll can be demanded. The Board fixes the education rate for its own supporters only: as a fact, it always takes care to fix the same rate as the Public School Board. The City Treasurer's department, of course, collects the money with the other taxes, and hands it over in bulk to the two School Boards.

The Catholic Board is as unfettered in its work as the Public Board. It opens new schools, builds and enlarges, just as it sees fit, asking no one's consent. It is the local education authority for Catholics. The only common ground between the two Boards is that they have the same Government course, Government inspector, and Government grants. I was told by a high authority that the Manitoba Catholics could have had this same system if they would have accepted it. In Montreal city it is carried still further: each parish elects its own school board and levies its own rate.

The schools *feel* different from ours. For one thing, the children look more comfortable and better dressed. My first impression was that in England I should take this for a high-class Grammar school, rather than an elementary school. To a Canadian the distinction would only mean a distinction of "form" or "standard"—the Canadian term is "grade." There are twelve grades in the Government course, and a school that does not take the higher grades is, naturally, an

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elementary school. When you have finished that, you go to a High school, which *does* take the higher grades; and when you are through Grade XII, you are ready for the University. But there is no school in Calgary that any Calgarian would be ashamed of attending. The only instance I met to the contrary was in an Italian labourer's cottage, where the lodger could not bear to think of her seven-year old boy attending the common school; so he went to one of the Protestant colleges.

Then, inside the schools, there are no children under seven; and boys and girls are mixed up in all the grades, up to eighteen and twenty years old; and the teachers all say "Please"; and I doubt if the children do. I heard a father tell his little boy to get down from a chair, and the three years' wisdom answered "Say 'Please.'" Yet in intention the children are delightful; it is only the manner that jars. Often, when I was standing in my habit waiting for a car in Eighth Avenue (as who should say Piccadilly, or Bold Street), a cheery voice would sing out "Good afternoon, Father,"—one of the Italian schoolboys selling papers after school. The first time I went to one house there was a four-year old child on the verandah; as soon as she saw me at the gate she called out, "Come right in, Father," and then went to tell her mother. Another time a child brought me a bag of chocolate, saying "Have a candy, Father?" Fortunately, I declined. She began fumbling inside the bag with her fingers. I told her not to trouble. But she had to; she said, "My gum is in there,"—chewing-gum, off duty, and resting among the chocolates till it should be wanted again.

The school numbers do not, of course, bear a natural proportion to the whole population in a new town. Few families have grown up there; few immigrate with all their children; so there is a quite abnormal proportion of unmarried people, and of young married people whose children are not yet of school age. The baptisms are a better guide, but still inadequate. When I was leaving, the Bishop told me that many of our Italian baptisms were still going to St Mary's, and I know of many other than Italian.

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The Baptism register gives some idea of the problem of mixed nationalities that awaits the Church in the West. Our register for fifteen months showed about sixty baptisms, including—

Irish Names	..	9	Ruthenian Names	..	7
English	..	9	Hungarian	..	2
Scotch	..	5	Negro	..	1
French	..	3	Dutch	..	2
Italian	..	18	German	..	2
Polish	..	2			

Of these, five only were from old Canadian families, and ten from the States; all the rest were from immigrant families. To get into effective touch with all these nationalities, so as to fit them into the growing Church, is the task before the overworked clergy out there. They are divided, not merely by language, but by their past traditions which the priest has to be ready to deal with. Even among the English-speaking adults, there are the people who have been used to a five-o'clock Mass, and people who have been used to twelve-o'clock Mass; people who think that only a "Sisters' school" deserves to be called a Catholic school; people who think that Sunday-school is only for the children who attend Protestant day-schools; people who ask "Did you really tell the children, Father, that it is better to miss Catechism than to miss Mass? I should have thought they would learn much more at Catechism." And in all nationalities there are families who have lived on the prairie in the Western States, or in Canada, scores or hundreds of miles from a priest. Sometimes the grandparents are good Catholics, the parents negligent, the children caught in some Protestant Sunday-school. Sometimes they have kept just the tradition that they are Catholics, and I have had to instruct children in their teens from the very beginnings.

The Italians present as great a variety of training. One old man, newly landed, served Mass at his daughter's wedding as smoothly as if he had been a lay brother or a sacristan all his life. There are Venetians, proud of their Pope, and wanting to sing the "Missa de Angelis." On the other hand was the youth in the hospital whom I asked, in bewilderment, "Are

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not you a Catholic?" and he, also in bewilderment, answered, in some mountain dialect, "No, I'm a labourer." There were Piedmontese who showed me anti-clerical novels, and assured me that "I preti non sono più creduti." And people from Calabria and Abruzzi with simple faith but little knowledge and little practice of religion. And most discouraging of all, those who had worked their way through American cities, and learned to talk in a superior, off-hand manner about religion, and real estate, and any other subject that could be mentioned.

With all this variety of things to be set right among Catholics, there is a still greater variety among those non-Catholics whom we look on as just outside the Church—children of lapsed Catholics, mixed marriage partners, inquirers, and the rest. The general tone of toleration and respect to Catholics is a great contrast to England, and, in spite of all worship of pleasure and of money, there is a very wide religious spirit; so that one felt that there is a large population that could be brought into the Church easily by an organized effort.

The mixture of nations is not all a difficulty; in some ways it is a great encouragement. It gives a new and actual sense of the catholicity of the Church. I do not mean merely in the numbering of the nations, though that is something. In Holy Week there was a Japanese kneeling beside me and praying most devoutly. At a Ruthenian funeral, in the snow, where no one could understand me, an old Indian woman came to the graveside, and when she saw the child's coffin, knelt down with a great sign of the Cross, and pointed upwards, and began evidently some hymn of praise; and then the Ruthenians followed her example in their own tongue; while I said the Latin prayers.

But what most moved me was meeting the fully-educated of the different nations, and finding that in all of them the Church has taken these utterly diverse characters, and developed them into the perfect type of Catholic. One sometimes meets a nun, or an earnest layman, who is not only devout but has, from nature and education, a mind large enough to enter into all the interests of the Church. One feels that

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nothing is too wide for their sympathy, nothing too deep for their spiritual insight. I met such people, from the continent of Europe, from the States, from the maritime provinces, from Middle Canada, from the young West; people trained in communities jealous of or hostile to each other, with conflicting ideas of education and no common traditions; and yet fitted by sympathy and insight to understand and work for all that the Church works for. Of these, naturally, it was the Canadians who took the lead in active work.

It is difficult to give a clear idea of the spirit of the American Catholics, whether from Canada or the States. Perhaps an instance will help. While we were at St Mary's an undertaker constantly asked me to ring him up on the telephone if ever there should be a sick call at night to the General Hospital; he would bring his automobile at once and drive me there—about two miles. When describing the courtesy of the old Catholic Latin races, writers often say that such an offer is made with the air rather of asking a favour than of offering one. But neither of those at all describes the American. He is not thinking of himself at all, but of you. He does not seem to come into his own consciousness at all, either as asking or as offering; he sees a thing that ought to be done, and he'll get it done. His offer is made in the same direct unconscious way that with us is common in the family circle. This spontaneous generosity seems to be one of the American natural virtues. It is supernaturalized in the attitude of Catholics to their Church. And it is the characteristic spirit of the Knights of Columbus, both as a body and individually. If it be asked what makes the Knights of Columbus different from (e.g.) our Young Men's Societies, I should say it is this: what draws them together and occupies their thoughts and talk at their meetings is, not the need of recreation, but the idea that there is work to be done for the Church, and that they are going to get together and do that work. It was our misfortune that there never was any programme of work which we could put before the people of the parish with proper sanction and authority, and so their generosity was tested in the much harder way of enduring discomforts and putting up with makeshifts, and working for they knew not what.

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Nevertheless it was evident that there was an unlimited fund of generosity, ready to give, or to do, or to suffer all that might be necessary for the sake of the Church.

J. B. McLAUGHLIN, O.S.B.



HORACE, THE POET-ESSAYIST

MOST of us, I suppose, remember quite vividly the impression Horace made on us when read for the first time at school. Our conception of the breadth and outlook of the Latin world had hitherto been limited by the rather "dreary" histories of Caesar and Livy, and by the speeches of Cicero; and though Virgil's greatness was not entirely unfelt by us, the *Aeneid* and *Georgics* were too much a matter of mere drudgery (I voice the feelings of the average boy) to admit of any but a vague and distant admiration of their author and his genius. Then the day comes when for the first time we open the *Odes* of Horace, and for many of us it is the first time that our gloomy conception of Latin and its possibilities begins to brighten, and we realize that even the study of the Classics may have its interesting and enjoyable side. Here at last is a man who, though he lived so many hundreds of years ago, could write of men and women, and of things of everyday occurrence in a way that appeals to the mind of a twentieth-century boy who is just beginning to feel and realize the joy and sweetness of life. And yet it was not primarily as poetry that the *Odes* made their appeal; it is true that the metre, and especially the swing of his favourite Sapphic, was a distinct source of pleasure to us; but we have only to compare the emotions aroused by the work of some of our English poets, to see that Horace's influence and hold on us rose from far different sources. Perhaps the distinction was not clear to us at the time; but in retrospect we can see quite clearly that it was rather the lyrics of Browning or the songs from Tennyson's *Princess* than the "Quid fles Asterie Gyen" of the ancient Roman, that fostered our love of poetry. And how strongly are these impressions confirmed, when after the lapse of a few years we turn again to the *Odes* of Horace. We go to Horace to find poetry, and it must be confessed we return disappointed. It is true that here and there we are rewarded for our search, but—though the reward in Horace is not so great—somewhat as in the case of our English Wordsworth, we have to travel over many arid tracts of desert before the longed-for oasis is reached.

Horace, the Poet-Essayist

But before we go too far in our denunciation of Horace, the poet, let us see how far his claim to Apollo's bays may be justified, so that we may afterwards proceed upon our main thesis with a safe conscience. It is a mere platitude to say that beauty of form is an essential of true poetry: and of this form few are greater masters than Horace. Like Pope his metre is perfect, and his choice of language dainty and delicate, grand and exalted in accordance with the theme. Could anything be more daintily expressed than these lines?

O Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,
Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
Cras donaberis haedo,
Cui frons turgida cornibus
Primis et Venerem et proelia destinat.

Or, who could have adapted with greater felicity the Sapphic metre to such varied themes? a metre used equally to convey the most trifling emotions, as—where it is perhaps chiefly successful—to give expression to a nobler theme in the triumphal fourteenth Ode of the Third Book:

Herculis ritu modo dictus, o plebs,
Morte venalem petiisse laurum
Caesar Hispana repetit penates
Victor ab ora!

Horace also displays at times that wonderful gift of creating an atmosphere which Shakespeare possessed in so extraordinary a degree. It might be explained as an art whereby the poet, merely by the reiteration of the same word, or of words belonging to the same class, produces quite a distinct and sensible atmosphere. Theoretically it would seem that the process could only be wearying in its effect; but we have only to see it in a play or poem to understand that it is far otherwise. After reading *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the impression left is one of light and flowers; and it is only when we examine the delicate machinery of the play, and see how frequently ideas of light and flowers recur, that we

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realize the wonderful genius of the author. The same might equally be said of *Macbeth* or *Hamlet* and many other of his plays. And so to turn to Horace, though the occurrence of this trait is rarer and the effect less striking, yet we do not think it is merely forcing criticism to say that it forms a distinct feature of his style. Consider, for example, the Fourth Ode of the First Book—"Solvitur acris hiemps"—which is full of the fragrance of Spring; or the thirteenth Ode, which leaves such an impression of colour on the mind, that it might fittingly be termed "a study in red and white":

"Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, lactea Telephi
Laudas brachia, vac, meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet iecur
Tum nec mens nihi nec color
Certa sede manet, amor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quam lentis penitus macerer ignibus."

Surely this is no mere idle fancy; whether Horace worked consciously for this end or not, we have only to read the ode carefully to feel the effect.

And now to do full justice to Horace let us say, once and for all, that at times his poetry does attain to real beauty and pathos, at times even to power and grandeur. Just as, to quote a modern essayist, we have not finished with Tennyson when we read:

"Oh darling room, my heart's delight!
Dear room, the apple of my sight,
With thy two couches soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite
No little room so warm and bright
Wherein to read, wherein to write."

—so we cannot dismiss Horace's claim to poetry by remarking that he did not think it incongruous to introduce into lyric poetry a picture of Roman maidens attacking their lovers

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with their nails, or to refer to himself as a pig from the sty of Epicurus.

Horace is capable of far greater things than these. He can write of a dead friend:

"Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
Urquet? Cui Pudor et Justitia et soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas
Quando ullum inveniet parem?"

And in some of his Odes—notably the famous first six Odes of the Third Book—his patriotism and genuine zeal for his country's good carry him out of himself, and we feel for once that the poet is inspired by his theme.

It is this word "inspired" that gives us the touchstone by which the Odes of Horace as a whole are to be tried. Whatever their merits as exercises in metre and choice of language, we cannot but feel that they lack that inspiration which makes the poet. Horace has been ordered to write lyrics, and he does his best. But all the way through it keeps coming home to us more and more that his poetry is "made to order." There is not one of Horace's love poems which gives us the impression that it is the outpouring of a heart on fire! They lack reality; we feel he is only trifling with his theme, and our thoughts turn involuntarily to his predecessor in the realm of lyric poetry, the passionate Catullus, and we know that in spite of all Quintilian or any other Roman critic may say, Rome has one, and only one lyric poet. Indeed from what Horace himself tells us in the *Satires* of his daily routine, we are probably not far wrong in surmising that his poems were thought over and composed between eight and ten in the morning as he dozed in his bed before rising, or on his afternoon stroll along the Via Sacra. The thought of Catullus composing his lyrics under similar conditions is too ludicrous to be entertained for a single instant.

This levity and shallowness in Horace's poetry is made all the more prominent from the fact that he is ever associated in our minds with his great contemporary, Virgil. From the men of letters that gather round the throne of Augustus, these

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two stand out pre-eminent. But the trifling poetry of Horace seems but a foil to set off the beauty and grandeur of the *Aeneid*. Towards Virgil we feel something of the reverence due to sanctity, but there is little in his genial and comfortable companion that suggests the divinity of the poet.

The Odes amount to something over a hundred in number, and though a poet may endear himself to us by an occasional poem on some trifling love affair, by a song here and there in praise of the Caecuban or potent Falernian, yet if such subjects are to form not merely the background but the main theme of the bulk of his verse, then he must pay the penalty and forego the reverence due to true poetry. If Aristotle is correct in saying that it is of the essence of poetry to be more philosophic and universal in character than prose, then we wonder how in the days of Horace the Muse of Lyric poetry regarded the intrusion and permanent settlement in her domain of the very matter of fact and material God of Wine.

Horace has won fame not merely as a poet, but as a critic of poetry. It is at least doubtful whether one and the same man can ever be a great poet and a great literary critic. Certainly on this hypothesis Horace has just enough of the poet in him to make a good critic, and there may be some who consider that his claim to greatness does lie chiefly in his literary criticism. But without going into the question, perhaps even at the risk of being just a little unfair to the author of the *Ars Poetica*, we may hold that one who though theoretically a rebel against conservatism in literature, nevertheless passes over almost without mention his predecessor Catullus, so far his superior, cannot at any rate be termed a great critic of poetic genius, and signally fails to appreciate just that broader and freer art—the *poësis* in poetry—after which he himself was actually striving.

It remains then to consider in what the true genius of Horace really consists. The answer sounds paradoxical, but nevertheless we do not hesitate to say that, though to our knowledge he never wrote a line of prose, Horace is essentially and primarily an essayist. Had he been living in England in the age of Queen Anne, there would probably have been a third and even greater contributor to the *Spectator* than either

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Addison or Steele. The verse and metre of his composition are purely accidental; prose was in those days confined to the law courts and to the writing of history, and it would have been considered quite as absurd then for any one to attempt in prose such subjects as Horace deals with in his *Satires*, as it would now for a journalist to give us a leader in *The Times* in hexameters. Both the *Epistles* and *Satires* come under the heading of "essays," for though some of the epistles do approach near to our conception of a letter, and some of the satires are satiric in the more bitter sense in which we sometimes use the word nowadays, yet in the main both classes are far more akin to the Essays of Addison and Goldsmith than they are to the satiric poetry of Pope, or the novels of Dickens, to the letters of Cicero or of Horace Walpole.

The chief point which strikes a reader of the *Epistles* and *Satires* is the fact that they are so extraordinarily modern in tone. With the possible exception of Cicero's *Letters*, there is nothing in ancient literature that brings home to us so vividly the sameness of human nature at all times and under all conditions. We see there that bargees spoke in much the same way then as any Jacobs character does now; that Fannius, the hypocrite, with a bust of himself to exhibit, was the Roman prototype of 'Mr. Pecksniff'; that the fop even in those days was a familiar character and equally amusing,—“Rufillus reeks of scent,” Horace says of him; that the eternal snob was prepared to employ any means he could devise to win the friendship of Horace's aristocratic friends; and that there was not wanting in the melting of the incense at Egnatia an equivalent to the miracle of Saint Januarius's blood at Naples, on which Horace, like a modern Rationalist, could vent his sceptical derision. “Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego.” How many little touches are there in his phraseology and conversation, the sentiment and style of which we might meet on any page of Dickens or Thackeray. We remember how he speaks of the songster Tigellius as mourned, on his death by the gushing crowd of actresses and flute-players, for —“quippe benignus erat”—Oh! he was such a generous man; or how he represents the fond father as overlooking the physical defects of his child: A boy squints, his father talks

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of the cast in his eye; or if he is an ugly little dwarf he calls him his "chick"; or if he can scarcely balance himself on his crazy pins, then his father lisps out, "My little Scaurus!"

Just as in Goldsmith and Addison, we find in Horace jumbled up together literary criticism, personal reminiscence, hits at the foibles and eccentricities of others, and, especially in the *Epistles*, prolonged moralizings on Man and his Destiny. We are quite enthralled by the vigour and freshness of his style; we feel that our delightful friend is thoroughly enjoying himself, that he is a helpless victim at the mercy of his own superabundant spirits; and as we accompany him on his journey to Brundisium, or watch with him the witches on the Esquiline, or listen to the story of his encounter with the bore on the Via Sacra, and see how frank and simple he is with it all, we feel that he is one of us and that we have known him for years. It is true that not infrequently his remarks savour too much of the Imperial "smoke-room"; but we have to take the man as a whole, and he is so frankly keen on being friendly with us that it is only to be expected that he should let us see himself as he is, with all his faults and peccadilloes. He can indeed be bitter and even malignant at times; he was warned by Trebatius to beware of giving others the opportunity of bringing a libel action against him; and there is a story that in one of his epistles every one saw in the vain poet, who thinks himself a Mimnermus, a picture of Propertius,—which reminds one of the distress and indignation of poor Leigh Hunt, when he appeared in the pages of *Bleak House* as 'Harold Skimpole.' But it is only rarely that Horace's satire is as serious as this; for his frame of mind is more akin to the kind humanity of Addison and Lamb than to the bitter cynicism of Swift, or the vindictiveness of Pope.

Our main work in these few pages has been that of the iconoclast. We have considered Horace's claim to greatness as an essayist, but have been more concerned with the shattering of an idol, that has no right to be enshrined among the gods of Poetry. Let a last note of warning be sounded!

Mr. Birrell in an essay on Browning gives the following injunction, as a practical guide to true poetry: "Let us be Catholics in this great matter and burn our candles at many

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shrines. In the pleasant realms of poesy, no liveries are worn, no paths prescribed; you may wonder where you will, stop where you like, and worship whom you love. Nothing is demanded of you save this, that in all your wanderings and worships you keep two objects steadily in view,—two, and two only, truth and beauty." If with these two objects in view we approach the *Odes* of Horace, we cannot stop, we cannot worship: if we feel drawn to do so, then let us beware and see whether we are not deceiving ourselves, whether we are not mistaking prettiness for beauty and make-believe for truth. But if we put aside the lighted candle, throw away the incense, approach him not with bowed head, kneel not to worship him, but run to him with open arms and speak to him as friend to friend, then, though we have not a divinity to worship, we may be content with the next best thing—a fellow-man to love.

R. S. MARWOOD

SCHOOL NOTES

THE school officials for the term have been as follows:

Head Monitor	L. T. Williams
Captain of the Games	C. B. J. Collison
Monitors	R. J. Power, E. J. B. Martin, G. E. Farrell, J. O. Kelly, C. R. Simpson, C. B. J. Collison, M. Ainscough

Secretary	C. R. Simpson
Librarians of the Upper Library	V. Knowles, G. A. Lintner
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	C. Knowles, C. F. Macpherson

Librarian of the Lower Middle Library	Hon. M. Scott
Librarian of the Lower Library	C. H. Robinson

Journal Committee	C. R. Simpson, V. Knowles
Cricket Committee	C. B. J. Collison, L. T. Williams, J. O. Kelly
Secretary of the Tennis Club	C. R. Simpson

Captains of the Cricket Sets—

1st Set—	C. B. J. Collison, L. T. Williams.
2nd Set—	D. T. Long, T. Kelly.
3rd Set—	Hon. C. Barnswall, J. P. Douglas.
4th Set—	D. M. Rochford, G. Caddon.
5th Set—	A. F. W. Bisgood, L. Knowles.
6th Set—	G. Ainscough, A. Fors.

* * *

L. H. ROCHFORD, who was one of the monitors last term and a member of the "Rugger" XV, and J. W. W. BISGOOD, who has passed into Osborne, left the school at the end of last term. Our best wishes accompany them.

* * *

THE following boys joined the school at the beginning of this term:

C. H. GILBERT, W. J. H. HODGE, E. J. T. B. BAGSHAW, W. B. WILBERFORCE, G. P. CRONK, G. H. GILBERT, E. FORSTER, A. B. LEE, K. G. R. BAGSHAW, P. D. CRAVOS, J. AINSCOUGH, A. AINSCOUGH, E. KELLY, K. R. GREENWOOD, G. W. S. BAGSHAW.

* * *

THE number of boys in the school—135—establishes a record. This increase has necessitated some shuffling of quarters and a further encroachment by the boys upon what is still known as the Old Monastery. A limit has now been reached, and the Preparatory House has become a "crying" need.

School Notes

CONGRATULATIONS to C. R. Simpson and L. T. Williams who have passed the entrance "exam." for New College, Oxford.

* * *

THE Head Monitor reports that £17 10s. has been collected in the school for Mr Norman Potter.

* * *

THE Upper Library, so exquisitely renovated last year, has been further improved by the addition of many chairs of Jacobean pattern, and a very fine oak-panelled door. The latter is the gift of Mr Lintner, to whom we tender our best thanks.

* * *

THE Cricket Eleven this year will perhaps be remembered as one of great promise; the batting was uniformly good down to the tenth wicket. Three of the Eleven, Williams, Collison and Ainscough, stand out as possessing considerably greater scoring powers than any of the others, and Kelly was the most difficult man of the side to get out. The bowling was weak—before the discovery of Williams, who began the season as wicket-keeper, it was very weak. Rochford III succeeded Williams behind the wickets and has the makings of a very good wicket-keeper. As it is, his catching is very good, but though he stands well up he is not quick enough at seizing a chance of stumping. The fielding was alert and smart, if not very safe. Finally, Collison proved an excellent captain both on and off the field, and it would be easy to minimize what the Eleven owe to his counsel and example.

* * *

THE Gymnasium, though just completed, is already one of the principal scenes of the school's activity. As each boy has three periods a week for gymnastics it is rarely out of use during the working hours of the day, and at other times enthusiastic volunteers vie with one another in the performance of exceptional feats of strength or agility. We had not thought that the Swedish system could be so interesting. But then we had had no opportunity of witnessing Sergeant

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Andrews' skill in combining system with variety. With gymnastics a kindred art is enjoying a revival, and at times the sounds of dull thuds of a peculiar kind penetrate the walls and inform the passer-by that the sergeant's instructions in the art of self-defence are being practised. Altogether the Gymnasium has quickly made a place for itself in the life of the school, and the newest "subject" in the horarium has won for itself a popularity which its most venerable elders have been unable to gain.

* * *

To the majority of Ampleforth boys the words "Goremire Day" will recall memories of a hot June day, a long, dusty road, a ramble along the cliffs and a welcome lunch on the grassy slopes. But this year's Day will necessitate certain modifications in future recollections. In fact, the weather of late has behaved as though it were really bent on breaking down all foolish optimism, and on turning us into a school of cynics. Exactly a hundred per cent. of the days chosen as holidays this term have turned out wet. It rained on the Exhibition-day; but no sooner were the visitors well on their way back to their homes than the sun came out, and for a week we basked in its rays. Then came June 23rd, and when the school had gone so far on the road to Goremire as to make any thought of postponement impossible, the weather once more reverted to its "wet blanket" policy, with the result that both lunch and tea were partaken of in Hambleton Hotel and its purlieus. And yet to many it will be memorable as the "omnium optimum" Goremire Day—certainly to the members of the Sixth Form, who accepted with even more than their wonted readiness and courtesy an invitation from Dom Ambrose to breakfast at Helmsley. Thither they walked in the early hours of the morning, visited Rievaulx Abbey and the Terrace, sheltered from the inclemency of the weather 'neath the humble roof-tree of Madame la Concierge, and later wended their way to the Hambleton Hotel, where they took possession of a room, issuing from this stronghold their monitorial edicts for the maintenance of order and discipline to the "profanum vulgus."

School Notes

We regret very much that we are unable to publish as we promised the list of subscribers to the new Pavilion fund, which some of the "Old Boys," notably Mr. Raby, have initiated. Mr. Raby, who is acting as treasurer, is abroad, and is unable to send us a complete list of subscribers. Rather than publish an incomplete list we have thought it well to postpone its publication until our next number, when Mr. Raby will be again in England. The appeal has been generously answered, but the enthusiastic treasurer has not yet all he hoped for, and will be glad to receive further contributions, which should be forwarded to his home address, 117 Woodstock Road, Oxford. We, at Ampleforth, offer our grateful thanks to all—and more especially to Mr. Raby—for the kindly spirit which has prompted this splendid gift to their old school.

* * *

In the meantime let us record the fact that the new Pavilion is finished. The spaciousness of the central room is its most striking feature, but its general excellence in design and *matériel* is quite admirable, and the architect is to be congratulated on the elevation both back and front. It was opened on June 28th, when the First Eleven and Sixth Form lunched there with Mr. Hugh Neville's Eleven.

The terraces leading to the new ground from the Pavilion are still upon the knees of the gods, and much remains to be done to the ground, which will involve a further financial outlay. Let us hope that the expenses—in accordance with the sound maxim of Chancellor Bacon, who knew something of monetary matters—have been so "ordered by the best show that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad."

* * *

ELSEWHERE in the JOURNAL will be found a notice of the Exhibition play—"Iphigenia in Tauris"—from the pen of Mr. Leslie Hunter, of New College. We ourselves should never have dared to have spoken so flatteringly of any of our own achievements, but coming spontaneously as this notice does,

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from Mr Hunter, a distinguished Greek scholar, and one who has himself played successfully in more than one rôle in Greek plays, we are delighted to be able to print it. We are rightly proud of the impression this representation has made upon him, and congratulate most heartily all who were concerned in so notable a success. Quite apart from its excellence this contribution has a special value as coming from the outside world, and yet Mr Hunter has been so good a friend that we should like to think of it as almost a domestic product. On the morning and afternoon before the play Mr Hunter took the chief characters through their parts, and offered many valuable suggestions. For this also we thank him.



THE Natural History Society, the oldest of all our existing societies, has not flourished this term. There have been so many rivals in the field that it has dwindled almost to insignificance. This is much to be regretted, but let us hope that existing enthusiasts—for enthusiasts there certainly are—will reorganize and rejuvenate it once again. Apart from the scientific study of nature an extraordinary epidemic of snake charming, which has been the cause of the school gaining some notoriety, has shown itself. The number of parcels labelled "Live Stock," which were daily delivered here in the early part of term, must have been an object of curiosity to the Post Office officials, but a matter of terror and surprise to those of Malton, who are said to have bolted in a body from the two large snakes which wriggled out of a package in their office. A hasty telephone message announced to us the suspension of Post Office business owing to their presence. After some time a member of the staff of more than ordinary courage was induced to don leathern gloves, and convey the intruders to some safe asylum. Then followed solemn communications from the Postmaster-General to two small boys ordering them to send and rescue their "pets." The number of newspaper cuttings, sent to us from many parts of the country, in which this story was told, shows the distance such trivial incidents travel, and how easy is the gaining of notoriety in these days of the ubiquitous journalist.

School Notes

THE oak panel which has recently been placed in the school passage is a handsome and interesting addition to our public monuments. He who remarked that the only good quality of the present generation in England is its interest in the records of the past would doubtless view it with peculiar satisfaction. But one may refuse complete agreement with that caustic and probably aged critic, and yet hold that the names of the rulers of the school should be inscribed on something more durable than the memories of fleeting generations. That has now been done. The names of all the Captains of the school since the institution of that office, and of the Head Monitors who have recently taken their place, have been rescued from all danger of oblivion and enshrined in a resting place at once prominent and secure, whose antiquarian interest is eked out by its fine proportions and rich carving, and whose vacant spaces cannot fail to be provocative of a laudable ambition.



THE school staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (Head Master)	
Dom Maurus Powell.	Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.
Dom Joseph Dawson.	Dom Anthony Barnett.
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Hugh de Normanville, B.A.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Ildaphonus Barton.
Dom Benedict Hayes.	Dom Alexius Chamberlain, B.A.
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Illyd Williams
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	Dom Raymond Lythgoe.
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Louis d'Andria.
Dom Adrian Mawson.	Dom Cyril Maddox
Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.	Dom Gregory Swann, B.A.
Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.	
J. Eddy, Esq. (Music).	
J. Knowles, Esq. (Drawing).	
J. F. Porter, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S. (Medical Officer).	
Company Sergeant-Major Andrews (late of Aldershot Gymnastic Staff).	
Sergeant-Major Grogan (late Irish Guards), <i>Drilling</i> .	
W. S. Hardcastle (late Bandmaster West Yorks).	
Mrs Doherty (Matron).	
Miss Till (Assistant Matron).	

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS"

CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY:

<i>Iphigenia</i> (Daughter of Agamemnon)	G. J. SIMPSON
<i>Orestes</i> (her Brother)	J. B. ALLANSON
<i>Pylades</i> (Friend of Orestes)	D. LONG
<i>Thoas</i> (King of Tauris)	C. P. POWER
<i>A Herdsman</i>	H. GREENWOOD
<i>A Messenger</i>	T. KELLY
<i>The Goddess Pallas Athena</i>	J. R. CRAWFORD
<i>Leader of Chorus</i>	T. WELSH
<i>Chorus, Handmaids, Soldiers and Barbarians.</i>	

"IT'S wonderful—for boys." That was the verdict one heard passed on all sides as one came out of the theatre on June 8th. But it was a criticism which did not seem quite to meet the facts. Wonderful, in a way, the performance of "Iphigenia in Tauris" certainly was; but it was precisely because the play was acted by boys, that it had a certain quality which older performers could not have imparted to it. It made me think that boys, in spite of their supposed abhorrence of sentiment and distaste for "poetry," are really without knowing it very romantic and even "poetical" people. Of course, this needs qualification; but the romance and poetry of this exquisite play certainly came home to me as it had never done before.

The reason is I think that "Iphigenia in Tauris" is a story which appeals particularly to boys. There is nothing in it which goes beyond the sort of emotions that they are fully capable of expressing. The general atmosphere of remoteness and fairy-tale; the love of a sister for a brother; the willing self-sacrifice of friend to friend; above all, the spirit of adventure which dominates the play from beginning to end: all these are things which boys can thoroughly understand and appreciate: and it was for this reason that the play was such a notable success.

The keynote to the whole performance was its great natural dignity. No one ever struck one as *making* effects; they just *came*. Perhaps the acting of Orestes might be taken to typify

"Iphigenia in Tauris"

the whole performance. He was the King's son from beginning to end, a youth of noble courage and extraordinary manliness. Of course the part might have been played in quite a different way, but I doubt whether it would have been played to greater effect. It was just in the spirit of Henley's famous words:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul."

He was nowhere so good as in the great speech to Pylades, "Peace from such thoughts! my burden can be borne"; and his farewell to Pylades and defiance of Apollo was simply superb. Perhaps under the circumstances it was not to be expected that he should give the softer note quite as well; but he kept up the sense of tense excitement during the tremendously difficult recognition scene with skill which showed real dramatic instinct. And his poses were splendid.

As for his sister, I don't wish to seem extravagant, but I have seldom witnessed a finer piece of acting or one which stirred me more profoundly. Its perfect finish in every detail was remarkable: but even more so was the complete comprehension of the woman's part from beginning to end. The very first lines at once gave that sense of mysterious aloofness from the world, as of one consecrate and inviolate, which is the leading note of Iphigenia at the beginning of the play; and I knew not afterwards whether more to admire her tenderness to her new-found brother or the adorable femininity with which she wheedled that most amiable of barbarians, King Thoas. But perhaps best of all was her passionate longing for home, the feeling in the line, "From Argos! . . . Oh, how sweet to see thee here!" and afterwards, the return of the crowding memories. It was simply tragic acting of the very finest quality. The voice throughout was perfect; soft and flexible, and never betraying any note which was not essentially feminine.

The other parts on the whole played up well to the high standard set by Iphigenia and Orestes. Pylades successfully

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overcame the difficulties of playing perpetual second fiddle, and without having the same natural advantages as Orestes, gave an individual and sincere rendering of his part. The Herdsman and the Messenger were both quite excellent: if one must draw distinctions I thought there was more of art in the Herdsman, and of nature in the Messenger, whose dramatic entry and "lewd battering of the gate" was perhaps the moment in the whole play which most took the fancy of the audience. The way in which both their long speeches were carried through, sustaining variety of voice and gesture from beginning to the end, was a great feat of elocution and spoke volumes for their keenness and careful training. Thoas looked the noble savage to the life, but would have been nobler still had he not continually used his spear as a crutch. The appearance of Pallas at the end was wonderfully effective; here at least was a *dea ex machina* who needed no defence from the critics. Last but not least, there was the chorus, whose singing was certainly one of the best points in the performance. Their tone was full and pure, their *ensemble* rarely at fault, and their simple movements full of dignity. Their leader exactly fitted into the picture; his gestures were natural and graceful, and his voice both in speaking and singing had a particularly appealing quality. It was a great pity that few of the audience realized that the music was in all essentials a native Ampleforth product. Its ecclesiastical reminiscences and free rhythms exactly suited a Greek chorus, and conveyed a religious feeling without being in any way austere; in particular, the chorus beginning "Behold two score and ten there be rowers that row for thee," was set to a delicious lilting melody. Both composer and arranger are to be most heartily congratulated on the results of their collaboration.

In conclusion, it would be impossible to over-estimate what the Ampleforth Theatre owes to its presiding genius. I say genius advisedly, for the whole setting and production of the play bore the mark of real distinction. One is apt to forget that even the most promising young actors need teaching, especially in the manner of correct emphasis and just declamation. The elocution throughout was admirable; and movement and gesture seemed so natural that one forgot



“Iphigenia in Tauris”

they were the result of long and laborious training. I cannot conclude this account without laying special emphasis on the devotion and skill which went to the making of such a remarkable performance, and assuring both the stage manager and his indefatigable assistant that the result of their labours did them infinite honour. It was my only regret that both author and translator were unable to be present at a performance which seemed exactly to discern and fully to express the true meaning of the play.

L. W. HUNTER

New College, Oxford

THE EXHIBITION

THE Exhibition was held on Tuesday, June 9th, and was attended by a very large assemblage of visitors. On the preceding day the cricket match *Past v. Present* was begun, and in the evening "Iphigenia in Tauris" was performed in the school theatre. Comment on that performance is unnecessary here, as the views of a detached critic will be found on another page. On Tuesday morning pontifical High Mass of St Lawrence was sung by Father Abbot. Afterwards the Exhibition and the distribution of prizes took place in the theatre. The following was the programme:

OVERTURE	"Zauberflöte"	Mozart
	ORCHESTRA	
ENGLISH SPEECH	"Marco Bozzaris"	Fitzgreene Hallech
	BISGOOD	
LATIN SPEECH	"Colloquia"	Erasmus
	'Orbilus,' POWER i	
	'Valerius,' MORROGH-BERNARD ii	
	'Balbus,' UNSWORTH i	
	'Tullius,' FIELD i	
VALSE ROMANTIQUE		Sibelius
	ORCHESTRA	
FRENCH SPEECH	"Le Mariage forcé"	Molière
	'Marphuris,' SIMPSON i	
	'Sganerelle,' MARTIN i	
PART SONG	"The long day closes"	Sullivan
AIR	"Peer Gynt" (1 and 4)	Grieg
	ORCHESTRA	
ENGLISH SPEECH	"Marie Antoinette"	Burke
	WILLIAMS	
ODE TO ALMA MATER	The Right Rev. J. C. Hedley, O.S.B.	
	(Edited and Scored by R. W. Oberholfer, Esq.)	
	CHOIR	
EPILOGUE		Anonymous
	KNOWLES i	
	"God Save the King."	

HEAD MASTER'S REPORT

In his annual report, the Head Master said that the health of the school during the past year had been good. There had

The Exhibition

been one or two exceptions, and even lately it had seemed that they were not to be immune from epidemic, but he was glad to say that they had escaped the danger. In the sphere of games, the Rugby season could be said to be a record one. The modern schoolboy had been criticized in some quarters for a partiality for what was called the "slow-footed egoism" of golf, but such criticism could not be brought against boys amongst whom the Rugby game so flourished. In hockey, too, the school had more than held its own.

The Officers Training Corps, he said, had had a particularly successful year. Nine cadets had gained Certificate A. At camp the contingent had received some very flattering commendation, and the report that followed the War Office inspection was as eulogistic as the restraint of language habitually practised by that Department permitted. After recording the successes in the Certificate examinations, he said that these results, though good, were not as good as they should have been. He feared that over-confidence had impaired the work of some of the candidates. He mentioned entries to Sandhurst and Osborne among other results of the year's studies, and thanked the donors of special prizes for the stimulus which they had added to the work of the school. Of developments in the work done at Ampleforth he had two to record, one just accomplished, the other imminent. The Gymnasium, recently completed, made possible an increased attention to systematic physical training. Gymnastics had now a regular place in the school curriculum. The other was a much greater matter. It had been resolved to build a Preparatory School so that younger boys might be dealt with in greater numbers, and with more suitable treatment than was possible when their department was an adjunct of the main school. He hoped that the new school would be in working order in a year and a half or two years.

In conclusion, he spoke of the atmosphere of criticism which now surrounded schoolmasters and all things scholastic. There were many irresponsible critics about, and most of them began, as was often the case, with a complete rejection of all that was consecrated by use and tradition. Every aspect of scholastic enterprise was being subjected to this criticism,

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and the poor schoolmaster had many hard things said about him. But even the most abject worm will turn, and in a recent book, *The Corner-Stone of Education*, the Head Master of Eton had made a spirited reply to much of this criticism. The main argument of the book, if they would allow him to summarize it, was that boys when they came to school are and remain very much what the example of their parents has made them. He hoped that this book would be widely read, and do something to replace the primary responsibility for so grave a matter as the training of the young where it should rightly lie.

SPEECH BY THE ABBOT

At the conclusion of the Exhibition Father Abbot expressed his great regret for the absence of Bishop Hedley. He thanked the guests for their presence, and assured them that they were and always would be welcome. He also wished to take this opportunity of thanking the school staff for their devoted work, on which the success of the school depended. Referring to the play performed on the preceding evening, he said that it had emphasized for them all the value of Greek literature and Greek art in education. It had ever been the tradition of Ampleforth to foster a love of literature, and he hoped that that tradition would always be maintained. Whatever the value of science, and he ungrudgingly admitted that it was great, literature must retain its place; our boys should be made to know and value the great literature of the world, and to nurture in themselves the taste that would enable them to enjoy and the power that would enable them to lead others to that enjoyment.

After the distribution of prizes the guests assembled in the Gymnasium for lunch. This was to have been followed by a review of the Officers' Training Corps, but the unfavourable weather made this impossible. Later in the afternoon there was the formal opening of the new Gymnasium with a gymnastic display by a picked team of boys.

In the evening there was solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the "Te Deum" was sung.

The Exhibition

The following are the names of the prize winners:

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

Set I	C. R. Simpson.
Set II	G. A. Lintner.
Set III	E. Le Fèvre.
Set IV	C. F. Macpherson.
Set V	H. Rennick.
Set VI	L. Knowles.
Set VII	R. S. Douglas.

ENGLISH

Set I	C. R. Simpson.
Set II	G. A. Lintner.
Set III	R. J. Lynch.
Set IV	T. V. Welsh.
Set V	J. P. Douglas.
Set VI	J. R. T. Crawford.
Set VII	L. D. Chamberlain.
Letter Writing	G. W. Ainscough.
Handwriting	O. T. Penney.

HISTORY

Set I	V. Knowles.
Set II	R. J. Lynch.
		W. Rochford } <i>ex aequo</i> .
Set III	E. Le Fèvre.
Set IV	R. P. St. L. Liston.
Extra Prize	J. G. Simpson.
Set V	G. Cuddon } <i>ex aequo</i> .
		E. D. Baines.
Set VI	L. Knowles.
Set VII	L. D. Chamberlain.

GEOGRAPHY

Set IV	C. Knowles.
Extra Prize	J. B. Allanson.
Set V	T. B. Fishwick.
Set VI	J. R. T. Crawford.
Set VII	O. T. Penney.

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LATIN

Set I	R. J. Power.
Set II	M. Ainscough.
Set III	J. Barton.
Set IV	{ C. Rochford C. F. Macpherson } <i>ex æquo</i> .
Set V	D. M. Rochford.
Set VI	V. J. Cravos.
Set VII	J. G. D. A. Forbes.
Set VIII	P. d'I. Field.
Set IX	C. Robinson.

GREEK

Set I	L. T. Williams.
Set II	M. Ainscough.
Set III	{ C. Rochford C. F. Macpherson } <i>ex æquo</i> .
Set IV	J. G. Morrogh-Bernard.
Set V	{ V. Cravos L. Spiller } <i>ex æquo</i> .
Set VI	D. M. Rochford.

GERMAN

Set I	J. B. Allanson.
Set II	A. Pollack.

FRENCH

Set I	H. J. Emery.
Special Prize	G. A. Lintner.
Set II	T. V. Welsh.
Set III	Hon. R. Barnewall.
Set IV	F. Clancy.
Set V	J. B. Allanson.
Set VI	J. R. T. Crawford.
Set VII	D. A. Collison.
Set VIII	P. S. Blackledge.
Set IX	E. H. G. George.

MATHEMATICS

Set I	V. Knowles.
Set II	{ J. B. Caldwell D. T. Long } <i>ex æquo</i> .
Set III	R. J. Lynch.

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Set IV	F. A. Morrogh-Bernard.
Set V	T. V. Welsh.
Set VI	{ Viscount Encombe V. J. Cravos } <i>ex æquo</i> .
Set VII	D. M. Rochford.
Set VIII	E. P. Connolly.
Set IX	R. A. Fishwick.
Set X	R. J. Cheney.

SCIENCE

Set I (<i>Mechanics</i>)	V. Knowles.
(<i>Physics</i>)	D. T. Long.
Set II (<i>Physics</i>)	E. Le Fèvre.
Set III (<i>Physics</i>)	F. A. Morrogh-Bernard.
Set IV (<i>Chemistry</i>)	C. J. Field.
Set V (<i>Chemistry</i>)	H. W. Greenwood.
Set VI (<i>Practical Mathematics</i>)	J. W. Hawkswell.
Set VII (<i>Nature Study</i>)	E. H. G. George.

MUSIC

Piano	W. Rochford.
Violin	V. Knowles.
Improvement	T. V. Welsh.

DRAWING

Freehand	S. Lancaster.
Improvement	L. V. Milburn.
Geometrical	F. A. Morrogh-Bernard.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Classics—	
For the Higher Certificate Candidates	J. B. Caldwell.
(Presented by John McElligott, Esq.)	
For the Lower Certificate Candidates	M. Ainscough.
(Presented by John McElligott, Esq.)	
For Non-Certificate Boys, Forms IV and	
Higher III	A. McDonald.
(Presented by John H. Nevill, Esq.)	
For the Lower School in Latin Grammar	L. Knowles.
(Presented by John Fishwick, Esq.)	

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English Literature—	
For the Higher Certificate Classes . . .	J. O. Kelly.
For the Lower Certificate Classes . . .	T. V. Welsh.
(Presented by The Right Revd. Abbot Hunter-Blair)	
English Essay—	
For the Higher Certificate Classes . . .	V. Knowles.
For the Lower Certificate Classes . . .	T. V. Welsh.
(Presented by John P. Raby, Esq.)	
Historical Essay . . .	V. J. Cravos.
(Presented by Frederick Eeles, Esq.)	
Mathematics—	(1) J. O. Kelly.
"Milburn" Prize . . .	(2) E. Le Fèvre.
Physics—	J. O. Kelly.
(Presented by Edward Dawes, Esq.)	
Drawing—For the best Model Drawings of the	
year . . .	J. G. Morrogh-Bernard.
Painting . . .	C. R. Simpson.
(Anonymous.)	
Gymnastics . . .	R. Murray.
(Presented by Alfred Greenwood, Esq.)	

THE POETRY SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the 1914 Summer term was held on Sunday, May 17th. Fr Wilfrid and Br Louis were present. In accordance with a request of the Chairman that in the minutes a due recognition should be made of the absent Mr Hayes, we may say here that Mr Hayes was one of the founders of the Poetry Society. Something of a poet himself, he was keen in his appreciation of the work of others. Perhaps his greatest virtue lay in the untiring energy with which he furthered the prestige of the society, and made its success an established fact.

In public business, Mr Knowles read a paper on Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He described at length the life of the poet, his Puritan upbringing, his shortlived study of Law, and his subsequent career at Bowdoin and at Harvard. It was when Longfellow was about thirty-five that there appeared "Voices of the Night," the "Hymn of Night," the "Be-leagured City" and the "Village Blacksmith." The theme of "Evangeline" was suggested to him by Hawthorne, who had collected material for a prose treatment of the story. Feeling however that prose was inadequate, Hawthorne handed over his notes to Longfellow, with the result that the world was richer by a beautiful poem. Three years later came the "Golden Legend," and at the end of the next year "Hiawatha," a poem whose liquid, yet reverberating, measures are well suited to a story of wigwam, forest and river. Later, following on the violent death of his second wife, came "Tales of a Wayside Inn," a poem after the style of the "Canterbury Tales," followed by a visit to England, an honorary degree at Cambridge, and the honour of an interview with the Queen. When he died, in 1882, the world said of him, as he himself had written:

"He is dead, the sweet musician,
He the sweetest of all singers.
He has gone from us for ever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing."

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Mr Murray wished to measure a poet's greatness in terms of his popularity; to be popular is to be a poor poet.

Mr Lintner liked what he chose to call the cheerful and spicy breezes of Longfellow. He was full of the joy of life and nature.

Mr Power made a distinction between the various kinds of popularity, and expressed some uncertainty about the meaning of "Excelsior." A discussion on this latter point followed, and some difficulties were cleared up with the aid of Fr Wilfrid. Br Louis quoted the "Grammarians Funeral" as a parallel, and called attention to the mixed metaphor in the "Psalm of Life."

Mr Knowles read several poems at the request of various members.

The Chairman, in conclusion, made some remarks about the power of simple poets.

A vote of thanks concluded the meeting.

The second meeting of the term took place on Sunday, June 14th.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and carried. Br Louis was present.

Mr Murray read a paper on Francis Thompson. He opened with a description of the poet, piteous yet proud, written by Thompson himself, and recognized in it an apt description of the author. In Thompson we have a poet of high thinking, of celestial vision and imaginings, that found literary images of answering splendour. Mr Murray then dwelt on the poet's Lancashire origin, his training at Ushaw, and his pitiable life in London. It was at Storrington, after his rescue by friends, that the "Ode to the Setting Sun," "Daisy," and shortly afterwards "Sister Songs," were composed. Mr Murray regarded the "Hound of Heaven" as the poet's masterpiece, with its profound mysticism and its wealth of Catholic philosophy. From this poem he illustrated also Thompson's defiance of the conventions which restrict the use of simile.

Mr Knowles complained that Thompson's view of poetry was too confined; he wrote of nature and of little else. His style also was too abstruse.

The Poetry Society

This last assertion was challenged by Mr Murray who read "The Poppy."

Mr Lintner seized vigorously on the phrase from "The Poppy," "My food is dreams as theirs is bread," and applied it to Thompson's life and poetry which, he said, were very romantic. The honourable gentleman then after some preliminary remarks gave an emotional rendering of "The Making of Viola."

Messrs Kelly and Power also addressed the society.

Br Louis said there was something unsatisfactory about Thompson's poetry; it did not ring true; its imagery was far-fetched.

The Chairman was not inclined to the opinion that Thompson was in the first rank of English poets, though he was the poet of Catholic theology, of the spirit and of the soul. He then thanked Mr Murray for his excellent paper.

A vote of thanks concluded the meeting.

The third meeting of the term was held on Sunday, June 28th. Fr Wilfrid and Br Louis were present.

Fr Wilfrid read a paper on Charles Witham Herbert, known at Ampleforth as Br Thomas Herbert. After describing his parentage and his early life in Germany, and later at Cambridge, and emphasizing also his love of music and mathematics, Fr Wilfrid gave instances of Herbert's interest in speculative thought and his vast knowledge of natural history. Like Francis Thompson, Herbert wished to become a priest, and tried his vocation at various places, among them Ampleforth, to which he had a great attachment. His poetry belongs to the periods of his life spent at Cambridge and Ampleforth. He had a rare knowledge of Wordsworth whose influence is to be seen in his own work. His sole published book appeared in 1905, and was well reviewed in such papers as *The Times* and the *Scotsman*. From Ampleforth Herbert went to the Ampleforth Hall, at Oxford, where he became acquainted with Professor A. C. Bradley, then Professor of Poetry, who was greatly impressed by Herbert's work.

Fr Wilfrid then read selections from Herbert's poems including "Miraculum Cotidianum," "To a Poet," "February Miracle" and others from the first part of *Poems of*

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the Seen and the Unseen, and from the second part Fr Wilfrid read "The Golden Dream," "Ex Ore Infantis," and "Concentration."

Mr Power then spoke, after which Mr Murray gave vent to a peculiarly flagrant heresy; he preferred, he said, Herbert to Wordsworth, but he was very rightly silenced by Mr Lintner and Br Louis.

Fr Wilfrid then supplemented and elucidated some points. The Chairman said that the remark which Mr Knowles had made, that Herbert's observation was merely superficial, was not justified; and in illustration he quoted from the poems embodying descriptions of natural scenery.

The usual vote of thanks brought the meeting to a close.

J. O. KELLY,
Hon. Secretary.

SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

Dimanche 24 Mai, septième réunion de la Société. Étaient présents le Président, le Vice-Président, le R. P. Illyd Williams et vingt-cinq membres.

M. G. Lintner fit le récit de son voyage en France pendant les vacances de Pâques.

Messieurs. C'est avec le plus grand plaisir que je vais vous raconter mon petit séjour en France durant ces dernières vacances.

Que vous dirai-je bien de la Belle France? Il y a tant à dire, et malheureusement le temps me fait défaut.

Nous allons donc traverser, en imagination, la France d'un bout à l'autre, de Biarritz, situé sur le Golfe de Gascogne, à Boulogne, situé, comme vous le savez, sur le Pas de Calais.

A Biarritz nous voici dans le Pays Basque—tout près de l'Espagne. Les Basques forment une race magnifique, tout-à-fait distincte des Français; ils ont une langue qui leur est propre et une littérature qui semble d'origine africaine; des us et coutumes caractéristiques. Leur jeu national est une sorte de jeu de paume appelé "la pelote."

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Ce furent leurs ancêtres qui attaquèrent le preux Roland, qui trouva la mort en repoussant la gent palenne dans le défilé de Roncevaux, comme le raconte la Chanson.

Nous sommes tout près des Pyrénées qui surgissent de l'immense Atlantique: ses vagues écumantes se ruent en hurlant contre les murailles de granit qui plongent dans ses eaux, et se retirent brisées et vaincues, sous un beau ciel de printemps inondé de soleil.

Que de choses je pourrais vous dire de ce pays qui évoque ces lignes du poète:

O montagnes d'azur! O pays adoré!
Rocs de la Trazona, cirque du Marobé!
Cascades qui tombez des neiges entraînées,
Sources, gaves, ruisseaux, torrents des Pyrénées!

Nous nous mettons en route en jettant un dernier regard d'adieu sur les montagnes.

Une longue avenue de châtaigniers nous conduit aux portes d'une charmante petite ville du Moyen-Age, avec ses vieux murs, son antique château qui a compté parmi ses hôtes bien des personnages illustres, entre autres le Prince Noir d'Angleterre, Don Pedro et Isabelle d'Espagne, le Vert Galant Henri IV et enfin Napoléon Ier. Bayonne possède aussi une vieille cathédrale enfouie dans un réseau de petites rues étroites, pavées comme au Moyen-Age; et deux rivières azurées, l'Adour et la Nivelle, la traversent et se rejoignent sous ses murs.

Franchissons l'Adour, en route vers Dax; nous filons à travers les Landes, immense district couvert à perte de vue de sombres forêts de sapins. Dax est renommé par ses eaux thermales, découvertes par les Romains.

Bordeaux est notre prochaine étape. Les forêts de sapins s'éclaircissent et disparaissent pour faire place aux vignobles fameux qui fournissent le bon vin rouge de Bordeaux. Le paysage est charmant; de jolies propriétés s'élèvent au milieu des vignes, entourées d'arbres en fleurs et de lilas qui parfument l'air doux et chaud.

Enfin, nous voilà à Bordeaux, ville immense et magnifique, qui date des Romains. Il fait déjà nuit. L'Opéra étant fermé,

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j'ai assisté à la représentation de "la Dame aux Camélias," chef d'œuvre d'Alexandre Dumas fils, dont j'ai été ravi.

Le lendemain matin nous quittons la ville par le pont majestueux qui franchit la Garonne, l'un des quatre grands fleuves de France, couverte de navires: ne partons pas cependant sans donner un souvenir à une célébrité bordelaise, l'artiste Rosa Bonheur, dont nous avons des reproductions dans le corridor.

Maintenant, en route pour Paris! Nous traversons Angoulême, avec sa curieuse cathédrale du douzième siècle, la patrie de Marie de Valois et du célèbre ingénieur militaire, le Marquis de Montalembert: après avoir passé la Charente, Poitiers, ville universitaire, théâtre historique de la défaite des Sarrazins par Charles Martel, en 732; de Jean le Bon par le Prince Noir, en 1356.

Nous sommes maintenant en Touraine, à qui sa gracieuse beauté a valu le surnom de Jardin de la France; elle est arrosée par la Loire, le plus beau et le plus long fleuve de France; sur ses bords s'élèvent de magnifiques châteaux. Tours, la ville du grand évêque Saint Martin fut aussi la patrie de Balzac.

La dernière ville avant d'arriver à Paris est Chartres, renommée pour sa merveilleuse Cathédrale.

Le long de la route on peut encore voir les ruines laissées par la désastreuse guerre Franco-Allemande. Quels tristes souvenirs que ces pauvres maisons criblées de boulets, autrefois l'abri de familles heureuses, maintenant vides et désolées! Quelle triste légion!

Je me souviens encore d'une petite ville bien charmante, Saumur; ce qu'elle est gentille avec ses vieilles maisons, son château, le petit pont qui traverse la rivière; d'un côté, un moulin en pleine activité, de l'autre une vieille porte formée de deux tours: tout cela émergeant de la fraîche verdure printannière.

La nuit était tombée lorsque nous entrâmes dans Paris, en passant par Versailles; ses sombres forêts me faisaient penser à Marie Antoinette; combien de fois a-t-elle dû se promener sous ces mêmes arbres; le vieux palais avec sa grande cour, tout cela semble triste et abandonné; le luxe

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que la France asservie donnait à un mauvais roi n'est plus... et tant mieux!

Voilà Paris: la Seine reflète dans ses eaux tranquilles les mille lumières de la capitale; l'ombre de la Tour Eiffel semble s'enfoncer dans les nuages. Nous passons les jardins du Luxembourg et enfin nous descendons à l'Hôtel du Palais d'Orsay. Il est onze heures du soir, et grand temps d'aller dîner: je m'amusai à regarder passer le monde; à deux heures du matin, je suis rentré, ahuri. Paris donne une impression de folle gaieté; comme dit Molière, c'est ici *le fin du fin*.

Après une courte visite à Notre-Dame, nous partons pour Boulogne; en attendant l'auto, je m'amusai beaucoup à lire des affiches électorales, dans lesquelles les candidats remerciaient leurs concitoyens et exposaient leurs programmes; d'autres contenaient des défis plus ou moins injurieux à l'adresse des candidats élus.

Nous nous arrêtons à Beauvais pour déjeuner, et après un rapide coup d'œil sur la ville, nous reprenons la route vers Abbeville, puis Etaples, petit port de pêche sur la Manche.

Nous jouissons d'un magnifique coucher de soleil, reflété sur une mer calme, derrière un rivage sombre hérissé de mâts et subitement éclairé par les feux tournoyants d'un phare. Un frais vent de mer nous soufflait au visage: l'auto filait à toute allure le long des routes boisées... Hurrah! voilà les lumières étincelantes de Boulogne!

A la conclusion de cette charmante conférence, plusieurs membres posèrent des questions. M. C. Simpson demanda ce que valaient les routes en France: M. Lintner répondit qu'elles étaient très bonnes et pour la plupart meilleures que les routes d'Angleterre. M. H. Emery désira savoir à quel endroit M. Lintner avait entendu parler le meilleur français; sans vouloir être trop affirmatif sur ce point, il croit que c'est en Touraine. M. C. Liston demanda s'il y avait des "grass snakes" (sic) en France! Pendant que M. Lintner feuilletait son dictionnaire, le R. P. Illyd répond que les "couleuvres" se trouvent partout. Des questions furent encore posées par MM. D. Long, C. Field, D. George, E. Robinson et F. Morice.

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A la fin de la Séance, l'assemblée exprima par un vote tous ses remerciements à M. Lintner.

Dimanche 5 Juillet, huitième réunion de la Société. Étaient présents le Président et le Vice-Président, M. Corballis à titre de visiteur, et cinquante-cinq membres de la Société.

Le sujet du débat était: "La Ville est préférable à la Campagne."

M. C. Simpson ouvrit la discussion.

Messieurs: Je soutiens la motion que la Ville vaut mieux que la campagne, et qu'elle lui est supérieure sur bien des points. Les villes sont les grands centres de rassemblement, et là où nous trouvons beaucoup d'hommes vivant ensemble, nous nous attendons à y trouver aussi les produits les plus importants de leurs facultés: et c'est ce qui distingue la ville. Voyez Athènes et Rome, les grandes villes classiques! les beaux-arts y étaient cultivés à un très haut degré, et cela non pas seulement par une minorité d'élite, mais par tout le monde. Athènes a eu ses poètes dont les oeuvres sont sans rivaux au monde; sa philosophie, son art oratoire, son drame ont émerveillé les hommes.

A notre époque, on ne saurait exagérer le rôle important des villes. C'est là qu'on trouve les grands magasins, les manufactures qui fabriquent tout ce qui touche au vêtement et à l'alimentation, à l'architecture et à l'ameublement, en un mot tout ce qui est nécessaire à la vie et au confort des hommes. Les villes avec leurs théâtres, leurs restaurants et leurs distractions variées sont aussi des centres de plaisir, tandis que les esprits sérieux y trouvent des bibliothèques et des musées.

Pour toutes ces raisons, je suis convaincu et je soutiens que la Ville est supérieure à la Campagne.

M. E. Martin soutient la thèse contraire:

Messieurs: Je me trouve ce soir dans une position embarrassante; car c'est la première fois que j'ai l'honneur de m'adresser à cette éminente Société.

Pour en venir au fait, je n'ai pas l'intention de décrier la Ville, mais je tiens simplement à dire que je lui préfère la Campagne. Vous me direz, par exemple, qu'à la campagne il n'y a pas moyen d'aller au théâtre, qu'il n'y a pas de théâtres

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à la campagne. Quelle erreur! les théâtres de la ville sont artificiels, tandis que la campagne est un immense théâtre et la scène est la nature même. Les théâtres des villes sont sans doute très beaux, mais tout ce qui est beau est de courte durée; et de plus, le théâtre de la campagne est encore plus intéressant et plus réaliste, car qu'est ce qui peut mieux ressembler à la nature que la nature elle-même.

Dans les villes on a toutes ses aises; on entre dans un café, on se fait servir les aliments ou les boissons que l'on désire; mais dans la ferme rustique, la nourriture est simple et saine. Au café les tables sont peut-être toutes occupées; à la ferme on a toujours ses coudees franches.

La vue d'une ville, la nuit, resplendissante de mille lumières multicolores, est un spectacle dont le paysan est malheureusement privé; mais, comme dit le vieux proverbe, "Tout ce qui brille n'est pas or." La nature inondée de soleil, les nuits étoilées, présentent un décor autrement brillant et intéressant que l'illumination artificielle des villes; et tous ceux qui vivent à la campagne apprécient le décor toujours changeant de la nature.

Laissez-moi ajouter, et cela va sans dire, que la campagne est plus salubre que la ville; qu'on y jouit d'une meilleure santé et par conséquent qu'on y est plus heureux.

La ville ne laisse pas de place aux jeux qui peuvent se pratiquer en toute liberté à la campagne. Imaginez-vous M. le Secrétaire jouant au golf dans les rues de Liverpool!

M. G. Simpson malgré l'éloquence de son frère, parle contre la motion, et démontre que tous les avantages cités par celui-ci en faveur de la Ville dépendent en grande partie de la Campagne.

Après quelques réflexions du F. Cyrille, de MM. Lintner, H. Emery, D. Long, T. Kelly, M. G. Cuddon résuma en quelques mots très nets le sentiment de la majorité, "Je pense que la Campagne est supérieure à la Ville, celle-là est naturelle, celle-ci est artificielle."

La motion étant mise aux voix, 45 membres votent pour la Campagne, 10 pour la Ville.

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

THE following joined the contingent at the beginning of the term :

D. M. Rochford, M. W. L. Smith, A. F. W. Bisgood, W. J. H. Hodge, C. H. Gilbert.

The total strength of the contingent is eighty-five.

It must in the first place be recorded that our two officers have both received promotion since the last issue of the JOURNAL ; our congratulations to both.

The work of the Summer term has consisted, as usual, mainly of field work. The two other terms being devoted to the routine drill we are at liberty to make use of the fine weather for field exercises.

On June 2nd, Major Barrington paid us a visit and, in preparation for the Exhibition-day, put us through some ceremonial and platoon drill. When the Exhibition dawned most of us believed that we should not be called upon to parade, owing to the incessant downpour. However, in the later afternoon in a break of half an hour, we were paraded on the Square, an area already too confined for executing any movements and rendered more so by the presence of motors and other obstacles. The march-past was out of the question but some platoon drill was attempted. The loss to the contingent as a whole proved the opportunity of the band, which won golden opinions by its smart "turn out" and its general efficiency.

The band deserves special commendation for their great energy and public spirit in practice. Without these qualities it is impossible for a school of our size to maintain it. Its members may be sure that the whole contingent is fully appreciative of their efforts.

We have to thank very sincerely Viscountess Encombe for the gift of a tenor drum, upon which Corporal Caldwell has already learnt to perform with all the customary fantastic flourishes, by which the bass and tenor drummers insist upon and gain public attention.

Officers Training Corps

Signalling has been regularly practised under the tuition of the O.C., and the signallers have shown a good spirit and much self sacrifice.

CERTIFICATE "A"

We offer our congratulations to the following, who obtained Certificate "A" as a result of the examination held by the War Office in March :

Sergeant Martin
Sergeant Leese
Sergeant Kelly
Corporal Knowles
Lance-Corporal Emery

"Too much magnifying of man or matter doth irritate contradiction and procure envie and scorne," but we cannot help feeling that we have done well to obtain nine certificates in one year. Major Barrington, when he visited us this term, congratulated us especially on this point, and in his few encouraging words reminded us that Napoleon used so say, that "Every private soldier carried in his knapsack a field-marshal's baton." The same was true of the O.T.C. cadets.

A FIELD DAY

A field day was held on Whit-Monday. After a distribution of rations and ammunition we started at a quarter past ten from the Square, and marched through Ampleforth towards the Priest's Barn and the moors.

Manœuvres took the form of an advance guard action. Sections 2, 3 and 4 acted as an advanced guard to an imaginary force marching towards Helmsley, and were opposed by a force represented by No. 1 section. The vanguard pushed forward, but after a time found their progress effectively barred, but with the arrival of the reserves a steady advance was begun. A neat *coup* was brought off by a squad which advanced unobserved to within twenty paces of the opposing force, and poured a deadly fire (need we say with blank cartridges ?) on their flanks. The enemy were forced to retire and much ground was gained for the advancing force. The process of

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"retire" and "advance" was carried on till the action terminated in a charge with fixed bayonets near the Game-keeper's Cottage.

For the rest, we lunched well on the spot, and later enjoyed excellent teas at Coxwold and Wass. Arriving home about seven o'clock we later did justice both to dinner and bed.

SHOOTING

All the term the range has been in constant use, and good progress has been made. The shooting competitions will take place at the end of term, when the following prizes will be competed for :

- 1.—The "Anderson" Cup, presented by Colonel Anderson.
- 2.—A Rifle, presented by Mr C. Rochford.
- 3.—A War Office Miniature Rifle, presented by Mr G. H. Simpson.
- 4.—The Head Master's prize.
- 5.—The Officers' prize.

THE WAR OFFICE INSPECTION AND REPORT

On June 26th, Captain Paley, of the General Staff, conducted the annual inspection of our contingent. After the customary salutation, inspection of the ranks and march-past, the contingent was, at the desire of the inspecting officer, put through the rifle exercises and platoon drill. Then followed a short attack from the large swimming bath with the centre of the College as objective.

In conclusion, a pow-wow was held under the kindly shade of the trees below "the bounds" wall. Captain Paley expressed himself thoroughly satisfied with the work he had seen. He had a few criticisms to make, but they were not of such a nature as to discourage—they were failings, which he found in every contingent in the country, and it was the object of these inspections to remedy them.

Our general "turn-out" was excellent, the clothing and the buttons almost faultless. The exception was the belts, where attention had been concentrated on the buckles only. Some of the boots were laced in "criss-cross" manner—

Officers Training Corps

that was unsoldierly, as also was a case, here and there, of "long hair." The smartest thing he had seen that day was the band, with which he expressed himself much gratified.

We handled rifles well, though more vigour might be shown in some of the exercises, and care must be taken not to damage their delicate mechanism by banging them on the ground. The "port-arms" was poorly done.

Captain Paley then congratulated the section commanders on the intelligent way they had handled the platoon. No one had failed to accomplish the task assigned to him. The attack, too, was really well done and the N.C.O.'s showed knowledge of the correct relations between "fire" and "advance."

Since the above was written we have received the following report sent to the Officer-commanding from the War Office :

"Drill.—Satisfactory. The section commanders are above the average in ability to apply their knowledge of company drill. Extended order was well carried out. The march-past was fair. The position of the rifles at the slope and the position of attention requires more care being devoted to it.

"Manœuvre.—This was well carried out. Section commanders generally seized the right opportunity for opening fire.

"Discipline.—Quite satisfactory. The cadets stood steady on parade, and there was no unnecessary talking.

"Turn Out.—Good. All the brass was well cleaned. The clothing was clean and fitted well.

"Arms and Equipment.—The rifles were in good order, but the equipment requires to be polished.

"General Remarks.—This contingent is steadily improving. The cadets are of the right stamp, and are a smart, keen and alert-looking lot. Mr Barnett is to be congratulated on the present state of the contingent, which is a comparatively new one."

CRICKET

WITH the game on July 8th, against St Peter's School, York, came the end of the cricket season as far as matches were concerned. Only two inter-school matches were played this year owing to the epidemics that prevailed at the other two schools with which fixtures had been arranged. Both matches played were won. Of other fixtures the match with Mr Swarbrick's Eleven resulted in a defeat. In the game against Harrogate the school were called upon to play Yorkshire Second Eleven bowling in a wretched light, on a wicket that strengthened the attack; it was not surprising that they lost. The other heavy defeat suffered by the school was that inflicted by the "Old Boys" on May 31st. "Old Boys" of course generally win their cricket matches, but of late the Ampleforth side has shown up particularly badly when playing "Old Boys," whether at hockey or at cricket. The reason is perhaps psychological. Can it be that the subliminal selves of the Eleven are subconsciously influenced by some sort of vague idea that it would be a breach of social tact to "go hard" when playing "Old Boys"?

AMPLEFORTH V. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

This match was played at Ampleforth on May 30th, and resulted in a rather easy victory for the home side. Williams played beautiful cricket for his 39, and Collision hit hard at a time when it was important to get runs quickly.

POCKLINGTON SCHOOL		AMPLEFORTH	
J. C. Burbridge, bow, b Gerrard	0	L. T. Williams, c Aldred, b Highmore	39
R. A. Aldred, b Gerrard	18	J. O. Kelly, b Highmore	12
G. W. Highmore, bat wkt, b Gerrard	1	C. R. Collision (capt.), not out	43
A. T. Coulson, b Farrell	11	M. L. Ainscough, run out	14
J. R. Strong, c Williams, b Farrell	1	H. J. Emery, b Featherby	13
G. C. Wood, c Ainscough, b Gerrard	38	G. E. Farrell, b Coulson	1
W. L. Leslie, c Martin, b Liston	45	J. Caldwell, c Wood, b Coulson	2
F. Featherby, b Farrell	2	E. J. B. Martin	0
B. A. Morris, c Liston, b Farrell	4	G. Emery	0
G.A. Pennington, c Emery, b Liston	1	H. M. J. Gerrard	0
R. H. Robinson, not out	0	M. St. L. P. Liston	0
Extras	8	Did not bat.	
Total	131	Extras	7
		Total (for 6 wickets)	133

Cricket

AMPLEFORTH V. "OLD BOYS"

Played on May 31st, and resulted in an easy win for the "Old Boys." Gerrard was unable to find a length, and R. C. Smith hit the rather badly-pitched bowling all over the field. Williams and Kelly gave the school a good start by putting on 70 for the first wicket, but after Kelly left there was rather an unaccountable collapse.

"OLD BOYS"		AMPLEFORTH	
H. Pike, c Martin, b Liston	63	L. T. Williams, b Rochford	46
J. Bartos, b Liston	39	J. O. Kelly, run out	49
R. R. Bradley, c Collision, b Farrell	10	C. B. Collision (capt.), b Carter	3
C. Rochford, c and b Farrell	3	M. Ainscough, c Hanson, b Calder	1
R. Calder Smith, not out	102	Smith	8
C. S. Kerin, c Kelly, b Emery	0	H. J. Emery, c Barton, b Temple	1
R. Rochford, c Kelly, b Liston	0	J. B. Caldwell, b Rochford	9
H. Carter, not out	55	G. E. Farrell, b Rochford	0
A. J. R. Hanson		E. J. R. Martin, c Hanson, b Kerin	3
J. R. Temple	Did not bat.	G. Emery, b Bradley	0
W. Martin		H. M. J. Gerrard, c Rochford, b Bradley	8
Extras	5	W. P. St. L. Liston, not out	0
Total (for 6 wickets)	277	Extras	10
		Total	139

PAST V. PRESENT

This match was begun on June 8th, the eve of Exhibition-day. The Past batted first in a cold wind and uncomfortable drizzle. The bowlers were handicapped by the wet ball, and to field must have been almost as depressing as to watch. G. H. Chamberlain hit several 4's in his innings of 79 and never seemed in difficulties with the bowling. After the fall of the ninth wicket it rained heavily, and the match was not proceeded with.

THE PAST		AMPLEFORTH	
P. A. Martin, b Gerrard	9	E. F. C. Forster, b Gerrard	1
G. H. Chamberlain, c Williams, b Gerrard	79	O. M. Williams, c Martin, b Williams	0
B. R. Bradley, bow, b Gerrard	7	P. Williams, c Rochford, b Williams	7
T. Ainscough, b Gerrard	9	O. Rochford, did not bat	0
O. L. Chamberlain, b Williams	17	Extras	5
J. Ainscough, b Gerrard	12		
Rev. P. L. Higgins, not out	20	Total (for 9 wickets)	176

AMPLEFORTH V. MR SWARBRECK'S ELEVEN

On June 17th, at Ampleforth. The visiting side batted first. Thanks mainly to some vigorous hitting by C. Lagy

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they amassed the respectable total of 212. Ampleforth had rather less than two hours in which to get the runs, but they surely did the right thing in going for them. However the bowling was too good to be hit freely, and despite a fine effort by Fr Iltyd the whole side were dismissed for 152 five minutes before the time arranged for the drawing of stumps.

MR SWARBRECK'S XI

W. Reddin, c Williams, b Gerrard	15	L. T. Williams, b Rooke	2
J. Lee, b Barton	1	J. O. Kelly, b Rooke	8
W. Goodrick, b Gerrard	1	Rev. A. B. Hayes, b Firth	7
A. Rooke, c Caldwell, b Barton	19	Rev. I. Williams, c Firth, b Clayton	62
C. Clayton, not out	113	C. B. Collison (capt.), run out	7
W. D. Boddy, b Hayes	12	Rev. I. Barton, b Rooke	4
F. R. Hansell, run out	17	Rev. P. Dolan, c Bolton, b Firth	16
H. O. Tibbitts, b Barton	2	M. Ainscough, c Bolton, b Clayton	8
E. B. Peat, lbw, b Hayes	8	H. J. Emery, lbw, b Rooke	12
R. Bolton, b Hayes	10	J. B. Caldwell, not out	10
O. Firth, c Hayes, b Gerrard	5	H. M. J. Gerrard, b Firth	8
Extras	5	Extras	8
Total	212	Total	152

AMPLEFORTH v. MR BURGE'S ELEVEN

Our last year's captain, who has this term gained his colours for Merton, brought down a team from Oxford to play the school on June 21st. We were glad to see him in such good form. His 43 was made by dashing cricket. He had all the strokes we admired so much last year, some new ones and considerably greater hitting powers. Williams bowled very well throughout the innings, and sent down very few bad balls and some very good ones. He followed this up with a delightful innings of 64. His timing and placing on the leg were excellent, and his off-driving was made with that effortless ease that distinguishes the best. Ainscough was the next highest scorer with 47. He was inclined to put the ball up a little, but he has a variety of punishing strokes and is a promising bat.

MR BURGE'S XI

A. F. Wright, b Gerrard	24	A. L. Pigeon, b Williams	5
B. J. Burge, c Barnewall, b Williams	43	C. Knowles, b Williams	1
D. W. Daly, b Williams	21	G. Emery, b Williams	2
N. J. Chamberlain, c Rochford, b Williams	4	W. V. Clapham, b Williams	0
W. Fairfax-Cholmeley, not out	20	W. F. Dyde, b Gerrard	4
O. L. Chamberlain, c Rochford, b Gerrard	4	Extras	15
Total	90	Total	149

Cricket

AMPLEFORTH

L. T. Williams, c Burge, b Emery	64	Hon. R. H. Barnewall, b Chamberlain	4
J. O. Kelly, c Wright, b Burge	12	S. Rochford, b Chamberlain	13
C. B. Collison (capt.), c Pigeon, b Daly	22	H. M. J. Gerrard, not out	0
M. L. Ainscough, c Chamberlain, b Wright	47	G. E. Farrell, b Chamberlain	5
H. G. Emery, b Cholmeley	25	Extras	17
J. B. Caldwell, b Cholmeley	7	Total	227
C. J. B. Martin, b Burge	10		

AMPLEFORTH v. MR H. G. NEVILLE'S ELEVEN

Played at Ampleforth on June 28th. We have to thank Mr H. G. Neville for the most sporting game we have had this season. Collison won the toss, and Williams and Kelly opened the innings to the bowling of B. P. Neville and H. J. Goodwin. B. P. Neville made the ball get up awkwardly, and while he was bowling the probability of catches in the slips and at point was never remote. On Williams' dismissal in this way, Collison came in and at once commenced to punish the by no means weak bowling. He first of all brought on the substitution of H. G. Neville for Goodwin, and then signalized his approval of the change by hitting H. G. Neville for five consecutive 4's. His 109 was made in about an hour. After lunch there was quite a collapse, but Rochford and Martin made a great stand for the last wicket, taking the score from 176 to 232. Mr Neville's side began badly, and but for A. F. M. Wright, whose 53 contained some great on-drives, would apparently have collapsed completely. Seven wickets were down for 90, and then C. J. Knowles, who was substituting for one of the other side, joined H. G. Neville. The latter hit brilliantly to all parts of the field. Knowles was irremovable, and the school lost a good match by 12 runs.

It is only fair to the school to state that, owing to a discrepancy between the telegraph and the actual score, Collison was completely misled in the management of his bowling. This possibly cost us the match.

AMPLEFORTH

L. T. Williams, c Cholmeley, b B. P. Neville	9	E. J. B. Martin, c Cholmeley, b B. P. Neville	27
J. O. Kelly, c Goodwin, b B. P. Neville	26	G. Emery, c Goodwin, b French	0
C. B. Collison (capt.), c Goodwin, b B. P. Neville	109	H. M. J. Gerrard, run out	1
J. B. Caldwell, b H. Neville	6	R. P. St. L. Liston, b French	0
M. L. Ainscough, run out	7	S. Rochford, not out	29
H. J. Emery, c Goodwin, b French	7	Extras	12
		Total	232

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MR H. G. NEVILLE'S XI

Hon. L. R. French, c Rochford, b Williams	2	H. G. Neville, c Caldwell, b Williams	110
A. F. Wright, c Caldwell, b Williams	53	W. Fairfax-Clonmole, b Emery	14
B. P. Neville, b Gerrard	8	W. Roe, not out	4
D. C. Alday, b Williams	7	C. Knowles, c Rochford, b Williams	24
H. J. Goodwin, c G. Emery, b Williams	2	D. Wilkinson, c Rochford, b Williams	0
J. D. Wilmot, c Rochford, b Williams	9	Extras	11
		Total	244

AMPLEFORTH V. HARROGATE

At Ampleforth, on July 1st. Harrogate won the toss and batted first. Owing to Appleyard being missed twice before he had made 30 their score reached 160. When the school went into bat they had to face very good bowling in a very bad light. Ainscough seemed to have settled down comfortably when he was unfortunately run out. Of the others, only Caldwell offered much opposition to the bowling of Appleyard and Redfearn, and we were rather badly beaten.

HARROGATE

H. Rymer, b Gerrard	1
J. Redfearn, c Knowles, b Gerrard	13
H. Appleyard, run out	72
R. G. Raworth, b Gerrard	20
T. A. Atkinson, c Ainscough, b Gerrard	28
G. Lamb, b Gerrard	7
S. R. Rymer, c and b Williams	0
B. Downes, c Liston, b Gerrard	1
L. A. Moxon, b Ainscough	18
J. W. Warner, not out	9
W. Downing, c Gerrard, b Ainscough	0

Extras	5
Total	160

AMPLEFORTH

L. T. Williams, c and b Appleyard	9
M. L. Ainscough, run out	13
C. B. Collison (capt.), c and b Redfearn	5
J. B. Caldwell, c Downes, b Appleyard	19
H. J. Emery, b Redfearn	5
E. J. B. Martin, c Raworth, b Appleyard	2
C. Knowles, b Appleyard	9
S. Rochford, c Downes, b Redfearn	8
H. M. J. Gerrard, not out	4
G. Emery, lbw, b Appleyard	7
W. P. St. L. Liston, b Appleyard	0
Extras	9
Total	90

AMPLEFORTH V. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

At York, on July 8th. Ampleforth batted first on a wicket that was drying after a recent soaking. It was soon clear that run getting was going to be a difficult task. Kelly deserves much credit for his 43 not out. He batted throughout the whole innings. St Peter's started well, and Richards rightly forced the game. Three wickets were down for 40, and the game seemed all but lost when Martin brought off a splendid catch in the long field which dismissed Richards. A few

Cricket

minutes later another brilliant catch in the slips by Williams sent back Armstrong. The remaining batsmen cut up badly before Williams and Gerrard. Chelman was run out by a fine piece of fielding by Collison at cover-point, and we were left the winners by 15 runs.

AMPLEFORTH

J. T. Williams, c Medhurst, b Radford	1
J. O. Kelly, not out	43
C. B. Collison (capt.), c Chelman, b Cliff	0
M. L. Ainscough, b Cliff	2
H. J. Emery, b Medhurst	0
E. J. B. Martin, b Cliff	4
V. Knowles, b Medhurst	0
C. Knowles, c Harpley, b Medhurst	0
D. A. Collison, b Medhurst	2
S. Rochford, run out	5
H. M. J. Gerrard, b Richardson	0
Extras	7
Total	73

ST PETER'S SCHOOL

C. D. B. Cliff, b Williams	5
P. A. W. Richards, c Martin, b Gerrard	38
C. E. H. Medhurst, b Williams	3
E. P. Pattison, c Rochford, b Williams	0
C. L. Armstrong, c Williams, b Gerrard	1
K. G. Chelman, run out	0
C. H. S. Elliott, b Williams	2
R. A. Harpley, c and b Williams	5
A. B. Radford, b Williams	1
W. N. Bryning, b Gerrard	0
F. Richardson, not out	0
Extras	3
Total	58

AMPLEFORTH (2ND XI) V. ST PETER'S SCHOOL (2ND XI)

The Second Elevens played at Ampleforth. St Peter's School batted first and made the moderate total of 53. Farrell and Emery bowled unchanged throughout an innings that does not suggest description. The school Second Eleven fared badly. Five wickets were down for 29 when Encombe joined Barnewall. The pair showed good form. Barnewall's driving both on the off and leg was pleasant to watch, and Encombe has some good strokes on the leg. Ultimately, Encombe was caught in the slips. Power then joined Barnewall, and from the first batted confidently and well. He has not a pretty style, but he hits the ball well in the middle of the bat and keeps it down. Rochford afterwards by means of some big hits made the score respectable and the victory decisive.

ST PETER'S SCHOOL

De Little, c Power, b Emery	0
Agnew, b Farrell	0
Bryning, st Power, b Emery	20
West, b Farrell	11
Stainthorpe, lbw, b Emery	2
Keaton, b Farrell	1
Yeoman, c Encombe, b Emery	0
Extras	7
Total	53

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AMPLEFORTH

Hon. R. H. Barnewall, b Harland .	39	R. J. Power (capt.), b Keates .	48
C. Rochford, c Agnew, b Stain-		E. Massey, b Sergeant .	5
thorpe .	0	G. E. Farrell, st Agnew, b Keates .	12
G. Emery, c De Little, b Stain-		W. Rochford, c West, b Harland .	27
thorpe .	2	J. Barton, not out .	0
W. P. St. L. Liston, b Harland .	1	Extras .	7
F. C. Macpherson, c Keates, b Stain-			
thorpe .	0		
Viscount Encombe, c West, b			
Stainthorpe .	8	Total .	149

LAWN TENNIS

THE Tennis Club got together rapidly at the beginning of term and has attained a membership of seventeen. The play has certainly been an improvement on recent years, and the court has been more carefully nursed than formerly, but the pious aspiration expressed in the JOURNAL last year that the court should be lengthened has not materialized. The Club are much indebted to J. D. Telfener, a former secretary, for some generous benefactions.

A committee of three was chosen to assist the secretary, C. R. Simpson, in arranging the tournament for the tennis rackets kindly presented annually by Mr J. Stanton. The lots fell upon E. J. B. Martin, J. B. Caldwell and C. E. Leese.

Appended are the results of the tournament :

		FIRST ROUND		Score
1	R. J. Power .	}	8-6, 6-1
	J. B. Caldwell .			
	v.			
2	R. Murray .	}	3-6, 6-3, 6-2
	H. J. Emery .			
	v.			
3	Hon. R. Barnewall .	}	1-6, 6-3, 6-2
	H. McMahon .			
	v.			
4	C. E. Leese .	}	6-1, 3-6, 10-8
	H. Martin .			
	v.			
5	B. Martin .	}	6-1, 3-6, 10-8
	G. A. Lintner .			
	v.			
6	C. R. Simpson .	}	6-1, 3-6, 10-8
	H. M. J. Gerrard .			
	v.			
7	W. St. L. P. Liston .	}	6-1, 3-6, 10-8
	W. Smith .			
	v.			
8	F. A. Morrogh-Bernard .	}	6-1, 3-6, 10-8
	A. Gibbons .			

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SEMI-FINALS

Players.	Score
R. J. Power	6-4, 6-4
J. B. Caldwell	
v.	
C. E. Leese	
H. Martin	
C. R. Simpson	6-1, 8-6
H. M. J. Gerrard	
v.	
F. A. Morrough-Bernard	
A. Gibbons	

FINALS

SWIMMING

THE number of boys who have qualified for membership of the Swimming Club is very high this year. As a rule not more than ten or twelve succeed in accomplishing the twelve lengths in ten minutes, but this year nineteen have gained admittance. No doubt the opportunities of a swim in the winter, which the indoor bath affords, are responsible for this increase. Every week Sergeant Andrews has given instruction in life-saving and diving. None have had the opportunity of illustrating their proficiency upon a real victim of the water, but many have, as a result of these diving lessons, improved out of all recognition their former mode of entry into the bath. In the diving competition this year the prize will be awarded for three dives off the high board—a straight dive, a running dive, and a swallow dive.

The competitions will take place at the end of term, and will consist of:

1. Life Saving Competition.
2. Diving Competition.
3. Open Race for the Swimming Cup.
4. Lower School Swimming Race.
5. Learners' Race.

OLD BOYS

MR. A. J. KELLY has been given his cricket "blue" for Trinity, Dublin.

Mr V. G. NAREY (Trinity, Oxford) has been elected Junior Treasurer of the Newman Society.

Mr G. W. FARRELL, who is over from Montreal, paid us a visit this term.

Mr B. J. BURGE, our last year's captain, has gained his cricket colours for Merton College, Oxford, and is the College Secretary for next year.

Mr CHARLES MACKAY has passed the Irish Intermediate Law, and was placed third in order of merit.

Mr N. J. CHAMBERLAIN won the tennis finals (doubles) in the tournament at University College, Oxford.

Mr RALPH BLACKLEDGE was one of the winners in the Northern Counties Amateur Running Championships.

* * *

We offer Mr Peter Ward our sincerest condolences upon the death of his father. May he rest in peace.

* * *

A DINNER of Old Boys in the North was held in York on April 29th. The Head Master was in the chair, and there was a very successful gathering. The toast of "Alma Mater" was given by Mr F. Corballis. Mr E. Forster was the organizer of the gathering.

NOTES

WHEN all the world is sending congratulations to Cardinal Gasquet, it would ill become us to be silent.

And we strongly suspect that it is these congratulations from his own brethren which he values most. Though now to some extent taken from us, and destined to move in quite another sphere, we cannot forget that he has been one of us, —and our President. The honour that has come to him reflects some lustre on the body to which he belongs. But, more than this, it comes to one whose worth we have known, and whose merit we see justly rewarded. It is not necessary for us to speak of the career of the Cardinal, or of his life's work. Our readers will already know these, and the voice of Catholic opinion everywhere has acclaimed the Holy Father's choice. But we would venture to wish Cardinal Gasquet, what we know he most desires, strength and the years in which to accomplish the gigantic task on which he is now engaged.

* * *

THE Holy Father could hardly have chosen a happier time in which to pay the highest honours to this great son of St Gregory's, Downside, than the present. For as all the world knows our brethren of St Gregory's have been much *en fête* of late, not only honouring the new Cardinal, but celebrating the completion of a century of splendid achievement. A note is not the place in which we can hope to do justice to these celebrations, or to the hundred years' work accomplished by St Gregory's, but we cannot let the occasion slip by without joining with our brethren in their rejoicing, and praying God to bless their monastery still further, that they may continue their good work for His cause and the cause of His Church in England. In our next number we hope to speak more fully of these Centenary celebrations of our sister monastery.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

Life of Saint Francis of Assisi. By FR CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C. New and Cheaper Issue. Longmans, 1914.

It seems almost unnecessary at this date to review Fr Cuthbert's *Life of St Francis*.—its reputation is now so well established. Yet the new issue of the book calls for some notice in our pages as the JOURNAL was unable to give any review of the work when it first appeared.

It would be difficult to find any better example than this of what the biography of a saint should be in form and method, while the author's literary power greatly increases the value of his book.

To present successfully the character and story of St Francis would seem to be a task of peculiar difficulty, so that Fr Cuthbert's *Life* is all the more notable. The saint, his spirit and his work are portrayed without the least touch of extravagance, but yet with the greatest reverence and grace. The gifted and winning nature of the saint, so singularly human, is clearly drawn; his noble strength and courage are revealed to us, while at the same time there is no attempt to disguise that in him there was wanting that kind of power and firmness which was needed for the control and organization of the forces he had called into play. Especially does this *Life* bring forward most strikingly the workings of divine grace in that ardent devotion to Christ our Lord and His poverty which inspired every act and thought of St Francis after his conversion.

Fr Cuthbert's skill is seen not only in the drawing of the central figure, but in the beautiful picture here given of St Clare, and in the sketches of some of the early companions of St Francis. The great Innocent III is described with keen sympathy, so too is Cardinal Ugolino, afterwards Pope Gregory IX, the special protector of the saint and his order.

But the book is not a mere series of impressions attractively written.—it is a history, and the work of one who has evidently devoted long and careful study to his subject. In an appendix (No. IV), which will be of particular interest to Franciscan specialists, he gives a survey of "The Sources of our Knowledge of St Francis." This and the other appendices, and the many footnotes filled with references, are proof how competent Fr Cuthbert was to undertake the *Life*, and how conscientious a biographer he has been.

Mention has already been made of the distinction of style with which Fr Cuthbert writes; there are many passages in which he ably sets forth Franciscan ideals, or describes in well chosen language the beautiful places of Italy associated with St Francis' name. One,

Notices of Books

perhaps, may venture however to point out a slight blemish in the too frequent use of such words as "wonderment" and "happenings." It is unnecessary to say that the book is well produced, though the list of "Corrigenda" in the new edition is rather a long one; it is confined, however, chiefly to the notes. The only misprint which we noticed in the first edition has disappeared from the third. It might be remarked that the words "but further" in line 2 of p. 292 (or 9 of p. 246) are somewhat misleading. They imply a mistaken idea, surely, of what St Benedict lays down in his Rule. There is a full index, but the addition of a chronological table would have been a welcome. The illustrations are interesting and on the whole satisfactory.

R.W.W.

In God's Nursery. By C. C. MARTINDALE, S.J. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

In these eight stories Fr Martindale revives for us the youth of the world, when, to draw out one of the implications of the title, mankind while in fuller enjoyment of its natural life than it has ever been since, was unconsciously preparing by speculation and self questioning, for the revelation of Christianity. Many writers of fiction have left the fields of modern literature and set hopeful sail for this infancy of the European world, and cruised in the classic seas, but nearly all have returned with unprofitable cargoes. The magic fruit of the Hesperides dries and withers on the homeward voyage, the taste vanishes, the colours fade, and the utmost care of learning and sympathy seem unable to preserve them.

Leaving the metaphor, we may say that practically all fiction dealing with "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" has been a failure. Apart from the inherent difficulty of reproducing long vanished modes of thought and views of life in such guise as to make the strange appear natural and the unaccustomed seem natural, the writers we speak of have been either novelists without scholarship or scholars unequipped with the artifices of the novelist's craft. The signs, however, have been more hopeful of late, and owing perhaps to the more human touch in the newer classical learning they have come from the side of the scholars. Among these we must reckon the present volume. Fr Martindale's pagans are no mere joyous hedonists—they brood over the eternal problems of change and evil and the unsatisfied longings of the heart of man. Valerius on the sun-parched slopes of Provence, Menandrius by the temple lake of Isis, the desolate wife in the Mycenaean pillar-hall, Calpurnia in the

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sultry shadow of the Capitol, the shade of Virgil among the yews and cypresses of the Sussex garden, alike ponder wearily over the mysteries of existence and seek blindly for the solution.

In this matter only can we complain of the author. That an irremediable sadness underlay the sunlit mirth of Rome and Hellas is evident enough from the songs of Homer to the latest epitaphs in the Anthology, but why does he confine himself to the past in its introspective moods only? Why has he woven sorrow and tragedy round even the emblems of childish happiness which brighten our museums of antiquities—the coloured toys of pre-Achaean babes, the Roman dolls, and the boyishly impudent letter of Theon to his father. Poor Lucian, the many-sided, laughter-loving humourist, is shown only as a bitter and vindictive cynic. The two modern stories are in the same vein, and God's Nursery, whether of physical or spiritual infancy, seems a sad abode.

Sweet-Scented Leaves and other Stories of Conduct and Character. By VIOLET BULLOCK-WEBSTER (Mrs. Arnel O'Connor). Mary's Meadow. Ludlow, England. Post free, 5s.

THE title and sub-title of this dainty volume of short stories bearing the fragrant piety of the true Catholic spirit adequately describe the work. One who has been charmed by the *Mary Meadow Papers* appearing in the *Month* will not be surprised to learn that Mrs. O'Connor has no need to clothe her ideas in the form of a story. In fact the authoress is happier in her sketches than in her stories. And for this reason the last three chapters pleased us most; peculiarly pleasing is the one entitled "The King Who was Crowned." The printing and general get up of the book are in keeping with its contents.

The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures, The New Testament, Vol. III, Part II: The First Epistle to the Corinthians. Longmans. Paper 1s. net; boards 1s. 6d. net.

WITH great pleasure we notice the second instalment of the new *Westminster Version of the Scriptures*. The translator is again Fr Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., and, as we naturally expect from him, this present translation is quite in accord with the requirements of modern New Testament scholarship. To those readers who have hitherto known St Paul but darkly through the medium of the Douai Version, this new rendering will shed an amazing clearness over the Apostle's

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great letter to the Church of Corinth. This fact alone should ensure for the book a cordial welcome from those English-speaking Catholics who take the trouble to read the inspired Word of God. Fr Lattey has taken the utmost pains to discern to extreme nicety the meaning of the Apostle, and in a few instances (as in the legal metaphor of I, 8) he has succeeded in this respect better than the great English versions. The text is illuminated by numerous footnotes which are both concise and scholarly. There is an excellent Introduction, giving the historical background of the Epistle and the circumstances in which it was written. At the end of the book is an able and interesting excursus by Fr A. Keogh, S.J., on the "Ministry in the Apostolic Church," in which the writer discusses briefly and fairly the vexed question of the origin of the "monarchical" episcopate; while another shorter appendix deals with the difficulties of the Vulgate reading of XV, 51 (*Omnes quidem resurgemus sed non omnes immutabimur*). All these things are merits which render the work valuable not only to the general reader, but also to the professed student of the New Testament. When however the work is considered as a specimen of English prose, it seems to us that the same ground for disappointment exists as in the Westminster translation of the Epistles to the Thessalonians. For though at times, as in the great "Hymn to Charity" (chap. XIII), the translator succeeds to a great extent in reproducing the inspired beauty of the Apostle's own language, yet for the most part the version is conspicuously lacking in some of those high qualities which we expect in a translation of the Sacred Scriptures. The style is deficient in ease and dignity of movement: it is sometimes halting and even strained; and we get the impression that the translator's energies are so much spent in the effort of probing the inmost thought of the Apostle that no power remains in him of reproducing that thought in natural and easy-flowing English. There is a marked tendency to over-elucidate the Apostle's meaning by the insertion within brackets of explanatory words and phrases not found in the original text—a practice which alike is destructive of simplicity and naturalness of style, and not infrequently displays a lack of confidence in the ordinary intelligence of the reader. Again, as in Thessalonians, we notice violations of one of the canons of translation proclaimed by the Editors in their General Preface, where they condemn the Authorized Version for "varying its rendering of the same Greek word even where the sense is the same" (*cf.* the different renderings of *καταργέω* in I, 28, and in II, 6; and of *φωσφ* in XIV, 11). We do not make these complaints in any carping spirit: we are indeed thoroughly in sympathy with the great work which the Jesuit editors have undertaken; but we think it is no

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disparagement of Fr Lattey to suggest that a man may be an excellent scholar and critic, and at the same time no greater master of English prose. We have still to wait for the combination of these two qualities of scholarship and noble English in a Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures.

W.C.S.

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No. II

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

XIV. THE HOUSE OF ABBAS.

THE first portion of the great "Mystery" has come to an end. The Black standard of the Abbasids has descended like a pall on the dead of the house of Ommaya, the first Moslem Empire had dissolved, and the second arisen from its ashes. The ever-burning fires of the old world, which had been eclipsed by the phantasm of Arabian dominion, have at last dissipated the mirage of the desert, and the active forces of Eastern history, superficially changed but fundamentally the same, begin once more to make themselves felt with irresistible strength. The Arabs had swept out of the desert, they had imposed their language, their creed, and some of their manners on millions of men, some distantly related, some utterly strange, some their ancient foes; they had given them rulers of their own kind for a generation; they had brought about a partial fusion of peoples; they had displaced a number of priests and lords; they had moved great cities by half a score of leagues; they had devastated certain tracts of land, and they had apparently conquered. The struggle between the house of Ommaya and the house of Abbas was nominally a futile party or tribal war between two Arabian clans; in reality it was the struggle between the declining forces of the Arabs and the cosmopolitan forces of Al Islam. True, the nature of the contest is obscured by a multitude of details which distract and confuse, since in the party cries of the Abbasids we find the watchwords of the legitimist, the purist and the fanatic, while in the last desperate rally of Merwan we hear of

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intrigues with Christian emperors, concessions to non-Moslem subjects, marriages with Persian and Grecian women, yet in effect the unspoken and, perhaps at that time, unspeakable ideas which impelled the combatants to a final and merciless war of extinction, were on one hand a determination to maintain a government centred in an Arabian oligarchy at Damascus, and on the other the undefined wish to replace it by a cosmopolitan Khalifate, representative of the Turkish, Persian, Kurdish, Caucasian, Aramean and Armenian peoples who had been swept into the folds of the mantle of the Prophet.

The extermination of the Ommayad did not, as may well be imagined, put a period to the wars and revolutions which had distracted the Empire,—it required all the ability of the Persian Abu Muslim, and all the severity of the Khalif Abu-al-Abbas, to keep the new dynasty in power and prevent the commonwealth from subsiding into hopeless and complete anarchy. True, the ancient rulers had been swept from the face of the earth, and the Abbasids were without opponents or rivals, but purposeless turbulence remained,—one of the evil gifts which the early Arabs had bequeathed to their mixed posterity in Asia.

It would be profitless and uninteresting to delay the reader with a minute record of the multitude of useless rebellions and bloody reprisals which distinguished the first years of the new Empire, let it suffice to say that when Abu-al-Abbas died in 136 the greater part of his dominion had been subdued and owed allegiance to the new dynasty. One by one the generals of Merwan had been disposed of, the outlying provinces in India and Turkestan had been re-attached to the main portion of the Empire, the ever-recurring rebellions grew less and less frequent, the loyalty of the great mass of the people more assured, and the acceptance of the Abbasids as part of the immutable scheme of things a more and more popular opinion.

In destroying and effacing all traces of Ommayad rule, the first of the Abbasid Khalifs committed two errors, the nature of which at the time it was perhaps impossible for him to have perceived, but which, nevertheless, were soon

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destined to declare themselves; the first lay in the promotion of popular leaders of non-Arabian origin, the second in the neglect of sea-power and control of the Mediterranean. Hardly had Abu-al-Abbas departed this life than his successor Mansur found himself confronting two serious dangers, both directly arising from those mistakes in policy on the part of his predecessor to which we have just drawn attention,—North Africa was in full rebellion, and utterly beyond his control, owing to his having no navy, in Spain a solitary surviving Ommayad prince was declared independent Khalif without the Abbasids being able to protest either in word or deed, while in Persia the native General, Abu Muslim, began to assume an attitude rather more akin to that of the master than the servant of the Commander of the Faithful.

The chances of recovering the lost provinces in Spain were too remote to encourage the Abbasids to make any attempt to pursue their hatred against the fortunate refugee, who had obtained not only sanctuary, but office in that distant country; a vain attempt to recover North Africa, by landward expeditions, ended in a nominal conquest and the actual foundation of a new kingdom by the General entrusted with the expeditions, since it was impossible to administer that littoral, or maintain an army along it, without the aid of a powerful navy. However, the more pressing question of the power and independence of Abu Muslim was one with which the new dynasty was able to cope with in a time-honoured and ancient fashion. Abu Muslim had been the soul and strength of the revolution, one half of the Eastern provinces he had conquered with his own hand, while the strategic combinations and political intrigues, which had brought to fruition the schemes for ultimate victory, had been initiated by his advice, or with his approval. As this General became more and more popular, his power increased to such dangerous degrees that at last Mansur began to perceive in Abu Muslim, not the saviour of his house, the main support of his throne and chief defence against rebellion and conquest, but a dangerous and crafty enemy who might at any moment usurp the throne upon which he had placed his patron.

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Mansur, although only the second of his race to hold the office of Khalif, had quickly learned those arts and maxims, the observance of which is the only guarantee of a prince's security. Abu Muslim was in the zenith of his power when Mansur succeeded to the throne of Abu-al-Abbas, and indeed appeared quite oblivious of the cold and jealous regard with which his new master viewed him. Mansur marked down Abu Muslim for destruction with a calm and reasoned mercilessness which is peculiar to certain types of men whom fortune occasionally chances to make absolute princes. However the Abbasid Khalif had still some work for the instrument he had decided to dispense with.

Abdallah, the uncle of Abu-al-Abbas, enraged at being once more debarred from the throne by a second nephew, endeavoured to seize the office of Khalif by force, rallying his party under the banner of revolution he declared himself Commander of the Faithful, and established his court in North Mesopotamia, whither flocked the shattered remnants of the disbanded Ommayad forces and innumerable multitudes of disaffected persons from all parts of the Empire.

Mansur, confronted with this serious rising at the outset of his reign, called upon Abu Muslim to stretch out his hand once more to save the Empire he had made. Abu Muslim, faithful to the last, obeyed the commands and fell upon the rebels at Nisibis, his brilliant genius soon outwitted the feeble manoeuvres of his master's uncle. Abdallah surrendered, his army dispersed, and Mansur's succession was assured. The moment the Khalif felt himself safely established on the throne he turned once more to the project of ridding himself of Abu Muslim.

The solution of the problem that presented itself to Mansur lay in the discovery of the exact method by which he could rid himself of Abu Muslim, without presenting too abject an example of treachery and ingratitude to the world at large. The tyrant's first business was to provoke his faithful servant to a just exclamation of indignation, which might be construed into a mutinous attitude. A suitable method for irritating the powerful General was soon discovered,—the Commander of the Faithful expressed a wish that Abu

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Muslim should take command and charge of Egypt and Syria, Mansur's ostensible reason for issuing the order being that Abu Muslim was indispensable to the Imperial council, and that it was desirable that he should occupy a post in close proximity to it,—in reality, the object of the mandate was to divorce Abu Muslim from those regions and peoples by whom and where he was loved and feared.

Abu Muslim, long unaccustomed to peremptory and distasteful commands, refused to receive the office to which he had been appointed, and bluntly told the messengers of Mansur that the enemies of the Abbasids had been dispersed, and that, when the immediate services of a Vizier were no longer necessary for the safety of a dynasty, it were safer for that minister to dwell far beyond the precincts of the court. Without waiting for the Khalif's reply, the General set out for the North-east, where, hitherto, men obeyed the Abbasids because Abu Muslim was their friend.

In deliberately provoking the anger of Abu Muslim, Mansur had not acted rashly; before venturing to irritate his trusted servant, the Prince had prepared the ground with pains and care; all those Emirs who regarded Abu Muslim as a rival were promised promotion and wealth if they did but stand by the Prince, the governorship of Khorasan had been disposed of, and a governor installed therein long before Abu Muslim was appointed to Egypt, while the fidelity of the very troops, who under his leadership had just conquered North Mesopotamia, had been undermined. Abu Muslim realized the nature of the trap into which he had fallen, not suddenly, but by degrees,—first he learned that he might be pursued,—no matter, he could fly to Khorasan; then came the news from Khorasan that its people were overawed by troops from Irak,—no matter, the army of Mesopotamia would relieve them. Alas! the army of Mesopotamia was ready to desert at any moment. Abu Muslim turned from one side to the other like a caged animal, desperate and despairing; his counsellors, secretly in the employ of the Khalif, pointed out each difficulty, laying stress on the hopelessness of his position and the power of the Commander of the Faithful.

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To the craft and guile of Mansur there was no limit, he had schooled himself not only in the diplomacy and oratory of the desert, but in the subtle treachery of Persia, he perhaps was incapable of leading an army, but the destruction of his greatest supporter was a matter of no difficulty to him. Mansur having shaken Abu Muslim's self confidence, and enfeebled his power of rapid decision, now attacked him in different fashion. Letters came bidding Abu Muslim be of good cheer, telling him that promotion and honour awaited him if he would but obey, and though hints were thrown out that disobedience would be followed by swift and relentless punishment, yet the Khalif bound himself by the most sacred oaths to respect Abu Muslim's person and office if he did but yield. Abu Muslim, so long accustomed to rely on his own judgement, and so long trusted and beloved by his masters, was at a loss as to how he should act. Hesitatingly he commanded his army to turn towards Roumiya, where the Khalif was encamped, slowly the General approached the court, silently Mansur awaited him; at two days' distance Abu Muslim halted in an agony of uncertainty. The corrupt lieutenants and false counsellors who surrounded him urged him to proceed. Mansur still awaited in patience,—Abu Muslim turned to one comrade who alone had not been made a party to the Khalif's intrigues. "What counsel, O Malik?" he cried. "O Abu Muslim, good counsel hast thou left behind thee,—slay Mansur when thou meetest him; better breakfast on the Khalif than the Khalif sup on us." "It is difficult," muttered the General, and he gave the order to proceed to Roumiya. At Roumiya, Mansur waited silent, dignified, impenetrable; by his orders the Imperial troops welcomed Abu Muslim's army with honours and rejoicing, busy messengers thronged around the newly-arrived chieftain's tent bearing letters of congratulation, highly-placed courtiers fawned upon him rejoicing in the favour they said he had found with the Commander of the Faithful, Abu Muslim's officers were distracted with feasts and shows, his army belauded and given largesse, and Roumiya resounded with merry-makings and greetings.

Amid all this blurred pageantry we see two figures standing

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out with startling distinctness, the one Mansur awful, lonely, still and thoughtful, the other Abu Muslim uncertain, doubtful and wondering. What shall Abu Muslim do? What is written in the heart of the King? To slay the Prince would be the striking down of that which he had set up; to flee, to court an ignominious end; to stay,—what if he stayed?—Could Mansur be false to his oath, could the Imam, the regent of God, spill the blood of his boldest warrior, his wisest minister? It was while buried in such thoughts as these that Abu Muslim was suddenly called upon to visit the Khalif in his palace. At the audience Mansur made merry and laughed, but Abu Muslim was morose and anxious. At length he was given permission to withdraw, and Abu Muslim scarcely crediting his fortune returned to his tents. The next day Mansur once more called Abu Muslim to audience, again the Khalif was gentle and kind. The two men were alone. "O Abu Muslim, is that sword of thine the famous blade thou capturedst amidst the booty of Abdallah?" "Yes, O Commander of the Faithful." "Let me feel it and hold it."

Abu Muslim handed over his weapon, the Khalif slipped it beneath the cushions. "O Abu Muslim, why didst thou disobey me, and why hast thou rebelled?" "Never did I rebel, O Commander of the Faithful, truly I feared thee, hoping that time would appease thine anger."

The pent-up fury and jealousy broke the bonds that had imprisoned them in the Khalif's breast. "O Abu Muslim, O father of shame, woe is thee—thou hast an answer for all riddles." So saying, he clapped his hands, the tapestries were suddenly pulled aside, and four warriors, sword in hand, rushed into the room. Abu Muslim rose to his feet. "Commander of the Faithful, slay not thy servant, he may yet serve thee." "Woe is thee, I have not in the world a foe I fear as I fear thee, lay on, strike!" The swords flashed in the air, and Abu Muslim fell, a leg severed by a savage cut. "Maim him hand and foot," urged the Khalif, and his bloody orders were obeyed. "Hew off his head," cried the Khalif, glutting his hatred against the builder of his throne. When the hideous deed was accomplished the mutilated corpse of the founder of the fortunes of the House of Abbas was wrapped in a rug.

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"How many," cried Mansur, looking on the ghastly bundle,
"How many did this father of shame slay in our service?"
"Six hundred thousand it is said," came the answer. Then
the Khalif, laughing, extemporized these lines:

"Thy long owed debt is paid to me and mine,
Now hast thou drained the cup of gall and brine
That thou did'st brew for others, son of crime."

Once the Khalif had rid himself of Abu Muslim, the destruction of his uncle Abdallah, whose surrender and parole Abu Muslim had accepted, was an easy matter, a few glibly told lies, and a little minor treachery, sufficed to secure Abdallah's assassination. What was permissible towards devoted friends must have appeared more than laudable towards surrendered enemies; indeed Mansur's treatment of Abu Muslim is so vile, so abominable, so treacherous, so despicably cruel that it is impossible to censure him for his subsequent crimes, for by the earliest action of his reign he exhausts our whole fund of indignation, and his later villainies pale into insignificance before his first and greatest misdeed. Other monsters, like Nero, Heliogabalus and Justinian, descend gradually from infamy to infamy, Mansur by one deed attained the darkest depths of human baseness.

The dominant note of Mansur's character was selfishness of an almost superhuman kind,—he slew Abu Muslim in cold blood; years after he remarked that he regretted having done so, since Abu Muslim might have proved useful to him in later times. This commentary of the Khalif Mansur on his own misdeed gives us a picture of callous egotism which is almost sublime. That the Commander of the Faithful bitterly regretted his unfortunate minister's death is easy to believe; the years of Mansur's reign were continually troubled by the storms of war, anarchy, rebellion and schism.

[To be continued]

MARK SYKES

NEWBURGH PRIORY AND THE FAUCONBERGS

PART I

LONG before St Lawrence's community had settled on its northern slopes Mowbray vale, or its eastern arm, was dominated by two powerful families, the Fauconbergs and the Fairfaxes, the one at Newburgh, the other at Gilling. Together with the less wealthy but equally honourable Cholmeleys of Brandsby,¹ whose estates marched with theirs, these houses usually retained the ancient Faith, and by sheltering its priests and shielding its professors kept Catholicism alive during dreary days. To these three families, under God, the Church in this district owes its unbroken succession and comparative importance. The Mission at Brandsby continues under zealous pastors to the present day; and though Gilling Castle and Newburgh Priory have ceased to be Catholic houses, yet some of their good works remain, and their chapels are still represented, the latter by the humble Mission at Easingwold, which was founded by Fauconberg endowments, the former by the stately abbey, into which the priest's house at Ampleforth has grown.

The story of these old Catholic families should interest their neighbours, or the descendants that still profit by their benefactions. Let some other tell the fortunes of the Fairfaxes of Gilling; be it mine briefly to chronicle the rise and vicissitudes of the ancient race that found a ready-made home on the fair site first cultivated by the Canons of Newburgh.

When Byland Abbey and Newburgh Priory were flourishing in their ancient glory, the western tract of our vale showed a busy scene of rural and conventual activity very different from its dull loneliness in later ages. Over lush meadows and wooded slopes and well-tilled fields rose the towers and

¹ The Bartons of Whenby, whose property lay next to Gilling, may also be mentioned in this connection. Their chapel was served by Benedictines between 1666 and 1717, and the "Yorkshire Brethren Fund," still admirably fulfilling its charitable purposes, was started in 1660 among the secular clergy "who usually met at Mr Barton of Whenby's anniversary, eight miles east of Easingwold."

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gables of many a tall building, whose bells clanged out to one another day and night from opposite hills. Hinds and labourers clustered in their cottages round the Abbey walls, travellers crowded to the hospitable guest-houses, whilst in choirs and cloisters ebbed and flowed an intense life, at once religious and social. Over the moor, a few miles away in the secluded glens of Rievaulx, similar scenes were repeated. After the Reformation had swept away this prosperous, busy life, with all its contented dependants, the agricultural wealth that had supported them accumulated in the coffers of a couple of private families. Byland fell to ruin, and Newburgh to a certain Dr Antony Belaysye, one of the Royal Commissioners who feathered their nests from the spoils of monks, whom their slanders had helped to destroy.¹

Belaysye, or Bellassis, was the name of a hitherto respectable family long settled at Henknowle in Co. Durham, not far from Auckland. The name is spelt in various ways—Bellassis, Bellasis, even Bellows and Bellowsesse; the phonetic spelling of the sixteenth century has a way of levelling aristocratic pretensions, and lowering names in very vulgar fashion. Traditional or legendary story traces the family back to the usual Norman, one Belasius, who "came over with the Conqueror"; history two hundred years later tells of an ancient knightly race, Belaysye of Belasis, already settled in the Bishopric, and bearing a shield, "Argent, a chevron, gules," between three fleur-de-lis azure, with the canting motto, "Bonne et belle assez" ("Good enough and fair enough"), in spite of later maledictions of sacrilege. About 1380 the family acquires from the Prior and convent of Durham the estate of Henknowle, in exchange for their old lands in Wolveston—not a good bargain to judge by a local saying:

"Belasie, Bellassis, daft was thy sowell
When thou gavest Bellassis up for Henknowle."

¹ A short account of the Fauconbergs is given in Gill's *Fallis Eboracensis*, but an account more confused and inaccurate it would be difficult to find. Written and printed at Easingwold by Thomas Gill in 1832, and dedicated to the Sir George Wombwell of the period, the volume is, considering its date, a praiseworthy and useful compilation. But it was written under the influence of "Papal Aggression," and the author's refusal to recognize the usual Catholicity of the family leads to the suppression, or prevents the explanation of many incidents and interesting details.

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If on this particular occasion monks got the better of laymen, the latter were to be amply avenged later on.

Antony, second son of Thomas Belaysye, of Henknowle, was born towards the close of the fifteenth century, studied at Cambridge, and at some foreign University where he acquired his degree as Doctor of Laws, and took up the career of a lawyer in Chancery. After being ordained by Tunstall, Bishop of Durham, in whose diocese he obtained preferment as Vicar of Brancepeth, he became chaplain to Henry VIII, developing into one of those smart courtier-clerics, who proved to be such clever and pliable instruments of the King's policy. Together with Layton, London, Petre and Gage, he was chosen as Commissioner under Thomas Cromwell to visit the doomed religious houses, and must share with the rest of that crew responsibility for the violence and injustice of the Visitation. Employed mostly in the north of England, on one of these journeys he may have seen and coveted the fat lands of Newburgh. As the Commissioners went, Dr Belaysye was quite a respectable personage. Though conforming to the religious alterations of the age he never went so far as to attempt marriage; and as he died before the revival under Queen Mary he missed an opportunity for another change of creed, or for reconciliation from schism. Newburgh was his chief, but by no means his only church spoil. He got some manors of Byland in Westmorland and benefices innumerable of various kinds. He was a Canon of Westminster in the short-lived cathedral which the "pious king" founded in the suppressed abbey; he was Archdeacon of Colchester, master of a hospital at Durham and of another at Gateshead, Prebendary of Auckland, Chester-le-Street, Ripon and Knaresboro'. Altogether the successful Chancery lawyer was amply rewarded for his dirty work. He held no doubt, like many another, that if the monasteries were to go, he might as well share in the spoils, and rightly judged himself more deserving than most of the upstart courtiers. If he never attained a bishopric he got something that he perhaps prized more highly—something less prominent but more permanent, for when he came to die in 1552 he had the satisfaction of having founded a family, by bequeathing his ill-gotten lands

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to a young nephew, William Belasyse, son of his elder brother. This Richard Bellycys, as he spelt his name, had also taken a hand in the profitable business of suppressing monasteries. Ruined Jervaulx and devastated Bridlington witness to his reforming zeal, as well as a letter to Cromwell (November 14th, 1538), in which he accounts for the bells he had sold, and the lead stripped from the roof, and points out how economical he had been in "rasing and taking downe the house." It is unlikely that Dr Belasyse lived much at Newburgh. As the multiform pluralist could not well reside in his many livings, he probably lived in none. Most likely he died in London, where, through family affection or pride, he arranged to be buried near his brother; and he left a will chiefly remarkable for the complete absence of even conventional phrases of piety. The lawyer's shrewdness peeps out even here, and takes no risks, even in a will, from the religious uncertainties of the time.

The new proprietor (1523-1603) is found living at Newburgh by 1554, already married to Margaret, daughter of his neighbour, Sir Nicholas Fairfax of Gilling, for their elder son, Henry, was christened at Coxwold in 1555. The father received knighthood from Queen Mary three years later. It was Sir William who pulled down and altered the conventual buildings to fit them for a family residence, the result of his improvements being that very little of the monastery now survives. Ruins in those days were too new and too numerous to be romantic; a dismantled church would be an unpleasant reminder of more religious times, so the Priory church which stood somewhat to the north, near the present fishpond, was completely removed. Much however of the basement of the house is ancient, and in the south walls some round arches have recently been uncovered, showing transitional work of the late twelfth century.

Sir William Belasyse must have been a more resolute Catholic than his uncle the priest, or he had better opportunities of gauging the trend of the innovations, for he kept the old Faith, not only during Mary's reign, but even under Elizabeth. His name occurs in a list of "Catholicks of Inglande" drawn up by an adherent of Mary, Queen of Scots, about

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1574, the very year in which he was Sheriff of Yorkshire. After Cardinal Pole's virtual renunciation of monastic rights he would have little scruple about holding Church property; this once secured, he was ready to protect his Catholic tenants and shelter their persecuted priests. That he managed to stick to his estates as well as to his faith speaks more for his prudence than his zeal. Cautious and unheroic, no harsh legislation provoked him, no prospect of toleration tempted him into projects that would endanger his life or his lands. The luckless Rising of the Earls, that in 1569 set the North Riding and the Bishopric aflame, found no support in Belasyse and his like. Gorged with monastic spoils, the new men lay low in troubled times, even conforming when needful to the Established worship. Sir William left a daughter and four sons, from the second of whom, Bryan, the Bellases of Murton, Co. Durham, are descended; and he lived to see both his son and grandson knighted by James I.

Sir Henry Belasyse, succeeding when he was nearly fifty, only enjoyed the estates a few years. He was among the Yorkshire gentlemen who met King James on his way to London, and accompanied him into York. An annalist says that "he lived in great hospitality"; his loyalty and popularity being rewarded by a baronetcy in 1611, and a monument to his memory in York Minster. His wife, Ursula, daughter of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, bore him two sons, who were both knighted, and two daughters.

The next heir, Sir Thomas, makes a notable figure in the genealogy, both for his early prosperity and his subsequent misfortunes. In the third year of King Charles (1627) he was raised to the peerage as Baron Fauconberg of Yarm, and afterwards advanced a step in 1642 as Viscount Fauconberg of Henknowle. The reason for the title selected is unknown, the family having no apparent connection with the older Barons Fauconberg of the Wars of the Roses. But the honours were rewards for liberality and loyalty which the Civil War gave him and his sons ample opportunity of proving. The fortunes of a family at once so wealthy and prudent were likely to thrive; they steadily advanced in fact with each generation. After the clerical founder of the house the first

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lay Belaysye is made a knight, the second a baronet, the third becomes a peer, first as baron and afterwards as viscount, whilst the next successor rises to an earldom. To this rapid advance even adherence to the old religion is no obstacle, though it must be admitted that their Catholicism has at times to be inferred, not so much from direct evidence as from their frequent intermarriages with Catholic stocks, or from the Catholic upbringing of their children. On the part of the head of the family there was probably, at times, at least outward conformity. They were the kind of men occasionally "to take wine with the parson on Sundays." They were never prominent as Recusants; neither priests nor confessors are numbered amongst their sons, though their daughters are sometimes nuns. Their loyalty, however, was unquestioned and their political influence in Yorkshire. Two sons of the first viscount sat in the Long Parliament. The elder, Henry, M.P. for York, was a man of moderate views, who strove hard, but vainly, in conjunction with his cousin Lord Fairfax, to stave off open warfare, or at least to keep Yorkshire neutral. The younger, John, threw himself more devotedly into the Royal cause, for he joined the King at Oxford, and raised at his own charge several regiments of horse and foot. Defeated at Selby, and captured by his cousin Fairfax, he fought gallantly at Edgehill, Newbury and Naseby, and distinguished himself in the sieges of Reading, Bristol and Newark. For his eminent services he was raised to the peerage as Baron Belaysye of Worlaby in Lincolnshire; and he lived to be both honoured, and persecuted as a Catholic, after the Restoration.

Thomas, first Lord Fauconberg, the father, was a friend and colleague of the Marquess of Newcastle, whom he assisted in the defence of York. At Marston Moor (1646) they fought side by side, and after that disaster fled together to Hamburg. Parliament confiscated his estates, which only a heavy fine could redeem; and after a dreary exile of eight years he died in 1654, leaving a grandson to succeed him. He lies buried among his kinsfolk at Coxwold. By marriage with Barbara, daughter of Sir Henry Cholmeley of Roxby, he had, besides his two sons, five daughters, all Catholics; of whom Mary

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married Sir Edward Osborne, becoming ancestress of the Dukes of Leeds; Margaret married Lord Darcy of Aston, Ursula Sir William Vavasour of Hazlewood, Frances Sir Thomas Ingram of Temple Newsham. Barbara was wife of Sir Henry Slingsby of Scriven, a gallant Cavalier bold enough to plot a premature Restoration, and unfortunate enough to be caught and executed by Cromwell. He "died for being an honest man," as he remarked on his way to the scaffold, and he lies buried under a nameless stone in Knaresboro' parish church. The Fauconbergs, who were fortunate in their alliances, and usually married heiresses, were ever prolific in daughters; besides the five ladies just mentioned, their two brothers left eight and five daughters respectively, whose intermarriages with well-known Catholic families of Stonor, Talbot, Paulet, Frankland, Strickland, Dalton and Gage, shows how the faithful remnant clung together.

Lord Fauconberg's two sons, as well as his daughters, were certainly Catholics, which abundantly proves the religion of Newburgh up to this date. Henry, the elder, about the year 1627, married Grace, heiress of a Protestant family of Bartons at Smethells Hall, Co. Lancaster, which, as a Bellaysye residence, had its Catholic chaplain for a hundred years, when the property was sold, and an endowment left to continue the chapel. The fourteen children of the family, including the heir, would be baptized Catholics; whether the mother became one is not clear; and it may have been the premature death of the father, by removing a strong Catholic influence, which led to the apostasy of the youthful heir. The exile of the Cavalier of Marston Moor and his son's early death were unfortunate for the Catholic cause; for the grandson, Thomas (1628-1700), who succeeded, though the most brilliant and distinguished of his name, so far as worldly fortunes went, was a typical time-server and trimmer. Of fine preience and address, combining winning manners with solid understanding and much political skill, he had travelled during his youth, and before he was twenty-four had married and lost a wife, Mildred, daughter of Viscount Castleton. Succeeding to the family honours, he returned to England, and finding the Commonwealth securely established, not only gave in his

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adhesion to the new Government, but as a proof of sincerity promptly wooed and won Lady Mary, the Lord Protector's daughter (1652). The marriage was celebrated at Whitehall, "with all imaginable pomp and lustre by the rites then in use, but afterwards privately by an Episcopalian clergyman." For some years Fauconberg stood high in his grim father-in-law's favour. A seat was given him in the new, but short-lived, House of Peers; he was sent on a special embassy to France, where his huge train of attendants, the splendour of his state, and the fascination of his manners greatly impressed the French Court, and, together with the solid power behind that he represented, facilitated the object of his embassy. An exchange of princely presents with Cardinal Mazarin and the King sealed the success of the mission, and led to more friendly relations with the Commonwealth. Fauconberg found it more difficult to keep on good terms with Cromwell, or even with Cromwell's daughter. He had not the spirit to resent the cruel execution of his uncle, Sir Henry Slingsby, and the *mariage de convenance* did not turn out happily. Cromwell probably saw through his ambitions, and suspected his fidelity. Clarendon writes that towards the end of his life the Protector's "domestic delights were lessened day by day . . . and he grew to hate his son-in-law perfectly." No open breach occurred during Cromwell's lifetime, but as soon as ever the helm passed to the feeble hands of his son Richard, Fauconberg deserted the sinking ship. Lady Mary may have supported him in this. "A wise and worthy woman," Burnet calls her, "more likely to have maintained the post of Protector than either of her brothers," but she was shrewd enough to know that the nation was ripe for the Restoration.

The fidelity and rapidity with which Fauconbergs could turn to the rising sun were never better illustrated. Though the scion of a Royalist and Catholic house, the Viscount accepted the Commonwealth, and married into the regicide's family. He next turned against his brother-in-law, Richard Cromwell, quarrelled openly with his wife, and welcomed Charles II, who made him a Privy Councillor, and sent him as Ambassador to the Italian Courts. Under James II his

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loyalist fervour cooled off. The Catholic king doubted his fidelity, disliked his apostasy, dropped him from his Council. With his cousin Osborne, afterwards Duke of Leeds, Fauconberg then heads the Yorkshire Whigs and joins the invitation to William of Orange, to whom he promptly offers allegiance, and is as promptly rewarded with an earldom (1688). Altogether the first Lord Fauconberg, with all his brilliant talents, was a poor character, whose only excuse is that he was no worse than most of his contemporaries. Of course he had long conformed to the Established Church, and never returned to the old Faith. Full of honours and of years, the prosperous but lonely old turncoat expired with the century, December 31st, 1700, and lies with his fathers at Coxwold under an elaborate monument, and an epitaph more than usually mendacious, for it tells of his vain longing for a hidden life and of the indissoluble love of a sorrowing wife! Their portraits at Newburgh show them to have been a handsome and dignified couple; their quarrel, however, was so deep that they never met again, and when she died in 1712 she left her property away from his family. As he had no children by either wife both his earldom and his apostasy lapsed at his death, whilst the estates and other titles passed to a Catholic kinsman.¹ The later Fauconbergs and the Wombwells are thus obviously not in any way descended from Oliver Cromwell.

From this spectacle of successful time-serving it is pleasant to return to the story of Lord Belaysye of Worlaby, perhaps the noblest figure in the line, the loyal Cavalier who stood by King and Faith in disaster and persecution, whose loyalty and military services were not forgotten at the Restoration. He was made Captain-General of the forces in Africa, and Governor of Tangier when Charles' marriage with Catherine of Braganza brought that unappreciated prize to the English crown. As a staunch Catholic he resigned all his preferments rather than take the blasphemous Oath of Conformity, becoming in consequence a mark for persecution and slander. Titus Oates designated him as appointed leader of the

¹ He founded in 1696 a hospital, for ten old people, which still survives at Coxwold.

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fictitious Catholic army that was to upset the religious liberties of England—a compliment at least to his military reputation; on the strength of these perjuries, together with other Catholic peers, he was impeached, committed to the Tower and left to languish there without trial for several years. Rising high in favour of James II he unfortunately contributed to the royal counsels some of that injudicious zeal which led straight to the Revolution. He was a member of the "Cabal" (his initial supplying the B to that new nickname), the inner council of Five who were supposed to be egging on the king to ill-timed attempts at religious toleration. The Revolution put an end to his political activities, and dying shortly afterwards he left a son with whom his title disappeared, and a reputation for military skill and religious zeal that are equally unique in Belasyse annals. He lies buried in St George's-in-the-Fields, under a fine monument erected by the piety of his four daughters, all of whom, by the way, were married to Catholic gentry.

If the notion that the Wombwells are descended from Cromwell is a popular error, there is much to be said for the tradition that the mangled remains of the Lord Protector still rest at Newburgh Priory. The supposed tomb, an arched brick structure, shaped like a sarcophagus, stands on thick walls in the large loft which forms the topmost storey of the whole house. The structure, whatever it be, looks like a tomb, and is accounted for as follows: On his death, September 3rd, 1659, Cromwell's body, duly embalmed, was buried in Westminster Abbey with all the pomp befitting the funeral of so mighty a prince; but shortly after the Restoration, when the regicides had been tried and condemned, the corpse was taken up from its honourable resting-place, dragged on a hurdle to Tyburn, and there hanged and decapitated. The head set up on London Bridge remained there for many years, the body presumably, though of this no certain record exists, being buried, as was usual, by the gallows' side at Tyburn. Shortly afterwards, moved by filial piety, Lady

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Fauconberg is said to have arranged for her father's body to be carried to a place of safety, and hidden in her husband's home in far-off Yorkshire. To one in her position this would not have been difficult. The embalmed mutilated body could easily be detected; and Royalist vengeance, sated by the public indignity, was indifferent to its further fate. The inherent probability of the story is thus very high. The only apparent objection—not by any means fatal—is that Lord and Lady Fauconberg had already finally parted; and that a cautious time-server like his lordship would never have risked the king's displeasure by generosity to his father-in-law's corpse. Neither he nor the easy-going monarch were however quite so mean as to fall out over such a trifle.¹

A further point may be raised: Whose is this strange tomb at Newburgh, if it be not Oliver Cromwell's? Can it possibly be that of some martyred priest? During the sad days when missionary priests were being put to death in Yorkshire, and when the Belasyses of Newburgh were among its most wealthy and influential Catholics none would have better opportunities to secure such relics. The large upper chamber, near which the tomb stands, is a likely place to have been used as a chapel for forbidden worship in those times, being out of the way, free from observation, high up in the roof.² The necessary secrecy of those days of danger, the exile of the family during the usurpation, the long succession of a Protestant heir, would all lend themselves to the growth of a mistaken or distorted story, and the fading memory of a martyr might revive in a

¹ It may be recalled here that a skull is kept somewhere in the south of England, of which the claim to be that of Cromwell is attested by documentary evidence covering all but some twenty years. This head has been embalmed, has been cut off violently, and has been fixed upon a pike. Now many people were beheaded in those days, and some few were embalmed; but there is no record of any one but Oliver Cromwell being at once embalmed and decapitated, and his head impaled upon a pike.

² The walls of this chamber are plastered, all except a large patch on one side which shows the rough stones of which the wall is built. Local tradition, or superstition, avers that it is impossible to keep cement or plaster on this particular part, though the attempt has often been made. The odd circumstance is connected locally with Cromwell's proximity: one wonders if it has anything to do with an old Catholic sanctuary.

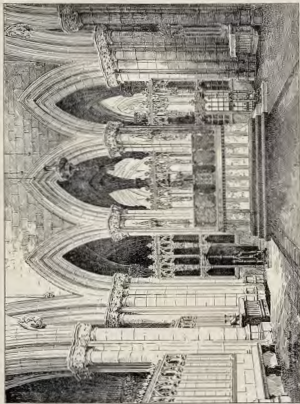
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story about the great Protector. Still, there is no positive ground for the supposition. Were the tomb once opened all doubt would be at an end.¹ The chance of possessing Cromwell's remains is not so high a distinction that any one might dread its loss; the possibility of the relics being those of a martyred priest would surely compensate for their not being those of a regicide usurper.

J.I.C.

[To be continued]

¹ The late Sir George Wombwell's disinclination to test the story is well known. He has been heard to say: "If Cromwell were not there I should lose an interesting tradition; and if he were I should be sorry to have taken the lid off!"



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THE DOWNSIDE CENTENARY

THE last issue of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL went to press a few days before the Centenary Celebrations took place at Downside Abbey. Since that time the grim shape of War has stalked into our midst, and turned our eyes away from the hearthstone to the battlefield. But even so, some account of the proceedings at Downside will be of interest to all who have at heart the cause of English Benedictine work in this country.

It is a very happy circumstance that this year, which marks the close of the first century at Downside, witnesses also the raising of Downside's chief son to the dignity of the Sacred Purple; and it is a happy circumstance not only for Downside, but for us all—"Tibi gratulamur et rei publicae." Sons of St Gregory's may well feel that this honour sets a seal upon the work of the century; rounds up the interchanging melodies of this First Movement in the finality of a Full Close.

And what of the Second Movement?

Symphonic usage would prescribe the *Adagio*. But a livelier rhythm is indicated by Fr Leo Almond's words in the Introduction to the photogravure illustrations of *Downside Abbey and School*, "The groups of present Downside boys we salute with the gravity befitting those who have the moulding of the opening years of the new century in their hands." We add to this our hope that the Second Movement (and let no musical pedant deride our tempo) will be played *Allegro con brio—sostenuto!*

The reception of Cardinal Gasquet at Downside took place on July 9th. Awaiting the Cardinal were the Abbot and Community of Downside, the Archbishop of Birmingham, the Bishops of Clifton, Menavia, Nottingham, Salford, Southwark, Hexham and Newcastle, Leeds, Northampton, Shrewsbury, Plymouth, Teos, Ramus and Cambysopolis; the Abbots of Ampleforth, Douai, Fort Augustus, Glastonbury, Reading, Buckfast, Erdington, Farnborough and Waltham; the Cathedral Prior of Newport, Mgr Russell, Mgr Ward, Fr Bodkin, S.J., the General of the Rosminians, and the

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Provincials of the Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, Servites and Jesuits; and many lay-guests.

A concert was held the same evening, in the Gymnasium, during which two compositions by Old Gregorians were sung, a Centenary Ode by Fr Wulstan Richards, and a new school-song by Mr S. H. Hewett, the text of which is appended:

i

Patriae domus decorem
Diligamus, filii:
Eque vivis comparata
Moenia lapidibus.

Chorus: Patriae domus decorem
Diligamus, filii:
Eque vivis comparata
Moenia lapidibus.

ii

Hanc senectutis quietem
Veneremur in dies:
Prata amemus juvenili
Flore viridantia

Chorus: Patriae domus decorem, &c.

iii

Floreat semen labore
Consitum et sanguinibus,
Martyrum virilitatem
Nova virtus indicet.

Chorus: Patriae domus decorem, &c.

iv

Fulgeat lumen Gregori,
Pax suos illuminet
Atque avita sanctitate
Consecrata antiquitas.

Chorus: Patriae domus decorem, &c.

v

Magna mentis disciplina
Cumque viribus pudor
Patriae veros fidei
Comprobabit vindices,

Chorus: Patriae domus decorem, &c.

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vi

Ergo pueri patresque
Gaudeamus, unico
Filii patrem sonantes
Ore Benedictum.

Chorus: Patriae domus decorem, &c.

Before the concert began, Cardinal Gasquet received an address from the School, and in the Pope's name invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of St Gregory the Great Sir Henry Howard, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., who has since been appointed by the British Government to be Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary to His Holiness Pope Benedict XV.

The Cardinal High Mass on the following day was hailed by the special correspondent of *The Times* as "a pageant of Faith." "To have seen the splendid rites at Downside Abbey to-day," he says, "was to have steeped oneself in the religious atmosphere of the Middle Ages and understood some of its spell and enchantment." And, indeed, the beautiful Abbey church formed a fine setting to the imposing rows of prelates and dignitaries. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Clifton.

After Mass, luncheon was served in a large marquee to nearly seven hundred. After the meal the Cardinal planted a Glastonbury thorn in the cloister garth, and later in the day left for Cardiff to attend the Catholic Congress.

We should like to call the attention of our readers to two Downside Centenary publications. The first is the volume of photogravure illustrations of the Abbey and school, with an historical introduction by Fr Leo Almond. The great beauty of many of the views, coupled with the thorough "finish" of the production, make this a very attractive volume. Of the Introduction we can only say that since guide-books have to be written, we wish Fr Leo would write them all.

The second is the Centenary Number of the *Downside Review*. The volume runs to 222 pages, including over a score of photogravure portraits and other illustrations. It presents a concise history of different aspects of Downside

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activity, and is edited, and in great part written, by the Abbot of Downside. Its contents are: "Alma Mater's Centenary Song," by Fr Wulstan Richards; "The Douay Inheritance," "The Record of the Century," and "The Controversy with Bishop Baines," by the Abbot of Downside; "The Australian Mission," by Fr Norbert Birt; "Buildings," by Fr Roger Huddleston; "The Library," by Fr Raymund Webster; "The Literary Output of the Century," by the Abbot of Downside; and a careful compilation of the Martyrs, Benefactors, Members of the Hierarchy, Distinguished Alumni connected with Downside, and recent Academic and Athletic distinctions won by her sons.

One need only glance at the photographs of Downside in 1881 and 1906, and from 1906 to the present day, to have visible evidence of the achievements of the Downside community, and Abbot Butler's frank "Record of the Century" will show that considerable courage and determination must have been necessary at critical times. On those achievements we tender our congratulations.

But we know that the felicitations of friends do not touch the deeper emotions which are evoked on such an occasion as this. The ancient poet, though he was not speaking of Centenary celebrations, knew that the finer domestic joys are as incommunicable as sorrow, and that they issue mainly in the strengthening of the personal ties formed by a common aim

....χάρματα δ'εὐμνήτης· μέλαινα δὲ τ'έλαιον αὐτοῦ.

RELIGIOUS PARSIMONY AT BRINDLE

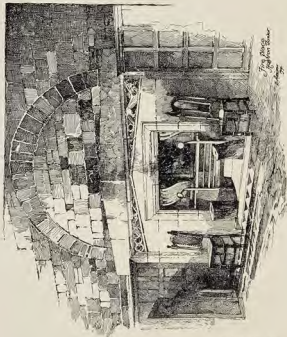
AN old chap-book, entitled *The Famous History of the Lancashire Witches*, leads off with the following sentence: "Lancashire is a famous and noted place, abounding with rivers, woods, pastures and pleasant towns, many of which are of great antiquity." If it had abounded with anything else than rivers, woods, pastures and pleasant towns it would probably have been an even more noted and famous place. But I do not quote this sentence to quarrel with it. That our delectable Duchy should, in the main, have the characteristic features of every English county is distinctly to its credit. We Lancashire men may be proud of the fact that the home-title of our Emperor-King is "King of England and Duke of Lancaster." But we are better pleased to think of our county as a bit of Old England, not easily distinguishable from any other part of it, a single facet of the "precious stone set in a silver sea," divided from other counties by nothing more than an imaginary line set down on a scrap of paper which some of us call a map. Brindle, in the same way is a bit of Old Lancashire and, for the purpose of this article, may be described as abounding, in due proportion, with the above-mentioned Lancastrian and all-England features. It is "famous and noted" by reason that the county is famous and noted. It abounds in rivers, mostly immature; has woods in its many dingles or coombes; pastures enough for its private convenience; and one pleasant townlet of respectable antiquity.

Older than Brindle village is the name. We know nothing of its first beginning, but its pedigree from the Norman period is sufficiently recorded. It makes a youthful appearance in some Norman charters as Burnel or Burnhull and passes through Burnehill, Brinhill, Brandhull and some other variants to Brandle and, finally, Brindle. The word, I think, means the Brown Hill. The soil of the neighbourhood is of a muddy chocolate colour, the gritty rock of a dull light-red, the houses of the same red-sandstone done brown by smoke and exposure. Mr Baines, however, is in favour of a derivation "from the Saxon *brennan*, to burn, or from the ancient

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British *bryn*, a spring, with the suffix *bull* or *hill*." If any one fancies either of these suggestions let him adopt it, or, if he so please, let him set up a fourth theory of his own. My own notion is, perhaps, a little too obvious to be true. Whenever the derivation of a place-name seems to stare one in the face and to be indisputable, experts succeed, somehow, in proving that it is an entirely wrong one. Should an authentic source, like the Anglo-Saxon *Chronicle* supply us with the original designation of a village or district, we may, with a bit of luck, come at its modern form by repeating the word a dozen times in succession as fast as we can; the inevitable stumbling over uncouth syllables, sliding over rough consonants, compressing, eliminating, subjecting the poor thing to the process we usually describe as "knocking it into a cocked hat," will put it, in a few seconds, through the sort of rough usage it would have met with in as many centuries. But there is no reversing the process. Some miles away, on the other side of Preston, not far from the brown mud-dunes of the Blackpool shore, there is another "brown" village named Bryning, and, in older days, Bustard Bryning. Could any one have guessed that the original form of Bustard Bryning was Brichscrath Brunn?

The manor of Brindle was and is a portion of the hundred of Leyland, and its inhabitants originally belonged to Leyland parish. They had to wait some centuries before they were numerous enough to have a church of their own. The householders were mostly tenants or owners of scattered farms in a thickly-wooded country. We read in the *Coucher-book of Whalley* of the Forest of Walton-le-Dale, where the monks had a right to cut roof-timber; Walton, Hoghton and Brindle are physiographically and geographically a single district. In Sussex, when we come across places called "folds"—Cowfold, Ifold, Slinfold, Barkfold, &c.—the suffix informs us that they were once clearings or enclosures in a great virgin forest. Here, openings of this kind were called "greens," and we have Jack Green, Riley Green, Coup Green, and Thorpe Green in Brindle parish, and Clayton Green, Cuerdon Green, Turpin Green and others just outside the boundary. Similarly we note the forest suffix in Clayton-le-Woods and



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Whittle-le-Woods, corresponding with the Sussex Wadhurst, Buckhurst, Crowhurst, Holmhurst and the like. No better country for the hunter and sportsman could have been found in England. "Round about Hoghton Tower," says Dr Kuerden, "the most spacious park was so full of tymbre that a man passing through it could scarce have seen the sun shine at middle of day," and "it was much replenished with wild beasts, as with boars and bulls of a white and spangled coulor and red deer in great plenty." The Darwen which runs through Hoghton Bottoms was of old an excellent salmon river. Trout streams were very plentiful. But let King James' Bill of Fare, when he made his memorable visit to Hoghton Tower (1617), tell of the resources of the district. Besides a surprising variety of dishes prepared from fed beasts and farmyard produce—turkeys and swans among the number—and the above-mentioned wild cattle, we find entries of red-deer pye, wild-boar pie, pasty of venison hot, and several joints of the same, hot pheasant and pheasant tart, quails (six to the King's own cheek), rabbits, herons, curlews, plovers, pigeons, partridges, snipe and sprod (salmon two years old). As the visit was in the month of August, when blackbirds do not sing, even if baked in a pie, they were not commandeered on the occasion. But the pastry-men found room for an "umble pie" betwixt "sliced-beef" and "ducks boiled." Was not this a dainty dish to set before the King?

The Lords of the Manor at Brindle, supposed to have been put in possession of it after the Norman Conquest, had no surname and adopted that of de Burnhul. They apparently lived in the neighbourhood. But in the fourteenth century we find them settled down at Bryn Hall, about four miles south of Wigan, and bearing the augmented surname de Bryn de Brynhill or Brynhill de Bryn. In 1352, William Gerard, through his marriage with Joan, daughter and heiress of Sir Peter de Bryn de Brynhill, succeeded to the lordship. He and his descendants have resided ever since at Bryn or on the estate; first at Old Bryn Hall, then at New Bryn (erected in the reign of Edward VI), then at Garswood (pulled down about a century ago), and now at the New Hall. It is possible that members of the Gerard family resided, at different

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periods, on the Brindle manor, but the family generally took small interest in the place except as landlords—absentee landlords. Though it does not seem to be on record, we may not doubt that the Gerards built the old Parish church (c. 1509); the advowson was in their gift until the Reformation. They made their last appointment (William Gerrarde) in 1567. The presentation has been in the hands of the Dukes of Devonshire and their ancestors from 1636 to the present day. Then, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, all connection between the Gerards and Brindle ceased, and the manor was finally annexed to the Cavendish estates. Fr Norbert Birt may have some authority for giving to the Gerard family the honour of restarting Catholic parish-work at Brindle. But it could not have been in the year 1786, nor did they found the present Mission. He tells the story of Catholic Brindle correctly in the main body of his *Obit Book*, where he gives in brief the life-story of the monks. But the statement in the Appendix is wrong, even according to his own showing. On page 69, we find D. Francis Leander Green stationed at Brindle, Lancashire, where he died November 8th, 1704. When he first went there we do not know, but Abbot Snow, in his appendix to the Constitutions (1879), puts the date of the beginning of the Brindle Mission in the seventeenth century (16 . .). Fr Wilfrid Hutchinson (p. 77) succeeded Fr Leander, and remained at Brindle until 1717, when he also died at his post. Then, seemingly, there was a break of five years, until 1722, when Fr William Placid Naylor re-founded the Mission (p. 107). From that date to the present day the Brindle Registers are continuous and complete, and priestly service at Brindle has never failed.

There is no denying that the Gerards may have done something to promote post-Reformation Catholicism in the parish, but I have found no record of it. No Gerard figures in the long list of benefactors for whom Mass is said annually at Brindle, nor even among those who are simply commended by name to the prayers of the faithful. A branch of the family was certainly living at Holt in Brindle during Fr Naylor's time—the same branch which had a residence at Haighton, near

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Preston. We have evidence of this in the *Catalogus Defunctorum*. This branch may have built what was and still is, I believe, a portion of the Brindle workhouse. Baines' *History* records a tradition that the building was originally intended for a Roman Catholic chapel. But, if they did so, their pious act was unprofitable—from the Roman Catholic point of view. Nothing apparently came of it. As a "poor-house," the intended chapel was a going concern as far back as Fr Naylor's day; his registers take note of the burial of inmates there. Practically, the interest this old Catholic family—which did such admirable work at Ashton-in-Makerfield and elsewhere—took in Catholic worship at Brindle ceased with the ruin of the old chapel attached to the manor-house. These, both manor and chapel, belonged to the pre-Reformation period. Dr Kuerden says of them: "Over against Swansey House, a little towards the hill, standeth an ancient fabric, once the manor-house of Brindle, where hath been a chapel belonging to the same." Now, the doctor was born c. 1620, and yet even then the "chapel" was no more than a "hath-been" memory. Also, the manor-house was "an ancient fabric," out of employment when Houghton Tower was in the heyday of its early manhood.

Let us give the credit of founding the Brindle Mission to the people who have a clear right to it—our own Benedictine fathers and the good Lancashire folk, mostly weavers and small tenant or yeoman farmers, who gave the priest bed and board and helped him on his journeys with open purse. Before Fr Naylor came to Brindle the Incumbent (as Fr Allanson calls him) had no fixed residence. He was not, like so many, a retainer of a noble Catholic family, their private domestic chaplain, enabled through their influential protection and permitted in their charity to minister to the spiritual wants of the country-side. He came and went as a passing guest from one house to another, visiting each station in an irregular routine, according to its needs and importance. He lived literally as the Apostles did, "breaking bread from house to house," with no place to lay his head that he could call his own. It must have been a hard life, but one with encouraging compensations. There was a warm welcome awaiting

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him wherever he should go; coming to each house he had the sweet feeling that he brought with him an atmosphere of the peace and grace of God; and always he must have had a bracing sense of freedom from common cares and worries,—a freedom which left him little to take thought of, save the dutiful fulfilment of his holy commission, to carry God's sacred gifts to some needy and grateful children. Three of the old "mass-houses," as they were named, are still to be seen in the Brindle district: one canonized in *Forgotten Shrines* as the house where the Ven. Fr Arrowsmith, S.J., said his last Mass, and another which, until recent days, had preserved in the old hiding-place the vestments used by Fr Naylor's predecessors. No doubt other such places are identifiable in the villages round about. Three, indeed, we know of because they were halls of some importance—Showley, Osbaldeston and Samlesbury, where the Walmsleys and Southworths lived. We gather from his registers that Fr Naylor served each of them at one time or another. Among his "Reconciliati" there are a dozen names of residents at Osbaldeston, and full thirty-five who belonged to Samlesbury. This last fact introduces us to the story of Fr Naylor's "religious parsimony."

Abbot Allanson's history of the Brindle Mission from 16 . . to 1735 is compressed into the following statement. "The Benedictines served Brindle from an early period, but the first person who is known to have been stationed at this Mission is Fr Leander Green, who died there in 1704. Some years later Fr Placid Naylor, the Incumbent, was enabled by his own religious parsimony and the kindness of benefactors to purchase five acres of land and to build a house and chapel which he made over to the Mission in 1735." Religious parsimony! The words have a mean and ugly look. I confess that a penny-careful piety suggested to me at first a personage of the type of Uriah Heep wearing a monk's cowl, and for a moment—only for a moment, I wondered if our excellent historian, whilst admitting the value of Fr Naylor's work, was condemning the manner of its accomplishment and damning its author with the faintest of praise. But I had too clear a memory of other things our historian had written

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about Fr Naylor not to understand that, rightly interpreted, the words "religious parsimony" were meant to convey to the reader the historian's fullest and warmest approval of a good monk's noble achievement. The truth is that whatever of hero-worship Fr Allanson had in his composition he gave freely and fully to Fr Placid Naylor. He writes of him in his *History* and in the *Biographies of the English Benedictines* with exceptional warmth of praise. Himself a Provincial of the North, he styles Fr Naylor (Provincial from 1741 to 1766, and from that date till his death in 1772 President General) "this great Provincial." Moreover it is by his excellent management of the Province finances that Provincial Naylor chiefly distinguished himself. He increased the Province Fund greatly, at the same time that he "permanently established two Benedictine Foundations," and otherwise enlarged the field of missionary labour. What Fr Allanson meant by "religious parsimony" is clear. It was that wise care and unselfish use of the moneys that came into his hands which befits in a special way the man who has bound himself by vow to lead a religious life.

The phrase, "house and chapel which he made over to the Mission in 1735," needs a short explanation. Fr Naylor, after he had purchased the land and erected the buildings on it, thought it advisable to execute a will bequeathing the property to the North Province. He had good reason for this formality. Having begun and completed the work with moneys belonging legally to himself—his patrimony, increased by some gifts from personal friends—it was, in English law, his own property, and there was the possibility of its being claimed, after his death by some needy relative. It was his duty also to protect his personal property from the interference of the parishioners should the Benedictine Superiors deem it advisable to translate the Mission to some other more suitable locality in or outside the district. I am not sure the document had any true value either in English or Canon law. But it reveals to us one side of Fr Naylor's religious parsimony—the blessed habit of giving to others rather than receiving from them. In 1766, when he became President, he handed over Brindle and all its adjuncts to Fr Hadley, his successor, and resided at one or other of our monasteries for the remainder of his life.

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Here a word may be said concerning the help received by him at Brindle from benefactors. In 1726, four years after he became incumbent of the Mission, he purchased Stanfield House and the grounds in which it stood. It was bought for him by James Woodcock and others, and was held by them for a brief while. Then, by a formal deed of gift, James Woodcock and others transferred it to him in 1731. In this transaction they did Fr Naylor a friendly service, but were not in any real sense benefactors of either priest or Mission. They are not included in the list that has been handed down to us. When Fr Naylor inscribes the name of Alice Woodcock of Walton in his *Catalogus Defunctorum*, he adds "uxor Magni Jacobi Woodcock"—a testimony, as I think, to the greatness of his esteem for an old friend. He writes differently of George Clifton of Preston. Him he describes as "Benefactor insignis," and three Masses annually are ordered for the repose of his soul as long as Brindle Mission is in existence. Three perpetual Masses are also ordered for Robert Hilton, his wife and a relative. But the chief benefactor of the Mission is a certain Catherine Ormerod, a widow, who died at Osbaldeston, and for her, her husband (Lawrence), Thomas and Agnes Hotherhall, twelve Masses are said annually for ever. These benefactors, without doubt, made up the endowment of the Mission, the capital of which was sunk by Fr Lawrence Hadley in the building of the present church and the re-construction of the priest's house.

How to write of Fr Naylor's apostolate at Brindle I do not know. My own belief is that it was exceptional and invaluable, a chief factor in the preservation of the Catholic Faith round about Preston. But other people, looking through the same records, might not draw the same conclusions. We can only interpret bare records of fact with confidence when we know something of the ways and methods, and qualities of mind and heart of the personages connected with them. We know next to nothing of the personality of Fr Naylor. He must have had talents, otherwise he would never have reached so exalted a position among his brethren; he must have had engaging qualities, otherwise he could not have won their affection. Beyond such commonplace deductions we cannot

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go with safety. Yet I think we may add that Fr Naylor must have manifested in his apostolate the qualities which, in the management of North Province affairs, earned for him the title of a great Provincial—those qualities which Fr Allanson sums up in the phrase, "religious parsimony." He will have made the most of every least opportunity for good that presented itself; he will have rounded up the stray sheep of his flock, and watched over them with the same wise care that nursed and husbanded the Province resources; he will, somehow, have made his scanty means go a long way, and saved others by being unsparing of himself. Any way, we know that in his vocation as a missionary he will have done all that befits a man bound by the vows of the religious life.

And now let me give a very brief summary of the records to which I have referred. The first series of Baptisms covers ten pages of a small MS. volume, which in those days would have been described as Pott 4to. The writing is good and legible, the spelling ingenious, and the writer has parsimoniously covered every inch of the page. The number of Baptisms, just over six hundred and forty in twenty-four and a half years, tells us only one thing, the thinness of the Catholic population of the district. But there is good reason to think the district itself was only thinly-populated, peopled as it will have been by a few farmers and their servants, the blacksmith, butcher, baker, shoemaker and other two or three village requisites, with, in addition, some hand-loom weavers. The comparative rarity of Catholic houses is made manifest by the wide area over which the six hundred and forty baptized are spread. Besides those from Brindle, Hoghton, Walton and Samlesbury, which we may consider Fr Naylor's parish (though there were resident priests at Samlesbury and Walton a good part of the time), entries of Baptisms are registered from twenty other of the surrounding villages and townships. The *Catalogus Defunctorum*, a most interesting document because of the insertion of personal remarks and particulars, is of no value to us in ascertaining the facts of Fr Naylor's ministry. In it he has entered obituary notices of his Benedictine brethren (e.g. "R. D. Laurentius Champney, Prior Dei Custodiensis tunc Miss. O. N. Wooton") and of relatives (e.g. "Mater Mea

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Charissima Martha Naylor ætatis suæ 82, Boscough," with the word Scarbk. above as a correction) and also, doubtless, of friends and local notables. Next comes the important section, over eight pages containing the record of his *Reconciliati*. These reach the number of two hundred and thirty, and, as in the Baptisms, are noted as being inhabitants of villages and townships scattered over a very wide area. Here is a list of the places: Burnley, Mellor, Cuerdale, Osbaldeston, Farrington, Clayton, Alston, Kendal, Colne, Ribbleson, Fishwick, Rushton, Ollerton, Withnell, Charnock, Chorley, Narrow Moss, Preston, Hindley, Penrith, Lower Darwen and Whittle. The late rector, Fr Wilfrid Brown, when he showed me Fr Naylor's book, pointing to these names, exclaimed: "There is only one explanation of the facts;—Fr Naylor has a right to be called the Apostle of this part of the county, —nowadays, with more than a trebled population, we hardly make two converts a year;—he planted the seeds of Catholicism in every village round about;—our present Catholic congregations have sprung from them." A too generous estimate of Fr Naylor's apostolate to my mind. There are other possible explanations of the facts or of a portion of them. There were labourers in the field before Fr Naylor, and to some extent he was harvesting the fruits of their work. There were other labourers working side by side with him, and their industry also will have affected the results. Then it may be that he began work in the district at the exact moment when the wave of apostasy sweeping over the kingdom could be checked with least effort. Probably all of these influences, and some others unthought of by us, were helping the good father in his ministry. But we must not think of these converts as brought in by a sweep of the net. They were garnered painfully one by one. The idea of a big Catholic revival is unwarranted. We find no evidence even of a response to some fervid appeals, such as are made during the preaching of a mission. The style of the entries may be judged from these examples: "William Egleby, apprentice of John Gregson the weaver, Walton"; "Elizabeth Ribchester (a wife) after many years of apostasy, Samlesbury"; "Sir William Pugh, knight, of Low, Hindley"; "James Crook, servant of

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George Garstang, Brindle"; "Mary Wilcock, wife of John Wilcock, a dying woman, Cuerdale"; "Obediah Piccup, son of Arthur and Elizabeth Piccup, Walton." The entries are in Latin. Most of these *reconciliati* are clearly of the working classes, and two of them only suggest that the one convert will lead to many more; viz. "James Fellow, boot-maker, married and the father of five children," and "Elizabeth Howeth (Howarth) wife of Henry Howarth, mother of many children"; in the latter instance a pen has been run through the mention of progeny. No one, I think, has any right to assert that these converts would have, or have had, any exceptional influence on Catholicism in the district. We know of them simply as individuals reconciled to the Faith, and brought into the Catholic fold by the religious parsimony of Fr Naylor. We cannot "look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not." Fr Naylor may have planted, and he and others may have watered, but it is God Who giveth the increase.

J.C.A.

ROBERT HUGH BENSON, NOVELIST

GRIEF at the death of a pope or a king is mingled with curiosity as to their successor. The loyalty of the subject centres round the office rather than its holder, It is the Pope or the King, rather than Pius X or Edward VII, to whom allegiance is due. The continuity of tradition is unbroken. "The king is dead. Long live the king." When a man of letters dies we feel that it is the breaking off of a mission unfulfilled. Men of letters as a class have a vague appeal, but the names of Thackeray, Dickens and Meredith raise a flood of memories.

The death of R. H. Benson has removed from the ranks of the present-day novelists a figure whom the public in general, and Catholics in particular, could ill afford to lose. Prodigal as was his output, arresting as was the appeal of his virile personality, we feel that his work was incomplete, that a few years longer would have seen the consolidation of a brilliant reputation so rapidly built up. His work is characterized by that didactic purpose which threads the whole of English literature and weaves its component parts into a design uniform in its conception. We find it in Shakespeare, Bacon and Milton. It is lacking in Chaucer, for the want of which Matthew Arnold denied to him the title of a great master. The former have a message to deliver to the world, the latter has only a good story to tell.

We, as Catholics, are apt to form an exaggerated estimate of R. H. Benson's work. He was a Catholic writing on Catholic subjects. And in a partizan spirit we may rate his novels above those of others with whose aims we are not in sympathy. On the other hand, the themes of which he treats, the religious vocation, the threefold way of the spiritual life, the acceptance of suffering, are to us the commonplaces of our religion. Yet to the non-Catholic reader they must come with a startling revelation.

If we are to survey the work of an author from a true perspective, we must endeavour to realize his point of view. Thackeray looked with an envy which he could ill conceal upon the pleasure-loving society of London, with its thirst

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for scandal, its extravagance, its menials aping the manners of their masters. He determined to depict this godless people with a pitiless realism. So, a second Hogarth, he gave us a second *Rake's Progress*, in which the 'Crawleys,' the 'Sedleys,' 'Captain Costigan,' 'Barnes Newcome,' and others march gaily along, Dickens, in the plenitude of his prosperity, freed from the nightmare of an existence submerged in a hopeless struggle against misfortune, embodied in his pages the scenes which had made an indelible impression upon his childhood; upon these scenes, unlike Gissing, he did not forget to let the sunlight play; for he knew that contentment and a careless abandon are characteristic of poverty. Jane Austen, in satirical vein, wrote down as a diversion against hours of enforced idleness her impressions of the people and of the life, simple, innocent, aimless, which surrounded her. These novelists had no serious purpose in their work. They described life as they saw it, and did not concern themselves with the meaning of life itself. Scathing as is the indictment of Society in *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray has no better ideal to offer us. This criticism is purely negative.

What of the point of view of R. H. Benson? In *The Conventionalists* we have the following pregnant passage:

"Chris leaned back once more; so far back that the shaded candles threw no light on his face; all that I could see was the glitter of his black eyes and white teeth. He spoke at first quietly, but afterwards with an extraordinary intensity; and he delivered such a speech as I had never heard from him before.

"Briefly its point was this—that Almighty God had a scheme to work out, of which it was absurd and profane for us to judge. Even Nature showed that; there were ten thousand mysteries of pain and sin which no religion worthy of the name even attempted to solve. He gave away with one hand all that sentimental scientists asked; he granted that the world was, apparently, full of irremediable wrong; he flung it down before himself and us and said that he had no answer. From that he deduced that we, obviously, were not responsible for anything except our own affairs; and that for these we were responsible. Therefore let Algy Banister hold his tongue about his people! They might have functions of which he had no conception—at any rate it was their own affair, not his.

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"What did matter then was Vocation. It was the only thing that did matter. Vocation did not mean that one life was, necessarily, better than another; it did not mean that other lives were, necessarily, insane. The only insanity lay in neglecting to discover Vocation, or, secondly, in neglecting it when discovered."

Such is the gospel which R. H. Benson preached. In *The Conventionalists* there is 'Algy Banister,' the second son of a wealthy landowner, for whom "good form is the whole duty of man." Algy has a vocation to the contemplative life. He is not even a Catholic. Yet eventually a contemplative he becomes. In *None Other Gods* the hero, I forget his name—and indeed the names of R. H. Benson's characters do not remain in the memory, they are so obviously merely labels—the hero, who is an undergraduate, sets out to tramp the country, and earn his living as best he may. In the course of his pilgrimage he passes through the threefold path of the Spiritual Life—the purgative, the illuminative and the unitive ways—and in course of time dies a saint. We might take each of the novels, and we would find that this idea of vocation runs through them all and gives to them a collective unity of design. The historical novels are not exceptions, though here the conception is epic rather than dramatic. Thus we have these "weird psychological studies" which the reader, surfeited with the pagan philosophy of Messrs. Bennett, Hewlett and Wells, gazes upon with an amazed wonder.

A word on the general setting of the novels. We must remember that R. H. Benson, the son of an Archbishop, and educated at Eton and Trinity, if not the product, was at least brought up in the environment of the Public School type of men. The Public Schoolman leads a life, the main features of which are "dressing suitably, understanding about horses and guns, behaving respectably and assenting passively to the beliefs and motives of his own people. He knows the proper moment to offer whisky, the best tailors and boot-makers, the names of distinguished actresses, and the pedigrees of sporting dogs. He never speculates on what does not concern him; he thinks poetry to be unnatural, though he manages not to say so very often; he is bored by the super-

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natural, yet considers the Establishment a necessary department of human life. Good form is for him the whole duty of man." These are the men whom R. H. Benson mirrors in his pages. Their actions are framed in a suitable background of country houses, with their richly-wooded grounds without and their smoothly-ordered life within, with their shooting parties in the morning and their solemn ceremonial dinners at night. Softly treading, deftly handling footmen and butlers move in the background. It is such a life as Jane Austen, a hundred years ago, lived and loved. Read *Mansfield Park* and *The Conventionalists*, and the setting will be found to be similar after due allowance has been made for a century's change in the habits of the people. It is the class to which the greengrocer's wife, whose husband is an alderman, alludes with bated breath as "county families." A nameless demagogue has characterized them as "the idle rich."

In common with Jane Austen, R. H. Benson has little interest in people outside this class. His footmen, his butlers, his gamekeepers, are little more than automatons. He is indifferent as to how they live, or as to what they think. Contrast him with Mr. De Morgan, to whom a cabman or a bricklayer are subjects of "infinite jest." Only once, in *An Average Man*, do we get a glimpse of the humanity of this inscrutable, enigmatic race of men.

In time R. H. Benson became a Catholic, and found himself breathing in a strange atmosphere. There were the old Catholic families, whose tastes and mental outlook were similar to his own. But cut off from the national life they led a retired existence, and were regarded by their neighbours with a cold curiosity. *A Winnowing* and *Initiation* are studies of this type.

R. H. Benson observes life from a detached point of view. He stands aloof. He is a demonstrator of psychological phenomena—cold, scientific, accurate. The various dramas are enacted before him. He takes notes and follows out the reason of this failure, the cause of that success. The solution of the problem lies always in the definite acceptance or the definite rejection of Vocation. His characters stand before him as so many pawns in the game. All is in proportion, and from

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this impersonal standpoint he discerns the relative values of his characters. From this he derives his sense of humour, his power, as *The Times* expressed it, of seeing "the otherness" of people. He never makes the mistake of attributing insincerity to those with whose aims he is not in sympathy. His characters are sincere and therefore lifelike. They are lifelike, but not with the supreme vitality characteristic of the characters of the great masters. We are always conscious of the personality of R. H. Benson as interpreter. His characters do not seem to speak to us directly. We miss that intimate subjective analysis which Jane Austen gives us of 'Fanny Price,' which Charlotte Brontë gives us of 'Caroline Helstone,' which John Ayscough gives us of 'Marotz.'

If we were advancing his claims to be considered as a classical novelist, we would base our contention on the creative genius displayed in *The Conventionalists*. There we have a set of characters, strongly individualized, each with his own outlook on life, whose ideals clash, and, in the resultant will conflict, produce a plot and problem, the solution of which grips the attention of the reader, holds it to the end, and leaves him with a dawning perception of a life where happiness is dependent neither on man nor on material success. Yet we feel there is something lacking. It seems just to fall short of greatness. We read it again carefully and analyse the plot. We observe that this demands that the most important character after 'Algy Lennox' should be 'Mary Maple.' 'Algy' was at first in love with her. But he was only the second son. And this carefully calculating daughter of Eve had no mind to pass a half-baked existence in a semi-detached villa among a suburban society of snobs with their "First Thursday At Homes," their Dorcas societies, and their mothers' meetings. Algy's brother dies, and he becomes the heir. In the eyes of 'Mary Maple' he has now an enhanced value. Unfortunately he has outlived his infatuation, is now a Catholic, and his soul is beginning to yearn for the allurements offered by the austerities of Contemplative Life. Unconscious of his new trend of thought, 'Mary Maple,' as though to facilitate matters, decides to become a Catholic, and puts herself under instruction. When she learns of Algy's

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intention, she recoils from the religion which would have meant so much to her, and seeks relief from the joyless monotony of existence in marriage with a Manchester merchant. We can well imagine how Meredith, given such a situation, would have built up a character, pitiful, tragic but completely feminine, which, comparable to 'Diana' or 'Amelia,' would have made *The Conventionalists* a great classic and, perhaps, the greatest novel in English literature. But R. H. Benson's presentation of 'Mary Maple' is quite inadequate. We get no sure insight into the workings of her mind. That soul conflict, which must have occurred when she learnt of 'Algy's' decision to enter Parkminster, is not dealt with. Wisely so, for he knew his limitations. He is completely ignorant of a woman's thought world, of a woman's point of view. So he contents himself with describing their external appearance—"grave Gainsborough high-browed eyes"—"a dainty cat"—"a French marquise"—and so on. Again in *Initiation*, 'Enid Bessington' is a character of some importance. Briefly, the plot is this. 'Sir Nevil Fanning' is a young Catholic landowner, whose family have retained the Faith throughout the ages of persecution. He is indifferent to his religion and, while seeing no reason to deny it, regards it as something apart from himself, as of no more importance than the political convictions, suitable to his station of life, which he has inherited from his ancestors. In the course of the novel we see how he is brought to regard it as the only thing that matters, by a succession of misfortunes which break his pride and leave him detached from everything which the world regards as necessary to success and happiness. He is jilted. He loses his sight. He regains it, only to learn that he is the victim of an hereditary disease which will entail much suffering and an early death. 'Enid Bessington' is the instrument of his first disillusion. We see her as a very charming girl with an appreciative humour and gifted with tact. We are then asked to believe that she is a selfish egotist, indifferent to the suffering which she may cause, provided that her own comfort be assured. This transition—necessary to the plot—requires the most skilful craftsmanship. R. H. Benson's handling of the situation is crude in the extreme.

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As always, when dealing with feminine psychology, he finds himself in an alien atmosphere. It is a serious weakness. One of the notes of the classical novelist is his power to delineate a woman. Apply this test and his work does not respond to it. Still on occasion he succeeds, as in *A Winnowing*. And generally he catches very happily their external mannerisms and those little traits which are a source of amusement to their neighbour.

* * * * *

When, after a fruitless search for a solid foundation of belief, R. H. Benson became convinced of the truths of the Catholic religion, it was only natural that his mind should hark back to the time when those truths were still unquestioned, and that, as a convert, he should dwell upon those years when the nation, drunk with the new wine of the Renaissance, threw off the yoke of Rome. As he pondered over the dissolution of the monasteries and the establishment of the new State department of religion, he determined, no doubt, to roll back the mists of tradition, and give to the descendants of the new Protestantism an account of the life led by the Faithful as they were hounded from their homes by the new sons of Liberty, seduced by the blandishments of the Defender of the Faith. And as he pored over these dry books of history, the dim shadows of the past began to take definite shape. Campion, eloquent, dauntless, exulting in danger, threads the streets of London, indifferent to the risk of capture which he runs. Babington, of an administrative capacity, dabbles in plots and intrigues to his destruction, the martyred Queen of Scots, of magnetic personality, chafes at an enforced captivity, robbed of the consolations of religion; the sinister figure of Elizabeth, whom the Protestant-loving Froude learnt to hate, crosses the stage. It was an atmosphere redolent of priests' hiding-places and of the secret celebration of Mass behind closed doors; an atmosphere reminiscent of the catacombs and recalling the pages of *Fabiola*. With such material, it would have been surprising had he failed to give us romances of thrilling interest.

The historical novel is the lineal descendant of the epic poem. The non-historical or domestic novel has its source in

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the drama, comic or tragic as the case may be. If we contrast *The Conventionalists* with *Come Rack, Come Rope*, we at once see the superiority of the domestic novel of character over the historical novel of incident. In the latter the interest centres round the episodes; in the former we are more concerned with the will-conflict resulting from actions of minor importance. In the latter the plot is loosely constructed; in the former it is closely knit together, and each incident is the consecutive link of a chain of events which lead to a logical conclusion. In the latter stress is laid upon the descriptive note, and the customs and dress of the people of the time are described with a more or less minuteness; in the former the author assumes that the reader is acquainted with modern customs and is enabled to concentrate upon the creative notes—dialogue and character. With particular reference to the work of R. H. Benson, we may make two further observations on the subject of these two subdivisions of the novel. In his historical novels, the descriptive passages are carefully written and bring vividly before the mind the leisurely life and sport-loving habits of the Elizabethans. This vivid tone arises from the fact that he is describing an imaginary scene and not the obvious surroundings of his daily life. In so doing, he is careful to note those details which in everyday life from their very obviousness escape observation. Secondly, his characters in these novels do not stand out with that distinctness which we find in *None Other Gods* or *A Winnowing*. They are slightly blurred. They resemble each other in their outward department and manner of speech. This latter is couched in a stilted and unnatural language.

Canon Barry is of the opinion that these historical novels will outlive the others. Viewed dispassionately the domestic novel of character must always be superior to the historical novel of incident. But no doubt these latter will have a wider appeal to Catholics, in the same way as Wiseman's *Fabiola* is more widely known than his books on Eastern literature, which gave him a European reputation.

Not content with breathing new life into the dry bones of history, not content with clothing the drab existence of the

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average man with an ideal of exalted purpose, R. H. Benson, typical of his age, must needs peer into the future. In *Lord of the World* and *The Dawn of All*, he predicts the outcome of the present-day trend of thought. He premises that ultimately Catholicism or Agnosticism must prevail. Granted that the latter triumphs, what will be the conditions of life? He endeavours to answer this question in *Lord of the World*. Alternatively, *The Dawn of All* is a prophetic vision of a universal Catholicism. These two books are of no literary value. The plots are chaotic and the characterization is of the slightest. The Arabian Nights atmosphere of cities which are destroyed in a second by a single bomb, and of Ireland as being a vast enclosed monastery, is the predominant note. Such phantasies depend for a permanent place in Literature upon beauty of language—as witness More's *Utopia*. R. H. Benson's style, lucid and vigorous though it is, lacks both the appeal of Thompson's gorgeous imagery and of Mrs. Meynell's exquisite refinement of expression.

Judged by the standards of the classical novelist, R. H. Benson has no claim to a permanent place among them. Throughout his novels there is no character of outstanding prominence. He deals with the average man, and that from a purely objective point of view. His dialogue has not that brilliance which recalls the sparkling rapier-like play of Jane Austen's conversations. His style calls for no particular mention. Yet to dismiss him as a minor novelist, inferior to Anthony Trollope or the equal of W. J. Locke, is to overlook the one point in which he is superior to Jane Austen, Dickens and Thackeray—namely, the didactic purpose of his work. Now it is apparent to the most superficial observer that his art is always subsidiary to the purpose for which he used it. This purpose, to which he recurs with an almost monotonous reiteration, is the doctrine of Vocation. As compared with this everything else is of no importance. It is this which lends a note of austerity to his work. This is why he is only interested in his characters in so far as they exemplify the point which he wishes to make. There are no minor characters in his books. He is never led away by the sheer pleasure of building up a character which gradually assumes a place in the scheme

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out of proportion to the exigency of the situation. Had he contented himself with writing novels with no greater object than to add a few more portraits to the gallery of immortals—the 'Becky Sharps,' the 'Micawbers,' the 'Bennets' of Literature—would he have achieved a greater success? In putting this question we approach the changeless controversy which rages round the battle cry of "Art for Art's sake." There may be those who would have preferred him to have touched up his work and to have made it a more finished masterpiece. Yet to the majority it will be a matter of congratulation that he chose the higher and less easily attained ideal. He followed in the footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. Literature was for him the alembic through which was distilled the experience of a life's conflict. His novels are the quintessence of his reading of Life. They form his *Apologia pro vita sua*.

He gave to the novel a dignity which it had not possessed before. We read *Vanity Fair*, *Pickwick Papers* or *Rhoda Fleming*. We recognize their mordaunt wit and satirical humour. Do we feel anything more than an intellectual enjoyment? Is it too great an exaggeration to say that they are only a means of whiling away the tedium of a railway journey? We miss that "cleansing of the emotions" which has been defined as the object of tragedy. We read *A Windowing* or *Nune Other Gods*, and under the flame of their inspiration our petty discontents shrivel up, and we endeavour for a brief space to respond to the magnetism of their point of view. Fielding, Jane Austen, Thackeray, Dickens, Meredith may have left more imperishable names behind them, but not one of them had such high ideals.

J. L. HOPE

SCHOOL NOTES

THE school officials for the term have been as follows:

Head Monitor	C. B. J. Collison
Captain of the Games and Secretary	M. L. Ainscough
Monitors	R. J. Power, M. L. Ainscough, C. Leese, W. Rochford, H. M. J. Gerrard, F. A. D. Morrogh-Bernard.
Librarians of the Upper Library	D. T. Long, G. A. Lintner
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	J. P. Douglas, C. Power
Librarian of the Lower Middle Library	L. Knowles
Librarian of the Lower Library	L. D. Chamberlain
Journal Committee	R. J. Power, H. M. J. Gerrard
Football Committee	C. B. J. Collison, M. L. Ainscough and R. J. Power

Captains of the Football Sets—

- 1st Set—C. B. J. Collison, M. L. Ainscough.
- 2nd Set—C. J. Field, J. P. Douglas.
- 3rd Set—H. W. Greenwood, D. M. Rochford.
- 4th Set—P. d'I. Field, G. Ainscough.
- 5th Set—E. Forster, C. E. G. Cary-Elwes.

Captains of the Hockey Sets—

- 1st Set—C. B. J. Collison, M. L. Ainscough.
- 2nd Set—L. A. Unsworth, C. F. Macpherson
- 3rd Set—Hon. C. Barnswall, C. Power.
- 4th Set—H. W. Greenwood, T. B. Fishwick.
- 5th Set—G. Ainscough, J. K. Loughran.
- 6th Set—E. H. George, W. R. Emery.
- 7th Set—A. Ainscough, J. Ainscough.

THE following boys left the school at the end of the Summer term:

C. R. Simpson, J. O. Kelly, L. T. Williams, E. B. J. Martin, G. E. Farrell, R. Murray, V. Knowles, J. B. Caldwell, W. P. St L. Liston, H. J. Emery, C. J. B. Lancaster, E. N. and R. Fishwick, E. J. Dease, A. F. Bisgood, F. Clancy.

Many of these are now in the Army. To one and all we wish God-speed.

LEONARD WILLIAMS, who was to have gone up to New College in October, decided to accept the offer of a nomination to Sandhurst in August and passed out, being gazetted to the

School Notes

South Wales Borderers on November 7th. Cyril Simpson has also for the time abandoned New College, and holds a commission in the 11th Hussars. E. B. J. Martin passed into Sandhurst in September. E. J. Dease hopes to go up to Woolwich in February or June, and is at present with a crammer. J. O. Kelly has gone up to Edinburgh University, and is serving with the O.T.C. G. E. Farrell, C. J. B. Lancaster and W. P. St L. Liston have all accepted commissions. R. Murray went to Belmont to join the novitiate in October.

THE following are the names of the new boys:

G. Harte Barry, L. Bévenot, R. J. Browne, G. Casartelli, C. E. G. Cary-Elwes, D. E. R. L. Cheney, F. A. Cooper, C. Cravos, H. M. Dillon, R. W. Flint, R. G. Hague, W. V. D. Hague, J. J. S. Haidy, L. J. S. Jungmann, T. A. McGhee, E. B. Milburn, C. W. Moss-Molyneux, P. F. Moran, Hon. G. W. D. Plunkett, C. J. Porri, G. E. Dixon Reichardt, W. J. Roach, R. T. Sykes, P. Vuylsteke.

THEIR number must be almost a record. Their advent has placed our numbers at 144. Only last term we proclaimed 135 our record, and indulged accordingly in some self-congratulation. This term (*pace* the Censor) we have captured the whole of the Old Monastery. The monks have all been driven into their own territory, and the Head Master alone remains entrenched in his former position. The monastic refectory is now in possession of a legion of small boys, and St Bede's Gallery, so long the centre of manifold activities, has been temporarily transformed into a small boys' dormitory.

WE are happy to say that, although so many Old Boys are serving in the Army, our list of fatal casualties is as yet small. (It will be found elsewhere in the JOURNAL.) But the war is responsible for the loss of many friends of Ampleforth. Captain Berners, of the Irish Guards, was known to many Ampleforth boys by the visits he paid us, the lectures he gave us, and the great interest he showed in our contingent of the O.T.C. He was killed in the early days of the fighting on the Aisne, being at the time second in command of the Irish Guards. In him we have lost a good friend, the Army a most

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capable officer and the Church an enthusiastic convert. 2nd Lieut. David Kerr, an old Oratory boy, killed on October 13th, near Ypres, is another friend lost to us. In the long stay he made with us last year we had all learnt to respect him as a man of exceptional worth, and it did not surprise us to hear that, when the war broke out, he, despite his natural tastes, immediately offered his services to his country. We learnt, from one who saw him at the front, that in the short time he was there he had earned a reputation for fearless courage. Mrs Miller, mother of Dom Ignatius Miller, and for long an invalid, died of wounds received in the bombardment of Whitby, and the brothers Ffield have lost their brother, Flight-Lieutenant Bernard Ffield, who fell with his machine from a great height. We will not prolong the list. Need we say our lost friends have our prayers, and their relatives our deepest sympathy.

* * *

THE bombardment of the coast was plainly audible to all around us, and was even heard at Kilburn, seven miles further inland. But, strange to say, no one in the school or monastery heard it. It occurred while we were at breakfast when the College, which forms the Eastern wing, was empty. All of us laughed at the terror of the local men, but the laugh was the other way when the mid-day train brought refugees and pieces of shell from Scarborough.

* * *

It is a difficult task for an Editorial staff to chronicle the very "small beer" of a school in the midst of such an overwhelming crisis as the present one. School life (we suppose it is bound to continue) must be dull and uninteresting to our readers under such circumstances. However, the war has not even respected the sanctity of our horarium, for the O.T.C. has invaded the study hours. This term four hours a week have been devoted to drill, and every boy in the Upper and Middle school in addition has received an hour's instruction in Musketry, and this despite the fact that Sergeant Grogan has rejoined the Irish Guards, and that the Head Master received a telegram a few days after the war broke out asking for the valuable services of Company Sergeant-

School Notes

Major Andrews at the Aldershot Gymnastic Headquarters. We are therefore perforce without sergeant instructors, either for drill or "gym." Abnormal interest on the part of the school and the enthusiasm of the officers have done a great deal to compensate for our late drill instructor's direct and vigorous insistence upon the punctilios of drill, but no one on the staff combines that knowledge of human anatomy with the feline agility, which we have learnt to admire in Sergeant Andrews.

* * *

ANOTHER innovation, which we understand was decided upon even before the war, has been the formation of an Army Class, into which boys leaving the Higher Third are able to pass for direct preparation for Sandhurst and Woolwich.

* * *

ELSEWHERE in the JOURNAL will be found an account of the laying of the Foundation Stone of the Preparatory School. The work proceeds with greater rapidity than any building we have seen at Ampleforth. The number of small boys who entered the school this term more than justifies it. They are in fact a standing witness to its absolute necessity. Some feared that in the selection of the site too much consideration had been given to mere position, and anticipated serious difficulty in obtaining a satisfactory foundation. It is true that at the extreme south-east corner a geological flaw has necessitated a great deal of excavation, but the experts seem all agreed that the building rests on an "unimpeachable" basis. It is hoped to open the new school at Easter, 1916. *Floreat.*

* * *

THE School subscribed generously to the *Daily Telegraph* Belgian Relief Fund, and in a surprisingly short time were able to send through *The Tablet* the handsome sum of £25.

* * *

THE awards for Cricket, Lawn Tennis and Swimming were made at the end of last term after the July issue of the JOURNAL had gone to press. The bat for the best batting average in the Eleven was won by the Captain, C. B. Collison. L. Williams headed the bowling averages, and also won the "Wyse"

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bat awarded to the best all-round cricketer. During the term J. O. Kelly and M. Ainscough were given their "colours."

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THE LAWN Tennis Tournament was won by R. J. Power and J. B. Caldwell.

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THE retreat this year was given by Dom Justin McCann, to whom we tender our sincerest appreciation and thanks.

* * *

THIS term a number of works dealing with verse-making have found their way into the Libraries—a doubtful blessing, if they are responsible for the present epidemic of versification, which has unhappily overtaken us. One member of the Junior Debating Society, we are told, is suffering so acutely from its effects that he has been inspired to deliver all his speeches in rhyming couplets. This has been borne out by the accidental discovery, by one of the JOURNAL Committee, of a speech in verse on the nationalization of railways, in which the youthful poetaster, after advocating their nationalization in general, turns—apparently with some trepidation—to the light railway from Gilling, which does such sterling service to the cause of building at Ampleforth.

Now I wonder if I dare
To say this railway needs repair,
Or to suggest it's in decay!
For what would then the owners say!
But if the Government would only
Nationalize this railway lonely,
Oh! far better would these trucks be
Which convey both you and me.

Without stopping to criticize the verse, or the rhapsodic vision of the many blessings flowing from Governmental interference which the poet vouchsafes us in later verses, we hasten to add that the general sentiment is one which would be enthusiastically re-echoed and endorsed by the members of the 12th Reserve Cavalry Regiment, who on their return journey by "this railway lonely" found themselves precipitated in the dark into the hinterland of the "Rugger" field. We offer them our apologies and sympathy.

School Notes

THE Choir have done some excellent work this term. The first treble (Lancaster) and the first alto (Newsham) are capable leaders, and the Choir gives us the impression of being more together than they formerly were. However the trebles on the front benches are sometimes a little timorous of coming in before their leader—the consequence being that the start becomes at times a little uneven. There has been a really marked improvement in expression. They have now a reliable *pp*, *mf*, and *f*. They should be able now to increase their vocabulary to a steady *ppp* and *ff*. A fine performance of Ebner's *Missa Nativitatis Domini Nostri* was given on the Feast of All Monks. The music was sung with spirit and power. Towards the end of term a new Mass was performed—Griesbacher's *Missa Mater Admirabilis*—and during the term the *Miserere* on Sunday evenings has been sung to a *Falso-Bordone* setting of the sixteenth century.

* * *

At the beginning of term the "Rugger" fields were so hard that we played Hockey until within a fortnight of our first "Rugger" match. Much improvement on last year was apparent.

* * *

IN November a holiday was given in honour of Bishop Hedley's Jubilee, and the day was spent by the School at different places of interest in the district. Such days have the enthusiastic support of the School, and we are grateful to all who organized the expeditions. To Bishop Hedley the School offer once again their sincerest congratulations.

* * *

ON St Cecilia's day the Choir had their usual holiday, and were "feasted" in customary fashion both at Goremire and on their return. At the festive board in the evening they had opportunities of vocalizing music, which to those of us, who listen to them for the most part in church, seemed distinctly ungregorian and more than dubiously classical. The success of the evening was undoubtedly Dom Benedict's topical song, which found a re-echo on the "Punch" night at the end of term. Both evenings were thoroughly enjoyed.

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ON the day before the "break-up" some scenes from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* were enacted in the theatre. As we understand the whole play is to be presented later in the year, we will now only thank those whose difficult task it was to teach the play, and congratulate the actors on their success in holding their audience throughout the scenes. We had prepared a great reception for some wounded soldiers who were expected from the hospital at Hovingham on this night, but unhappily they were unable to come.

* * *

THE boys in the O.T.C. sent to our old Rugger enemies, the Scots Greys, and to the East and West Yorks, many thousand "smokes" in place of the usual Christmas Card. A fitting substitute all will agree.

* * *

THE following boys are head of their forms:

Upper Sixth—R. J. Power	Higher Third—L. Bévenot
Sixth—M. J. L. Ainscough	Lower Third—R. J. Brown
Fifth—C. Rochford	Second—K. G. R. Bagshawe
Fourth—T. V. Welsh	First—E. B. Milburn

* * *

THE School staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (Head Master).	
Dom Maurus Powell.	Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.
Dom Wilfrid Willson	Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Hugh de Normanville, B.A.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Alexius Chamberlain, B.A.
Dom Benedict Hayes	Dom Illyd Williams
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Bernard McElligott, B.A.
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	Dom Ethelred Taunton, B.A.
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Raymond Lythgoe
Dom Adrian Mawson	Dom Cyril Maddox
Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.	Dom Gregory Swann, B.A.
T. Eddy, Esq. (<i>Music</i>)	
J. Knowles, Esq. (<i>Drawing</i>)	
J. F. Porter, M.D., M.R.C.S. (<i>Medical Officer</i>)	
Company Sergeant-Major Andrews (late of the Aldershot Gymnastic Staff).	
W. S. Hardcastle (late Bandmaster West Yorks)	
Mrs. Doherty (<i>Matron</i>)	
Miss Till (<i>Assistant Matron</i>).	

School Notes

THE EXAMINATIONS

THE following boys passed the Oxford and Cambridge Higher and Lower Certificate, 1914:

HIGHER CERTIFICATE

Caldwell, J.
Kelly, J. O. (Distinction in English)
Knowles, V. (Distinction in English)
Power, R. J.
Simpson, C. R.
Williams, L.

LOWER CERTIFICATE

Name.	Subjects in which First classes were obtained.
Ainscough, M. J. L.	Greek, Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, English History
Barnewall, The Hon. R. N. F.	Additional Mathematics
Clancy, F.	.. Additional Mathematics, English
Cravos, S. F.	..
Ffield, C. J.	.. Experimental Science
Fishwick, E. N.	.. Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics
Gibbons, A. B.	.. Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry
Kelly, T. F. H.	..
Lynch, R. J.	.. Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, English History
Murray, R.	.. Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, English History
Rochford, C.	.. Greek, English History
Rochford, W.	.. Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry
Unsworth, L.	.. Additional Mathematics
Welsh, T. V.	.. Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics

* * *

We offer our congratulations to all. The Lower Certificate results show an exceptional number of First classes, more especially in Mathematics. M. J. L. Ainscough headed the list with four distinctions.

AMPLEFORTH AND THE WAR

Roll of Honour

KILLED

TEELING, AMBROSE, M. A. T. DE L., *Lieutenant* Norfolk Regiment.

Ambrose Teeling, who entered the School in 1907, was the youngest son of Captain Bartle Teeling, Private Chamberlain to His Holiness. Two years ago he was gazetted to the Norfolk Regiment, and was killed in action at the Battle of the Aisne. His brother, Theodore F. Teeling, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, was taken prisoner at the Battle of Mons. Captain Teeling has sent us an extract from a letter written by his son Ambrose in the early days of August before the Expeditionary Force had crossed to France. The simple faith it shows was characteristic of Ambrose Teeling, and it is surely worth printing as showing the true Christian spirit in which so many of our soldiers have given their lives for their country:

"I wonder if I'll ever return should I go out! I wonder still more if I'll ever go out. I daily pray that I may, but God knows what is good for us, so I always add, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' If He sees fit for me to go and return safely, He'll grant my prayer. Whereas if He sees it would be for my greater good that I never return, I'll be shot. And again, if it is best for me not to go out at all He'll keep me here. Nevertheless, I can't help praying that I may be allowed to go."

Such words are of themselves an eloquent testimony of the sterling worth of Ambrose Teeling. R.I.P.

BARNETT, REGINALD, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.

NEVILL, JOHN HENRY GAYTHORNE, 2nd *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.

These last two names only appeared in the Roll of Honour as we were in the press. We shall give details in our next number.

Ampleforth and the War

WOUNDED

BOOCOCK, W. N., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
STOURTON, E. P. J., *Captain* The Honble. K.O.Y.L.I.
CREAN, G. T., *Lieutenant*, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
WALSH, M. P., *Captain*, A.V.C.
GREAVES, T. E., Hussars.

MISSING AND REPORTED PRISONER

TEELING, T. F. P. B. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, King's Own Scottish Borderers.

We are proud to print the following list of Old Boys who are serving with the Colours in this great crisis of our country's history. That it is incomplete we are well aware. Almost daily we hear of other names, and in some cases Old Boys or their relatives have written to say they are "serving," without specifying their unit. Our next number will doubtless contain many additions and some corrections, and we shall esteem it a favour if our readers will send us any additional information which they may possess.

ADAMSON, R., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
AINSCOUGH, C., *Lieutenant*, Manchester Regiment.
BARNETT, Rev. H. A., *Chaplain* to the Forces.
BARNETT, R. (killed), 1st (Royal) Dragoons.
BARTON, O. S., Duke of Lancaster's Imperial Yeomanry.
BEGG, J., *Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.
BLACKLEDGE, R. H., 2nd *Lieutenant*, King's Liverpool Regiment.
BOOCOCK, B., Canadian Expeditionary Force.
BOOCOCK, W. N., (wounded) 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
BRADLEY, B., 2nd *Lieutenant*, K.R.R.C.
BUCKLEY, J., Artists' Rifle Corps.
BURGE, B. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Fusiliers.
BYRNE, A. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Lovat's Scouts.
CADIC, B. F., *Lieutenant*, Royal Garrison Artillery.
CAWKELL, E., H.A.C.
CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., 2nd *Lieutenant*, King's Liverpool Regiment.
CHAMBERLAIN, W. G., Royal Fusiliers.
CHENNY, H. J., *Captain*, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).
CLAPHAM, A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, East Yorkshire Regiment.
COLLISON, B., 2nd *Lieutenant*, King's Liverpool Regiment.

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COLLISON, O., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 CONNOR, E., 2nd Lieutenant, South Lancashire Regiment.
 CREAM, G. J. (wounded), Lieutenant, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
 CROSKELL, A. C., 2nd Lieutenant, Bedfordshire Regiment.
 CORRY, E., 2nd Lieutenant.
 DAWES, Rev. W. S., Chaplain to the Forces.
 DANIEL, P., R.A.M.C.
 DOBSON, J. I., 2nd Lieutenant, Sherwood Foresters.
 DUNBAR, T. O'C., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.
 FARMER, H. C. M., 2nd Lieutenant, K.R.R.C.
 FARRELL, G. E., 2nd Lieutenant, Leinster Regiment.
 FEENEY, E., Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Air Service.
 GATELEY, A. J., 2nd Lieutenant, King's Liverpool Regiment.
 GAYNOR, G., 2nd Lieutenant.
 GOODALL, W. C., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 GOSS, F. H., Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
 GREAVES, T. E. (wounded), Hussars.
 HALL, G. F. M., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Berkshire Regiment.
 HARDMAN, B., 9th Cavalry (Reserve) Regiment.
 HARRISON, R., 2nd Lieutenant, East Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry.
 HAYNES, R., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 HEFFERNAN, W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Irish Fusiliers.
 HINES, C. W., Captain, Durham Light Infantry.
 HONAN, M. B., Lieutenant, South Lancashire Regiment.
 HUDDLESTON, R. M. C., Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 HUNTINGTON, R., 2nd Lieutenant, Somersetshire Light Infantry.
 HUNTINGTON, T., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Fusiliers.
 JOHNSTONE, B., Captain, West Kent Regiment (*Adjutant of 7th Bn. Royal Warwickshire Regiment*).
 KELLY, A. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.
 KEVILL, J. B., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 KILLEA, P. J., Lanarkshire Yeomanry.
 LANCASTER, C. J. B., 2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.
 LEE, J. E., Highland Light Infantry.
 LINDSAY, G. W., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 LISTON, W. P. St L., 2nd Lieutenant, Leinster Regiment.
 LONG, F. W., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 LONG, W. C., Major, I.R.A.M.C.
 LOVELL, S. C. A., Ceylon Mounted Rifles.
 McCABE, H. R., Lieutenant, Black Watch.
 MACDERMOTT, G., 2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.

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McDONALD, D. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Cameronians (attached to Transvaal Scottish).
 McEVoy, P., King Edward's Horse.
 MACKAY, C., Lieutenant, Leinster Regiment.
 MACKAY, F. E.
 McKENNA, P., Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Battalion).
 MACPHERSON, J., R.F.A.
 MARTIN, H. A., 2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.
 MARTIN, M., 2nd Lieutenant.
 MARTIN, W. A., Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools Battalion).
 MARWOOD, B., 2nd Lieutenant, King's Liverpool Regiment.
 MARWOOD, C., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 MORICE, G. F., Royal Engineers.
 MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A. D., 2nd Lieutenant, Munster Fusiliers.
 MURPHY, P., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 NAREY, P., Prince of Wales' Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
 NEAL, A., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 NEVILL, G. W. H., 2nd Lieutenant, South African Forces.
 NEVILL, J. H. G. (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.
 NEVILLE, M. M., Lieutenant, Worcestershire Regiment.
 O'DOWD, Fleet Paymaster, H.M.S. "Devonshire."
 PARLE, J., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 PIKE, J., Gloucestershire Regiment.
 PIKE, S., 1st Assam Light Horse.
 PRESTON, E.
 POWER, D. M.B., Royal Navy, H.M.S. "St. George."
 PRIMAVESI, C.
 REARDON, J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 RILEY, J., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 ROBERTSON, J.
 ROBERTSON, R.
 ROCHFORD, C., Hertfordshire Yeomanry.
 ROCHFORD, C. E., Captain, Royal Fusiliers.
 ROCHFORD, H., H.A.C.
 SHARP, W. S., Dispatch Rider.
 SIMPSON, C. R., 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Hussars.
 SINNOTT, R., Yorkshire Regiment.
 SMITH, J. R., Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
 SMITH, R. C., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Fusiliers.
 STOURTON, E. P. J. (wounded), Captain The Honble., K.O.Y.L.I.
 TEELING, A. M. A. T. DE L., Lieutenant (killed), Norfolk Regiment.
 TEELING, T. F. P. B. J. (Prisoner of War), 2nd Lieutenant, K.O.S.B.

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- TEMPLE, J. A. C., Sharpshooters (City of London Yeomanry).
 TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G., *Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.
 TRAYNOR, D., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 WALSH, M. P. (*wounded*), *Captain*, A.V.C.
 WEIGHILL, E. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, Alexandra Princess of Wales' Yorkshire Regiment.
 WILLIAMS, L., *2nd Lieutenant*, South Wales Borderers.
 WILLIAMS, O. M., *Captain*, Monmouthshire Regiment.
 WOOD, B., British South Africans.
 WORSLEY-WORSWICK, R., *Dispatch Rider*.
 WRIGHT, A. F. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.
 WRIGHT, H. D. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.
 WRIGHT, M. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.
 YOUNG, A. D., Somersetshire Light Infantry.
 YOUNG, W. D., Australian Contingent.
- Sandhurst.*
 MARTIN, E. B. J.
Osborne.
 BIGGOOD, J. W.
Note.—PIERRE VUYLSTEKE is serving in the Belgian Army.

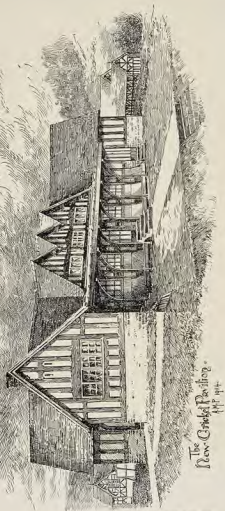
The following additional names reached us after we had gone to press :
 BARNEWALL, R. N. F., and *Lieutenant* the Honble., Leinster Regiment.
 HAWKSWELL, W., Prince of Wales' Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
 MCKILLOP, J., Highland Light Infantry.
 MARTIN, C., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, O., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, W., Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 QUINN, J., R.A.M.C.
 SMITH, P., South African Forces.
 SWARBRECK, C., South African Forces.
 WEBSTER, L. B., Canadian Forces.

THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION- STONE OF THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

THE foundation-stone of the Preparatory School was laid on the feast of All Monks, by Fr Abbot, in the presence of His Lordship Bishop Hedley, the community and boys. The architects, Messrs Powell & Worthy, were represented by Mr Michael Worthy. A section of the Ampleforth contingent of the O.T.C. formed a guard of honour for Bishop Hedley. When the ceremonies and prayers of the ritual were accomplished, and the stone duly laid, His Lordship, who was that day celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of his reception of the monastic habit, delivered an address. He said that it gave him great pleasure to assist at that ceremony, and he offered his congratulations and good wishes to the Abbot and community of St Lawrence's on that commencement of another extension of their venerable house. Since the day, sixty-eight years ago, when he came as a boy to Ampleforth, he had seen one enlargement after another. The old central block, which was all there was in those days, used to look very charming and homely on the hillside as one approached from the valley. The church, on the foundations of which he had been happy to work as a novice, made a great difference both to the monks and boys. He was in the community when the foundation-stone of the East Block of the School was laid, and he had had the privilege of laying the foundation-stone of the new monastery. Then there had come the Theatre and the Gymnasium, and there had been much work besides of a useful kind. He trusted he might say that this steady expansion was a mark of the blessing of God upon that Community and School. It was a privilege and a duty of each generation to add stone to stone, and roof to roof, not for private profit or vanity, not even for the benefit of the Order, but in the end and chiefly for the promotion of God's kingdom upon earth; and therefore of each generation of builders it might be said, as it was said of Jerusalem of old, "Blessed are they that shall build thee up."

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The building now begun was to be a Preparatory School for Ampleforth College. Every one who had any experience of secondary education knew how necessary were schools for boys too young to be admitted to the routine of a Public School, where boys should be old enough to look after themselves. There were preparatory schools of many kinds, but he welcomed particularly a preparatory school in connection with a large school for older boys. Schools for young boys in some instances were too soft, indulgent and maternal. But in their case, with their experience and ideals, they might hope for a training which would be impersonal, consistent, and free from sentimentality. He therefore wished every success to that building and to the school of St Lawrence's. The older one grew, and the more one realized how sadly lives were spoilt by lack of guidance, by want of effort, and by absence of opportunity, the more one longed for the spread of judicious education—education begun early, carried on perseveringly, and not finished till a man had his hands on the definite work of his life. He hoped that that building would soon be finished, and filled by a sturdy race of youngsters who would in time take their rank in the school itself which had such honourable traditions; a young race, who, while they took in the Ampleforth spirit and the Ampleforth scenery, and felt the West wind on their brows, and watched the summer and winter sunsets on that horizon that they loved so well, would learn to uphold and to enhance in the days to come the name and fame of their Alma Mater.



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THE NEW PAVILION

THE new Pavilion is now quite completed, and in this number of the JOURNAL we publish a drawing of it by Dom Maurus. The building is in every way worthy of the School, and we are justly proud of it. Next season we shall be better able to speak of its utility; at present we are only able to admire. It is spacious, well fitted, and far from inelegant. As it stands twelve feet above the actual cricket ground it commands an excellent view of the whole field. May it offer kindly hospitality to many generations of Ampleforth cricketers!

Before the war some of the Old Boys had started a fund to help towards its erection. We publish the list of subscribers. Needless to say the fund was closed with the advent of war. All good Englishmen have now more pressing and urgent appeals to meet in the relief of distress and in the promotion of patriotic objects.

The following list was sent to us by the organizer and treasurer of the fund, Mr J. P. Raby; and to all subscribers, more especially to the treasurer himself, we extend our grateful thanks.

J. P. Raby, Esq., £25; J. W. Unsworth, Esq., £2 2s.; J. P. Smith, Esq., £20; J. Basil Smith, Esq., £1; J. L. Hope, Esq., 5s.; M. B. Honan, Esq., £2 2s.; R. Brown, Esq., £1 1s.; A. J. McCann, Esq., £1; J. A. Ruddin, Esq., £5 5s.; E. Massey, Esq., £1 1s.; P. McEvoy, Esq., £1 1s.; H. Greenwood, Esq., £1 1s.; E. Rochford, Esq., £1 1s.; H. Rochford, Esq., £2 2s.; G. McDermott, Esq., £2; Mrs. Dalby, £2 2s.; R. Barton, Esq., £5 5s.; Captain Honble. E. Stourton, £1 1s.; S. Cravos, Esq., £10 10s.; J. E. Burge, Esq., £1 1s.; G. C. Gaynor, Esq., £1; O. Williams, Esq., £1 1s.; H. R. Hodgkinson, Esq., £3 3s.; G. W. Farrell, Esq., £5; Anonymous, £20; The Ampleforth Society, £10; John Forshaw, Esq., £5; J. Stanton, Esq., £1 1s.; C. Rochford, Esq., £2 2s.; Captain Johnstone, 10s. 6d.; J. Ainscough, Esq., £2 2s.; F. Gibbons, Esq., £5 5s.; T. Ainscough, Esq., £3 3s.; P. Williams, Esq., £1; J. H. Kevill, Esq., 10s. 6d.; J. Ainscough, Esq., £2; A. H. Robinson, Esq., £1 1s.; W. Hawkeswell, Esq., 10s. 6d.; E. Hawkeswell, Esq., 10s. 6d.

LECTURES

MR L. W. HUNTER

MR L. W. HUNTER, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, who spent a few days with us in September, gave us another of his stimulating lectures on classical subjects. This time his subject was Vergil. The appeal of Vergil is peculiarly elusive and personal. The rare magic of a phrase can be communicated to others, but not perhaps the stir and flight of emotion which it arouses. We must in person enter the enchanted circle if we would know its witchery. Yet Mr Hunter did achieve the impossible. He cast around the personality of the poet the true "Vergilian" atmosphere which we feel when we read the poems, but cannot articulate. Perhaps our minds were attuned to this atmosphere; for when Mr Hunter spoke of the Georgics, we seemed to see the fair fields of France and Belgium bowing under the red sickle, so that we thought with a new affection of the poet who loved the cattle and the harvest toil, and the gentle gods of field and homestead.

PRIOR CUMMINS, O.S.B.

On November 13th Prior Cummins read us a most interesting paper on Newburgh Priory and the Fauconbergs, who are so intimately connected with our local history. Part of the paper is printed in this number of the JOURNAL, so we can leave our readers to judge of its quality for themselves. We will only say that it was much enjoyed by us, and that we are very grateful to Prior Cummins. The second part will appear in some future number of the JOURNAL.

MR HILAIRE BELLOC

Mr Hilaire Belloc's lecture to the School on the Strategy of the War was of more than ordinary interest. During the past four months many of us in England have learned to regard Mr Belloc as the sole interpreter of the awful, mysterious drama that is being played out in West and East. Very little of the daily news is intelligible to the non-technical reader, and Mr Belloc's strategic insight and his unrivalled knowledge of the country have been an invaluable help to-

Lectures

wards some understanding of the situation. In this lecture, after a luminous exposition of the fundamental principles of all strategy—"the art of bringing up two men against one"—Mr Belloc dealt with the question of the numbers involved in the present struggle. Of the three periods of the war the first, that in which the Germanic Powers were in greatly superior numbers, had passed; the second, in which that superiority is being equalized, is now nearing its conclusion; and the third period, in which the Allies will probably establish a superiority of numbers, will begin, said the lecturer, in January or February.

Mr Belloc then proceeded to the main subject of his lecture. He explained the various movements of the armies up to date, guiding us in each case to the ideas of the General Staff which dictated those movements. The military feats which Mr Belloc specially praised were the retreats of General Von Kluck and General Smith-Dorrien; and although he bade us beware of national self-esteem, Mr Belloc's description of the Retreat from Mons will be a living memory to those who heard it.

But perhaps the most interesting point in the lecture was Mr Belloc's exposition of the key-principle of French strategy. This principle was discovered by Captain Gilbert, a member of the French General Staff, during his study of Napoleon's campaigns, and is known as the principle of the *Bataillon carré*. The idea is to have four forces, each occupying one corner of a square, and in such strength that the corner attacked can retreat, manœuvre, and hold the enemy, until the other forces come up and deal their blow wherever they please. In pursuance of this principle the French met the German advance with one corner of their square on the Mons-Namur line, another in the neighbourhood of Verdun, and the other two somewhere in the West and South. The result amply vindicated the principle, for, as Mr Belloc pointed out, it was the presence of these two strong reserve forces on the West and South that compelled the German retreat from Paris, and caused the pinning of the enemy on the line which he now holds. Mr Belloc's clarity of thought and expression was never more happily demonstrated than in this lecture;

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when he handles an abstract idea, it becomes a vivid reality. Our best thanks are due to him for an inspiring lecture.

MR WILFRID WARD

Mr Wilfrid Ward favoured us with two lectures on English Journalism, more particularly on the golden age of the Monthly Reviews in the nineteenth century. The usual distinction between Literature and Journalism he attributed rather to temperamental requirements than to intrinsic differences of subject matter. He illustrated his thesis with many examples of the waywardness of the artistic spirit and its restiveness under journalistic conditions. The most noticeable, besides the cases of Samuel Johnson and Charles Lamb, were S. T. Coleridge's unreliability and Dickens' selfishness. Perhaps the most striking proof that a great man of letters is not necessarily a good journalist was the failure of the *Reader*, which had on its staff all the most eminent writers of Mid-Victorian Literature.

The causes of success he attributed to character, as in the cases of Delane and Hutton, or to *flair* as with Knowles. He gave many instances of their methods. Knowles especially had an instinct for knowing exactly what the public wanted, and a remarkable facility in acquiring full knowledge of a subject in the briefest time. Among many interesting anecdotes there was a curious parallel between Coleridge's invention of a speech for the younger Pitt and Samuel Johnson's similar unscrupulous service for the elder. The lecture closed with a lament over the decay of the higher journalism and the modern lack of ideals and consequent loss of influence.

Mr Hutton of the *Spectator* was the subject of the second lecture, in which Mr Ward gave us an insight into the character of this most high-minded and successful of editors. He narrated from personal experience many stories of Hutton's activities and idiosyncracies in connection with the Metaphysical Society and the Home Rule movement.

Fr Prior, in a happy speech, regretted the Lecturer's exclusion of the Quarterlies from his subject matter, and reminded the School of the influential position the *Dublin* has reached under Mr Ward's guidance

SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE meetings of the Society were resumed on Sunday, September 27th. The usual election took place, the result of which was as follows: Secretary, Mr Le Fèvre; Committee, Mr Collison, Mr Power and Mr Lintner. The new members were then admitted, and in public business Mr Le Fèvre moved "That this House approves of Conscription." He was opposed by Mr Lynch. The motion was lost by a large majority.

On Sunday, October 4th, there was a debate on the motion "That this House agrees with Sir Percy Scott's views on our naval requirements," moved by Mr Rochford and opposed by Mr Gerrard. After a good debate the motion was lost by 14 votes to 24.

At the third meeting of the term, Mr Lintner read a paper on "Robert Browning."

The fourth meeting was held on Sunday, October 18th. In public business there was a debate on the motion "That in the present European crisis the Colonies are a source of danger to England," proposed by Mr Barnewall, opposed by Mr Morrogh-Bernard. The debate was adjourned until October 25th, when it was continued by Mr Power and Mr Collison. The motion was lost by 12 votes to 24.

The sixth meeting was held on Sunday, November 1st, when Mr Ainscough read a paper on "Nelson."

At the seventh meeting, which took place on November 8th, Mr Liston was the first speaker on the motion, "That International Law should be abolished." He was opposed by Mr Rochford. The motion was lost by 3 votes to 33.

The eighth meeting was held on Sunday, November 29th, when, in private business, Mr Lintner was elected secretary in place of Mr Le Fèvre, who had resigned his office. In public business Mr Le Fèvre read a very interesting and amusing paper on "The Pickwick Papers."

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The ninth meeting was held on Sunday, December 6th, when Mr Agnew moved "That Party government has proved a failure." He was opposed by Mr Allanson. The motion was rejected by 21 votes to 20.

At the last meeting of the term, held on Sunday, December 13th, Mr Barton moved "That the Censorship of the Press was a menace to the Nation." Mr Gibbons was the first speaker against the motion, which was lost by 9 votes to 30.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

THE 242nd meeting of the Society, and the first of the session, was held on September 27th, and was occupied with private business. The Hon. G. Plunkett and Mr Bévenot, and the members of the Lower Third, were voted into the Society, which then proceeded to elect officials. Mr McArdle was elected Secretary, and the Hon. M. Scott, Mr J. Paton Douglas and Mr L. Knowles to serve on the Committee.

At the 243rd meeting, on October 4th, the motion before the House was "That the methods of warfare before the introduction of explosives are preferable to those of modern times." Mr V. Cravos was the mover. He said that modern methods of warfare were a matter of money and mechanism, any one with a proper spirit would prefer that the man, and not the machinery, should win the battle. When he had pictured Marathon fought under modern war methods, he called attention to the dire destruction wrought in Belgium at the present moment by the use of explosives.

Mr D. Rochford opposed. He argued that modern warfare bore witness to the "march of mind." Intelligence and ingenuity played a far more important part in the battles of to-day than ever before, and who would dare to say that this conflict of minds was not nobler than mere material strife?

Mr. Bradley justified the use of explosives on the ground that "All's fair in love and war." Mr Spiller contended that in olden times the men had to keep more "fit," this occupied them and prevented the laziness consequent on slacker methods. Mr Moran argued that explosives are a means of

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saving much time. They can do in a day that which would take weeks if they were not used.

Messrs Douglas, Robinson, Fitzgerald, J. Gerrard, S. Cravos, Hawkswell, C. Power, P. Blackledge, A. Pollack, Greenwood, P. Ffield, D. Collison, Davey and Cuddon also spoke.

An adjournment was proposed, but rejected by vote. When the House divided, 21 supported the motion, 27 opposed.

On October 11th, at the 244th meeting, Mr Forbes moved "That the Censorship during the present war has been too strict." Admitting the need of some censorship, he said a great deal of unnecessary anxiety had been caused by not supplying reliable information in good time about what was going on at the front. Many false rumours got about which ought to have been denied at once in an official way, and a proper statement of the case put before the public. He went on to show the hardship it was to the men who are fighting to be so cut off from their relations at home.

Mr Baines, in opposing, pointed out that the first consideration is the gaining of victory, and all else must be put second. Anxiety, he said, is inevitable at such a time, and is part of the cost of victory. We are daily finding out how perfect is the German system of spies in this country, and we cannot afford to take the slightest risks. The lessons learnt from the Boer war must be put in practice, and we ought to rejoice that our statesmen are so careful.

When seventeen members had taken part in the debate, 18 voted in favour of the motion, 27 against.

At the 245th meeting, on October 18th, Br Bernard was present as a visitor. The motion before the House was "That mankind was happier before the time of modern inventions."

Mr H. Greenwood moved. He said that the coming of inventions meant great sacrifice of human life, for they introduced an age of accidents. Their aim seemed to be to reduce the work that man himself would perform; this means that opportunities for idleness would be increased. No reasonable man would welcome such an innovation. The savagery of modern warfare was another of the curses brought into the world by the craze for inventions.

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Mr J. Paton Douglas, in opposition, showed how the modern inventions had improved the lives of the poor, for they made it possible to produce things that were necessary for comfort at a small cost. He called attention to the easy methods of communication that are the blessings of the present day.

Mr Hawkswell said that before the modern inventions the absence of factories made town life much more healthy. Mr Robinson remarked that since the coming of machinery the numbers of the poor have increased to an enormous extent. Mr Bévenot said that before so much machinery was used people learnt the salutary lesson of doing without. Eighteen other members also spoke.

There voted, for the motion 19, against 30.

The 246th meeting was held on October 25th. Mr Davey moved "That the advertisements of the present day are a curse to the nation." He said that the nation was being ruined by its neglect of natural food. It was persuaded by quick advertisements to eat the silly patent foods, and to take the useless and often injurious concoctions called medicines,—this all tended to weaken the health of the people. Again, the poor were influenced to spend their hard-earned savings on useless things, and the spirit of thrift was destroyed and distress caused. He added that the wisdom of the people was lowered still further by the untrue and foolish things they were taught to accept as trustworthy.

Mr Spiller, in opposing, said that unfortunately the value of good things is not recognized readily at the present day, and it is therefore necessary that the owners of these good things should let the public know what blessings are at their disposal, and how was this good work to be done without advertisements? Advertisements increase trade, and that means that the things can be sold at a cheaper rate. Hence, the people are benefited in this way also. He also showed the need of the advertising column for the unemployed.

Mr Power justified the motor advertisements on the country roads by the assistance they gave to the motorist in the difficulties of a breakdown.

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When Messrs Lee, Forbes, Massey, R. Dillon, D. Rochford, F. Ainscough, H. Barton, Marsden, Moran, Blackledge, Dalby, Hodge, Cuddon, Jungmann, M. Smith, L. Knowles, J. Douglas, P. MacDonnell, McArdle and Hawkswell had spoken, Mr E. Robinson moved an adjournment, which was seconded by the Hon. M. Scott, and carried by vote.

At the 247th meeting, on November 7th, the Hon. M. Scott re-introduced the motion of the last meeting, and laid stress on the disfigurement of the beautiful scenery of this country by hideous advertisements. He went on to show how unfortunate people were trapped into emigrating to Canada and elsewhere by the pictures which promised a paradise of delights in the new country, the reality proving this to be an idle dream.

Mr E. Robinson, speaking for the opposition, showed the vast amount of trouble that was saved by people receiving useful and necessary information through the medium of advertisements, and traced the adventures of a would-be purchaser of a country villa.

After some further discussion the motion was put to the vote, and found only 12 supporters, against 31 for the opposition.

At the 248th meeting, on November 8th, Mr C. Power moved "That compulsory military service was necessary for this country." He said that if this method of raising an army had been in use in this country there would never have been any war at the present moment, for Germany would not have dared to face us. He called attention to the fact that certain sections of the people are not doing their share in the defence of the country, and that the motion he was introducing was the only sure way of making them bear their part of the burden.

Mr Rennick, in opposing, argued that quality is more important than quantity, and that the spirit of our voluntary fighters could never be equalled by that of an army composed of unwilling units. He saw in Mr Power's motion a clear threat of the curse of Militarism, against which we are supposed to be fighting, a spirit that leads to a destruction of the moral sense and which brutalizes the people. He urged that the extension of the O.T.C. system would do much to prepare us for any emergency.

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Twenty-six members took part in the debate, and the voting showed 17 supporters of the motion, whereas 29 opposed.

The 249th meeting of the Society, on November 16th, considered the motion "That professionalism ruins sport." Mr Bradley was the mover, and Mr F. MacDonnell the opposer. Messrs D. Rochford, Hodge, Hawkswell, Douglas, A. Pollack, G. Ainscough, C. Power, Fitzgerald, Bévenot, V. Cravos, Marsden, Cuddon, L. Pollack, Spiller, Jungmann and Blackledge took part.

For the motion, 32 votes were given, against 16.

On November 22nd the fifth Jubilee meeting of the Society was honoured in a special way by the presence of Father Abbot. Fathers Wilfrid and Illyd, and Brothers Bernard and Alexius, were also present.

Mr McArdle moved "That the construction of a channel tunnel would be a great benefit to this country." He said we had had recent evidence for the need of a tunnel. A much quicker transport of troops to the Continent would have been possible with such a construction at our disposal. Again, the Commerce between this country and the Continent would be much improved if the difficulty of having to handle the goods so frequently could be done away with. There would be no danger to us, he was sure, for we could easily destroy the tunnel if it were necessary to do so for the safety of England.

Mr A. Dillon opposed. He denied the statement that the tunnel would benefit this country, for he called attention to the fact that the shipping trade would naturally be injured by such a change in the mode of reaching this land, and certainly it would greatly facilitate an import that was very unwelcome,—the undesirable alien. He laid stress on the difficulty of the different gauges used on the English and the French railways, and further, remembering the cleverness of the German spy, he said we had no security against an enemy getting possession of the tunnel for that length of time which was necessary for the ruin of this land.

Many members spoke in the debate, but very few new points were brought forward. Father Abbot addressed the

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meeting, and called attention to some points worthy of notice against the scheme which had not been mentioned. He also urged the members to make full use of the debates by practising speaking without notes, or at least with very brief ones.

The Chairman, in thanking Father Abbot for attending the meeting, said that the Society had been founded just about twelve years ago, and it was an interesting fact that they had present, in the persons of Fr Illyd and Br Alexius, the mover and opposer at the first meeting.

At the 251st meeting of the Society, on November 29th, Mr A. Pollack moved "That the results of this war will be beneficial to this country." He argued that the awakening of this country from a condition of sloth and luxury to a sense of responsibility and self-sacrifice, and the wonderful exhibition of unity within the British Empire, were benefits that could not be estimated. He also dwelt on the material benefits which would result in the increase of trade when once the conflict was over.

Mr Marsden, in opposing, spoke of the terrible taxation that would inevitably result—this would mean an impoverished nation. Then there was the appalling toll of human life and suffering to be taken into account. He disagreed with the mover as to the effect on Commerce. To him the war spelt ruin for our trade.

Mr Spiller called attention to the revival of religion in the nation. Mr Blackledge found a solution of the problem of the unemployed in the war,—let them join the ranks.

An adjournment, proposed by Mr Power, and seconded by Mr Bradley, was rejected.

Fifteen other members spoke.

The motion was carried by 25 votes to 21.

On December 6th, at the 252nd meeting, Mr Cuddon moved "That the laws concerning the immigration of aliens should be much stricter." Mr T. B. Fishwick opposed. Messrs Power, Massey, L. Knowles, Douglas, S. Cravos, Greenwood, Smith, Browne, Hodge, G. Ainscough, F. Ainscough, Davey, Bradley, Jungmann, J. Loughran, McArdle and the Hon. M. Scott took part in the debate.

For the motion, 25 members voted, 22 against.

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At the 253rd meeting, on December 15th, Br Alexius occupied the chair, and Brothers Louis and Ignatius were present as visitors. The motion before the House was "That the nationalization of the railways would be a good thing for this country."

Mr M. Smith was the mover. He laid stress on the various ways in which expenses would be reduced if the railways were nationalized, and showed how this would re-act to the benefit of the traveller. He saw no reason to expect a lowering of the standard of efficiency in a railway that was under the control of the State rather than under private companies.

Mr Massey argued ably for the opposition. He showed the advantages of alternate routes, and how effective competition was in securing speed with safety, as well as the comfort of the passenger. He drew a sad picture of the poor, oppressed traveller in the land of officialdom—Germany—tyrannized over by uniforms and cocked hats.

Mr Forbes dwelt on the impracticability of the suggestion from the financial point of view. Mr Greenwood was sure that nationalization meant degeneration. There also spoke Messrs Robinson, Marsden, Spiller, Davey, Moran, D. Collison, Cuddon, Bévenot, R. Dillon, S. Cravos.

The motion received 11 votes, and was opposed by 33.

The customary vote of thanks brought the meeting and session to a close.

SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

Mercredi 23 Septembre, neuvième réunion de la Société, sous la présidence du R. P. Illy, successeur du R. P. Joseph. Étaient présents le R. P. Adrian, F. Cyril, et quinze membres. M. Lynch fut élu Secrétaire, et MM. Kelly, Power et W. Rochford membres du Comité.

Cette réunion purement préliminaire ne comportait pas de conférence, et le temps fut à peine suffisant pour traiter les affaires nécessaires.

Après une discussion animée et très intéressante, l'Assemblée vota les résolutions suivantes : 1. le Secrétaire se chargera de préparer la salle pour les réunions ; 2. le Comité veillera à ce que, chaque mercredi, il y ait débat ou conférence et un nombre suffisant d'orateurs ; 3. à l'avenir les nouveaux membres seront admis après scrutin de la Société et devront réunir au moins la majorité des voix. Dans un bel élan de zèle la Société se déclara prête à donner, chaque trimestre, une représentation dans le théâtre en présence du Collège.

La Société passa ensuite un vote de remerciements à l'ex-Président, que le Comité s'engagea à lui faire parvenir par lettre.

Le Président termina la réunion par quelques mots sur le but de la Société, "joindre l'utile à l'agréable," et il souhaita à la Société une longue et heureuse carrière, dont sa jeunesse robuste donne de si belles promesses.

Mercredi 30 Septembre, dixième réunion de la Société. Étaient présents le Président, le Vice-Président, le R. P. Adrian et treize membres de la Société. Deux nouveaux membres MM. Bévenot et Unsworth furent admis et l'on procéda ensuite aux affaires publiques. M. Welsh lut une conférence sur "La Correspondance diplomatique qui précéda la guerre Européenne."

M. Welsh parla d'abord de l'ultimatum envoyé par l'Autriche à la Serbie, et expliqua brièvement les communications échangées entre les différents ambassadeurs, jusqu'au moment où l'Angleterre se vit dans l'obligation de déclarer la guerre à l'Allemagne pour répondre à la violation de la

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neutralité de la Belgique. Cette correspondance démontre la parfaite sincérité de l'Angleterre et des Alliés, et démasque la duplicité et l'hypocrisie de l'Allemagne. L'Autriche ne fut qu'un instrument entre les mains d'une diplomatie rusée et sans scrupules. Les Allemands crurent le moment propice de déclarer la guerre qu'ils préparaient depuis plus de vingt ans ; leur organisation militaire était à l'apogée de sa perfection ; la France, croyaient-ils, n'était pas prête et était plongée dans l'anarchie ; la Russie n'était pas encore remise de la guerre du Japon ; l'Angleterre, menacée d'une guerre civile, était impuissante ; cet ensemble de circonstances constituait une occasion unique de frapper le grand coup, occasion qu'il ne fallait à aucun prix laisser échapper. Les relations tendues entre l'Autriche et la Serbie fournirent le prétexte désiré, et une guerre Européenne éclata. Quelle erreur que celle des Allemands ! Ils ont armé contre eux quatre nations, non pas affaiblies comme ils le pensaient, mais pleines d'enthousiasme et de force virile, unies dans la ferme résolution de ne déposer les armes que le jour où le militarisme prussien sera à tout jamais écrasé.

Le F. Cyril, MM. Kelly, Power, Lintner, Barnewall, Gerrard et Moran, prirent part au débat.

Mercredi 14 Octobre, onzième réunion de la Société. M. Kelly présenta la thèse que "la civilisation est nuisible aux indigènes des pays sauvages." "La civilisation," dit-il, détruit la plénitude de la virilité et le charme de la vie naturelle telle que Dieu nous l'a donnée, et y substitue un luxe amollissant et une vie artificielle.

Mettez-vous à la place d'un sauvage : aimeriez-vous qu'un Européen tâtilon arrivât dans votre pays pour vous démontrer que vous avez tort en tout et que vous ne savez pas vivre ? Et quel bénéfice retire le sauvage, lorsque l'homme blanc a mis le pied dans son pays et bouleversé toutes ses idées ? Il n'y a plus de place pour lui dans sa patrie ; l'Européen a besoin de tout son territoire ; finalement il est relégué à l'arrière plan, et même là il ne trouve ni bonheur ni sécurité. Laissez donc le sauvage tranquille dans son heureuse ignorance où il

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sait trouver tout ce qui est nécessaire à sa vie, sans les entraves de la civilisation, qui, après tout, n'est qu'un mode d'existence artificielle.

Il conclut par ces vers de Ronsard :

Ce n'est pas sans un travail énorme,
Sans d'immenses douleurs qu'un Etat se transforme.
Ce long enfantement d'un monde jeune et fort
A des convulsions comme en aura la mort.

Et, comme une arrière pensée, le poète ajoute :

Vraiment ça ne vaut pas la peine.

M. Gerrard soutint l'opinion contraire. "L'homme, dit-il, est un être intelligent qui a reçu de Dieu des puissances merveilleuses mais non développées. C'est son droit et même son devoir de cultiver et de perfectionner ces dons jusqu'à leur plus haut degré. La civilisation lui en fournit le moyen ; elle lui donne non pas un bonheur basé sur la satisfaction des instincts naturels et borné par d'étroites limites, mais une félicité plus haute, un horizon plus large, plein de nobles idées et de sentiments d'une humanité plus élevée. Dans les pays sauvages la force prime le droit, et par suite il n'y a pas de justice ; il n'y a de liberté que pour les forts, et ils en jouissent jusqu'au jour où un plus fort vient les en déposséder."

M. Moran fait remarquer que l'Australie et l'Amérique du Nord fournissent la preuve de cette thèse ; ces contrées étaient autrefois peuplées de sauvages qui maintenant n'existent plus ; évidemment, si l'on se place à leur point de vue, la civilisation a été pour eux un fléau.

M. Lintner fait observer que la civilisation n'est pas l'œuvre d'un jour ; il faut des siècles pour en constater les fruits. Les contrées européennes, autrefois sauvages, démontrent les bienfaits de la civilisation.

M. Welsh s'efforce de supporter la motion par des arguments tirés de la nature. Les fleurs sauvages, dit-il, sont plus gracieuses et plus vivaces que les fleurs cultivées. Les efforts

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pour embellis la nature aboutissent le plus souvent à l'enlaidir. Laissez donc le sauvage dans son état de nature où il est heureux et libre.

M. Power dit que le seul criterium sûr est l'expérience et que, pour lui, il préfère être et rester civilisé : si MM. Kelly et Welsh aiment mieux retourner à l'état sauvage, c'est tant pis pour eux.

MM. Rochford, Bévenot et Ffield présentèrent aussi des observations.

La motion mise aux voix fut rejetée par 9 votes contre 6.

[*Editor's Note.*—We have received other interesting accounts of further debates, but regret not having room to insert them in this number.]

MONTHLY SPEECHES

NOVEMBER.—Largely a "patriotic" evening. The vast majority of the verse recited was by living authors. Yet it was, we felt, not adequate to the occasion which has produced it. Britain, perhaps, is proving herself to be greater than her bards. If so, that is our best assurance that English Poetry has still a glorious future. But any patriotic collection which includes Mrs Meynell's "Summer in England, 1914," will hold one gem of the first water. We wonder if poems like it are being produced by our enemies. If so, the "Hymn of Hate" will find itself in unexpectedly high society. The "Tirpitz Touch" was a neat piece of humour in the best *Punch* manner. Perhaps the most enjoyable performance was the excerpt from *Alice in Wonderland*. Cooper was a finished Hatter, and moved easily in a *milieu* of bread and butter and gratuitous information.

PIANOFORTE SOLO (Two Valses)	Scott
CLIFTON CHAPEL	T. KELLY.
SUMMER IN ENGLAND	C. KNOWLES.
THE DANDY FIFTH	L. BEVENOT
FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE	T. V. WELSH
TO THE BELGIANS	C. J. FFIELD
INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH CAMP	T. KELLY
THE BRITISH LION	HAWKESWELL
THE TIRPITZ TOUCH	T. M. WRIGHT
THE BATTLE OF THE BIGHT	R. J. CHENEY
PIANOFORTE SOLO ("MARCIA GUCISA")	C. H. GILBERT
SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON BELGIUM	D. M. ROCHFORD
A MAD TEA PARTY	G. A. LINTNER
	Alice, E. FORSTER
	The Hatter, F. A. COOPER
	The March Hare, C. E. J. CARY-ELWES
	The Dormouse, R. T. SYKES

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December.—The audience was evidently greatly taken with the scene from *Alice in Wonderland*, acted by a "large company" of the younger boys. It was a kindly thought to equip the imperious Duchess with some very Teutonic retainers. Among the other speeches we liked Whittier, but did not like the verses on the Chilean naval disaster. It will surely be a problem for our children's children that our poets at a crisis in the nation's history have produced so little that can be called inspired poetry amid such a deluge of commonplace verse. If any German critic is looking for a powerful argument to support the oft-repeated charge of England's decadence we make him a present of this topical verse. Perhaps it is that our poets are still outside the fray. Perhaps when our citizen army takes the field we shall get something with the true ring in it. But as yet we should set against the epitaph on the heroes of Thermopylae, not Watson or Binyon or even Kipling, but—General French's dispatches. For the scenes from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* we were very grateful. The acting was good and the speaking in some cases quite excellent. The following was the programme:

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR DYING	J. BARTON	Anonymous
THE DEBT	L. KNOWLES	E. V. Lucas
PIANOFORTE SOLO (ALLEGRO from Sonata No. 9)	I. BEVENOT	Beethoven
THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	R. G. EMERY	Tennyson
PEGASUS IN POUND	G. P. CRONK	Longfellow
THE PIPES OF LUCKNOW	L. LANCASTER	Whittier
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND	B. M. WRIGHT	Campbell
THE ARMY OF THE DEAD	W. WILDERFORCE	Barry Pain
AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROAD	J. K. LOUGHRAN	Padraic Colum
PIANOFORTE SOLO (ALLEGRO from Sonata No. 14)	D. M. ROCHFORD	Mozart
VIOLIN SOLO (ALLEGRETTO)	R. J. POWER	Corelli
THE QUEEN'S CROQUET GROUND ('ALICE IN WONDERLAND')	THE FIRST FORM	Lewis Carroll
JULIUS CAESAR (two Scenes)	KELLY I, WELSH, LISTON I, ALLANSON, UNSWORTH I.	Shakespeare

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

THE contingent was heavily reinforced at the beginning of Term, and very naturally the O.T.C. appeared to all to be the one thing in our school life which called for all our enthusiasm. The names of the new recruits were:

V. J. Bradley, T. M. Wright, P. F. Moran, H. W. Greenwood, J. K. Loughran, G. Harte Barry, P. d'I. Field, R. S. Douglas, P. D. Cravos, E. J. T. B. Bagshawe, Hon. G. Plunkett, J. W. B. Fitzgerald, C. Unsworth, L. D. Chamberlain, F. Davey, L. Bévenot, C. J. Porri, D. Collison, R. J. Browne, W. R. Emery, L. J. S. Jungmann, R. G. Hague, J. R. T. Crawford, G. Ainscough, P. Blackledge, A. F. McDonnell, F. A. D. Morrough-Bernard.

The full strength of the contingent is now 101.

Captain H. A. Barnett, our commanding officer, has been seconded for service as Chaplain to the Forces. He is at present at the front. All our best wishes go with him, and we look for his safe and speedy return. We know full well how much his services will be valued by those with whom he is.

As the contingent has now an authorized establishment of two platoons, a third officer has been necessary, and the Rev. J. D. Maddox has been given a commission.

The following promotions were posted at the beginning of Term:

To be Platoon Sergeants: Sergeant Collison and Corporal Power.
To be Sergeants: Lance-Corporal Smith, Cadet Ainscough.
To be Corporals: Cadets W. Rochford, Lynch, Hon. R. Barnewall, S. Lancaster.
To be Lance-Corporals: Cadets Lintner, McDonald, McMahon.

As in the corresponding term last year the weather decided that smartness in handling the rifle was to be the chief object to be attained before Christmas. The number of drills which took place under cover constitutes a record. But we were able to steal a few marches, which were sadly needed. Owing to the large number of recruits this very important point in the necessary qualifications of a soldier left a great deal to be desired; but, by dint of careful practice, considerable efficiency has been acquired in this respect. In late September

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and early October advantage was taken of the opportunity afforded by the weather for open order drill and practice in attack and defence, but since then little of this has been possible. A good beginning has been made in adapting ourselves to the new Company Drill, and it is to be hoped that next term will see it mastered so that the last part of the year may, as is usual, be given almost exclusively to acquiring steadiness in the field.

The inadequacy of the old orderly room has been recognized. "New and enlarged premises" have been obtained. Headquarters have been established in the more central and more congenial *locus* opposite the clock in the old cloister.

The band has been fortunate in retaining its permanent instructor. It has made solid progress, and has maintained its reputation for usefulness in the route marches. The new members are: C. P. Power, L. Spiller, C. P. St L. Liston, A. H. Dillon.

CAMP

This year the annual camp was held at Hagley Park, near Rugeley. The staff were all officers from the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, with Lieutenant-Colonel Sillem, Assistant Commandant, as Brigadier. Our contingent consisted of forty-six cadets. We formed part of the First Battalion, which was commanded by Major Stewart, K.O.S.B., with Captain Baillie Hamilton, of the Black Watch, as adjutant.

From the very first day the war cloud hung over us. Our military ardour being stimulated by this abnormal excitement, the dull routine of drill and the fatigue of lengthy manoeuvres were forgotten. For a reality was thereby given to the mock warfare, which none had before experienced. A strenuous course of training was devised for us by the staff, and a test of fitness exacted by the long preliminary marches to the training areas, which some of us felt we would better have endured in a "Rugger" season.

Officers Training Corps

We entered for the "Band Contest," and though not prize winners acquitted ourselves, we were informed, with some distinction, receiving commendation for smartness in drill and "turn out." Sergeant Leese, who entered for the Bugle Contest with some forty cadets, was one of the last of the forty to be "weeded out." At one time he was obviously the "favourite," but towards the end of a trying hour he seemed to grow tired.

One other Catholic School—the Oratory—contributed an exceptionally smart contingent to our Battalion, and on Sunday there were present at Mass about one hundred and thirty Catholics, including members of the Staff, drill instructors, and other soldiers on duty in the camp. We are glad to be able to record that these Catholics, from a camp four thousand, contributed one-fifth of the whole collection that was made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association. By an arrangement with the officer commanding the Oratory contingent (Lieutenant James) the Chaplain this year was a member of the Ampleforth community. Next year, if the gods allow of an O.T.C. camp, the chaplain will be one of the Fathers of the Oratory.

The last two days were full of only partially suppressed excitement, and on Monday, when the order came for the fatigue party from the Rifle Brigade to return to their headquarters we gave them a rousing "send off," and some of us were "told off" to chop sticks, to peel potatoes, to dissect joints of meat and generally to fulfil the demands of a military kitchen at the nod of a master cook. Others were selected for post office duties, which vocation was generally voted less engaging, but less strenuous than the "job" of military scullions.

On the Monday afternoon 50 per cent. of tents were struck, and with marvellous expedition the camp was prematurely and dramatically broken up on Tuesday morning. Our contingent had been selected to supply the guard on Monday night. We had good reason for believing that it was

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not likely to prove a sinecure, and accordingly a judicious selection of "Rugger" forwards was made by the O.C. We have only to record that our guard received commendation for their handling of arms and their general steadiness.

MUSKETRY

A series of lectures in musketry were given by the O.C. before he left us, and a thorough grounding was obtained in the theory and principles of musketry. The covered range has already proved its usefulness in enabling us to carry out regular practice. In the classification tests for 1914 we increased the total of 1st classes to 22, and reduced the number of 3rd classes.

The results of the shooting competitions in the Summer term, which were not recorded in the last JOURNAL, were:

"Anderson" Cup	Sergeant Loeke.
Head Master's Cup	Corporal Caldwell.
Officers' Cup	Cadet Agnew.
"Simpson" Rifle	Sergeant Collinson.
(Presented by Mr. G. H. Simpson)	
"Rochford" Rifle	Cadet Barton.
(Presented by Mr. C. Rochford)	

A FIELD DAY

A field day was arranged for Trafalgar Day, October 21st, with St Peter's School, York. Two platoons (Ampleforth O.T.C.) were detailed to form a rearguard to a convoy proceeding from Thirsk to Malton by the moor road. At 10.30 a.m. the enemy (St Peter's, York, O.T.C.) was reported to have left Coxwold, moving in the direction of Byland. The defence took up a strong position on the ridge to the west of the north end of Shallow Dale. A detached group was placed on the hill, to the left of the defenders, overlooking the main approaches from Byland. The reserves were stationed in a small valley, some two hundred yards in the rear of the main defensive position. Shortly after 12.30 p.m. the detached outpost signalled the approach on the left of small numbers

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of the enemy. Actually a considerable force was following under cover of the irregular woods, and eventually a powerful attack developed on this flank. In the meantime a large body of the enemy was observed crossing the open ground facing the main defence. Two sections of reserves were thereupon brought up to strengthen this position, and fire was opened upon the attackers along the whole line. Information was then received of the attack which was developing on the left, and in order to prevent a successful flanking movement the first platoon on the left wing made a steady but quick retirement, and took up a new position to the rear. This necessitated the retirement of the whole line, and when the "Stand Fast" sounded, some three hours after the commencement of hostilities, the defending party was holding the road leading from the moor road to Ampleforth village, a position about eight hundred yards to the rear of that originally taken up.

Colonel H. D. Robson, of the West Surreys, and Captain Barnett, our O.C., who had acted as umpires, held a short and interesting pow-wow. Colonel Robson said he would criticize the operations, taking as his standard that of a highly trained regiment. He pointed out various faults. The interval between the two parties in the offence rendered the maintenance of communication impossible. The attack was too widely spread out to be practicable. On the other hand, he maintained that the reserves of the defenders should have been stronger, and that they should have been used to meet the flanking movement. He would have preferred to see the second platoon make the counter attack which was imminent when the falling back of the first platoon rendered their retirement necessary. He could not award the palm of victory to either side—bullets and bayonets alone could give that. On the Ampleforth side the details of open order work were good, and the communication, which was kept up, very good. In general, he was very much pleased with what he had seen that day, and he hoped that both contingents would maintain the very creditable standard of efficiency which they had obviously set before themselves. After escorting St Peter's back to Coxwold the first platoon and the band returned to Wass, where a much desired tea awaited them.

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NIGHT ATTACK

On November 26th, the contingent paraded at 8 o'clock for night operations. That the second platoon was holding a position between the Bathing Wood and the New Orchard was the information brought back by scouts to the leader of the first platoon, who was advancing along the lane from Ampleforth village to attack a party which was known to be in that neighbourhood. The defender's scouts were very active, and it was felt that great caution was necessary in the attack. Sergeant Collison and Corporal Barnewall led a party on the extreme left to attack on a flank, but they were held up for a considerable time by the clever deceptive measures adopted by the defence. In the meantime the main assault was concentrating on the extreme right, whilst a very small party made a demonstration attack in the centre. The whole was kept together by preconcerted signals. As the moment for assault approached trouble was given to the offensive by an elusive party of the defence on the extreme right, which eventually managed to avoid being cut off, and rejoin the main body before the "Charge" was sounded. The whole was carried through with great keenness. The various subordinate commands were kept well in hand, and the intelligent and accurate carrying out of orders by the section commanders was very creditable.

AQUATIC SPORTS

THE Aquatic Sports were held at the end of the Summer term. The day was rather unpleasantly cold, and the hot coffee that was in readiness in the dressing-room proved as much a necessity as a luxury. For the second year in succession E. J. Martin won the Cup for the Open Race. His time this year, 91½ seconds, easily constitutes a record for this race, the previous best being 95 seconds. The "Learners'" Race and the Lower School Race were both won by Hawkswell. D. T. Long was awarded his swimming "colours."

An interesting competition took place for the Diving Medal. The test was three dives from the high board, for each of which a maximum of ten marks was awarded. Simpson ii and Le Fèvre were equal to half-a-mark after the first two dives, but the "Swallow" gave the victory to Simpson. The standard reached by nearly all the competitors was very high, and reflects much credit on the instruction of Sergt. Andrews, who had coached the competitors, both for this event and the Life-Saving Competition that followed.

We append a table showing the scoring in the Diving Competition:

	Standing	Running	Swallow	
	Dive.	Dive.	Dive.	
	Max. = 10.	Max. = 10.	Max. = 10.	Total = 30.
1. G. J. Simpson	.. 10 ..	8½ ..	10 ..	= 28½
2. C. R. Simpson	.. 9 ..	8 ..	10 ..	= 27
3. E. Le Fèvre	.. 9½ ..	9 ..	8 ..	= 26½
4. H. McMahon	.. 10 ..	8 ..	7½ ..	= 25½
5. D. Long	.. 8 ..	7½ ..	8½ ..	= 24
6. D. Collison	.. 7 ..	7 ..	8½ ..	= 22½
7. E. J. Martin	.. 8 ..	7 ..	5 ..	= 20

The Life-Saving Tests were cut down on account of the cold, and the competition was restricted to the first and third methods of bringing a drowning subject to land and the first method of "release and bringing to land." There were eight entries. L. Lancaster was declared the winner with 20 marks. Le Fèvre and J. Morrogh-Bernard tied for second place with 19 marks each, and G. J. Simpson was third with 18.

Rugby Football

AMPLEFORTH v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

Played at York on November 11th, and ended in a victory for Ampleforth by one goal and two tries (11 points) to nothing. A heavy rainstorm just before the game left pools standing on the ground. Despite the conditions, and the heavy and slippery ball, a fast and clever game resulted. Every advantage was taken of the slight wind which favoured Ampleforth during the early part of the game. Knowles judiciously nursing his forwards, and frequently making much ground by his kicking. Though overweighted and often pushed in the "tight," the Ampleforth forwards generally secured the ball in the "loose" and from the "line-outs." As a result, the backs were given several chances early in the game before the ball became too slippery to handle. From one of these, Martin obtained possession when well in his stride, and, running strongly, outpaced and circumvented the defence to score a try some distance from the posts. From a difficult angle Massey kicked a good goal. Roused by this reverse, St Peter's played up strongly, and were only kept out by resolute tackling, or by their own failure to take passes. By means of forward rushes the ball was carried to the St Peter's "twenty-five," where an impromptu scrimmage was formed. Massey got the ball well away, and it passed right across the line to Martin, who made for the corner and just grounded the ball before being bundled into "touch." The place-kick failed. Almost from the drop out Cravos made a clever dribble to the line, but, in attempting to pick up, lost his step, and St Peter's were able to touch down. The game then ruled in "mid-field" till half-time arrived, with the score eight points to nothing. The character of the game changed somewhat in the second half. Up till now the backs had often had the ball, and an open game had resulted. By this time, however, it had become almost impossible to pass with accuracy, and, as any slip might have been disastrous, the forwards rightly took the control of the game. But as Ampleforth were losing possession in the scrimmages, St Peter's seemed to have the ball dangerously often, and for the greater part of this half made furious onslaughts on the Ampleforth line. Two things kept it intact

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RUGBY FOOTBALL

RUGBY this Term rightly suffered from the encroachments made on the available time for practice by the paramount claims of the O.T.C. For all that, the XV had a successful season, and though the inexperienced players remained more or less inexperienced from a want of practice and sufficient match-playing, yet the side, as a whole, was a good one, and the forwards perhaps the best we have hitherto had. In Collision the XV were lucky to have a captain of the first order, and as a leader of forwards he could not easily be surpassed. A fine player himself, he seemed always to find the time to fill up gaps, and correct the aberrations of the team. He was well supported by Power, Morrough-Bernard, Rochford and B. S. Martin, all members of last year's eight. Of the new members of the pack, Ainscough and Lancaster were efficient, and Encombe, though rather light, fairly played himself into the side by the end of Term. The back division was an entirely new one. Massey (scrum-half) was generally good and always tireless, and Knowles (stand-off), though he has not yet the knowledge of the game required for such a critical position, is a promising player. The "threes" were uneven. Sometimes they played very well, but they are not yet a dependable line. Still, they all did good things. Emery played well at back, and never let his side down. The new "colours" this Term are M. Ainscough, H. A. Martin, F. S. Cravos and C. Knowles. Appended is a summary of the results of the matches, with some account of each:

FIRST FIFTEEN

Opponents	Ground	Result	Score
St Peter's School, York	Away	Won	11-0
Giggleswick	Away	Lost	11-12
Pocklington School	Home	Won	29-0
Ripon School	Away	Won	28-0
5th Cavalry Regiment	Home	Lost	0-11

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St Peter's School	Home	Won	36-0
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—their own unwillingness to part with the ball, and the remarkably quick way in which the Ampleforth forwards broke up and came across the field to help the defence. Collison seemed to be always where a man was wanted, and Morrogh-Bernard did much effective tackling. Several times the forwards broke away, or when the ball came out too uncertainly to be gathered Massey dribbled it to the St Peter's "twenty-five," but generally it was defence. On only three or four occasions was the ball heeled quickly, and from one of these some swift passing left MacPherson with the ball. Seeing too many defenders in front of his wing partner, he rightly elected to "cut through," and, after eluding several opponents, drew the back and gave Cravos a perfectly-timed pass. The try was between the posts, but the kick went wide. By this time both sets of forwards seemed played out, and the game was contested in "mid-field" till "no side" went, with the score eleven points to nothing in favour of Ampleforth. This was the first time Ampleforth had beaten St Peter's on their ground, and the team, one and all, deserves every credit for a hard-fought victory. The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back, R. G. Emery: Three-quarters, Hon. R. Barnewall, H. Martin, C. MacPherson and F. Cravos; Half-backs, E. Massey and C. Knowles; Forwards, C. Collison (captain), R. J. Power, M. Ainscough, F. J. Morrogh-Bernard, B. Martin, S. Rochford, S. Lancaster and E. Le Fèvre.

AMPLEFORTH V. GIGGLESWICK

Played at Giggleswick on November 18th. The ground and the weather conditions were all that could be desired, and the teams were very evenly matched. The result was an exceedingly interesting and closely-contested game, ending in a victory for Giggleswick by the narrow margin of one point. The packs in point of weight were fairly equal, but especially during the first half the better packing in their scrum and quick breaking up of the Ampleforth forwards enabled them to establish a distinct superiority over their opponents. The Giggleswick backs were both heavier and

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faster than the Ampleforth backs, who were lacking somewhat in dash and determination.

The opening stages of the game were characterized by a number of passing movements by each set of backs, and after ten minutes' play the Giggleswick right wing three-quarter scored far out in the corner, the reward of resolute running. This try was not converted. Ampleforth soon drew level as the result of a penalty goal in front of the posts, and a few minutes later gained the lead through some clever work by MacPherson and Cravos, which led to a try by Massey, who also added the major points with a well-judged kick from a difficult angle. A dangerous attack by the Giggleswick forwards was frustrated by Emery who gained considerable ground with a skilful punt when closely beset by the opposing forwards. The home team kept up the pressure, and eventually one of their backs intercepting an ill-judged pass raced past Emery and scored near the posts. The kick at goal failed. The Ampleforth backs were now getting the ball frequently from their forwards, but failed to make full use of their opportunities, the ball on several occasions passing along the whole line without approaching appreciably nearer the opponents' goal-line. Shortly before half-time a passing movement from left to right led to a scramble in the Giggleswick line, and Massey dribbled over and fell on the ball. The goal points were not added. The home side displayed great dash and vigour in their efforts to reduce the lead, but keen tackling by the backs, well supported by the forwards, enabled Ampleforth to retain the lead until half-time, 11-6.

In the second half the Giggleswick forwards were much more successful in gaining possession in the scrum, thus giving their backs ample opportunities. Unsworth, who was working the Ampleforth "scrum," was unable to ward off the close attentions of two large forwards, who were playing on to him in resistless fashion, so that the ball seldom came out to the Ampleforth "threes." Nearly all the attacking was done by Giggleswick, though on one occasion, thanks to a judicious move on the part of Emery, H. Martin appeared to have the line at his mercy, but was pulled up for a forward

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pass. Several "scrums" were keenly contested on the Ampleforth line, but the visiting backs threw back every incursion until at last a Giggleswick forward threw himself over for a try, which was not converted, 11-9. As no-side drew near the excitement among the spectators grew intense, and Giggleswick were straining every nerve to obtain the lead. The Ampleforth forwards were playing their best at this period of the game, and on two occasions forced the home defence to touch down. The ball was gradually worked down again to the Ampleforth "25," and six minutes from the close the home backs caught their opponents napping, and with a well-timed passing movement scored near the corner flag. For the remaining period the game fluctuated, and the issue remained in doubt until the final whistle was sounded, and Giggleswick were left the winners of a remarkably interesting match by 12 points to 11.

Back, G. Emery; Three-quarters, F. S. Cravos, E. Massey, C. MacPherson and H. Martin; Half-backs, L. Unsworth and C. Knowles; Forwards, C. Collison (captain), M. Ainscough, R. Power, F. Morrogh-Bernard, W. Rochford, B. Martin, S. Lancaster and E. Le Fèvre.

AMPLEFORTH v. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

Played at Ampleforth on November 21st, and ended in a victory for the home side by four goals, one penalty goal and two tries (29 points) to nothing. The ground was a little heavy and the ball slippery, but the game was fought at a great pace throughout, and reflects much credit on the fitness of the players on both sides. For it takes two sides to make a game fast. The game was more even than the score suggests. Pocklington had considerably the advantage in pace behind the scrimmage. In the first half they did not get much of the ball, but their centres were fast enough to get out to the wings in time to check the Ampleforth attack just as it seemed about to culminate in a try. Cravos scored for Ampleforth far out on the right in the first few minutes, but then Cravos does not rely so much on pace as on a sort of sinuous elusiveness, which gives his opponents the impression that he is where he has just been. In the second half

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MacPherson scored a really pretty try, going corkscrew-wise through almost the whole of the opposing side. The remaining two tries were scored by the Ampleforth forwards, Collison and Power getting one each. Indeed it was the Ampleforth pack, brilliantly led by Collison, and with Massey ruthlessly in attendance at their heels, that dominated the game. They were heavier, though not much heavier than the Pocklington eight, and during the first half, when Power was hooking exceptionally well, generally got possession in the "tight." They broke up quickly, and again and again swept nearly the whole field with masterly loose rushes—movements that it cannot have been joyous to stop. The tackling on the Pocklington side was keen and sure, and the kicking of the back of great service to their side. They played keenly and hard to the end, and their fast "threes" often shaped as those shape who are about to score. But the Ampleforth defence was sound, and remained impenetrable to the end. It was a game furiously fought, in which there were no casualties, and in which the play was so good that attention was not unduly rivetted on the score. The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back, R. G. Emery; Three-quarters, H. A. Martin, R. P. Liston, C. MacPherson and F. S. Cravos; Half-backs, C. J. Knowles and E. J. Massey; Forwards, C. B. Collison (captain), R. J. Power, W. J. Rochford, B. S. Martin, S. Lancaster, M. J. Ainscough, Viscount Encombe and F. G. Morrogh-Bernard.

AMPLEFORTH v. RIFON SCHOOL

This match was played at Ripon on November 28th, and ended in a victory for Ampleforth by two goals and six tries (28 points) to nothing. Ampleforth had at first rather a strong breeze in their faces, but they pressed from the start. This was due to the forwards and chiefly to Power, who got possession in the scrimmages about five times out of six. The Ampleforth backs had thus abundant opportunity, and their failure to make material use of it was little less than remarkable. Time after time under the most favourable auspices they were given possession, and almost as regularly, through either unpunctual passing or false tactics, the movement

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collapsed. After about a quarter of an hour of unsuccessful efforts on the part of the forwards and futile ones by the "threes," Martin broke the spell of failure with a try near the flag. Massey failed with a difficult kick. Thenceforth the Ampleforth side scored at more or less regular intervals. Indeed at no period did it appear even momentarily that Ripon would win. At half-time the score stood, Ampleforth 14 points, Ripon nil.

The second half was largely a repetition of the first. The Ampleforth superiority was pronounced, as was also the inability of their backs to push their attacks home. Tries came every few minutes, the last one by Collison after a great forward rush, in which shock-tactics by the heavy men played a conspicuous part in breaking down what there was of opposition.

The game was easily won, but the Ampleforth score would have been far larger if the "threes" had been reasonably in form. Knowles and Massey played well together at "half," the former nearly always beating his man and making openings that three-quarters dream of but seldom get. The forwards played well together, easily held the opposing pack, and often gained considerable ground by their rushes in the "loose." The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back R. G. Emery; Three-quarter backs, H. A. Martin, R. P. Liston, C. MacPherson and F. S. Cravos; Half-backs, C. J. Knowles and E. J. Massey; Forwards, C. B. Collison, (captain), R. J. Power, F. G. Morrough-Bernard, B. S. Martin, W. J. Rochford, S. Lancaster, M. J. Ainscough and Viscount Encombe.

AMPLEFORTH D. 5TH CAVALRY (RESERVE) REGIMENT

The side that played against Ampleforth on the School ground in this game consisted of a XV selected from the Reserve Cavalry Regiment in training at York. The XV contained some good forwards of the Scottish type, among them three players who had taken part in the Scottish International trials of last year. On the whole the visiting side were probably—the forwards certainly—the strongest players that have hitherto turned out against the School.

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The game was played on December 5th. Unfortunately a storm of some violence had prevailed during the preceding thirty-six hours, and rain had fallen in meteorological inches. The ground in some places was appreciably submerged, and in peace time would have been declared unfit for play. But it was desired to give the soldiers a game. The School won the toss, and Collison chose to defend what was shortly to be termed the "deep end of the field." The amphibious operations that took place are not easily patent of description in football terms. Concerted back-play was out of the question, and after one or two efforts by the School backs to conduct passing movements, these dismal essays in optimism were abandoned. To run alone was soon to be proved almost as impracticable as to run together, and on one occasion the game actually ceased for a moment—players and spectators standing sympathetically chilled—as the heaviest School "three," who had suddenly found himself possessed of the ball and some momentum, violently terminated a short run supine in a pool. After this the backs contented themselves with punting into touch, and the game was left almost entirely to the forwards. It was a grim struggle, and for those who could appreciate the niceties of forward play, highly interesting and instructive. The School pack were greatly outweighed, and as their opponents were far too skilful to allow them to wheel, the Ampleforth formations were again and again broken. But they were quickly and eagerly re-made, and what the Ampleforth pack lacked in armament they largely made up in mobility. It took four of the School to hold three of the Cavalry, but, owing to the School's more rapid methods of concentration, they were almost always to be found at the strategic point—the strategic point in Rugby is where the ball is—in sufficient numbers to hold their own. Twice only they failed, and both times the School line was pierced. In addition the Regiment's stand-off half dropped a pretty goal—the one aesthetic incident in the match, and Ampleforth lost a thoroughly enjoyable game by 11 points to nothing.

The School forwards are to be congratulated on the great fight they put up against gruellling odds, especially in the second half, when "attrition" had done its work, and the

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Regiment were firmly entrenched in the Ampleforth "25." The halves and threes, as has been indicated, were for a large part of the game almost frost-bitten spectators, but they scrambled and splashed about bravely, and their kicking was welcome and fruitful. But Emery at back must be mentioned in dispatches. Not only was his touch-finding accurate and opportune, but time and again he successfully went down to the ball when all but the last line of defence had been pierced, and thus gave to his forwards time to rally and re-form. He is to be saluted in the Roman poet's noble verse :

"Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."

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AMPLEFORTH v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

Played at Ampleforth on November 11th, and ended in a victory for the home side by three goals and seven tries (36 points) to nothing. The game, as the score suggests, was rather one-sided. Ampleforth were the better side in practically every department, and the only question at issue was the size of their score. Shortly after the kick-off a forward rush ended in Long picking up smartly and going over near the posts for an unconverted try. The next two tries were also scored by the forwards. After some play near the centre, a threequarter movement well carried out ended in a try by Unsworth after a clever run. Scarcely had the ball been dropped-out than a general movement among the backs gave Blackledge the opportunity for a run in, far out on the right. He took it. In the second half Lynch, Rochford, McDonald and Leese (2) scored. Only the last three tries were converted. Except, perhaps, for a little weakness at half-back the Ampleforth side played well. The forwards were particularly good, and of these we noticed especially McDonald, Encombe and Bradley. The following was the Ampleforth side :

Back, C. Power ; Three-quarter backs, R. Lynch, C. F. Lees (captain), L. Unsworth and E. J. Blackledge ; Half-backs, D. Collison and T. V. Welsh ; Forwards, D. T. Long, S. Rochford, J. Cravos, V. Cravos, C. Rochford, J. Morrogh-Bernard, J. Bradley and Viscount Encombe.

OLD BOYS

OUR congratulations to Mr Frank Calder-Smith who was married, on November 16th, at the Brompton Oratory, to Miss Illeene Rapley, daughter of the late Captain Adrian Rapley and of Mrs Rapley, of 6, Kensington Gate, Hyde Park, W.

CONGRATULATIONS also to Dom Bernard McElligott and Dom Ethelred Taunton, who both obtained Third classes in the "Greats" school at Oxford.

MR PETER CHAMBERLAIN is engaged in engineering work under the Admiralty.

MR NICHOLAS COCKSHUTT and Mr Cyril Clarke were the winners, respectively, of the "Raby" and "Honan" cups, competed for by Old Boys at St Anne's Golf Club, this year.



THE tour of the *Craticulae* had begun before the outbreak of war. From the point of view of cricket it was a great success, but cricket was dwarfed by the tragic turn of public events. Ten matches were played—four won, four lost, and two drawn. The batting performances of A. P. Kelly were quite remarkable. At the end of the first week his average was more than 60. B. Collison, A. F. M. Wright and Rev. W. J. Williams also had good averages. The team was captained by O. L. Chamberlain in the absence, due to injury, of his brother, G. H. Chamberlain. Almost immediately on the completion of the tour several members hastened to join the Colours.

OBITUARY

ROBERT AELRED DAWSON, O.S.B.

ROBERT JOSEPH DAWSON, in religion Fr Aelred, was born at Lytham, Lancashire, on February 21st, 1881. He came to Ampleforth in 1892, and was in the school, with a break of one year, until he went to Belmont in 1900. He was professed in 1901, and continued at Belmont two years more occupied in his ecclesiastical studies. Returning to Ampleforth in August, 1903, he continued those studies for a year, joining with them some work in the school. In 1904 he went to the Oxford House, and after three years' study took his degree in the School of Theology, obtaining a "second" in the Class lists. He then spent a short time further in post-graduate study, and returned to Ampleforth to take up work in the school. He was ordained priest on March 25th, 1908. In the work of teaching he continued until, in September of 1909, he was appointed assistant priest at St Anne's, Edgehill, Liverpool. From there he was moved to the Mission of St Benedict's, Warrington, and then back to Liverpool, to St Peter's, Seel Street. While working on the Mission he impaired his health, which was never very good, and pursuing his labours unremittingly contracted the disease—consumption—of which he died, after nearly a year's sickness, on November 14th last, the commemoration of All Souls of the Order of St Benedict.

Robert Dawson, or, as he was known to his schoolmates, "Bobby" Dawson, was even as a boy something of an idealist. The fact was not so noticeable in those days, for apparently he then found little difficulty in that correspondence with environment which we are told is of the essence of life. He was indeed no very hard student, and took his school life calmly and almost lazily. But his character betrayed itself in a questioning spirit, in an occasional assertion of principle at which his schoolfellows mocked, and in a decided inclination for the inception and conduct of revolutions. Though never a great reader—he had read, he would tell you, part of a book you mentioned, but had not finished it—he made his own

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what he did read. He had no taste for fiction, but delighted in humorous books, particularly in humorous poetry, and he could quote largely from Gilbert or Lewis Carroll. In prose he took particular pleasure in a rhetorical and rotund style, and he would roll forth with a joy, not unminged with fun, some particularly resonant passages of a Greek History that was in use when he was in the school. One might judge his schoolfellows' estimate of his character, an estimate that was proved wide of the mark, from the fact that they received with incredulity the news that he was going to Belmont, and were more than doubtful as to his chance of surviving the novitiate.

At Belmont he did not at first discover to his companions his underlying character. He bade fair to be the life and soul of his set, and these can well remember the almost riotous good spirits with which he began the novitiate. But the change was not long in coming. About half way through the year his health broke down, and he had to go away for a time to have his eyes, which always gave him trouble, attended to. In consequence of this he was professed some three months later than his companions, and it was in this extra period of probation that he seemed to take the decided turn towards the life of unsparing self-devotion that he afterwards led. His companions at that time will remember the energy and enthusiasm with which he threw himself into his life, not only into its spiritual duties, but into every detail of daily routine. The Belmont lawns were seldom so industriously mown, or the autumn leaves so unsparingly collected.

As a junior his life was marked by the same energy. He was keenly interested in the philosophy, and his mind displayed the restlessness and originality that were always his. He was interested, too, for a time in the twin prophets, Ruskin and Carlyle, and in their writings found much congenial denunciation of sham and unreality, but above all of social injustice. He never became a theorist in the matter, he had a real and unfeigned dislike of the "dismal science"; but he preserved and fostered a passion for social work that longed for practical expression, and expressed itself later in his devoted labours on the Mission.

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He was even then in some respects a figure set apart among his brethren. To some he seemed merely eccentric and quixotic. Nor did he, perhaps, in the ordinary sense make any close friends. His way was rather to make disciples. At Belmont he might frequently have been found organizing reading parties, to revise some part of the regular work, or to embark upon some special study or line of reading. He commanded the respect, if he did not always engage the sympathy of his companions. His life was patently unselfish and devoted. One could not be with him in choir without being aware of the energy and fervour with which he recited the Divine Office. And it was the same with his other spiritual duties. Nothing came before these, and as the years advanced his life seemed to take a greater and greater simplicity of aim. The spirit of compromise was never congenial to his nature. As a boy and in the first months of his religious life he took the world easily to all appearance, and it seemed that he would achieve some accommodation of his spiritual aspirations to the life around him that would lie along normal lines. One reads of souls that have heard more and more insistently the Divine call to leave all things, who have for a time tried to escape the imperious beckoning of Divine Love. The Saints have always solved the conflict between the absoluteness of this call and the shrinking of human weakness in one way, and that was the way in which Father Aelred solved it. He gave himself up quite unreservedly to his religious life. He did not spare himself, he disliked to ask for the least relaxation of rule, though his body was not strong and he suffered much from minor ailments. (It was characteristic of him to doctor himself with a rigid dietary and drastic medicines, until his body became thin and weak, a feeble instrument doing tremendous work because of the energy of the spirit within.) He fought his way on in the face of difficulties that would have daunted a weaker soul.

But neither asceticism nor sickness made him morose. He ever preserved a cheerful and even gay disposition, and, though sometimes his gaiety was evidently an effort of will, he seldom let any personal unhappiness affect his relations with others. He had a keen sense of humour, and was at his

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best in developing for the pleasure of others the humour of a situation or a story. He was quick and lively in conversation, very keen and even vehement in discussion, when the matter interested him. But he would take no part in conversation that tended to criticize personal failings or defects, and it was sometimes interesting, and edifying as well, to notice the gentle manner in which he discouraged such conversation or strove by kindly generalities to destroy its sting.

As a master he was patient and careful, and one has heard high testimony to the value of his work among the younger boys, of whom for a time he had special charge. But his heart was never entirely in the work of teaching. He wanted to be doing work which was more directly and plainly spiritual and apostolic. And so he obeyed the call to the Mission with some gladness. Of his work there we can say but little. It was marked by the same zeal, the same devotion, the same disregard of self. He was full of projects for extending his sphere of usefulness. Not content to keep within the old-established limits, he desired, for instance, to spread his influence among young men and boys by starting social clubs. This same spirit he had shown when, as a junior, he gave up his holiday in order to assist Mr Norman Potter. And there is no doubt that he did exercise a great influence in this way, and do much to extend a very useful work. Of his mission labours in general, of his love for the poor, among whom so much of his work lay, that love which is the brightest jewel in any priest's crown, it is sufficient to quote words that one heard at his funeral. "There's a great love for the poor gone into the ground with that young man. Poor boy, he loved them well." Yes, he loved them to his own death. In the midst of his labours he took a chill. His body was thin and worn. He had a constant "temperature." Yet he said nothing of it, but went about his work as unsparingly, as vigorously as ever, until consumption came, and he was forced to yield. Then for many months he was a patient sufferer. He did not want to die. It was late before he gave up hope of life. He wished to live to continue his work. He was to the last keenly interested in all that was happening in the world. But after months of uncertainty the disease took a definite turn for the worse.

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He suffered a good deal of pain, but bore all without complaint. His piety and devotion were deep and intense to the end.

Well, one might think, so Father Aelred killed himself; or be tempted to ask again, "Ut quid perditio haec?" But the answer had best be left to Him Who once before answered just such a question.

FATHER KENELM DIGBY BEST

BORN AUGUST 12TH, 1835. DIED SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1914.

INTIMATE association with Fr Best for fifty out of the seventy-nine years of his life has left impressions of his personality on the writer which impel him, in gratitude, to accept an invitation to record these impressions in the MAGAZINE of Ampleforth College, where he spent some of his earlier years.

Fr Best was ordained priest on October 10th, 1858, observing his Golden Jubilee in 1908, within a few weeks of that of the late Holy Father, Pius X, with whom on that occasion there was an interchange of gifts and congratulations. The writer bore the golden gift to the Holy Father, who in his own hand, beneath his own likeness, conferred a Blessing on the donor. Fr Best's devotion to the Holy See may be seen in his *Victories of Rome*, which reached a fifth edition in 1905. He was slow, however, to yield to this affection by journeying to Rome, for, as he said in effect, wandering abroad was not quite Philippian.

This was but one instance of the hold the spirit of St Philip had on Father Kenelm. The main similarity between his Patron and himself was his deep indifference to human respect. For instance, his assumed anger in the presence of others at times shocked, but more often edified those who understood him. The sun never went down upon his anger. This disregard of human respect, this "despising being despised," was often practised in his Sunday evening discourses in the church, when he never hesitated to draw the attention of the congregation in plain language to follies of fashion or manner which were unbefitting Catholics. He was fond of preaching; indeed it was with a sigh that he recog-

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nized that he was "placed on the shelf" a few months after the celebration of his Golden Jubilee. Once only since then did he preach, when, in September last year, he delivered a panegyric of Father Faber on the fiftieth anniversary of his death.

At all times Fr Best was distinguished by his love for the beauty of God's House. While Prefect of the Confraternity of St Patrick he strenuously collected funds from the members, adding not a little himself, for the erection of an altar in honour of St Patrick. Besides this altar Fr Best, on the death of his father, out of his inheritance, adorned the church of the oratory with the High Altar and Stations of the Cross. While holding the office of Father Sacristan Fr Best, taught by St Wilfrid to love "all the ways of Rome," expended without stint his indomitable energy and constructive and artistic talent in the church.

He was a never-failing friend of charitable institutions, such as Nazareth House, and of the Hospitals of the Mission, notably the Consumption and Cancer Hospitals, and by his happy and cheerful manner and generous thought for the nurses and patients won the affection of all.

For occupation and recreation, but with a poet's passion, and for no earthly gain, Fr Best indulged in copious devotional writings and translations in prose and in verse, stamped with a simplicity which made them welcome and profitable to all. Many hours of the night, and times of sickness, were devoted to laborious thought and research, instanced by such translations as *Le Mignon's Spiritual Reading for every day*, *A May Chaplet, Spiritual Exercises*, by the General of the Carthusian Order, A.D. 1597, a "rare and precious old volume," in Latin, found on a London book-stall. He also wrote *Rosa Mystica* (Immaculatae tributum Jubileum, A.D. M.CM.I.V.), richly illustrated meditations on the Rosary and other devotions to our Blessed Lady. Fr Best published this magnificent volume countless of cost, as a personal offering in honour of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

Among other prose and verse compositions may be cited: *The Blood of the Lamb, The Seven Dolours* and other poems, *The Victories of Rome, A Priest's Poems, Why no good Catholic*

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can be a Socialist, Points of Mental Prayer, The Catholic Doctrine of Hell, Letters from the Beloved City, The Mystery of Faith, and his last, *Ruling Passion Strong in Death*, published actually from his death-bed. The Introduction to it contains these words:

"Dear Reader, the Preacher says: 'In the evening let not thy hand cease'; and again: 'Work your work before the time.' The time of death is 'the night in which no man can work'; and then, and only then will there be an end of writing books (*Eccles.* xii. 12). Such work as is suitable to life's evening I still endeavour to perform, and accordingly have written this little book, to avoid idleness, but still more, to do something that may be of service, however small, to devout souls." *REQUIESCAT IN PACE.*

J.B.C.

FATHER JAMES EAGER

BORN APRIL 8TH, 1851. DIED OCTOBER 17TH, 1914.

ALTHOUGH Fr Eager was known to be of a delicate constitution, his death after a short illness was a surprise to his friends. With his younger brother William Rhodes, afterward Fr Alexius Eager, he was educated at Ampleforth, but unlike his brother, who joined our community, he afterwards went to Ushaw to study for the secular priesthood. At about this time his parents died, and Mr George Chamberlain, of Birkdale, became his guardian. He was ordained in 1875, and was stationed successively at Missions in Liverpool, Great Crosby and Lea until 1885, when he was appointed to the Mission of Burscough, where he worked zealously for the rest of his life. His delicate health and nervous sensitiveness made him lead a quiet and secluded life, but all who knew him well recognized that he was a man of sound and varied attainments, and loved him for his kind and gentle disposition and his religious zeal. May he rest in peace!

NOTES

THE whole world has mourned the death of our saintly Pontiff Pius X. We have only to join our voice to that universal cry of mourning, and to thank God for the blessings of his wonderful Pontificate. To his successor, Benedict XV—surely happy in the choice of name, if not in the time of his accession—we offer our filial obedience and reverence.

* * *

THE terrible war that lately burst upon Europe from summer skies with the suddenness of a thunderstorm, includes, besides old elements of destructiveness and death, many novel features of atrocity and horror. Amongst these is its kinship with Civil war through the number and intimacy of previous international relations. In the good old days our fathers fought Spaniards, or Frenchmen, or Russians, with the comfortable security of complete ignorance. When few relations drew foreign countries together, when few men travelled or spoke foreign tongues, people could fight with easy minds against unknown enemies, who might be ogres, or frog-eaters, or other fabled monsters. The facile and frequent communications of the past half-century have changed all that. Barriers between nations being thrown down, their intercourse has been more intimate and frequent than ever before in history. With Germans and Austrians Englishmen have never crossed swords before, though they have often fought side by side. We have learnt one another's language, studied in one another's schools, admired one another's literature and science, appreciated the good qualities of each other. We have lived or travelled in each other's countries, spending pleasant holidays in their cities and mountains. Innumerable ties of trade, of friendship, of customs, or of marriage have bound the two peoples together. From Germany England borrowed a Royal House with the political and social links that such a fact involves,—not to mention a religion that was mainly made in Germany. These many bonds of business, of common pursuits, of marriage, of religion, have drawn the two nations so close together that the fratricidal strife that has broken out between them takes on much of the atrocity of Civil war.

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We English had fondly hoped that such a catastrophe would prove impossible, that, in spite of feverish preparations and open challenge, our latent jealousies and incompatible ambitions could never flame into open warfare. In this spirit we smiled away menaces as the ravings of professors, the blusterings of a military caste, or the rhetorical vapourings of a theatrical War-Lord. It was hard at first to get angry enough with the enemy; now our indignation has the bitterness of an unexpected quarrel, intensified by the awful carnage of modern weapons, and the ruthless efficiency of Teutonic warfare. We had allowed for devastated fields and burnt villages in the fighting line; not for the ruined cities of France and Flanders, the massacre of unarmed peasants, the bombardment of defenceless towns; and these have at last roused to white heat the slow anger of the Briton. Louvain, Dinant, Termonde, Rheims, will not easily be forgotten, nor Scarborough, Whitby and the Hartlepoons. It is like fighting with a homicidal maniac, into which little personal anger enters, but a grim determination to wrest his weapon from the madman's hands, or else to slay him where he stands. To such a war an ending may come through exhaustion or defeat, but never a satisfactory issue until all power of aggression be destroyed, and all danger brought to an end.

* * *

For the issue that is now being fought out not only in Europe, but, since England is engaged, over almost the whole globe, is one that has never quite been put to the World before. It is not merely an ambitious attempt at aggrandizement or, to use a more misleading term, at expansion on the part of a powerful European state—such an attempt as provoked the Napoleonic wars a century ago. Neither is it merely a matter of public honour and decency arising, firstly, from the declaration of war by Germany on Russia at the very hour when Austria and Russia were attempting amicably to compose their differences, and, in the second place, from the flagrant abuse by Germany of Belgium's trust and of Belgium's weakness. Centuries ago public honour and decency in Europe were felt to be outraged by the occupation of the Holy Places by the infidels, and the removal of this stigma was the

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inspiration of the Crusaders. Nor can the main issue in this world-struggle be said to be merely a question of Freedom or Tyranny. The Greeks fought on this issue at Thermopylae and Marathon, and left to posterity the conception of Freedom which has become the vital principle of the British Empire, and is the mainspring of her policy. It is not merely Prussian domination that we are now resisting, but all that Prussian domination stands for, and mainly and essentially the Prussian claim that where the interests of Germany are involved, might is right, expediency has an ethical sanction, and a man's bond is worth just the paper it is written on. The Greek conception of a tyrant, which has passed into the very idiom of their language, was of a man who made laws *for others*, and was not bound by them himself. It has been left to modern Prussia to apply this function of the Tyrant to the moral sphere—to the law of God. That this means logically, if and in proportion as Germany were to succeed, the subversion of morals among mankind, is obvious, when we make ourselves aware of the German claim to germanize the world. Years ago Treitschke wrote "The greatness and goodness of the world is to be found in the predominance there of German culture, of the German mind, in a word of the German character." And, we suppose, the predominance of German ethics.

* * *

ELSEWHERE in the pages of this JOURNAL are recorded, so far as they are known, the names of the sons of Ampleforth who have offered or who have given their lives, not only in defence of their country against foreign aggression, in defence of Freedom against Tyranny, of public right against individualist insolence, but also and chiefly for the maintenance of the principles of Christian life which were breathed into the World at Bethlehem, at Nazareth, and in all Judea, and which are now challenged not without blasphemy from Potsdam and Berlin.

We mourn for the fallen; our heartfelt sympathy goes out to those so terribly bereaved—within one short week in December three members of this community lost relatives most near and dear to them—but through it all, and whatever

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sorrow the future has in store for us, it is our deep conviction that those who die in this war against Germany are most certainly not to be pitied, for they die witnesses to the great Commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

* * *

THE latest news about Rheims Cathedral is that the damage done by the many bombardments is not as yet irreparable. About forty shells have struck the building—enough, we should have thought, to wipe it out of existence. Yet the twin towers—most delicately graceful of their kind—and the main walls, north, south, east and west, are still standing, practically intact; and, when re-roofed and mended, the restored building will be no new thing, but the same venerable Rheims Cathedral we have known and loved. No doubt, when time has rubbed off the newness of the restoration, the glorious façade will be as beautiful as ever. But we may not hope that the place will be to the French nation what it has been. With the complete destruction of the interior—the beautiful pictured windows blown into scattered bits; the priceless tapestries shrivelled up and charred by fire; the altars smashed and the choir stalls reduced to cinders—much of its sacredness will have left it never to return. New furniture and fittings will create a new and less saintly atmosphere. The Cathedral will be a shrine emptied of the treasure it was designed to preserve. Happily for us Laurentians the relics we prize most, the body of Archbishop Gifford, our founder, lay safe in a vault beneath the pavement. It is unlikely that the German shells have desecrated the tombs.

But what of that other world-famous monument, the even more venerable and, in certain respects, more beautiful Abbey church of St Remi? Our congregation is even more closely connected with the Abbey than with the Cathedral. It was when Fr Leander Jones was novice-master there that, in 1608, Dr William Gifford, Fr Clement Reyner (in religion Fr Lawrence), Joseph Haworth, Anthony Walgrave, Peter Wilford and Robert Babthorpe took the Benedictine habit, and a month later set out to make a beginning of English monastic life at Dieulouard.

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The same report tells us that "in the neighbourhood of St Remi . . . the worst mischief of all has been wrought and many lives have been lost. It was impossible to examine this quarter." We may hope that so stout a building as the old Abbey church will not have been wrecked and ruined beyond repair. We may hope also that the muniments of the Archbishopal palace were removed before it was burnt down, and that the conventual church of St Peter has escaped destruction. It is there, before the statue of Our Lady, that Archbishop Gifford's heart was buried. And it was there, in the old convent of St Peter, that his portrait was last seen. When the war is over, some Laurentian should be deputed to visit the city and make further inquiries about this picture of our founder. The Abbé Haudecœur was convinced that it had never left Rheims.

* * *

A WOUNDED Belgian soldier, Sergeant A. Pollaris, while in hospital at St Mary's Convent, York, penned the following touching tribute to England, which it gives us much pleasure to print:

SALUT A L'ANGLETERRE

Vaincus, mais non soumis, nous avons dû quitter
Notre pauvre pays, nos villages en flammes,
Blessés par l'ennemi, sans avoir pu venger
Nos frères massacrés. Et c'est la mort dans l'âme
Que nous sommes partis. Mais dans notre malheur
Nous devons en un jour retrouver l'espérance!
Nous devons un jour croire encore au bonheur,
Espérer voir enfin finir notre souffrance.
Deux peuples ont voulu soutenir et sauver
Notre bien cher Pays, nous rendre une patrie:
L'Angleterre et la France ont voulu repousser
L'armée de bandits et nous rendre . . . la vie.

C'est toi que je salue aujourd'hui, peuple ami,
Noble et charmant pays, Puissance hospitalière,
Puisses tu voir bientôt s'enfuir notre ennemi.
Nous ne pouvons que dire: Honneur à l'Angleterre
Pour son vibrant accueil; Honneur à ses enfants
Que bientôt à leur pieds, s'écroule la fureur

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D'Attila le cruel, que ses bandits rampants
Tous, à genoux, demain leur demandent la vie,
Mais nous, que sans compter si bien elle accueillit,
Nous ne pourrions jamais de la reconnaissance
Acquitter notre dette, et notre cœur s'emplit
De respect, de bonheur, de gratitude immense.

A nos femmes en pleurs tu rendis leurs époux
A la mère son fils, et l'enfant à son père,
Plus tard, nous retrouvant en nos foyers si doux
Nous dirons à nos fils, au temps de la prière :
" Ton père était blessé mais il fut secouru,
" Ta mère était en pleurs, soumise à la misère,
" Mais à notre aide alors, un peuple est accouru
" A genoux, avec moi ; prie pour l'Angleterre ! "

* * *

BISHOP HEDLEY's visit to us in November gave us an opportunity of offering him personally our congratulations on the completion of his sixtieth year in the monastic habit. For that visit we are thankful ; we could not otherwise have shown him our deep satisfaction and heartfelt gratitude for the prosperous prolongation of a life in which we of Ampleforth are accustomed to find a stimulus and an example. He received the habit at Ampleforth on October 23rd, 1854.
Ad multos annos.

* * *

WE have also to congratulate Dom Paulinus Hickey who kept his golden jubilee on October 10th. May he, too, be spared to accomplish many more years of good work.

* * *

THE community owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr Wilfrid Ward for an admirable lecture given to them on the much-disputed question of Newman's philosophy. In a way the lecture might be regarded as an epilogue to Mr Ward's Biography of the cardinal—an epilogue in which he gathered together all the scattered silken threads of his philosophy, and wove them before our eyes into a complete representation of that great thinker's mind. The lecturer portrayed him to us as a man whose philosophy was dominated by the

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deep-rooted conviction that the reach of the human mind far exceeded its own powers of comprehension. Its grasp was to him vaster than its mastery, and the most subtle analysis of its subconscious reasonings failed to account adequately for its achievements. Though no rule of thumb could be employed as a criterion of truth, yet the mind ever responded as a well toned bell to the clear note of truth. Apposite citations testified to the accuracy of Mr Ward's conclusions, no less than to the carefulness of Newman's analysis. Mr Ward also drew comparisons between Newman's teaching and other philosophical systems, showing at some length how the Catholic philosopher taught all that was true in Pragmatism and all that had given that system its temporary popularity. The effect of the lecture was to leave us with an increased reverence for Newman as a man and a sense of the absolute necessity of incorporating his teaching in any sound philosophy of the future. For even though it may be regretted that he thought a perfectly adequate epistemology to be impossible, we must accept his account of the action of the mind. That ought not to prevent us striving to probe the darkness of the abyss of our subconscious thought and reasoning process till all shall be made clear.

* * *

THIS lecture on the "Philosophy of Cardinal Newman" was followed by one on the "Psychology of Cardinal Newman," and here Mr Ward was in his happiest vein. His subject was Newman's insight into men and affairs, that delicate swift sympathy of mind and feeling which is alike the characteristic note and the most endearing quality of the genius of the great cardinal. Mr Ward showed how sensitive Newman was to the effect of his words and writings on the various types of mentality in his audience. He understood them all perfectly—the narrow-minded man, the over-cultured man, the man in the street. And, Mr Ward pointed out, Newman was one of those rare personalities which combine complete sympathy and a high ideal ; he did not, for all his understanding, make any concessions of ideal, and he did not allow his ideals to make him hard. Mr Ward illustrated these and

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other characteristics—Newman's attitude towards literature and science, for instance, with abundant and felicitous quotation. This lecture, indeed, gave us the two-fold pleasure experienced when listening to the interpretation of a great master by a gifted artist: the pleasure of the revelation of the master's mind, and the pleasure in the skill of the revealing. Mr Ward has our best thanks.

* * *

DOM LAURENCE BUGGINS has been appointed Master of the Novices at Belmont, and Dom Bernard Hayes chaplain to Stanbrook Abbey. Our best wishes accompany both.

* * *

THE Catholic Congress at Cardiff this year was a notable event in the history of the English Benedictines. Bishop Hedley's paper on the Blessed Sacrament in itself would have been enough to mark it in a very special way, but two other events tended to enhance its importance from the English Benedictines' standpoint—the presence of Cardinal Gasquet and the completion of our church at Canton. We must congratulate Canon Duggan, not only on the success with which he timed the re-opening of his beautiful church, but also the distinction of the many prelates who were present to hear Cardinal Gasquet preach. Among those present were the Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, the Bishop of Southwark, the Bishop of Northampton, the Bishop of Leeds, the Abbot of Downside, the Abbot of Douai, the Abbot of Fort Augustus, the Abbot of Avignon.

* * *

DOM JOSEPH DAWSON, Dom Gerard Blackmore and Dom Ildephonsus Barton have all been sent to join our brethren on the Mission. Dom Joseph and Dom Ildephonsus are both at St Alban's, Warrington, and Dom Gerard at Warwick Bridge. Their brethren wish them every blessing in their new life. Dom Benedict McLaughlin has been transferred from Warwick Bridge to Parbold.

* * *

We hear that the long-desired and sadly-needed church at St Benedict's, Orford Lane, Warrington, has made great progress since last July. Soon, we hope, our fathers at St

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Benedict's will be able to dispense with their tin church—inconveniently situated some hundreds of yards from their house, and will have an adequate and beautiful church next to their presbytery. Mr Matthew Honan, an Ampleforth boy, is the architect of the new church.

* * *

Our fathers at St Mary's, Warrington, have also been building a parish hall, which is now almost complete. The hall is built to meet all possible requirements of a large Mission, and has been so designed that further developments are possible. At St Peter's, Liverpool—one of the oldest of our churches—some notable improvements have also been made. All this material activity on the part of our brethren on the Mission speaks for itself, and may surely be taken to indicate a special blessing upon their spiritual labours.

* * *

We offer our congratulations to Br Felix Hardy and Br Edward Christopher Williams, who took their simple vows at Belmont on October 8th. Robert Murray, who began his novitiate on October 7th, is now Brother Cyprian.

* * *

DOM BERNARD McELLOGOTT and Dom Ethelred Taunton took their degrees at Oxford during this last term. Both have now joined the school teaching staff. The members of our Oxford House of Studies (Parker's Hall) are Dom Clement Hesketh, Dom Stephen Marwood, Dom Louis d'Andria, Dom Denis Marshall and Dom Ignatius Miller—the three last-named having gone up to Oxford in October.

* * *

UNDER the direction of Mr Perry, the monastic farm continues to carry off numerous prizes every year for roots. This year Mr Perry has won as many prizes as ever at the London Dairy Show, at Birmingham, at Edinburgh, and in other less important competitions. We offer him our sincerest congratulations.

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ALL who were familiar with the humble little *English Benedictine Almanac* of years ago have watched with wonder its yearly expanding volume of information and many embellishments in the excellence of type, and in the addition of illustrations. This year it has donned a smart new cover and grown out of all recognition. The curious will find within its pages abundance of information of the English Benedictines, while it is not wholly innocent of secular information. A once familiar item—the Phases of the Moon—has been ruthlessly excised to the regret of one at least of its readers, who was accustomed to purchase it for the clearness with which its “lunatic” information was set forth. The new *Benedictine Almanac* bids fair to become a serious rival of the *JOURNAL* and other English Benedictine periodicals, so we are both glad and sorry to be able to say that its constantly increasing bulk and attractiveness have at last demanded an increase of price.

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THE Librarian desires to acknowledge gifts to the Abbey Library from several friends. To Fr Cuthbert Almond he is indebted for many valuable additions and for continual help. Fr Benedict McLaughlin and Fr Ildephonsus Brown have been most generous benefactors. The Library, which already owed much to Fr Ildephonsus Brown, has greatly increased this indebtedness, with the gift of a valuable set of the *Yorkshire Archaeological and Topographical Journal*.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558-1795. Vol. I. By the REV. PETER GILDAY. Longmans, Green & Co.

A PATHETIC interest attaches to this volume. Presented only the other day as a thesis for the Doctorate to the University of Louvain we began its perusal by the light of the burning of its Alma Mater, and finished it by the flames that ruined Rheims. Its every page recalls French or Flemish towns devastated in this savage war—towns whose names, as the former homes of our colleges and convents, are far more familiar and sacred to us Catholics than to other Englishmen. Douai, Ypres, Mechlin, Ghent and Bruges are household words to the English communities whose ancestors were sheltered and taught there; whilst Belgian crowds now fleeing to England from fire and sword remind us of other Catholic refugees who once fled to Flanders from rack and ruin that threatened them at home.

The story of English Catholic refugees on the Continent, and of their collegiate and conventual establishments, was well worth writing, for it is full of incident and romance, of tragedy and sometimes of comedy, of the heroic struggles of the Church and its Orders to survive one of the most unexpected and complete of revolutions. So well established were these foundations that very few failed to perpetuate themselves when the French Revolution exiled them from a land of exile; and it is mainly upon these foundations that was reared our church-fabric upbuilt in the nineteenth century. We marvel at the holiness attained, and the amount of good accomplished by these exiled confessors in spite of scanty human resources, and of bitter quarrels and prolonged rivalries. For mingled with heroic stories of devotedness and faith there is found, as ever in human annals, the record of less edifying incidents, sordid struggles against destitution, factions and jealousy between rival religious, discord and treachery, the faults of good men, even the scandal of false brethren, and the treason of informers and spies. Behind the scenes loom the sinister figures of the great Elizabethan statesmen, watching with cynical amusement Catholic factions struggling in the meshes of a most effective system of espionage and treachery. Among the most valuable documents of our history rank the intercepted letters and secret reports that are lying among our public records.

This volume is especially useful as bringing together the stories of our old foundations, which, though already existing in print, are scattered amongst many and almost inaccessible publications. Nowhere else can so complete and impartial an account be found of the communities

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which, under heaven, saved English Catholicism from extinction, as well as of the political and religious conditions under which they arose. Though Fr Guilday's book may be more a compilation than an original work, yet it does not lack independent views on controverted points, and the valuable judgements of a detached observer. In the controversies between the Jesuits and their rivals he hesitates to pass a decisive judgement until archives have been more fully explored; between Fathers Taunton and Pollen he holds an even balance, animadverting however on "the veiled prejudices" of the former, who, it were well to remember, was neither a member of the English Benedictine Congregation nor its accepted historian. "It is impossible not to be edified," he remarks, "at the dignity and patience shown by the Benedictine leaders; and yet it is equally possible to defend the policy of the Society of Jesus" (221). A prudent position, particularly as there is no call to rake up the embers of these dead rivalries.

A point that comes out in these narratives, and not a pleasant one, is the small assistance that English foundations received from their respective Orders already established in the Low Countries. They were supported at first by the Spanish king, sometimes by the French king, often by the Holy See, but mainly by the impoverished remnant of the faithful in England. Religious in Flanders were not particularly liberal to their exiled brethren, or else they insisted on getting a substantial return for their benefactions. The Carthusians, for instance, were always trying to have Flemish superiors put over the English community at Newport whom they had assisted (51). The Bursfeld donations to the Benedictines of Lamspring, Kinteln and the rest, were little more than title deeds to properties that had been long occupied by the Lutherans; and even Caverel's benefactions to our college at Douai were balanced by a dependence upon the alien abbey that must have been galling to a proud community. So long as St Vaast's existed the priors of Douai were appointed, and its observance and finances were regulated by the munificent but masterful benefactors at Arras.

We conclude with some extracts bearing on the early history of St Lawrence's, which will interest readers of the JOURNAL. The author is describing the beginnings of the English Congregation as it exists to-day. "During the long delays caused by the opposition to the erection of the new establishment, the Spanish Benedictines opened a temporary house at Douay . . . which was prospering so well under Dom Bradshaw . . . that a monastery would soon be needed" (222). Meanwhile "the English Benedictines obtained . . . from Cardinal

Notices of Books

Charles of Lorraine . . . the old collegiate church of St Lawrence at Dieulouard. Dom Bradshaw took possession of the property on Dec. 2, 1606 . . . where in August, 1608, monastic life was begun. Rome at last gave a decision. (Dec. 10, 1608). This decree, with its subsequent confirmation in April, 1609, gave the required ecclesiastical permission for the foundation of St Gregory's at Douay. It did not quiet the faction adverse to the monks, who experienced great trouble in obtaining the necessary legal permission from the Courts of Brussels and Madrid; but by 1610 they had overcome all their difficulties. The Deed of Foundation gave the Abbot of St Vedast seigniorial rights over St Gregory's, and in it Caverel reserved to himself and his successors the privilege of confirming the election of the Prior. The powers of visitation he also reserved to himself, and ordained that the financial status of the monastery should be presented annually to the Abbot of St Vedast" (223-5).

"St Lawrence's Monastery soon grew beyond its capacity, and in 1611 two of its monks . . . were induced by the Bishop of St Malo to found an offshoot of their monastery in that town" (232). "The history of St Lawrence's is that of a monastery out of the current of English activity and of the different discussions and dissensions which variegated the life at Douay. The house was one of strict observance, and gave great edification to all. Its reputation grew, and postulants arrived in good numbers, and within the first twenty years of its monastic life (1608-28) over fifty choir-monks were professed. The monastery diminished continually in numbers, though never in real religious spirit until the French Revolution" (234). "Another foundation was made also from Dieulouard in 1611 at Chelles. Six of the Dieulouard monks . . . began a temporary priory at Montacute College in Paris. Later they moved into their new home in the Faubourg St Jacques . . . St Edmund's Monastery in Paris, as the new house was called" (235).

J.I.C.

Ontology, or The Theory of Being, an Introduction to General Metaphysics, by P. COFFEY, Ph.D. (Louvain). Longmans, Green & Co. 10s. 6d. net.

In this nicely bound volume we are presented with a thoroughly scholastic, and in the main thomistic view of metaphysics. It will be found useful to many who are studying the philosophy of the Schoolmen. The treatment of all questions regarding the various kinds of distinctions, real and logical, is particularly full and useful. If at

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times it be found that more attention is given to the exposition of questions than to their solution, the method should not be severely criticized, for it is not ill-adapted to an "introduction" to General Metaphysics. The author's treatment of the question of evil is very successful.

However, there is one very serious drawback. The phraseology is difficult and very wearying to the brain. Words, which are used little outside philosophy, and which therefore should be used as seldom as possible in treating of that subject, are too often repeated. "Body," "matter," or even "thing," when no confusion will arise, are preferable to "corporeal reality." Again, when we read, "The synthetic function of the affirmative categorical judgement identifies in the real order what the analytic function of mental abstraction had separated in the logical order," we feel such mode of expression is scarcely in the interest of true philosophy.

H.R.W.

Simplicity according to the Gospel. By MGR DE GIBERGUES, Bishop of Valence. R. & T. Washbourne. 1914.

The Meaning of Life, and other Essays. By REV. A. GOODIER, S.J. R. & T. Washbourne. 1914.

THERE is little in common between the two small volumes, except that both treat of spiritual things, both hail from the same publisher, and both happen to lie on our desk at the same moment. Those who like pious translations from the French will be pleased with Mgr de Gibergues' treatise on Simplicity, which taken as the equivalent of Purity of Intention is found to include every other virtue and most pious practices. Well translated, well printed, it is very pious and clearly very French, with a fair amount of solid Christian doctrine served up in the exuberant language and jerky paragraphs that are trying to English taste. But why this ceaseless stream of French spirituality, unsuitable to our ways, when we can have such charming and devotional essays as those which, originally written for *Stella Maris*, Fr Goodier has done well to collect and reprint? Here is a fresh treatment of old truths, at once instructive and stimulating. Here are papers eminently readable, written in a manly English style, that would serve either for a self-inflicted retreat or for daily consideration. No short extract would do justice to their merits. We notice, however, an occasional misprint and some passages a little lacking in lucidity.

J.L.C.

Notices of Books

The Words of Our Lord in the Gospel of Saint John. A series of Prayerful Meditations. By the RIGHT REVEREND JOSEPH OSWALD SMITH, O.S.B., Abbot of Ampleforth. Vol. I.

FATHER ABBOT has now given quite a library of meditation books to English Catholics. The latest of these to appear has a charm peculiarly its own. Every sentence Our Lord spoke, as recorded by St John, is taken; the meaning it has in its context is clearly put forth, and then the words are applied to oneself as a means of stimulating devotion. Such a book of prayers written for men and women of the present age meets a real need. To bring the Gospel before men as a rule and guide for their own special needs cannot fail to do good when so much literature deals with the Gospel story merely as an historical episode. The meditations are simple, and should appeal especially to those who favour a less studious form of meditation than is commonly found in set prayer books.

Perilous Seas. By E. GALLIENNE ROBIN. R. & T. Washbourne. 3s.6d. net.

THIS is a story of the French Revolution, and the scene is Guernsey. Very frequently the expectation of exciting incidents is disappointed, and one wonders why the author wasted the opportunities of making the tale more interesting. It will certainly edify those who do read it.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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

From R. & T. WASHBOURNE, LTD., Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Jesus Amabilis. A Book for Daily Prayer. By FRANCESCA GLAZIER.

The Education of Character. By REV. M. S. GILLET, O.P.

My Lady Rosia. By FRED A. GROVES.

Lord Clandonnell. By S. M. CHRISTINA.

The Seventh Wave and other Soul Stories. By CONSTANCE E. BISHOP.

The Innocent Victims of War. By OLIVE KATHARINE PARR. (Id.)

The Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

What Faith really Means. By REV. HENRY GUY GRAHAM, M.A., with

Foreword by the RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF GALLOWAY. (6d.)

The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough. Chosen and edited by
SCANNELL O'NEILL. (The Angelus Series).

The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary. By a Master of Novices.

From BURNS & OATES, LTD.

The Catholic Almanac, 1915. By the EDITOR of the CATHOLIC
DIRECTORY.

From LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

Vexilla Regis. A Book of Devotions and Intercessions on behalf of all
our Authorities, our Soldiers and Sailors, our Allies, the Mourners
and Destitute and all affected by the War. Arranged, translated
and compiled by the VERY REV. MGR BENSON, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Index to the Works of John Henry Cardinal Newman.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*,
the *Beaumont Review*, the *Giggleswick Chronicle*, the *Edmundian*, the
Downside Review, the *Raven*, the *Georgian*, the *Cottonian*.



Frontispiece

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No. III

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

XIV. THE HOUSE OF ABBAS (*continued*)

MANSUR'S first thought was to compensate his Empire for the loss of his Spanish and African provinces by a serious campaign against the Greeks. An army of seventy thousand men was launched against the Taurus frontier, and the city of Malatia was besieged and taken.

The student may deduce from this military operation the change which had come over the Moslem world, the attack on the Greek Empire was no longer sustained with raids of irregular horse by land, and piratical excursions by sea, but developed itself by the slow and tedious action of masses of infantry operating in mountainous country. Gone are the scurrying horsemen of Khalid-ibn-Walid, neglected are the fleets of Moawiya; the armies of Mansur are not truly the armies of the Arabs, but in fact the forces of Khosrau revived and regenerated once more, consequently the jars and shocks of war are again felt as recurring along the older lines of the inland highways, history resumes its normal course and the Arabian episode in Asia is concluded.

Although Mansur was called the Commander of the Faithful, his policy was that of a Sassanian king of kings; although his Emirs were mostly of Arabian origin in the male line, many of them were Turks or Persians, none perhaps of pure descent, some, like the Barmecides, direct descendants of the Persian barons, while the armies are no longer Nomad tribes, plundering, settling and colonizing where they list,

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but regular forces of horse and foot in which no doubt we might find a motley array of Kurds, Persians, Armenians and Turkish soldiers, such as fought under Xerxes, under Surenas, and under Khosrau.

If, however, the Khalifate was assimilating to itself the methods of the ancient Persian Empires in temporal matters, it differed from them in the spiritual relations which bound it to its subjects.

In ancient Persia the State Church was separated to a great degree from the administration, while under the Khalifs the State and Church were one, consequently schism and rebellion, orthodoxy and loyalty were indistinguishable. This confusion between administration and religion was in itself a great weakness in the structure of the Abbasid state; for a wandering impostor, a forged pedigree, or the distortion of vague tradition were trifles which might at any moment shake the throne to the very foundations, for among the multitudes who had been shepherds in the Moslem fold, there were spread the dormant seeds of exploded philosophies, moribund religions, decayed superstitions and half-forgotten beliefs, which now began to blossom and flourish amid the descendants of Manicheans, Jews, Christians, Zoroastrians, Atheists, Pantheists and Pagans who at the dagger's point had gabbled the "fatiha," and having trolled out unknown prayers in an unknown tongue at certain intervals, were for this slight service accepted as soldiers of God and brothers of their conquerors. Amidst the first hurly-burly of the Holy Wars, this incompleteness and vagueness of the Moslem propaganda had passed unnoticed, but now that the Empire had settled down into a more normal position, the dissonant elements in its spiritual composition began to make themselves felt.

In Arabia we find three great causes of strife: firstly, the followers of the descendants of Ali, who yearned for a legitimate Imam of the Holy house; secondly, the Bedwin who dreamed that the world might once more centre around Mecca and Medina; thirdly, those Arabs who had retained untainted traditions of Mohammed, and who longed to revive an austere and unbending orthodoxy such as the first

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Khalifs would have approved. But the sense of disunion, disappointment and dissatisfaction, which was spreading in Arabia, was but a negligible quantity compared with the confusion and anarchy which reigned in the minds of the Moslems of the East, where there were Moslems who accepted Islam as but a re-statement of the dualistic creed, Moslems who accepted Mohammed as but a unit in an unending sequence of incarnations of the Deity, Moslems who secretly worshipped fire as a symbol of Allah, Moslems who said with their lips, "There is no God but Allah," and in their hearts, "Allah is not," Moslems who tied rags to trees, Moslems who worshipped stones, Moslems who worshipped Ali as God, Moslems who accepted Mohammed as Daniel, Elijah or John the Baptist, Moslems who knew neither Allah or Mohammed, Moslems who spoke any one of a hundred tongues but Arabic, and who believed any one of a hundred mis-statements of the creed of Mohammed rather than his actual words.

If the curious complexity of the religious situation is but realized, it is not difficult for the student to understand why it was that peace seldom reigned in the Empire, and that any discontented official, religious vagabond, or strolling madman could in a short time collect a desperate following ready to believe that he was the son of Ali, a Messiah, a Prophet, an incarnation or a manifestation of the Deity.

Soon after the death of Abu Muslim, Mansur himself had experience of two common forms of religious upheavals which continually afflicted the Empire; the one in a Persian heresy, the other by a revival of Arabian Puritanism. The first instance was an outbreak among a body of Persian troops who had become imbued with the idea that Mansur himself was an incarnation of the Deity. At first the error of his followers was to the Khalif rather satisfactory than otherwise. When the learned held up their hands in pious horror, saying, "These unbelievers blaspheme," Mansur replied "That he preferred blasphemers, who would be damned for their fidelity, to traitors who might some day dwell in Paradise!" However it soon became apparent to the Prince that, unless he checked this exuberant devotion, the sterner Moslems who surrounded

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him would take measures of repression incompatible with his personal safety. The Commander of the Faithful was therefore obliged to request the Persian sectaries to desist from paying him divine honours. This command was followed by an unexpected development,—without relinquishing their belief the heretics came to the conclusion that Mansur was unworthy of the blessing of which they pretended he was the recipient, and decided to slay him in order that the Deity might be reincarnated as soon as possible in a more suitable human body. The result of this inconvenient determination ended in a bloody revolution, during which the fanatics besieged Mansur in his castle of Hashimiya, where they were finally dispersed and massacred with the greatest difficulty by Mansur, who lay for a time in the direst peril. The proportions which this outbreak assumed may be measured by the fact that the army operating in the Taurus had to be recalled, for the purpose of restoring order in Irak.

The most important result of this peculiar rebellion was that it decided the Khalif that it was absolutely necessary for his personal safety to build a new capital, inhabited by a population of his own choosing which would have none of those turbulent qualities that distinguished the peoples of Kufa, Wasit and Basra.

Following the guidance of his Persian predecessors, and perhaps a natural commercial and political instinct, Mansur chose the site of his new capital in the small village of Baghdad, in the neighbourhood of the ruins of Ctesiphon. However he had barely made the arrangements for the foundation of the new capital when his attention was diverted to Arabia, where a formidable conspiracy was suddenly brought to light.

One of the forces which the Abbassids had employed to crush the house of Moawiya had been the devotion, affection and superstitious reverence with which a certain number of Moslems scattered throughout the Empire had regarded the house of Ali.

The descendants of the luckless son-in-law of the Prophet, though never apparently capable of leading an army to victory, or initiating a successful revolution, had ever been inspired with a fatal and desperate hope of ultimate victory. For a

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moment they were used as pawns in the Abbasid game, their expectations ran high, but as the years passed on, it became plain that the sons of Abbas had as little regard for the sacred lineage of the son of Ali as they had for the Syrian Khalifs. Ever since Mansur had established himself firmly on the throne he had looked on the family of Ali with marked suspicion, and took no pains to disguise his fear of Abdallah and his sons Mohammed and Ibrahim, the direct descendants of Hassan the Martyr. Abdallah was old, but both his sons were young, vigorous and intelligent, and it was these two men whom Mansur had marked down as the objects of his greatest fear and distrust, causing their every movement to be watched, their friends spied upon, and their houses and families kept under the strictest observation. At last, both Mohammed and Ibrahim grew weary of the persecution, and decided to abandon their homes and conceal themselves by travelling under varying disguises, subsisting on the hospitality of their supporters, trusting to Providence and the fidelity of their partizans to protect them from the machinations of Mansur. If the Khalif had been uneasy while he yet had the objects of his guilty fear under his eye, now that they had escaped from the view of his police and ministers his terror redoubled. Sometimes the brothers were reported in Persia, occasionally tidings came of their suspected sojourn in the tents of the desert. At one time news was brought of their being in Egypt, at others they were suspected of actually harbouring in the towns of Irak, and ever with intelligence of their wanderings came rumours of incipient mutiny, the hatching of plots, the fostering of rebellions and the secret meetings of their followers. The Khalif exerted his powers to the utmost, offering bribes and rewards to traitors at one moment, persecuting and robbing their devoted followers at another, but all without avail. Mohammed and Ibrahim still remained at large; in fact the two descendants of Ali inspired far greater apprehension in the breasts of their opponents by remaining in concealment, than they could have done by boldly heading a rebellion. Mansur was completely baffled. The Governors who were sent to Medina and Egypt returned empty handed, the General who was dispatched to break up their organization

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in North Persia joined hands with the rebels, and was only defeated and slain after a serious campaign, while the brothers remained at large, wandering wheresoever they wished, yet always safe from the clutches of the Khalif.

The affair of Hashimiya, an extraordinary outbreak of fanaticism, exhibited to Mansur and his advisers in the plainest fashion, the indiscipline of the troops and the eagerness and religious excitement of the peoples of the cities of Irak for disorder, and the fact was borne in upon them that if the Empire was to endure, or the dynasty survive, that the construction of a new capital was essential. Irak was now the strategic base of the Empire, since from Irak armies could be launched against the Christians of the North-west and the Khazars of the North-east, while from Irak alone could a ruler at one and the same time control Arabia, Syria and Persia, therefore the new capital had to be fixed within the limits of that province.

Mansur came to the conclusion that, if he would capture his enemies, he must employ a different type of man from those at that time in his service, for the lieutenants of the Khalif were open to two objections, either they were true Moslems, in which case they hesitated to pursue or capture members of the Holy Family, or they were ambitious and might dream of playing the part of a second Abu Muslim for the advancement of an Alid Dynasty. Mansur therefore cast about him for one who, though neither rigidly orthodox nor aggressively ambitious, was yet a man of capacity and determination. At last he found the object of his search in a Bedawi, of the tribe of Morra, named Riya'h, a simple, unsophisticated warrior of the desert, who knew little of theology or affairs of State. When the wildling was brought before Mansur, the Khalif said to him, "O Riya'h, truly thou hast no claim of kinship or blood on me, and there is nothing between us, neither canst thou make any demand upon me for favour or promotion, therefore do I charge thee with this business of seizing the sons of Abdallah, therefore do I make thee governor of Mecca and Medina." "If thou would'st capture the boys, Commander of the Faithful, let us torture their father till he tell us where they are hidden," blurted out the

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plain-spoken child of the desert. "Abdallah," replied the Khalif sententially, "is an old and reverend man whom we respect." Riya'h withdrew, and, perhaps marvelling at the stupidity and complexity of town life, set out for Medina. The moment he arrived at the Holy City he sent for Abdallah, and said to him, "The Commander of the Faithful has sent me to seize your sons; if I cannot find them, assuredly I will do thee to death." Having delivered this message, he called the townfolk into the great mosque. "Men of Medina," he cried, from the pulpit, "I have come for the sons of Abdallah; he who harbours them I will torture; he who betrays them I will reward; for Mohammed is a miscreant rogue, and Ibrahim is a rebellious malefactor." When the citizens heard the Holy family abused after this fashion they cried out, "Allah! Allah!" and groaned with horror, whereupon Riya'h turned on them, saying, "I have spoken thus, to discover whether you would grow angry—you have shown your thought, and I am assured that ye are all guilty; therefore I shall ask the Khalif for permission to burn your city, so that I may destroy those whom I seek, and you along with them!" With these words Riya'h retired from the mosque, leaving the people of Medina confounded with fear.

The rough words of the desert man had their desired effect,—that night Mohammed and Ibrahim wandered from door to door begging for admittance. They were refused by the terrified householders, who, while protesting loyalty, begged them to depart elsewhere, lest the furious governor should discover them and ruin the city.

The unfortunate brothers sought asylum in the desert, but there Riya'h was on his own ground, and small parties of horse scoured from camp to camp, and waterhole to waterhole, questioning, searching and pursuing. At length, in despair, Mohammed prayed his father Abdallah's permission to surrender, and so end the unequal strife. "Courage," counselled Abdallah, "God may yet deliver His people by thy hand." So Mohammed resumed his wanderings, taking with him his son Ali who, though but a child, was deemed old enough to bear the burden of misery and intrigue which was the hereditary lot of the Alid race. Pressed by the relentless pursuit

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of Riya'h the three descendants of the last of the Imams separated, Mohammed remaining in Hejaz, Ibrahim hiding in Basra, while the little Ali took refuge in Egypt. So closely did the governor of Medina keep on the heels of his quarry, that though he could not lay hands on any one of those he sought for, yet, nevertheless, he kept Mansur informed of their movements.

The first to be apprehended was Ali the boy. By starvation and torture, Mansur soon drew from the wretched lad all that he knew, and was so alarmed at the information thus obtained that he proceeded immediately to Medina, accompanied by a strong force. On his arrival the nobles of the city came forth to do him honour, and among them the aged Abdallah. "Where are thy sons, father of Mohammed?" said the Khalif. "Commander of the Faithful, they fear to approach thee," answered the patriarch. "Why then do they conspire against me, as Ali the boy bears witness?" questioned the Khalif. Abdallah's eyes filled with tears. "Ali is a child, and has been tortured beyond his strength. He lied to ease his pain." Then Mansur smiled, and called forth one named Qouba, whom Abdallah recognized as one who had stayed in his house under the guise of a friend and supporter of his sons. Realizing that the man he had trusted with all his secrets was but a spy of his enemy, Abdallah gave way and, flinging himself on the ground, cried out for mercy. "May God not pardon me if I pardon thee," roared the Khalif, and giving orders to his servants to make ready for departure, that he might accomplish the pilgrimage to Mecca, and having commanded Riya'h to imprison the whole of the Alid family during his absence, Mansur set out for the Holy City.

Riya'h obeyed the Khalif's injunctions, and in a few days the whole of the family, men, women and children, had been secured,—the old Abdallah, the wives of Mohammed and Ibrahim, their sons, relations and slaves. Mansur returned from the pilgrimage, but did not choose to enter Medina; he established his camp a day's journey away, and ordered the prisoners to be brought to him. Riya'h obeyed the Khalif, and caused his prisoners to be led out of the town mounted

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on camels, loaded with chains, bareheaded and dressed in rags—for a night and a day they were kept waiting outside the Khalif's tent without food or water. At last Mansur decided to question Abdallah, "Where are thy sons?" "I know not," replied the old man. The Khalif was filled with rage. "By God," he cried, "had I them here, I would slay them before your eyes!" Then in helpless fury he ordered the poor wretch to be lashed with whips till he fainted. When Abdallah came to his senses his parched tongue protruded from his mouth. "Moslems," he groaned, "is there not one among you who will give a cup of water to the grandson of the Prophet?" A Bedawi who was passing was the only one who would venture to give him a drink.

Unable to extract any further information from the unhappy prisoners, the Khalif ordered them to be flogged, weighted with extra shackles, and bade one of his Emirs escort the convoy to Kufa, whither he arranged to precede them. As the litter in which Mansur was carried passed the prisoners, Abdallah cried out, "It was not thus that Ali treated Abbas when he captured him on the field of Bedr." Consumed with fury the Commander of the Faithful stretched his head from between the curtains and spat in Abdallah's face. The prisoners remained behind to stagger along the six hundred miles of dusty, stony roads of the desert to Kufa, while the Khalif's litter swayed on before them.

If proof were wanted of the desperate devotion of the family for the sons of Abdallah, it would be sufficient to cite the fact that during the whole of the time that the prisoners were being tortured and ill-used, Mohammed was concealed in Medina, and corresponded with his father from hour to hour, imploring permission to give himself up, yet always being refused.

When Mansur arrived at Kufa, he seems to have realized that neither the tortures he inflicted on the family of Ali nor the severity and perseverance of the governor of Medina, could accomplish the capture of Mohammed and Ibrahim; he decided therefore, even at the risk of losing his throne, to provoke them to open rebellion and so end an intolerable situation. Mansur was well aware that neither Mohammed

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nor Ibrahim would venture to have recourse to physical force unless there was some chance of success; in order, therefore, to hearten his enemies to rebellion the Khalif decided upon a deed which should drive every follower of Ali into the field. Accordingly without more ado Mansur commanded that Abdallah and the other prisoners should be beheaded on their arrival at Kufa.

Mansur's desperate strategy was complicated by another motive. His cousin Isa had been selected by the first Abbasid as Mansur's successor. Mansur longed to leave the throne to his son Mohammed,—in a long and determined civil war Isa might be slain. As the Commander of the Faithful had anticipated, Mohammed emerged from his hiding place in Medina and called upon all Hejaz to follow him. Ibrahim on the other hand proclaimed revolution in Basra, and by Mansur's orders Isa was commissioned with the command of the army destined to quell the double rebellion. Isa embarked upon his task with a brilliant initiative. He first took Medina and slew Mohammed without difficulty and delay, then doubled back to Irak with his army and attacked the forces under Ibrahim. Ibrahim had gathered about him an army perhaps forty thousand strong, but years of wandering as a hunted refugee had not developed the talents or qualities necessary in a leader, and his army was, like all the rebel armies raised in Irak, divided in councils and purpose. Isa came upon Ibrahim when the latter was threatening Kufa, where Mansur was encamped; by an adroit tactical movement Isa hemmed in the rebels between a canal and the city, attacked them along a narrowed front and contrived to signal to the garrison of Kufa to fall on them in the rear. Ibrahim was slain, his army dispersed and the cause of the House of Ali lost for ever.

Mansur viewed Isa's success but sourly. True, his greatest enemies were dead, and his throne was more secure than it ever had been since the day of his accession; but in Isa, the Khalif recognized a formidable obstacle to his son's succession, which had now become the darling project of the declining years of the Commander of the Faithful. With that supreme selfishness which, since the murder of Abu Muslim, had

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distinguished Mansur, the Khalif set to work to force Isa to abandon his claim to the throne; false charges were brought against the unhappy man, in hopes of obtaining an excuse for ordering him to execution, poison was introduced into his food, false witnesses gave a detailed perjury regarding his pretended renunciation, but against all these devices Isa held out with unexpected stubbornness. As a last resort Isa was confronted with his favourite son, a cord was slipped around the boy's throat. "Unless thou yield'st," cried Mansur, "assuredly I will strangle him." The cord was tightened, and Isa saw his son fall senseless to the ground—after a moment's hesitation Isa gave way, and Mansur had achieved his last desire.

Now that his enemies were scattered and his rivals rendered powerless, Mansur was able to devote the remainder of his years to the building of his chosen capital, Baghdad. Mansur hoped, when he laid out the foundations of his new city, that he would achieve stability of government by the mechanical disposition of brickwork. He had noticed that confused and tortuous streets, defenceless market places, blind alleys and isolated government buildings or offices, were weapons in the hands of the disorderly, by means of which interested persons could convert a pitiful street row into a formidable faction fight within a very short space of time.

In such cities as Basra, Kufa, or Wasit, the rebellious could plot and hatch conspiracies within a stone's throw of the Imperial residence without either soldiers or police being able to interfere. The treasury or the palace might be attacked and taken by a hastily collected mob before an army could come to the rescue, a dozen pretenders to the throne could hide in safety in any quarter of a city where they had adherents. It was only by a dangerous and complicated system of spies, assassins and bullies, that the Khalif and his ministers could keep control of the urban population. The towns of Irak were mere disordered settlements which the soldiers, merchants and colonists, who had obtained grants of land for various services, had built according to their varying fancies, and without any general purpose or plan.

Mansur decided to build himself a city in which he thought

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none of these evils could ever recur, and accordingly laid out a plan conceived with the object of maintaining the people in subjection, and the Prince and his ministers in security.

The new capital which Mansur laid out was a masterpiece of despotic cunning and autocratic strategy. Three walls enclosed a perfect circle about four miles in circumference, the outer wall was separated from the central or main wall by an open ring, between the main wall and the inner wall lay the four quarters of the city, within the circle enclosed by the inner wall lay a vast open space in the centre of which stood the Imperial palace surrounded by the various public offices. Two roads divided the city into symmetrical quadrants, pierced the walls at opposite points, and divided the four quarters one from the other.

By this simple scheme Mansur overcame half the dangers with which his throne had been menaced;—the palace stood in a space sufficiently large for troops to manoeuvre without danger of being overwhelmed by an undisciplined mob, the quarters of the city were not only dominated by the main and inner walls, but were utterly separated by military barracks which flanked the roads between the inner and the outer gates, the suburbs were separated from the inner city by a deep water dyke and the outer wall.

The advantages of Mansur's plan are sufficiently obvious. (1) The Khalif could leave the city without being obliged to pass through any street inhabited by other persons than his guards. (2) A brawl could be localized and dealt with by the guards at the gates. (3) By a simple process of closing the inner and outer gates the whole population could be imprisoned in a moment. (4) Disaffected persons beyond the walls could never obtain assistance from within. (5) No mob, whether from within or without, could approach within sight of the palace without having passed the guardians of the city gates. (6) The city police and agents of the Khalif could obtain easy access to any house within either of the four quadrants or quarters. (7) The whole of the public offices and official residences were centralized in one place, and yet cut off from the population of the town.

In fact, if by organization and building it were possible for a

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monarch to secure his throne, Mansur did so in Baghdad,—had the original scheme been adhered to, and the plan of the city of Mansur been preserved intact, doubtless the Khalifs would long have enjoyed their dominion and power, but though the Khalif might bequeath his city, he could not leave his wisdom to his successors.

The city of Baghdad was completed in 149; in 158 Mansur died leaving the empire to his son El Mahdi.

[To be continued]

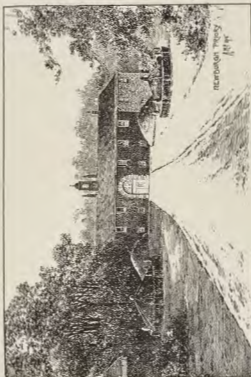
MARK SYKES

NEWBURGH PRIORY AND THE FAUCONBERGS

PART II

WITH a new century and a new branch of the Belasyse family Newburgh begins a new era, but one destined to reproduce many of the features of the last. On Earl Fauconberg's death without issue (December 31st, 1700), the viscounty and estates fell to his nephew Thomas (1674-1718), elder son of Sir Rowland Belasyse († 1699) by his wife Jane, daughter of James Davenport, of Sutton, Cheshire. The third viscount had married Bridget, daughter of the Catholic baronet Sir John Gage of Firle, whose family brought into the country the well-known variety of plum still known as the "greengage." As the stock from which the new lord sprang had retained the old Faith Newburgh became once more a Catholic home, lapsing consequently into the obscurity of recusant households, but manifesting more clearly than before its religious character. During some years English Benedictines from Douai served the domestic chapel—Fr Gilbert Knowles (1710-13) and Fr Bede Halsall, Provincial of York. The latter went to the Middletons at Stockeld in 1715. Was his departure from Newburgh connected with the fears of a timorous and suspected nobleman during the Stuart Rising of that year? The handsome vestments, some of old English, others of Spanish or Belgian workmanship, which are still worn at Easingwold, belonged to the Newburgh chapel and were in use at this time. Another detail connects the family with the Benedictine community that a century later found a home at Ampleforth. An old Visitation-book of St Lawrence's contains lists of a Rosary confraternity begun at Dieulouard in 1619, and amongst the names of its "Pensioners" occur those of Edward Gascoigne, Bart., of Parlington, and of Thomas Belasyse, Viscount

¹ This chaplain had an unfortunate disagreement with the noble patron for which he was severely censured by his superiors.



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Fauconberg.¹ Barred by the new oath of conformity from taking his place among his peers, oppressed by fresh penal laws of all kinds, the pious Viscount passed his life blamelessly, in a retirement which political upheavals, dynastic changes, even the hopes and failure of the Rising in 1715 failed to disturb. He died at Brussels in 1718, and was buried with his ancestors at Coxwold.

A painful episode disastrous to their Catholicism marks the next stage of the Fauconberg story, the perversion of the first Earl being repeated only too exactly in another century and by a third generation. Of this new apostacy temper rather than ambition was the occasion; it was recompensed as before by a welcome to Parliament and Court, and ultimately by an advance in the peerage.

Thomas, fourth Lord Fauconberg, was born in 1699, apparently an only child, and after succeeding to the title as a minor he married, in 1726, Catherine Fowler, heiress of the Fowlers of Stafford. This lady's grandfather, William Fowler, the last male of an old Catholic family, had made two wills, one dated 1712, and a second three years later, that through a lawyer's carelessness was overlooked at his death. By the earlier will Miss Fowler was left sole heiress of large estates in Staffordshire, Lancashire and Flint; under this impression Lord Fauconberg married her, and added her name to his own. Later on the second will turned up, dividing the property with another grand-daughter; and on the strength of this an Irish lawyer of good family, Fitzgerald, married the lady who now became co-heiress, and started a suit to recover her rights. After long litigation in Chancery, and an appeal to the House of Lords, the second will was upheld; and though he had not to restore the income he had honestly enjoyed, Lord Fauconberg was forced to give up the moiety of his wife's estates. He was so piqued at this that he dropped the name Fowler—he could not well drop the lady—and disposed of his share of her property. Unfortunately, this was not the only effect of his temper. Though neither

¹ Other names of local interest are: D. Antony Plompton, Co. York, 1656 (from Plompton near Knaresboro'), and Hugh Cholmeley, "ex nobili familia Eboracensi, 1667."

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the Church nor its ministers had been in any way involved in the dispute, he was so chagrined at the result that he conformed to the Established Church (1737), presumably finding in his enhanced social and political importance some compensation for humiliation and defeat. His moral principles deteriorated with his apostasy. Certain funds for religious purposes had been left in Mr Fowler's hands by a former chaplain, these Lord Fauconberg refused to pay over, availing himself of the new legal plea that they were for superstitious purposes. A sad story of wounded pride and ungovernable temper! The oath of conformity enabled him now to take his seat in the House of Peers; he was welcomed at Court; his loyalty easily stood the test of the Rising in '45, and after a while the earldom was revived in his favour (1756). But fancy a man abjuring Catholicism to become Lord of the Bedchamber to George II! (1738.)

It may be doubted whether the Viscount's perversion, however scandalous and serious, was ever more than external. In the circumstances he could hardly avoid educating his only son as a Protestant; but his wife never changed her faith, and his three daughters were brought up in the old religion. They all married Catholics too—Barbara the Hon. George Barnewell, Mary Thomas Eyre of Hassop, and Ann the Hon. Francis Talbot, brother of Lord Shrewsbury. Though after his apostasy Lord Fauconberg had closed the chapel in his house he provided or permitted one on his estates. A Lambspring monk, Dom Laurence Hardisty, is found at Easingwold about 1743-54, where then lived some members of the Salvin and Vavasour families. About the same time there was a chapel in Angram Grange, an old property of Byland, still standing to the north of Hushwaite station, where traces of an altar and sanctuary may still be seen in an upper room. Here the Newburgh ladies came to Mass, here the priest lived, and gathered round him a dwindling flock. A chapel and priest's house were next built at Oulston, as more central for the Catholics of the neighbourhood. Records tell of a secular priest, the Rev. Thomas Smith, chaplain to Lady Fauconberg, sometimes described as of Angram Grange, who died at Oulston, November 2nd, 1755, and is said by

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local tradition to be buried near the chapel there. (*C.R.* xii, 8.)

After Lady Fauconberg's death in 1760 her daughter, Lady Mary Eyre, continued her mother's work, and later gave an endowment for the priest.¹ This foundation, settled later at Crayke, became the nucleus of the Easingwold mission which still perpetuates the memory of the Catholic Fauconbergs and the apostolic labours of the Newburgh chaplains. Meanwhile the bitterness of early anger was softened by advancing years, and the old Earl, moved by memories of his youth and by his daughters' prayers, sent for a priest a little before his death and made his peace with the Church.

Fauconberg in his apostasy had only too many examples and imitators. The middle of the seventeenth century proved to be the gloomiest period for English Catholicism, for many a gentle family, that had braved successfully the rack and rope, yielded then to the attractions of public life and the steady pressure of a mean legislation. Penal laws altering their character became less savage but more deadly; they sapped a constancy that was weakened by despair for the Stuart cause, and was no longer inspired by hope of martyrdom. Thus Lord Teynham conformed when the Hanoverians came in. Later the Viscounts Molyneux of Sefton renounced the faith, and received an earldom instead. In Sussex the defection of three chief families imperilled religion in that county—the Shelleys of Mapledurham, Gage, whose seventh Baronet conformed, was made a Viscount, but died repentant, and Lord Montagu of Cowdroy who also repented on his death-bed. Thus with maimed estates and enfeebled zeal, many an old family, either noble or yeoman, abandoned the Catholic faith almost within sight of the toleration that was bound to come. Had they only held on for another generation they might have hailed the dawn of emancipation, and won the freedom for which they had sighed so long.

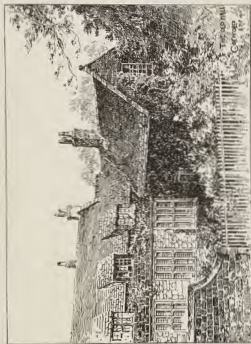
To return to a pleasanter theme: Lord Fauconberg's connection with Laurence Sterne, and his kindly patronage of that eccentric genius, bring into the Belaysye annals a literary element otherwise wholly lacking. The Earl presented Sterne

¹ This was in 1802, upon the death of her brother, the last earl.

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to the Coxwold living, and had him as a frequent and welcome guest at the Priory (1760-67). Most of *Tristram Shandy* was written in the old parsonage, now called Shandy Hall, though portions must have been composed at Sutton-in-the-Forest, when this unconventional parson held that living with the vicarage of Stillington. The hall in the latter village belonged then to Stephen Croft, one of the few Yorkshire squires who could appreciate Sterne's peculiar humour. A story is told of a dinner at Stillington Hall (how well one knows that hospitable dining-room!) after which Sterne was induced to read some passages of his manuscript. Had they been less disguised in wit and learned lore, its coarse jests might have appealed to the Squire Westerns of the day; but after a hard day with the hounds, and a long evening with the port, the bucolic guests were in no mood for witty stories or humorous speculations. Looking round after a while and finding them all asleep, Sterne, in disgust, threw the manuscript into the fire, from which his host was barely able to rescue it. Perhaps it might have been better left there! Anyway, it is to Stephen Croft's solitary appreciation and timely intervention that the world owes a masterpiece of English humour which it will not willingly let die. At Newburgh Sterne found more congenial audiences. Lord Fauconberg evidently valued his inimitable gifts and witty talk; possibly, his guest's humanism helped to soften his violent temper; and on the other side, the Catholics, lay and clerical, whom the Vicar met at the Priory or in the village, must have influenced many passages in his works. We have a pleasanter picture of the worldly old Earl from his association with the immortal sentiment and humour of Laurence Sterne.

The Earl crept back into the Church on his death-bed, in time to save his soul, too late to influence the religion of his heir; and so with him, though collateral cousins retained it, the old Faith passed away from Newburgh. His only son Henry, fifth Viscount, second Earl of the second creation, was brought up in the Church of England, and partly at the court of George III with whom he was rather a favourite. A man of some abilities, displayed in minor offices under Government, he was elected member for Peterborough (1768-74)



Newburgh Priory and the Fauconbergs

as Lord Belasyse, and on his father's death became Lord-Lieutenant of the North Riding, Colonel of the North Yorks Militia, and a Lord of the Bedchamber to George III! He rebuilt the chancel of the Coxwold church as we see it now (1777). The tendency of the Belasyse family to run to daughters showed itself again, for by his wife, Charlotte, daughter of Sir Matthew Lamb, Bart., he left four girls and no son. Of these the elder, Charlotte, wife of Thomas Edward Wynn, held her father's estates till her death in 1825, the husband taking her family name. The second, Lady Anne, married Sir George Wombwell, and left Newburgh to her son, another Sir George († 1855), father of our old neighbour, the Balaclava hero, who died only the other day (1913). Lady Elizabeth's story is a sad one. Though deeply enamoured of Colonel Bingham, a penniless soldier of no particular prospects, she was forced by her ambitious father into a loveless marriage with Colonel Howard, heir-presumptive to the Norfolk honours. The marriage which may well have been invalid through want of consent turned out unhappy; the lady left her legal husband, and afterwards married her first lover who had now become Earl of Lucan, father of the man who commanded the charge at Balaclava.

Earl Henry died in 1802 (March 23rd), the year in which the monks came to Ampleforth to take up in the valley the Catholic traditions that had fallen from Fauconberg hands. Since then Newburgh has remained with the descendants of his daughters; the Earldom lapsed again, whilst the older titles reverted to male heirs of a collateral branch that had retained the Catholic faith, but with whom both male line and baronies soon came to an end.

The Catholic viscount who succeeded in 1701 had one brother, Rowland, who by his wife, Frances daughter of Lord Teynham, left five daughters and two sons, the younger of whom, Anthony, was father, amongst other children, of the two brothers who, on the death of the Earl, succeeded in turn as sixth and seventh Viscounts Fauconberg. Of these latter the elder, Rowland, never married, and lived usually in Lancaster, where he died in 1810, and is buried in the parish church. As prominent laymen the two brothers took some part in the

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domestic controversies which agitated the Catholic body in the decades preceding emancipation, but, apart from such incidents, their lives were passed in comparative obscurity and poverty. Differences in politics and religion separated them from their wealthy cousins, and there is no likelihood that they ever visited either Ampleforth or Newburgh. A second brother, Thomas, who never lived to inherit the title, left five daughters, all well-known in Lancaster, by his wife, Louise de Neuville.¹

Charles, the third brother, only remaining heir, seventh and last Viscount Fauconberg, was born in 1750. Passing much of his early life in Paris, where he was ordained priest and took his Doctor's degree at the Sorbonne, it is not surprising that he imbibed there the prevalent Gallican opinions, or that, returning to England at the Revolution, he should have joined the Cisalpine Club, and given that party his active support. He acted for a time as chaplain to the Portuguese embassy, befriending the exiled French clergy, and occasionally taking clerical duties in London. "A fine scholar, a dignified nobleman," he had all the courtly manners of the *ancien régime*, and when presented to George III, on succeeding to the peerage, "His Majesty could not fail to be pleased with the urbanity of his manners" (*Cradock's Memoirs*). He died at his sister's house in Lancaster, June 21st, 1815, and was buried with his brother in the parish church.

Thus with strange symmetry is the Fauconberg pedigree rounded off; it begins with a priest, and ends with one, though there is a vast difference between the time-serving, grasping cleric of Henry VIII and the unassuming, faithful priest of George III in whom the line was extinguished. The last Dr Belaysse never enjoyed the ill-gotten estates which

Newburgh Priory and the Fauconbergs

the first Dr Belaysse had acquired four centuries before, and the family honours founded on those estates were buried in his lowly grave.¹

Some irregularity of descent, occasionally discernible in the Belaysse pedigree, has given rise to the legend that the owners of Newburgh have lain under the malediction which is supposed to accompany the possession of Church property. Their estate, it is noticed, never descends to three generations, or to not more than three generations, without a break. That this irregularity has been exaggerated a slight acquaintance with the pedigree proves, and that property should never come down through four male descendants is not so very marvellous. In the case of Newburgh the first lay-proprietor was succeeded by his son and his grandson; so was the third Viscount in the eighteenth century; and in the nineteenth century the Sir George Wombwell who married the Belaysse heiress was also followed by his son and his grandson.² The pedigree certainly shows a considerable preponderance of daughters, but that is not necessarily a curse; occasionally too, the descent has been irregular, not always from father to son. However faulty their original title, the lay-owners of Newburgh have now had peaceable possession for close on four hundred years, exactly as long as the Canons had. Their vicissitudes have not really been out of the common. They

¹ The rise and extinction of the Fauconbergs are curiously paralleled in the story of another great Catholic family, that of the Brownes, Viscounts Montague, at Midhurst. Their fortunes were made by a royal favourite out of monastic spoils, the chief being Battle Abbey and the Nunnery at Cowdray. They, too, managed to retain both the old Faith and their new lands: they early attained the rank of Viscount, and they used their wealth and influence to foster Catholicism in Sussex until the middle of the eighteenth century when, weary of ostracism and fines, Lord Montague conformed to the Established Church. He, too, repented on his death-bed, but too late to save the faith of his heir. Then fell the "Curse of Cowdray," the doom of fire and water uttered against the robbers by one of the expelled monks of Battle. Within a few days (September, 1793) the magnificent castle at Cowdray was burnt to the ground, and the young lord was drowned in the Rhine. The title fell to a priest and died out with him; the mansion has never been rebuilt, and the estates passed to various owners who have all been singularly unlucky. It remains to be seen whether misfortune will follow the property to its recent purchasers.

² The succession at Newburgh goes as follows from Dr Antony Belaysse: Nephew, son, son, grandson, cousin, son, son, daughter, sister, son, son. It is understood that the property, now vested in the widow of Sir George Wombwell, will fall on her death to a son of one of their daughters.

¹ The Bellases of Merton, Co. Durham, descended from Sir Will. Belaysse of Newburgh (d. 1603) remained Catholic for many years. The *Dunay Diary* records the reconciliation, in 1652, of John Salvin, aged 15, son of Gerard Salvin (Prot.) and of Mary Bellases (Cath.) of Merton.

Catholic cadets of the Belaysse lived at Winchester, Shindon and Chichester in the eighteenth century. Dame Augustine B., died a Benedictine nun at Dunkirk, 1785, and Dame Benedict B., O.S.B., at Pontoise in 1795. In 1761, Barbara and Catherine Bellases, as also Mary and Priscilla, were enrolled in a Rosary Confraternity, of which a list was kept at Middleton Hall. (*C.R.* 14.265.)

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have enjoyed prosperity, power and place for three centuries during which a male heir never failed, and for another century with the line continued through an heiress. The penalties for sacrilege are doubtless real and most grievous, yet their effects are not always apparent, and they sometimes remain suspended for reasons invisible to mortals. The religious vicissitudes of the family have been more considerable, alternating as they did between Catholicism and Conformity in a way that is more intelligible than edifying. Even here, however, the philosophic spectator will pause in his censure; he will allow for the doubts and difficulties of perilous times, for the temptations of wealth and ambition; and the most orthodox critic, whilst lamenting the defection of these old Catholic stocks, will yet be more disposed to admire the fidelity of the steadfast than to blame the weakness of those that failed. Apart from religious differences, the Fauconbergs of Newburgh have left an honourable and distinguished name which has not been lost by their descendants. Their latest representative, Sir George Wombwell, over whom the grave has lately closed (1913), held Newburgh for half a century; in him the monks at Ampleforth have known not merely a hero of Balaclava, but a friendly neighbour, a generous landlord, a popular sportsman, a typical Yorkshire squire.

J.I.C.

NOTE

Errata in previous paper, Vol. XX, p. 119:—the second Lord Fauconberg was twenty-eight in 1656 when his first wife died; he married Mary Cromwell in 1657; and received the earldom in 1689.

HERODOTUS IN YORKSHIRE

(SUGGESTED BY THE BOROUGH GUIDE TO SETTLE
AND GIGGLESWICK, Price 3d.)

NOTE.—The whole tone of this admirable volume seemed so closely akin to that of "The Father of History," that I spent an idle holiday evening in trying to reproduce one or two extracts from it in his inimitable style, for which audaciously I ask the reader's indulgence.—L.W.H.

SETTLE BRIDGE

CROSSING the river between Settle and Giggleswick, the bridge is worthy of attention. It was formerly a narrow erection, but was widened on the south side. The northern half thereof is very ancient, as the quaint ribbed arches testify. The fine old sycamore on the right hand as you ascend Bell Hill is known as the "Parish Umbrella," being a favourite trysting-place. The name of this hill is a subject of much conjecture, one theory being that it derives its origin from the hill of Baal, and that it was a place of Druidical worship, others holding that it is the "hill of the ford," "bel" being the Celtic word for a ford. A local legend is to the effect that there used to be a bell on the hill to guide belated travellers across "Kendalman's Ford."

EBBING AND FLOWING WELL

This remarkable well is situate at the foot of the scars about a mile from Giggleswick. It has been an object of curiosity from time immemorial. Drayton in his "Polyolbion," which was written three hundred years ago, put into verse the legend that a nymph was pursued by a satyr, and that, frightened he would overtake her, she prayed to the gods to change her into a spring. Her prayer was answered, and the well as it ebbs and flows is supposed to be the nymph panting. And Speed makes mention of it in 1627, as does many another old author.

An interesting feature of the well, but one which is only occasionally visible, is "the silver cord," a curious thread of air running from one side of the well to the other.

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The well is visited every Easter Sunday by hundreds of children, who concoct a drink called "Spanish Water," by means of black liquorice.

The action of the well is very uncertain and irregular, and the visitor may have to pay several visits before he finds it working. Scientists hold the theory that its movements are due to a natural double siphon within the rock. The notion that this is the old "Holy Well" of the place is a brand new twentieth century invention.

Περὶ τῆς τῶν Γελασιολαῶν χώρας.

Καὶ περὶ τὴν τῶν πόταμον μεταξὺ τοῦ Καθίσματος καὶ τῆς Γελασιολαῶν μέγιστον θέρματος ἀξίῃ δοκιὰ ἡ γέφυρα¹ τῆς πύλης λέγουσι σπανίως ἀνοδοῦσθαι, ὅτερον δὲ πρὶς τὴν μεταμύριον πεποῦσθαι εἰσέρχον· τὸ δὲ πρὶς βαρὺν μέρος ἀρχαῖοντα, ὡς αὐτοὶ αὖτα τὰς φυλὰς ἰδίᾳ λίθους ἔχουσιν αὐτὰ κατὰ Ἑλλήνων τρόπον προχέοντα. αὐτὰ δὲ πρὶς τὸν κυλιόμενον ἀναβαίνει τὸν ἐπὶ τῶν κυλοῦντων Βήλων καλέμενον τῇ δεξιῇ φύσιν πλάτανος τὴν ὑψηλὴν καὶ ἀμφιλόφον ἥτις πᾶσιθεν οὐνομάζεται τῆς πύλης· οἱ γὰρ ἦσαν πολλὰ ἐν αὐτῇ φασίνετες ἀμφίοντι μετὰ τῶν πυλῶν. περὶ δὲ τοῦ οἰνόματος τοῦ καλοῦ πολλὰ δὲ ἀμφισβητεῖται, αὐτὸ ἔργον ἔχει περὶ τοῦ πύργματος ἀρετικῶς εἰσὶν· οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἀπὸ τοῦ Βήλου ἀνοδοῦσθαι ἠγούσιν (ἐστὶν δὲ θεὸς ὁ Βήλος τῶν Φωκίων) καὶ τοὺς ἱεροὺς κοτὴ ἐμβαλεῖ θυνίῳ μέλι καὶ ὕδωρ²· οἱ δὲ αὐτόχθονες μᾶλλον φασὶν (εἶσι γὰρ Κελτῶν ἀπόγονοι) ἀπὸ τῆς διαβίσεως τοῦ ποταμοῦ τὸ αἶμα διέσωθεν διὰβαιον γὰρ ἐπὶ τῶν Κελτῶν γλίσσοι βάλαν ἀνοδοῦσθαι. τῶν δὲ ἐπιχωρίων οὐκ ὁ λόγος, ἐπὶ βήλων³ τὰ ἱερὰ παρὰ τὸν ποταμὸν κοτὴ ἐστὶν, ἐπὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ ποταμοῦ ἀπὸ κυκλίου διαβήσονται μέλιτες τῆς νυμφῆς πρότερον ἔρχοντο· ταῦτα μὲν δὲ περὶ τοῦ καλοῦ λεγόμενα.

Περὶ δὲ τῆς Γελασιολαῶν ἄλλα μὲν ἐστὶ καὶ πολλὰ ἀνοδοῦσθαι, ἀποτύττων δὲ πάντων ἡ κρήνη ἢ ὅτετος καλεῖται· αὐτὴ γὰρ τὸ ὕδωρ ἐν ταύτῃ μένει, ἀλλ' ἐνίοτε μὲν ἀνοδοῦσθαι, ἐνίοτε δὲ αὖθις ἀναλεῖ· εἰσὶν δὲ ἐπὶ ταύτῃ ἀρχαῖοι μέγιστον δέκα σταδίους ἀπέχοντα τῆς πύλης. τοῦ ἔσχατου τοῦ θέρματος αἰὲς ἱστορεῖται αὐτὴν καλεῖται ἐξ ὅτι Μιν⁴ ἔβαλετο τῆς χώρας καὶ ἔξεν πολλοὺς· ἐν ταύτῃ καὶ τὸν Ἡρόδοτον λέγουσι ἐκείνῃ ἀναλεῖσθαι, ὡς ἐν τῇ ἡλικίᾳ γέγραπται· ἐστὶ δὲ τραχὺντα ἐπ' αὐτοῦ ἐπὶ εἰς τὸν ἐμὸν χρόνον. ταῦτα δὲ ἐκείνῃ ἐμβαλόγητος περὶ τῆς κρήνης· περὶ τῆς κρήνης τῆς ὅτι ὁ Πλάτων ἠρώσθη· καὶ δεικνύει φεβυλῶν μὲν καταλεῖβαι τοὺς θεοὺς ἐλίσσονται εἰς κρήνην μεταμορφώσιν, τὸ δὲ ἐγένετο τῆς δὲ κρήνης ἐκ τούτου φασὶ ἀνοδοῦσθαι καὶ ἀναλεῖν ἐπὶ τοῦ πνεύματος τῆς νύμφης ἐπὶ ἀσθματισμοῦ. τῶν δὲ πάλαιοντων ἡμετέρας περὶ αὐτῆς ὁ Ἑκαταίος⁵ καὶ ἄλλοι πολλοὶ τῶν λογισμένων. περὶ δὲ καὶ ἄλλοι τὸ ἀξιοῦσθαι ἔχει ἡ κρήνη ἰσχυρὰ δὲ οὐκ ἐν πάσῃ

Herodotus in Yorkshire

ἔργον ἰδεῖν ἔξωσιν ἐπὶ ἀπὸ θανάτου χίλων ἐς ὅτερον διμετέρας ἀπεκτείνονται πέφυκεν σπανίως συνέχον ὅτε ἄρως ἀρχαῖος· ἵσται καὶ τοῦτο τὸ αἶμα κατέγειται. ἐν δὲ τῇ Κυρηνῇ⁶ τῶν Ἀποστειμένων θυμίσαι δὲ ἐν αὐτῇ φασὶ ταύτων ἔχον· ἀνοδοῦσθαι δὲ πάντες τὴν κρανίαν τοῖς τελευτοῦσι ἀλλήλων, μέλι καὶ καὶ γλίσσαι φέρουσι ἐν τῷ ὕδωρ ἔχοντες, τοῦ Ἰβηρῶν ὕδωρ καλεῖται· ἐπὶ δὲ ἀλλήλων ἐπὶ ταῦτα αὐτοὺς αὖτα γενόμενος.⁷ ἡ δὲ ἀρσενία τῆς κρήνης οὐ νύμφη, τὴν δὲ μᾶλλον ἴσως σαρβάνην, ὅτε τοὺς φασίνετες εἰς πολλὰς σφαλῶναι τὸ θέμα ἔχον γλίσσοι καὶ ἀσθματισμοῦ αὐτοὺς ἰσχυρὰ. καὶ περὶ τούτου αὐτῶν λέγουσι ἐκείνῃ ἐπὶ ἰσχυρὰ ὁ φασίνετες, αὐτοῦ τῶν τῶν σφῶν ἀποδοῦσθαι ἐπὶ τῆς πύλης ἰσχυρὰ ἀνοδοῦσθαι· οὐ μὲν ἀλλὰ νεότεροι τὸν ἀλλοτρίῳ τῆς κρήνης ἰσχυρὰ φασίνετες, αὐτὸ ὅτε λέγοντες οὐκ ἐπὶ τῶν πάλαιον δεικνύμενα.

L. W. H.

¹ βήλος = 'threshold,' not 'hell,' but I have used it to keep the play upon the words, which would otherwise be lost.

² The reign of Men, the first recorded King of Egypt, would in Herodotus' mind correspond to 'time immemorial.'

³ The 'Eoiai' of Herod was a catalogue of famous heroines of Mythology, among whom our nymph would fitly find a place.

⁴ I don't know who 'Speed' was, but as an 'old author,' probably an antiquarian, Hecataeus, the first of the Greek geographers (c. 520 B.C.) may serve.

⁵ 'Χυρπὸς,' one of the days of the 'Αἰνιόστροφον, the great spring festival of Athens, will serve for our Easter.

⁶ The genuineness of this clause has been gravely questioned by some scholars on the ground that if the drink was really 'deadly' the writer could hardly have survived to relate his experience.

THE RETREAT FROM MONS

THE following letters written by the late Captain Hamilton Berners give a vivid account of the retreat from Mons up to the day before he was killed. They are published with the permission of Mrs Hamilton Berners, and have been passed for publication with certain necessary excisions by the Chief Field Censor at Field Marshal French's Headquarters.

Extract of Letter written by H.H.B.

Dated September 2nd, received September 20th.

This is only a short line to tell you I am all right, but we are only stopped for an hour or so, and I have no kit with me; in fact, I've not had any kit since Tuesday, 25th, nor changed my clothes, or had them off since Sunday, 23rd. I have quite a fine beard, and S—— looks like the commander of a 2nd class cruiser as M—— said. We have still been kept marching, and on an average do about 12-15 miles a day in hot sun, on the top of two hours' sleep at night in icy dew. We have, however, been able to feed fairly well, up to date, though breakfast this morning, about 3.30, on Monday's bread and mouse trap cheese rather went against the grain. We fought a rearguard action all yesterday in a big wood, quite a good fight. We had to cover the withdrawal of all the baggage of the 2nd Division [*Excision*], but we did it all right, and I think the 4th Guards' Brigade gained a good deal of credit. Our retirement was in turn covered by the 5th Brigade, among whom was W——, whom I saw for a moment. I saw G—— M—— this morning, and was able to give him some bread and jam to help out his breakfast. We are right back now and in the same latitude as Paris. I hear the 4th Division has captured eight guns—rather good—I don't know what our movements are, but I hope we shall have a rest soon. Please send me a refill for "Orilux" torch, from Steward, in Charing Cross. The other night I was so tired and yet my brain was so awake, that I got up at 1.30 a.m., dressed, and went and woke up all my company officers and sergeants, and told them to parade the company at once, as the alarm had sounded.

The Retreat from Mons

Imagine their feelings when I woke up ten minutes later and had to go and tell them I was dreaming all the time. No more now. Keep cheery, &c.

* * * * *

Extracts of Diary Letter written by H.H.B.

Dated September 5th, received September 19th.

As you will see for some time past, I have given up all idea of numbering letters, and am as a rule more than hazy about dates. Sometimes I get no chance of writing for days, as we have been so rushed. We have done 242 miles in a fortnight, and a lot of it was on *pavé* roads, roads made of paving stones. Well, now I can tell you something of our doings. Look up our route on the map, and I think it will surprise you. After leaving Havre on the 14th, we trained via Rouen, Amiens, Arras (where we got such a reception), Douai to Massigny, where we entrained late at night on the 15th. Marched to Vaudencourt on the next day, where we stayed till the 20th, when we marched to Fesney, near Oise. Then on to Maroilles, then on to Longueville, then we went for a week end to Belgium, starting on Sunday, 23rd, going to Cenly, just outside Mons. At the latter place a big fight was going on, and later on we joined in further to the east, at a place called Harmingues, where, as I have told you, the regiment first came under fire. We had retired into billets at Quévy-le-Petit [*Excision*], but after an hour we were suddenly called out, and off we marched, eventually coming up on a ridge where we had a halt, and the Battalion was able to see the German shells bursting over a wide area, about two and a half miles away—a most impressive sight—the men hardly said anything, but were not in the least perturbed—only a bit silent. Then we went on, and in an hour's time we four company commanders rode forward with the C.O. to reconnoitre. Then we advanced over an open bit of country for about a mile to some big chalk cliffs, where we were about to take cover, previous to climbing up, when we found that shrapnel was bursting just over the edge. It was getting dusk, so we cleared off to the right—the Irish Rifles and Royal Scots were entrenched half a mile to our front, and were holding the enemy back, who

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kept rushing them in great numbers. We got all the benefit of the shells and machine gun fire, which missed them, only, as we were lower down, most of the bullets went over our heads. The Maxim's bullets made an extraordinary noise; they seemed to say "Wheco," "wheco," "wheco," as fast as one could say so. The men were splendid, we were last company, and I was with my last platoon, and one of the last to come up to where the Company was lying behind a bank. They all shouted to me to keep down . . . and I went slowly up and sat down by T—— and S——. We had been ordered to advance on a certain objective and we were still not there. There was a series of banks, like the ones we were behind further up the hill and gradually I got the whole Company up to the last of these by platoon rushes. It was quite dark by this time, and the only light we had was the flash of the enemy's guns and shells. Eventually we got on to a road, which was on the top of the ridge, about one hundred yards behind the other troop trenches, and this was the objective we had been told to go to. The road itself was one mass of broken branches from the trees after the shrapnel had been through them. They had the range of the road to a nicety, and several men had been hit in S——'s Company, and T—— shouted to me to rush the road to a ditch and bank the other side. My men were so blown after their climb that they refused to run, and it was a great mercy none of them were hit. On the way up we went through a turnip field, and I found — the doctor, with his stretcher bearers looking for wounded. I chaffed him about picking up his birds without a retriever, and the men were quite amused. One bullet went through a stretcher bearer's pack, and into the heel of the boot of the man next to him, without touching him. One of my men on searching his haversack the next day found a hole in his bully beef tin, and, on investigating further with his fork, produced a shrapnel bullet out of it. We only lost five wounded, and I believe one was likely not to recover. After some time the firing slackened, but every now and then the enemy charged and tremendous bursts of firing from our trenches broke out, which completely stopped the German advance. An Irish rifleman was shot through the head quite close to me. When all the

The Retreat from Mons

firing had ceased, we had the men's teas brought up to them where they were lying, and after a bit my Company was marched down in reserve on the right. Eventually all troops, except our Battalion, withdrew, and I had to cover the retirement of the other companies in conjunction with T——. It was lucky we got out of it, as when we were two miles away at dawn we saw the whole of our position absolutely covered with shells. I heard afterwards from some one who no doubt knew nothing, that there must have been 150 guns there. Personally, I doubt it. Well, we got away and that day reached Longueville again. [Excision.] At Mons we had three corps in front of us, and one on each flank, so with our little force of four Divisions, no wonder we suffered. [Excision.] The 3rd Division suffered very heavily. [Excision.] The German infantry are reported to have come on in close column and to have been absolutely mown down by our machine guns, and still they came on, owing to their numbers, but they never reached our trenches.

After leaving Longueville on the 25th we marched to Landreies, where we billeted; my Company was in waiting, and had to be the first turned out on any alarm, and that to be outside the Battalion Headquarters. We had hardly got into our billets before the townspeople took panic and came rushing up the street, crying "Les Uhlans!" We immediately turned out, and as nothing happened we thought it was a false alarm, and I was in the act of stripping, and had got my face lathered, when we heard guns outside the town. It was now dark, and we got orders to fall in again. What actually happened I really don't know, but all I know is that the whole place was surrounded except the south-east, and that the whole was a put up job, worked by spies. [Excision.] I with my company was on guard at Battalion Headquarters. [Excision.] Soon our Battalion was separated all over the town, holding buildings, and putting houses in a state of defence. I was left with only one platoon. We had only our own 4th Guards Brigade and some guns in the town, and we had to hold on till the 7th Transport and guns could get out of the town. The Coldstreams and Grenadiers occupied barricades at the ends of the streets, and presently were rushed

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by the enemy, of whom not one reached the barricades alive. This went on for hours, and eventually we withdrew and sent up to relieve them. By that time, however, the enemy had had enough. I heard afterwards that 850 dead Germans were piled up outside the N. and N.W. exits to the town. The Coldstreams lost two officers killed and some wounded, while the Grenadiers lost one killed. We fell back about 4 a.m., and retired to Etreu, where we dug ourselves into trenches and prepared for defence. However, the Germans went off westwards to fight the 3rd Division, and I have since heard that they lost rather heavily. [Excision.] How the Transport ever got out of the town I don't know, owing to the darkness and the firing. [Excision.] It poured that night, the 26th, and we slept in our trenches. Here it was that the — shot the aeroplane which bombed us. Then we marched right on to Origny, then to Deuillet, where — and I were sent in with our Companies to defend a bridge which was very hard work, digging and making barricades. Then we retired again to Pasby, near Soissons, and the next day had to form the rear guard to the 2nd Division and its transport. I must stop now, as I want to ask for some things as the post is going. Please send me every week some food, sardines, potted meats, &c., for our Company mess—not too much at a time, and no packet to weigh more than 3 lbs. We have had no letters for ages. Yours dated the 22nd my last. . . . [Excision.]

Please send me an occasional paper other than *The Times-Punch*, for instance. A whole battery of machine guns surrendered to me yesterday evening (September 8th), and we took 105 prisoners, but I will tell you about that in my next letter as the post is going. I hear that the Russians have sent a force to Belgium. I hope they will soon cut in behind the enemy. . . . — and — have brought out our first reinforcements, but they have not brought us much news. I have shaved off my beard which was quite thick. No more now . . .

Extracts of Last Letter from H.H.B.

Dated September 13th (Sunday), Received September 21st, 1914.

I have just got an extraordinary mixture of posts: (1) a letter and a card from you, written at — flat on the 14th

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August, the day after I left you, which has taken just 30 days to get to me—a card written on the 15th, and also a letter written by you on the 28th. The posts are too terribly bad for words, and there are general complaints on all sides. Please send me a scarf made of wool—khaki colour—to put round my head at night. Many thanks for the handkerchief and paper, both arrived at an opportune moment, when both my original articles were beginning to get soiled and smelly!!! It has poured incessantly now for 36 hours, and the last two nights we have been billeted in houses on the line of march. The night before last we were in clover, and I slept on a sofa, and should have slept on a bed, had not —, having no coat, been soaked to the skin, so I put him to bed in my big bed, and got — to rub him. We had the great good luck to hit on a house which had not been looted by the Germans during their retirement. Please send me some pencils, two will be enough, only they must be H., not H.B., as I find this H.B. pencil too soft. This is only a short letter, in case I can get it off via — but I have not seen — since the other day and I have still my last letter waiting for — to take, but as soon as I finish this I shall send the last one in the usual way. It seems so funny that we should be able to hear from you in two days or so, whereas it takes your letter such a long time to reach me. If you don't hear from me for some time you can always get news of me if you write to —, as of course they know most things at General Headquarters, or else can find out, but we have been kept so much on the rush, it has been impossible to write, even at the halts along the road. . . .

Have you heard anything of the — yet? I can't think why they could not come home via Italy and long sea, as both Switzerland and Italy are neutral. We are at the present moment in reserve, also waiting for a bridge to be repaired which has been blown up in front of us. There was a big battle along our left yesterday, some way off, mostly an artillery duel, and I have not heard the result, but rumour has it that 60,000 Germans are cornered, and that the French gave them five hours in which to surrender, which they refused. So they are plugging at them again now. It is impossible to buy anything in the village now we are advancing,

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as the Germans have taken everything in the shape of eggs, fowls, tobacco, chocolate, so that your soup and chocolate will be most welcome when it arrives. Up till Friday night we had not slept in a house since the 22nd. No more now. Please thank — and — for their letters. I hear — is on his way out. . . .

* * * * *

Last (Diary) Letter Written by H.H.B.

Dated September 13th, Received September 21st, 1914.

This is the continuation of my long descriptive letter of all that has happened to us. After having passed the night at Soucy, we left early on the 1st September, and marched to where there were some huge woods. We were to act with the Brigade as rearguard to the 2nd Division, and the Powers that be had decided that they were to have a halt and eat their dinners from 9-1, four hours. Well, first we took up a line in some fields, with my Company in a wood, behind a wall which had been loopholed by the engineers. This we occupied for an hour without being attacked, but the guns behind us were shelled and had some casualties. Then we were retired to the big wood, and took up a position to cover the retirement of the Brigade. One of the Coldstream Battalions was on our left, but they cleared out, and No. 3 Company Irish Guards were left to hold the edge of the wood. No. 1 Company afterwards came up, but I never knew it, as they never got in touch with me. Nothing happened at first, and as I could not see very far, and was uncertain about my left front, I sent — with a section out to watch it. After an hour I sent — out to see how he was getting on, and on his way he saw the enemy coming down the road in fours. I saw it at the same time, and he shouted to — to warn him, and the enemy, who were only 400 yards off me and only 300 off him, heard him and stopped. I at once opened fire with the men I had near me, and as one man could not see them, I took his rifle and I think brought down my opposing Captain's horse. The enemy stood it for a few minutes, and then turned and ran, but reinforcements came up and soon artillery opened on the edge of the wood with shrapnel. My men began to get

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hit, and I was just cursing one of them for not getting up and going forward to where he could shoot, when I found he had a wound in his thigh, breaking the bone. I did what I could for him, and got — and a sergeant to carry him to the road, when I came upon my Company Sergeant-Major lying terribly wounded by a shell in two places. —, the doctor, was with him, but I am afraid he must have died soon after I left him. I was beginning to be a bit anxious as regards being cut off, as there was a lot of firing going on all round behind. When the C.O. rode up and ordered us to retire, I gave the order, but the men would not go. It was most extraordinary, and when they did go they turned round and crawled on all fours, rather nervous, but not so much as to prevent them stopping to eat blackberries, with the enemy only about 150 yards off. I had got a rifle and bayonet from a wounded man by now, and felt far safer than with a revolver only. I sent all the others up the road, except —, who retired on the left, and followed with the last few left in the wood. The enemy had now worked round our left, and the remainder of the Battalion was facing in that direction. I told the Company to re-form at the first opportunity, and soon overtook —, who was being sniped at all the way up the road, one bullet smashed a stone just where he had left with his heel, and a bullet went right through his map case. — had the bottom of his haversack shot away, and — had a piece taken out of his puttee. — also had his mess tin shot through. When we joined the other Companies the C.O. was there, and gave our Company a few words of encouragement, and said we were carrying on just as he wished. Then he ordered some of us to retire, and we stayed on and covered the retirement. By this time I had lost four sergeants, one corporal, and 21 men, and things were getting rather hot. I then retired through the others, got the Company together, and took up a position to cover the others again when they retired. During this time very heavy firing was going on in the wood in all directions, and we began to lose heavily. No one saw the C.O. hit, but he never appeared. — was killed. — we fear is killed. Old — was wounded in the leg. — I never saw again. —, our interpreter, and — the

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doctor, the former badly wounded, have not appeared. In fact every one above mentioned are either killed or wounded or taken prisoner. D—— was hit in the foot, and B—— in the thigh, or rather hip, but both were got by our own ambulance. The Brigadier —— was also badly hit in the knee, but he is safe, too. So you will see that —— now commands, and I am second in command, but, of course, the C.O. may only be slightly wounded and captured. We got back after that without any more fighting, and I fancy gave a fairly good account of ourselves, as the enemy ceased to come through the wood. Our Brigade retired to Villars-Cotterets, where we were relieved by the 6th Brigade. We slept that night at Betz, which we reached after midnight, then we went on to Meaux and Isles de Villenoy, then Pierre Levee, thence to Vilbert, where we started in the morning and entrenched ourselves against shell fire, as by this time we had turned east, and had stopped our retrograde movement and were now running up against the flank guard of a German force moving south against the French on our right. Well, we ran against them all right, and they plumped shells all over us. It was afterwards reported that our opponents were all mounted on motors and motor cycles, with horse artillery guns mounted on lorries, as when they stopped shelling us, they were away at once and our cavalry could not get them. They landed a shell right in one of the —— trenches, killing six and wounding ten, including —— slightly in the hand. Poor ——, who only joined us with H——'s draft the night before, got introduced to the Battalion and to shell fire at the same time, and was standing with S—— only five yards behind the said trench and was never scratched. You never saw such a mess as the rifles were in afterwards. Luckily all the bodies and wounded had been taken away, but the rifles were all bent and twisted into all shapes. They were shelling the ground where I was holding a farm pretty considerably, but none ever burst actually in the farm, although at the critical moment of my company being about to get its dinner, the cookers and watercarts stampeded to the rear by order of ——, who is transport officer, and so my men did not get fed for some time. We then advanced to Tonquain. [Excision.] The next day we went to St Simeon

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after a long and uninteresting march. I was sent to get in touch with the 3rd Division alone in the dark, a ride of about six miles, and found ——'s Brigade, but, of course, he was missing. The next day, 8th, we advanced towards Boitron, where a small river was held by the German rearguard. We had a sharp little fight, and lost some men, but eventually we got over, after being badly held up by machine guns. In the afternoon we came up with them again, and No. 1 Company of the Coldstreams and my own, supported by the rest of the Battalion and a Battery, advanced on a wood, where we were received by very heavy gun fire. After a little short advance, during which the guns opened on the wood at about 600 yards, the Coldstreams on our right reported that the enemy had hoisted white flags, and had ceased firing. We ceased also, but unfortunately could not stop the guns for some time. I then put a line of men out to cover the Coldstream party, who were to go and capture the guns, and the German Lieutenant, ignoring them, came right across to me and surrendered. I saluted him and shook hands, and he told me, in French, that all except four horses of his galloping Maxim Company were shot; his Captain was wounded, that their escort of cavalry had deserted them, and that they had lost a lot of men. I then went on with him and saw the Captain, who was shot through both legs, and another youth. We got six Maxims beautifully mounted on wagons, with spare parts so complete as to contain even a duplicate set of harness. Any amount of automatic pistols, of which I am now the proud possessor of one, and about seventy-five men. We afterwards found a wounded Prussian officer in the wood. It was most pathetic, and some of the horses were badly wounded. The Lieutenant asked me to shoot his horse, which was badly hit, and sobbed aloud when I did it. I was then put in charge of all the prisoners of the day, some thirty-five more coming in from various parts of the field, to say nothing of the wounded, and my Company had to look after them for the night; three out of fifteen wounded actually with me died in the night, and were buried. We put the officers on parole, and fed them at our mess. The Captain was Capt. Franz von Radowitz, and the senior Lieutenant was Siegfried Gans Edler Herr zu Putlitz,

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both of the Garde Schützen Machine Gewehr Corps. I told them that they were captured by the English Guard, and they smiled, and said that was some consolation. You would have been much impressed had you heard me giving "Am Rechts Marschieren, Vorwärts!!" and H— G—, who is good at German, was splendid, and the men obeyed him just like one man. Their discipline is all forced, one can easily see that, and they all seemed glad to be captured. I gave them up to the Provost-Marshal next morning. This brings me to the 9th when I saw F—. Since then nothing fresh. R— has been hit in the calf with one of our own shells, but it is not at all bad. Please send me some matches, small boxes—Bryant & May's—with a tin cover for one of them, not the very small size, but about two inches by one and a half. You might send me six every fortnight.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MILTON'S GENIUS

O Fairest Flower, no sooner blown but blasted.
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou had'st outlasted
Bleak winter's force, that made thy blossom dry.

SO sang the seventeen years old Milton on the death of his sister's infant child. It was his first original poem, and there is in it not a little that foreshadows the Milton of fame. It is not a great poem: indeed, with its conventional rhetoric and classical tags, it is just such a poem as any school-boy of average intellect might produce. But for all that it is not without its importance; it shows us quite clearly the bent of Milton's genius. The normal boy would outgrow the classicism of such a composition; but the genius Milton never outgrew his classicism, even in its minuter and cruder forms. Even in the austerity of *Paradise Lost* there is something of the schoolboy's delight in the parade of classical persons and places. We have the confession of his love for the classics from Milton's own lips, were the poems themselves not sufficient evidence. "From twelve years of age," he tells us, "I hardly ever left my studies or went to bed before midnight," and later on in life "riper years and the ceaseless round of study and reading led me to the shady spaces of philosophy: but chiefly to the divine volumes of Plato and his equal, Xenophon." Here Milton is going deeper from the letter to the spirit, from form to matter: and it is due to this early training in the classical school that his name stands at the head of English classical poets, as does Shakespeare's at the head of the Romantics. His literary career forms itself into three distinct periods. The first is that of his classical poetry—which consists in the poems produced during his seven years at Cambridge, and those of the sojourn at Horton, which followed immediately after. Then comes the great controversial period of his prose writings—a period which is of supreme importance in relation to his poetry. And then that last period on which

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his fame chiefly depends, which gave to the world the two great Epics and the *Samson Agonistes*.

The fault of Milton's early poetry is its "bookishness." Even his later and greatest poetry was never the poetry of the whole man. There are many sides of human life that we must not expect to find in Milton—or, if at all, only in germ. Shakespeare employed every faculty; lavished on his poetry all the grandeur of his intellect, all the beauty of his human sympathy, all the strength of his passion, all his love of nature. Milton's great glory is his intellect: and it is to the intellect, and not to the heart of his reader, that he makes his appeal. And so in his early poems there is an absence of something that is distinctly felt: his intellect was as yet but immature: it had not yet undergone the exercise and discipline afforded to it in his controversial period: and there are not sufficient of those gentler and more human compensating qualities to fill up the breach: they leave both mind and heart unsatisfied, too conscious of the outward shows and trappings of poetry, unacquainted with the true and perfect form of Poetry herself.

It is not without significance that many of these early poems are on religious subjects. There is one on the Passion, another on the Circumcision, and then the great Ode on the *Morning of Christ's Nativity*. This poem has met with the admiration of Englishmen for centuries. But it seems to fall between two entirely different standards of poetry—the classical and the mediæval. There are reminiscences now of the Miracle play, and now of Virgil's Fourth Eclogue:

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

Here Milton is striving after simplicity; but his touch is uncertain, the "mighty Pan" slips out, ere he is aware of it,

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almost marring the naïve beauty of the lines. And yet in these early religious poems there is a more strictly religious tone, the revelation of a more intimate relation of creature and Creator than is to be found in the great Epics of his later days. If his treatment of the Christ of the Temptation has gained in solemnity, it is at the sacrifice of the childlike love for the Christ of the Nativity. But it would need no practised eye to discern from these poems whither the genius of Milton would ultimately tend. There is more simplicity of description in *L'Allegro* than in *Paradise Lost*, but even here art dominates nature. Does any one who reads this poem feel that it justifies the title? Or, even that the sentiments expressed square with his real feelings? Dr Johnson truly remarked: "No mirth can indeed be found in his melancholy, but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth." *L'Allegro* sounds disinterested; the sight of "many a youth and many a maid dancing in the chequered shade" does not seem to rouse in the poet a desire to join them: and neat-handed Phyllis, Corydon and Thyrsis savour too strongly of culture poetry. He strikes a truer note when, in *Il Penseroso*, he sighs for the joys of lonely contemplation—in a sense very different from that in which the sentimental Penserosos of the eighteenth century understood him: he sighs for a figurative hermitage:

Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

The blind Milton engaged on *Paradise Lost* is not at any rate far from a realization of this hope.

If anything could draw a poet, too much imbued with the form of a bygone age, from mere art to nature, it would be the natural beauties of the physical world and the love of a human being. We cannot doubt that Milton both felt the influence of nature and knew the love of a friend: but we believe it rather in spite of his poetry than on account of it. Hardly any of his descriptions of nature are other than could have been

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written by a poet who had little appreciation for her: we listen to his heavy lines on a *May Morning*, and the thought of the early English lyrics of May, so fresh and gay and delicate, make them almost valueless in our eyes. Only here and there we find a description or a simile which seems to point to a personal observance of nature—

To hear the lark begin his flight
And, singing, startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack or the barn doot,
Stoutly struts his dames before.

These last lines especially have about them a Chaucerian realism which seems genuine.

The one touch of human nature in Milton's early poems is his *Lycidas*: the characters in *Comus* and *Arcades* are merely allegorical, with all the marionette impersonality of the mediæval morality. In *Lycidas* we hear for once the cry of grief at the death of a friend. But if we read this pastoral poem in ignorance of the occasion that produced it, would the reality of it force itself upon us? No one can read *In Memoriam*, and fail to see that Arthur Hallam was dear to the heart of his poet friend: every line speaks his grief with eloquent pathos: but, though we do not doubt Milton's sincerity, his graceful Virgilian pastoral does not in itself assure us of his grief at the loss of Edward King. His indignation against the Bishops, which so strangely finds a place in this elegy, rings louder than the cry of sorrow.

After *Lycidas* Milton's poetic muse was silent for many years. From a voyage to France and Italy he returned home to throw himself with all his vigour into the questions of the hour. The years of controversy that followed are of supreme

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importance in our estimate of his work. He was no mere "art for art's sake" poet: no aesthete: his kinship with the classical Greek poets, that is so manifest in *Samson Agonistes*, is still further enhanced by the fact that he was a man of affairs: Aeschylus exposed his life to danger at Marathon for the honour of his country; and Milton, too, braved the anger of the leading party and used his great, but misguided, genius for the cause of Liberty in England. Knowing how ardent was his pursuit of Liberty, one sometimes wonders in reading *Paradise Lost* whether the author has not inspired the arch-rebel Satan with something of his own spirit. Liberty is the one prerogative of Englishmen that must be preserved at all costs, in all its phases—liberty of the Church, of the State, of the Press, of the household. He reminds us of Burke, the poet-politician, in the imaginative splendour of his political propaganda. But there is this all important difference: the politician in Burke was even stronger than the poet: he conceived of everything in the light of its practical exigencies: whereas Milton allowed his imagination to wander on in theories which had no regard to the actual condition of things. Only one of his doctrines was ever put into practice—the thesis of his *Areopagitica*: and even in this case, it was not until some years after his death that the freedom of the Press was established. And so critics have urged that these years of controversy are empty and fruitless, and have hindered the further development of a poetic genius that in spite of them reached to such heights. But it was not in spite of them, but on account of them that we can claim *Paradise Lost* among our national treasures. We have many instances of what classicism divorced from life can produce. There are the Greek Alexandrine poets: there are Ronsard and Du Bellay and the rest of the Pléiade; there are the metaphysical atrocities of Milton's own contemporaries; there is the pitiful pseudo-classicism of the eighteenth century. And if Milton had lived on in the same hot-house atmosphere, never breathing the common air of day, if his genius had not been completely stifled, it would certainly not have developed into the wonderful thing it is. The theme of his great Epic, the fall of the human race, could only have been handled as it is by

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a man who has entered with all his heart into the bustle of national life; who has revolved great ideas in a great mind for the common welfare of a whole people—even if those ideas had little practical result. The man who wrote of the nuptial ties of the first man and woman, who pictured their first quarrel and the reconciliation that followed, was the author also of the Divorce pamphlets, and had seen a repentant wife kneeling at his feet, begging to be taken back into his house. The debate among the fallen spirits in Hell was such a one as Milton had heard himself in England: the battle of Angel hosts, one against the other, was written by one who knew by actual experience the horrors of Civil War; and it is not to the detriment of Cromwell's character, if we can see him in the person of Satan ranging among the host with commands and exhortations. Nor is the strong and virile language of *Paradise Lost* that of the mere culture poet: the scornful language hurled by Satan at the Heavenly Spirits, re-echoes, even faintly, the opponent of Salmasius and Morus; and the passage, where Milton consigns all friars, hermits and such like "idiots" to the Paradise of Fools, has many a parallel in his prose writings. Sir Walter Raleigh has summed up the influence of his prose on his poetry in a striking passage: "His prose works help us to appreciate better the tribulations of the process whereby he became a classic poet. Eclecticism and the severe castigation of style are dangerous discipline for any but a rich temperament: from others they produce only what is exquisite and thin and vapid. The 'stylist' of the modern world is generally an interesting invalid; his complexion would lose all its transparency if it were exposed to the weather. . . . Sunbeams cannot be extracted from cucumbers, nor can the great manner in literature emanate from a chill self-culture. But Milton inherited the fullness and vigour of the Elizabethans, and so could afford to write an epic poem in a selection of the language really used by men."

In the prose writings we can find many hints of what was occupying Milton's imagination during these poetryless years. "It was from out the rind of one apple tasted," he says in the *Areopagitica*, that the "knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world." Again,

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in *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, Eve is likened to Pandora—"what a consummate and most adorned Pandora was bestowed upon Adam, to be the nurse and guide of his arbitrary happiness and perseverance." And then there is the famous passage where the state and person of a King is likened to the mighty Nazarite, Samson. These are slight indications, but they prepare us for his later poetry.

To the task of *Paradise Lost* Milton came fresh from his vigorous public life, with a brain sharpened by controversy, and a pen ready and facile through constant practice. Religion and politics were inextricably entangled during the Commonwealth period, and so it presents no strange enigma to find this great religious Epic coming from the hand of a politician. All the contents of Milton's mind—science and theology, religion and politics, scripture and personal reminiscences—are poured out in profusion in this great masterpiece. Though the poem of a middle-aged man, it has all the vigour of youth, but restrained and purified by maturity. It is a strange medley—this most wonderful of Epic stories—almost as chaotic in its elements as the great Chaos from which the World was made. There are stories of pagan mythology inextricably entangled with Christian legend or scripture; Sin springs from the head of Lucifer, as Athene from the head of Zeus; from a glimpse into the Book of Genesis, or of Revelations, we are hurried away in a *simile* to some foreign land, where the author shows us the beauties of his new-discovered country with the zest of a Columbus or of a Raleigh; or Eve in her perfect beauty is compared to some goddess of Greece. Now some allegorical figure (who reminds us that originally his theme was to be cast into the dramatic mould of Miracle or Morality) is seen side by side with some character of History; now again a heavenly power expounds a theological or philosophical theory; or explains to the first man the movements of the planets, with an interest that only the memory of a visit to Galileo could engender. These are but some of the manifold elements that are interwoven into the simple plot

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe.

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What amazes us is the final result: the genius of Milton has so modified and harmonized all these contrary elements, that far from being chargeable with diffuseness or incongruity, *Paradise Lost* is of the essence of classical art: complete in every part, in perfect unity, as chaste and statuesque as a piece of Greek sculpture, or a play of Sophocles. And if flaws there be, so huge is this masterpiece, so colossal its dimensions, they are scarcely perceivable. A lapse of taste, a bombastic line, some small incongruity, or contradiction, could never mar the value of a piece of work done on so magnificent a scale. Whatever faults it has that may be criticized, they are the faults of its greatness. It is almost too classical; too sharp in its outline; too austere in its aloofness; too inhuman in its supernaturalism. The response that it awakens in us is not one of love, but of admiration and wonder. Shakespeare is greater than Milton because he is less grand: because, as we gaze on Lear or Hamlet, wonder is second only to love and pity. Man can go on loving long after he has ceased to wonder; and we feel that Dr Johnson only just overstated the truth when he said: "*Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take it up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions."

There is a whole world of difference between *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The latter has all the marks of the approach of old age. It may be that the genius of Milton was more suited to the portrayal of a theme drawn from the Old Testament, with its remote and far-off grandeur, than to the simplicity and personal appeal of the New Testament. The Christ of *Paradise Regained*, calm and dignified though he be, is just such a figure as the Messiah might be conceived to be by one who has failed to grasp how significant is the difference between the old order of things and the new dispensation of Love. The words of Milton's Christ sound rhetorical compared with the simple utterances of Christ in the New Testament. The character of Satan, too, has lost all its vigour: there is a passivity about the whole work

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which speaks of the loss of freshness and zest in the author, of an intellect that is growing tired. In *Paradise Lost* the lyrical note is struck but seldom, but it sounds with increasing force in *Paradise Regained*, and Milton's own moralizings are more prolonged. And so in *Samson Agonistes*: the blind giant, brought to misery and captivity by the wiles of Delila, recalls to our mind with exquisite pathos the picture of the blind Milton, who had known himself, from bitter personal experience, all that it meant to have an unloving wife. The Chorus—which more than anything else in our literature has caught the spirit of the Attic stage—gives us Milton's last words on the riddle of life; and the last words of all are words of calm resignation:

All is best, though we oft doubt
What the unsearchable dispose
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close.
Oft he seems to hide his face
But unexpectedly returns,
And to his faithful champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously: whence Gaza mourns
And all that band them to resist
His uncontrollable intent.
His servants he with new acquit
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

If there is more of rhetoric and moralizing in *Samson Agonistes* than in *Paradise Regained*, there is more, too, of grandeur and power. Milton's hatred of prelacy and priests has more of exalted dignity here, expressed in the mouth of their victim, Samson, and his comforters, than anywhere else in his writings. The whole poem is the last supreme effort of a dying genius. One loves to think of Shakespeare, in the gentle twilight of his romances, as breaking his wand in the person of Prospero, and abjuring his magic for ever. Perhaps, too, in the person of the Hebrew giant we catch a last glimpse of the Titanic genius of Milton: he rouses himself for the last time: exerts

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the whole strength of his dwindling intellect to overwhelm his enemies: and is himself crushed amid the ruins: his voice is silenced for ever. It is a feat, compared to which his earlier essays of hostile strength, were but as the slaughtering of the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass.

R. S. MARWOOD.

SCHOOL NOTES

The school officials for the term have been as follows:

Head Monitor	C. B. J. Collison
Monitors	R. J. Power, M. L. Ainscough, C. Leese, W. Rochford, H. M. J. Gerrard, H. Martin
Librarians of the Upper Library	G. A. Lintner, D. T. Long
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	R. J. Power, C. B. J. Collison
Librarians of the Lower Middle Library	J. W. Hawkswell, L. Knowles
Librarian of the Lower Library	L. D. Chamberlain
Journal Committee	R. J. Power, H. M. J. Gerrard
Games Committee	C. B. J. Collison, R. J. Power, M. L. Ainscough

Captains of the Football Sets—

- 1st Set—C. B. J. Collison, M. L. Ainscough.
- 2nd Set—V. J. Bradley, J. P. Douglas.
- 3rd Set—R. G. McArdle, F. G. Davey.
- 4th Set—G. Ainscough, J. K. Loughran.
- 5th Set—E. H. George, W. T. Emery.
- 6th Set—E. Forster, C. E. G. Cary-Elwes.

Captains of the Hockey Sets—

- 1st Set—C. B. J. Collison, M. J. Ainscough.
- 2nd Set—V. J. Bradley, J. P. Douglas.
- 3rd Set—Hon. C. Barnewall, D. Rochford.
- 4th Set—F. G. Davey, R. G. McArdle.
- 5th Set—G. Ainscough, J. K. Loughran.
- 6th Set—E. H. George, W. T. Emery.
- 7th Set—J. Ainscough, A. Ainscough.

* * *

The following boys left the school at Christmas:

F. A. D. Morrogh-Bernard, Honble. R. N. F. Barnewall, S. Lancaster.

All three have obtained commissions, and their names will be found amongst those Ampleforth boys serving their country. The school envies them this privilege, and wishes them much glory and a safe passage to Berlin.

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E. B. J. MARTIN passed out of Sandhurst in February, and is now in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

* * *

WE welcome P. Mills, the only newcomer at the beginning of this term.

* * *

R. J. POWER in the Army Entrance Examination, held in February, obtained 8114 marks for Woolwich, and 7302 for Quetta. He has elected to go to Quetta, having been placed twenty-sixth on the list. He sailed on April 17th. The good wishes of all accompany him.

* * *

G. A. LINTNER discovered in the middle of term, that as he was born in France, the French Army required his services. Having always believed himself to be English, and intending to join the Service at home, he became the subject of an interesting question in the House of Commons. We have not yet heard which army he is going to join. In the meantime we must count him as lost to us at Ampleforth, and wish him every good wish.

* * *

EWAN BLACKLEDGE is going to Sandhurst next term—having been nominated by the Head Master.

* * *

THE month of February surpassed itself this year. We had few real winter days, but many on which rain fell. This fact, combined with the scratching of several "rugger" matches—due to sickness at the schools we usually play—caused our spirits to droop, but they were quickly revived by the unexpected holiday granted by the Head Master on March 6th. The Sixth Form spent a very jolly day in York, while the Fifth and Fourth, under the aegis of Dom Ambrose, went as far as Fountains Abbey. The other forms disported themselves less far afield, but one and all agreed that they would endure another period of rain, if so fitting a climax could be again attained.

School Notes

THE lengthening of the Easter Holidays of late years had so reduced "the Rackets Season" that it was agreed this year to begin Rackets a fortnight earlier. Laetare Sunday is still, however, graced by the long-established festivities connected by many generations of boys with that day!

* * *

THE Old Monastery, externally always the same, seems to possess endless capacity for adaptation from within. On our return we found the Drawing Class room transformed into a Mathematical Laboratory, with the darker half partitioned off for Optics. The protean career of this room is worthy of record. Originally the Monks' Library, it afterwards became a dormitory, later it formed music rooms, since then it has been a billiard room, the Sixth Form Class room, the preparatory class-room, and of late, it had been used as an art room by the Drawing and Painting Class. The artists have now been relegated to the gallery of the theatre, which thus serves a useful purpose in the long intervals between lectures and theatricals. The theatre is now the home of all the arts! Three guest-rooms in the Old Monastery have also been seized for school purposes. Two rooms which, in early Victorian days, were part of the old chapel, are now transformed into a sick-room for non-infectious cases, and a third, that immediately adjacent to the Head Master's room, has become a class-room.

* * *

WE regret to say that ill-health has compelled Mrs Doherty, who for thirty-one years has been housekeeper and head matron, to retire from her post. It will be difficult to think of the matron's *locus* under any name but "Mrs. Doherty's Room," so long familiar to generations of boys as the quarry of all good things, and the place where boys were best understood. Many Old Boys will recall visits to Mrs. Doherty, and associate with them some of their happiest school half-hours. Mrs. Doherty has remained the same to the end, always kind considerate, she yet could prove herself as becoming, the "mulier fortis." The marvel is that Mrs. Doherty has so long endured the strain of an office where so little rest and peace were possible. Ampleforth can surely never forget her long

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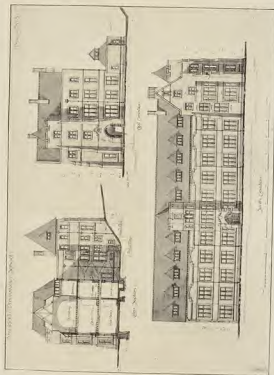
years of faithful service, her assiduous attention to the details of her office, and her unfailing loyalty. We are glad to say that she has found herself a home near the College.



THE architect's elevations of the new Preparatory School, which is rising in the field beyond the New Monastery, will be found in this number. The West wing is not to be built at present, and is not therefore shown in these sketches. Progress since Christmas, in spite of some bad weather, has been rapid, and, as we write, it is expected that the roof will be begun in about a fortnight's time. There will be accommodation in it for forty boys three masters, two matrons and a staff of servants, and when the West wing is built the number of boys will be able to be increased. It is not possible as yet to say more than it promises to combine graceful simplicity with all that the modern world demands of fresh air, light and water. We regret, however, to learn that the Architect, Mr. Daniel Powell, is so ill that we can hardly hope that he will be long spared. We ask the prayers of our readers for Mr. Powell, who had of late become a familiar and welcome figure at Ampleforth.



WITH the game against Durham School, on February 20th, the Rugby season of 1914-15 came to an end. We began the season with a good side, and probably the best pack Ampleforth has hitherto had. Much of its brilliance was due to Collison's fine play and great leadership, but the whole pack was imbued with the spirit of "push and go," which, whatever its value in other spheres of life, cannot be rated too highly on the Rugby field. In the "loose" the forwards displayed an individual and collective liveliness which gave promise of both a successful and interesting year. But as the war-cloud thickened, one after another of the XV quietly disappeared, and towards the close of the season we were only able, from this and other causes, to put half a side into the field. The backs, largely through the constant changes that were necessary, never got together, and against the brilliant Durham "threes" they showed up rather badly. Much the same tale is to be told of the Hockey. The



THE NEW PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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two School matches were both lost. In any case, the forwards were weak this year and unenterprising, and seemed incapable of making sustained efforts. The backs were good, but they seemed too disposed to take risks, and were very averse from "safety" play. Still "when the mind's free" some of them will make quite good hockey players. Owing to the early Easter, and the state of the cricket ground, which is at present bisected by a light railway, the Sports could not be held this term, as there was no *terrain* available for lap races. On Easter Monday a few events were held—the Weight, Hurdles, Long Jump, Cross-Country Race and Steeplechase. The rest it is proposed to run off early in the Summer term, and the usual record will be given in the next issue of the JOURNAL. Whatever effect the prevailing cataclysm in Europe has had on the harder and sterner side of school life, it has certainly made games here seem hardly worth while.

We play the games we used to play together
In times of peace that seem so long ago,
And yet through all of it—the shouting and the cheering,
Those other hosts in graver conflict met
Those other sadder sounds your ears are hearing
Be sure we don't forget.

* * *

We wish to thank Lady Anne Kerr for the gift of a collection of pictures and a mask of Napoleon, that belonged to 2nd Lieutenant David Anselm Kerr, Royal Scots, who fell in Northern France in the early days of the War.

* * *

An account of the death of Ambrose Teeling, Lieutenant Norfolk Regiment, reported in the last issue of the JOURNAL, has been received from those who witnessed it. The regiment was entrenched near Vailly, on the south side of the Valley of the Aisne. The German trenches on the other side of the river were about nine hundred yards away. Lieutenant Teeling and another officer led a number of men at night to a farmhouse between the opposing lines to obtain materials for lessening the discomfort of the trenches. They reached the farm safely,

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but on the way back they were seen by the Germans; very soon, two shells fell in the midst of the party, and though the others escaped unhurt the two officers were killed. Lieutenant Teeling was buried close to where he fell.

* * *

THE retreat this term was given by Fr Keller, S.J., Rector of St Mary's Hall, Stoneyhurst. It was much appreciated, and we offer the Reverend Father our best thanks.

* * *

ST BENEDICT's feast was celebrated with its accustomed solemnity, and the School after dinner dispersed into those villages and hamlets of the district, where objects of interest exist, or more candidly where Yorkshire's best teas are available!

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT, an Old Boy, writes: "I want to send you my poor tribute to the memory of Jack Nevill. Just after the declaration of war he said to me, 'If England had not stood by France in this war I should have shaken the dust of this country off my feet and gone elsewhere,' and he meant it. The first of his firm on the Stock Exchange to realize the imminence of the coming conflict, he warned his partners that he would immediately apply for a commission on a declaration of hostilities. He did, and his choice was the Guards. Thoroughly he threw himself into his new work—work after his own heart—for he had always regretted that opportunity had denied him a soldier's life. I know how well he satisfied his superior officers. They thought him a most capable and reliable officer. In the words of one 'he was loved by all the regiment.' I have learnt that he endeared himself to his men by the constant and unflinching attention to their wants, as he had done before to the clerks in his city office, who never failed to show their appreciation of his cheery and considerate nature.

"In his ordinary life, whether he happened to be playing games—and he was always ready for cricket, tennis and golf—or engaged in sport he always tried for the best. He was never content with the mediocre, with just playing, it was invariably a strenuous game. How he enjoyed his long drives at golf, and at times they were very long ones! One I recall at

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Walton Heath that barely missed Mr Winston Churchill's head, although he was well in front, for it called forth the shameful remark of the caddy, 'Jest missed bein' the most poplar man in England, sir.' That was some time ago. It was about this time last year that he won the golf cup at Le Touquet, just beating Captain Mulholland of the Irish Guards, who has also laid down his life for his country.

"Jack Nevill liked everything well done. The slovenly, or the second rate, he could not understand; and he instantly showed great impatience with any conduct which he fancied did not correspond with large mindedness and great-heartedness. This keenness for excellence—and no doubt the excellence was sometimes misplaced—helped him to cling to the 'Unum Necessarium.' His religion had always been that to him; had always taken the first place, and he had suffered real disappointments through his loyalty to the Faith. A frequent and assiduous attention at Holy Mass—he was often seen serving Mass at an early hour at the London Oratory—the frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist and a mind fixed on the thought of eternity made of the last period of his life a very real preparation for the end. The loss of his great friend, Hamilton Berners, of the Irish Guards, in the month of October affected him deeply. He seemed to take it as a warning. My last evening spent with him, late in November, passed in talking of eternity, of the state of the soul's knowledge after death. He never expected to survive, and his great interest centred in wondering whether he would know how he had emerged from this immense crisis. Whole-hearted in what he set himself to do, warm-hearted, full of geniality, spreading always a sense of cheerfulness and gay humour among his associates on the Stock Exchange, in society and in his home, he has left us, deeply mourned by a large circle of friends. He leaves a wife, with whom he spent two short years of truly happy married life, inconsolable.

"We sons of *Alma Mater* have reason indeed to be proud of her records—unknown though they may be to the world at large. Do we not now feel that the example of these sacrifices of her soldier boys has enhanced our pride in her history, for

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have they not filled up whatever was lacking in the stretch of her service? 'Milites Christi semper et milites pro patria nunc habet.' With keenest grief that Jack Nevill's delightful companionship is now denied us yet, happily consoled, we leave his memory enrolled in Ampleforth's new band of heroes who realized their duty and did it."

* * *

THE following additions to the New Pavilion subscription list, published in the last number of the JOURNAL, have been sent to us: Mr C. Rochford, £5; Mr B. Robinson, £5; Mr W. Cruise Goodall, £1 1s; Mr W. Moloney, £1; Mr J. Fishwick, £1 1s. To all we tender our sincerest thanks.

* * *

THE new cricket ground is rapidly assuming proportions that would grace a county ground. Next year it will certainly be finished. As it is, we hope to see it used for the First Eleven matches this year.

* * *

THE work done in preparation for Holy Week makes the Lent Term an arduous one for the Choir, and the results achieved in Holy Week itself were very satisfactory. Sewell's "Collegerunt Pontifices" went briskly, Vittoria's Passion Music was impressive, and Dom Clement Standish's beautiful Tenebrae Responses were sung with evident appreciation. But we noticed a certain lack of finish in some of the singing. Consonants were not always given the attention they deserve, and the end of some of the choral pieces was marred through some of the voices leaving off half a beat, or even more, behind the conductor. And the front bench trebles in particular were a little languid. They do not perhaps let themselves go sufficiently, and inspired singing is after all only an instinct for letting oneself go at the right place.

* * *

THE following boys are heads of their forms:

Upper Sixth—R. J. Power
Sixth—M. J. L. Ainscough
Fifth—E. Le Fèvre
Fourth—T. V. Welsh

Higher Third—L. Bévenot
Lower Third—R. J. Browne
Second—R. G. Hague
First—G. Dixon Reichardt

School Notes

THE school staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (Head Master).	
Dom Maurus Powell.	Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.
Dom Wilfrid Willson	Dom Hugh de Normanville, B.A.
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Alexius Chamberlain, B.A.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Illyd Williams
Dom Benedict Hayes	Dom Bernard McElligott, B.A.
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Ethelred Taunton, B.A.
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	Dom Raymond Lythgoe
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Cyril Maddox
Dom Adrian Mawson	Dom Raphael Williams
Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.	Dom Gregory Swann, B.A.
Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.	
T. Eddy, Esq. (Music)	
J. Knowles, Esq. (Drawing)	
J. F. Porter, M.D., M.R.C.S. (Medical Officer)	
Company Sergeant-Major Andrews (late of the Aldershot Gymnastic Staff).	
W. S. Hardcastle (late Bandmaster West Yorks)	
Nurse Costello (Matron)	
Miss Till (Assistant Matron).	

AMPLEFORTH AND THE WAR

Roll of Honour

KILLED

AMBROSE TEELING, M. A. T. DE L., *Lieutenant*, Norfolk Regiment.

[A notice of Ambrose Teeling appeared in the last No. of the JOURNAL.]

REGINALD BARNETT, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.

Reginald Barnett was killed in action on November 12th. The following details have reached us. The men in his trench having asked for something on which to stand, Barnett crawled out in full daylight and brought back some straw, which he tossed into the trench. In the act of doing it, he raised himself slightly and was immediately hit in the head by a bullet. Death was instantaneous. He had nobly sacrificed his life for his fellow-soldiers. May he rest in peace.

He was in the school only a short time, but his old schoolfellows will remember him as a popular, but quiet, unassuming boy, who played a good game at cricket and football. Since he left, he had spent four years in the Royal Horse Artillery in India. Afterwards he transferred to the Royal Dragoons, and went to South Africa, where he was seriously wounded in the Johannesburg riots. We offer to Mr and Mrs Barnett and to Father Anthony, his brother, our sincerest condolences.

JOHN HENRY GAYTHORNE NEVILL, 2nd Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.

"Jack" Nevill was killed on Christmas Eve, somewhere between Bethune and Neuve Chapelle, and is buried at Le Touret, off the Rue de l'Épinette. It was the first time he was in action—in fact he had only been in the trenches a few hours. He himself described the situation in a letter written just behind the firing



Photo by Hulton-Net Ltd.

2nd LIEUT. J. H. G. NEVILL, Grenadier Guards

Ampleforth and the War

line, an hour before entering, as "one of the hottest corners in the whole line, in some places the trenches being only seven yards apart." His company was ordered into the advanced trench, into which the Germans were hurling "huge mortar bombs." In the early morning the enemy made a charge, and Captain Sir Montague Cholmley, in command of the company, leapt from the trench followed immediately by Nevill. The former was killed in the hand to hand encounter which ensued, and Nevill fell wounded in the shoulder, not before he had emptied most effectively, we are told, the six chambers of his revolver. He picked himself up, and succeeded with others in getting back into a connection trench, in which, being up to his waist in mud and water, it was difficult to take cover. A brother officer wrote "He had almost reached safety, when he was shot right in the back of his head by a German sniper at about thirty-five yards. When pulled into my trench, poor boy, he was dead— instantaneous. He is buried close here, and had a Catholic burial. He was a gallant fellow, and we mourn his loss greatly." It was in this strain that all the letters describing his death ended. Here is another: "— might like to know how much every one liked Jack, and what a gallant fellow we all thought him." "Every one both in his own regiment, and in our regiment (the Irish Guards) spoke so touchingly of him. Every one, who knew him, felt as if he had lost a friend" is the testimony of one more of many others.

He came to Ampleforth a high-spirited boy, aged ten, in September, 1894, and left in June, 1902. During these years he was always a typical schoolboy, full of life, full of enthusiasm, the author of many practical jokes, the central figure in many a "school row." Generous and largehearted, he was frankly impatient of those who could not keep pace with all his characteristic vitality, or acquiesce in all his plans and schemes. He was the sort of boy whom you might on occasion fight, but with whom you could never be

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bored. Beneath this gaiety was concealed a genuine religious spirit, which, as occasion demanded, showed itself strongly on the side of right. For a short time he was first treble, and was a regular member of every play acted during his school life. In his last year he played for both the football and cricket elevens. He became a member of the London Stock Exchange, and it was characteristic of his spirit that he offered his services to his country on the very day of the outbreak of war.

He was married to Katharine Mary Delicia, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Dick-Cunyngham, to whom in her great sorrow, as also to his mother, Mrs Henry Nevill, we offer our sincerest sympathies.

His love of his old school was shown by frequent visits and by the gift of an annual prize for school work.



WOUNDED

- BOOCOCK, W. N. 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
STOURTON, E. P. J., Captain The Honble. K.O.Y.L.I.
CREAN, G. T., Lieutenant, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
WALSH, M. P., Captain, A.V.C.
GREAVES, T. E., Hussars.
TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G., Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.

MISSING AND REPORTED PRISONER

- TEELING, T. F. P. B. J., 2nd Lieutenant, King's Own Scottish Borderers

The following Old Boys are known to be serving their country. The Journal Committee will be grateful if any reader can make any corrections or additions. The list is not yet complete in some details, and rumours of other Old Boys serving have reached us, but we have not been able to confirm them. Since last number, about thirty-five names have been added to the list.

- ADAMSON, R., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
AINSCOUGH, C., Lieutenant, Manchester Regiment.
ALLANSON, F., H.A.C.

Ampleforth and the War

- ALLANSON, H. P., Artists' Rifle Corps.
AUSTIN, W., 2nd Lieutenant Sir, Yorkshire Dragoons (Yeomanry).
BARNETT, G. S., Surgeon Probationer, H.M.S. 'Seal'
BARNETT, Rev. H. A., Chaplain to the 28th Division (attached to the 3rd City of London Ambulance).
BARNETT, R. (killed), 1st (Royal) Dragoons.
BAINNETT, W. R. S., Sharpshooters (City of London Yeomanry)
BARNEWALL, R. N. F., 2nd Lieutenant the Honble., Leinster Regiment.
BARTON, O. S., 2nd Lieutenant, East Yorkshire Regiment.
BEECH, G., Manchester Regiment.
BEGG, J., Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Reserve.
BLACKLEDGE, R. H., 2nd Lieutenant, King's Liverpool Regiment.
BOOCOCK, B., Canadian Expeditionary Force.
BOOCOCK, W. N., (wounded) 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
BRADLEY, B., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Fusiliers.
BUCKLEY, J., Artists' Rifle Corps.
BURGE, B. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Fusiliers.
BYRNE, A. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Lovat's Scouts.
CADIC, B. F., Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
CALDER-SMITH, R., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Fusiliers.
CAWKELL, E., H.A.C.
CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., Lieutenant, King's Liverpool Regiment.
CHAMBERLAIN, N. J., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
CHAMBERLAIN, W. G., Royal Fusiliers.
CHENEY, H. J., Major, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).
CLAPHAM, A., 2nd Lieutenant, East Yorkshire Regiment.
COLLISON, B., 2nd Lieutenant, King's Liverpool Regiment.
COLLISON, O., King's Liverpool Regiment.
CONNOR, E., Lieutenant, South Lancashire Regiment.
CREAN, G. J. (wounded), Lieutenant, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
CRAVOS, C., H.A.C.
CROSKELL, A. C., 2nd Lieutenant, Bedfordshire Regiment.
CORKY, E., 2nd Lieutenant, Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
DAWES, Rev. W. S., Chaplain to the Forces.
DANIEL, P., R.A.M.C.
DEES, A., Royal Naval Air Service.
DEES, H., Western Australian Light Horse.
DEES, V., Northumberland Hussars (Yeomanry).
DOBSON, J. L., 2nd Lieutenant, Sherwood Foresters.
DOHERTY, F., Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

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DUNBAR, T. O'C., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.
 DUNN, Rev. E. *Chaplain to the Forces*.
 FARMER, H. C. M., 2nd Lieutenant, K.R.R.C.
 FARRELL, G. E., 2nd Lieutenant, Leinster Regiment.
 FERNEY, E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 FINCH, R., *Captain*, A.V.C.
 FORSHAW, J., 2nd Lieutenant, King's Liverpool Regiment.
 FORSYTH, T., Scots Guards.
 GATELEY, A. J., 2nd Lieutenant, King's Liverpool Regiment.
 GAYNOR, G.
 GOODALL, W. C., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 GOSS, F. H., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 GREAVES, T. E. (wounded), Hussars.
 HALL, G. F. M., *Lieutenant*, Royal Berkshire Regiment.
 HARDMAN, B. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 HARDMAN, E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 HARRISON, R., 2nd Lieutenant, East Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry.
 HAWKSWELL, W., Prince of Wales' Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
 HAYNES, R., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 HEFFERNAN, W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Irish Fusiliers.
 HICKEY, H., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 HINES, C. W., *Major*, Durham Light Infantry.
 HONAN, M. B., *Lieutenant*, South Lancashire Regiment.
 HUDDLESTON, R. M. C., *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 HUNTINGTON, R., *Captain*, Somersetshire Light Infantry.
 HUNTINGTON, T., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Fusiliers.
 JOHNSTONE, B., *Captain*, West Kent Regiment (*Adjutant* of 7th Bn. Royal Warwickshire Regiment).
 KELLY, A. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.
 KELLY, J. O., Edinburgh University O.T.C.
 KEVILL, J. B., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 KILLEA, P. J., Lanarkshire Yeomanry.
 LANCASTER, C. J. B., *Lieutenant*, Highland Light Infantry.
 LANCASTER, S., 2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.
 LEE, J. E., Highland Light Infantry.
 LINDSAY, G. W., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 LISTON, W. P. St. L., 2nd Lieutenant, Leinster Regiment.
 LONG, F. W., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 LONG, W. C., *Major*, I.R.A.M.C.
 LOVELL, S. C. A., Ceylon Mounted Rifles.
 LOWTHER, C., East Yorkshire Regiment.

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MCCABE, H. R., *Lieutenant*, Black Watch.
 MACDERMOTT, G., 2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.
 McDONALD, D. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Cameronians (attached to Transvaal Scottish).
 McEVoy, P., King Edward's Horse.
 MACRAY, C., *Lieutenant*, Leinster Regiment.
 MACRAY, F. G.
 McKENNA, J. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 McKILLOP, J., 2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.
 MACPHERSON, J., R.F.A.
 MARTIN, C., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, E. B. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, H. A., 2nd Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.
 MARTIN, M., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, O., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, W. A., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARWOOD, B., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 MARWOOD, C., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 MILES, L., Naval Transport Officer.
 MORICE, G. F., Royal Engineers.
 MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A. D., 2nd Lieutenant, Munster Fusiliers.
 MURPHY, P., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 NAREY, P., 2nd Lieutenant, Prince of Wales' Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
 NEAL, A., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 NEVILL, G. W. H., 2nd Lieutenant, South African Forces.
 NEVILL, J. H. G. (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.
 NEVILLE, M. M., *Lieutenant*, Worcestershire Regiment.
 O'DOWD, H., *Fleet Paymaster*, H.M.S. "Devonshire."
 PARLE, J., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 PIKE, J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 PIKE, S., 1st Assam Light Horse.
 POLDING, J. B., *Captain*, East Lancashire Regiment.
 POWER, D., M.B., Royal Navy, H.M.S. "St. George."
 PRESTON, E.
 PRIMAVESI, C., East Yorkshire Regiment.
 QUINN, J., R.A.M.C.
 READMAN, W., East Yorkshire Regiment.
 REARDON, J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 RIGBY, L., 2nd Lieutenant, Manchester Regiment.
 RILEY, J., King's Liverpool Regiment.

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ROBERTSON, E. A.
 ROBERTSON, J.
 ROCHFORD, C., Hertfordshire Yeomanry.
 ROCHFORD, C. E., *Captain*, Royal Fusiliers.
 ROCHFORD, H., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Fusiliers.
 RUDDIN, L., *2nd Lieutenant*, Cheshire Regiment.
 SHARP, W. S., *Dispatch Rider*.
 SIMPSON, C. R., *2nd Lieutenant*, 11th Hussars.
 SINNOTT, R., Yorkshire Regiment.
 SMITH, J. K., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 SMITH, P., South African Forces.
 STOURTON, E. P. J. (wounded), *Captain* the Honble., K.O.Y.L.I.
 SWARBRECK, C., South African Forces.
 TEELING, A. M. A. T. DE L. (killed), *Lieutenant*, Norfolk Regiment.
 TEELING, L., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 TEELING, T. F. P. B. J. (*Prisoner of War*), *2nd Lieutenant*, K.O.S.B.
 TEMPLE, J. A. C., Sharpshooters (City of London Yeomanry).
 TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G. (wounded), *Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.
 WALKER, D., King's Liverpool Regiment.
 WALKER, V., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Berkshire Regiment.
 WALSH, M. P. (wounded), *Captain*, A.V.C.
 WEBSTER, L. BULLOCK, *Lieutenant*, Prince Rupert Horse.
 WEIGHILL, E. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, Alexandra Princess of Wales' Yorkshire Regiment.
 WILLIAMS, L., *2nd Lieutenant*, South Wales Borderers.
 WILLIAMS, O. M., *Captain*, Monmouthshire Regiment.
 WOOD, B., British South Africans.
 WORSLEY-WORSWICK, R., *Dispatch Rider*.
 WRIGHT, A. F. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.
 WRIGHT, H. D. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.
 WRIGHT, M. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.
 YOUNG, A. D., Somersetshire Light Infantry.
 YOUNG, W. D., Australian Contingent.
 Quetta,
 POWER, R. J.
 Osborne,
 BISGOOD, J. W.
 Sandhurst.
 BLACKLEDGE, E.

Note.—PIERRE VUYLSTCKE is serving in the Belgian Army.

Ampleforth and the War

ALTHOUGH a very large number of the above are at the front, in France, and some in Egypt, we are glad to be able to say that since December there has been only one casualty among our Old Boys, Lieutenant D. G. L. M. G. Travers, of the Royal Engineers. He was severely wounded about the middle of February. He writes as follows: "I was hit in the middle of the back with a shrapnel bullet, which has now been found in the shoulder on the opposite side. How it got across without doing any serious damage I don't quite know, but they tell me it must have passed between the throat and the backbone somehow. I am having it taken out to-morrow." *2nd Lieutenant* J. McKillop writes to say that he has been invalidated home severely frost bitten, and we hear *2nd Lieutenant* W. Heffernan has had the same unpleasant experience, and is the south of France. Dom Antony Barnett, who is chaplain to the 28th Division, has also been invalidated, having had influenza and pneumonia. The school was delighted to see him here for a few days. Several letters have been received from others who are well, and who have been through some very severe fighting, including the Neuve Chapelle battle. We hope to be able to print some of these letters in our next number.

* * *

G. F. M. HALL, who holds a commission in the Berkshire Regiment, has had appendicitis, followed by—dare we say it—German measles. We were glad to see him here for a week during his convalescence. Had it not been for these troubles he would have been at the front some time ago. As it is, he expects to go shortly. Mr Charles Rochford has also spent a period of convalescence with us—and preliminary to leaving for the front we had the pleasure of a visit from *2nd Lieutenant* F. W. Long, *2nd Lieutenant* A. J. Byrne, of Lovat's Scouts, has also visited his old school.

* * *

AFTER we had gone to press the following news reached us:

WOUNDED

SMITH, J. K., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.

He was wounded in the recent operations near the Suez Canal, and is slightly paralysed in one leg.

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Additional names of Old Boys serving:

DAWES, E. P., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
FARRELL, G. W., *Canadian Contingent*.
FORSTER, W., R.A.M.C.
MILLERS, P., *Australian Contingent*.
POWER, A., *Army Service Corps*.
OBERHOFFER, G., *Royal Fusiliers*.

LECTURES

DOM MAURUS POWELL

DURING the term, Fr Maurus gave two enjoyable lantern lectures—the first dealing with the Venetian School of Painting, and the second with the School of Parma and the Eclectics. Excellent slides were shown of Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, Bassano, and of Correggio, Caracci and their pupils. Fr Maurus has a draughtsman's eye for achievement or failure in Composition, Outline, Lighting, and the varied intricacies of technique, and these lectures did much to put into a clear light those elusive qualities of form which are apt to discourage the wary Philistine.

MR PHILIP KERR

On Easter Sunday Mr Philip Kerr gave a lecture, or, as he with meiosis declared, opened a debate on the responsibilities involved in British citizenship. He dealt wholly with such fundamental matters as the justification of the growth of the Empire, the value for the world of its continuance, the consequent need of an enlightened loyalty to the whole among its civilized members and of their co-operation in the government of the Dependencies, and finally the responsibility that rests on the individual voter. Discussing these questions, Mr Kerr held the close attention of his largely youthful audience. If we may venture to explain how he did so we would say that it was by reason of his skilful use of the common elements in school-life and life in larger spheres, by his evident ability to deal with so great a subject, but chiefly by the combination of

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clear thought and high ideals revealed by his words. The discussion which followed turned mainly on the morality of territorial expansion, the rights of inferior peoples, and the duties of dominant powers. We heartily thank Mr Kerr for his lecture.

FATHER KELLET, S.J.

Rheims Cathedral was the subject of a singularly interesting lecture by Fr Kellet. It was illustrated by many excellent lantern-slides, including a number showing the destruction wrought by the German guns. Even more interesting than his clear presentation of the architectural and sculptural features was the lecturer's exposition of the cathedral as the concrete embodiment of the faith and feeling of the Middle Ages; and his interpretation of the symbolism which underlies every detail of it. The whole lecture was an indirect plea for a closer acquaintance by Catholics of the life and thought of the centuries when Catholicism was a universal social force.

SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term was held on Sunday, January 31st. In private business the usual elections took place, Mr Lintner being appointed Secretary and Messrs Collison, Power and Ainscough being chosen to form the Committee. In public business Mr Milburn moved "That the present Government have mismanaged the War." Owing to the absence of the Hon. Secretary, on business closely connected with the present European crisis, the minutes of this meeting have not been preserved.

The second meeting of the term was held on February 7th. In public business Mr McMahon moved "That the British nation is degenerating." The hon. mover was eloquent on the subject of our intellectual degeneracy, and attempted to illustrate the decline of modern industry by a criticism of the complicated system of British production.

Mr Smith, in opposing the motion, said that he could find no indications of national decay in England's conduct during

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the present European crisis. War was the supreme test of national character. The early inhabitants of the Netherlands were considered by Caesar a most progressive, because a most warlike tribe. England's conduct of the present War called for no serious criticism.

Mr Kelly drew attention to the improvement in health which had resulted from decrease in the consumption of alcohol.

Mr Le Fèvre remarked upon the deterioration in national physique, and regretted that we had fallen away from the traditions of our great musical composers.

Mr Welsh contrasted the national ideals of modern England and ancient Rome without, however, committing himself to any reckless conclusions.

Mr Lancaster noted a distinct advance in modern Agricultural methods, and detected a similar advance in Art and Industry.

Mr Simpson then made some observations on the subject of biscuits, the relevance of which was lost upon the Secretary.

Mr Lynch considered the supporters of the motion unduly pessimistic. England had as yet shown no signs of degeneracy, she had not yet reached the zenith of her greatness.

The motion was rejected by 32 votes to 7.

The fourth meeting of the term was held on Sunday, February 21st, to discuss the motion "That a democracy cannot carry on a successful war." Mr. Welsh, the mover, said that Themistocles had recognized the truth of the motion during the Persian invasion of Greece, when he saved Greece by abolishing the democracy. Even Demosthenes, a most uncompromising democrat, had declared that to win a war an absolute tyranny was essential. The essential secrecy, freedom of action and unity of purpose, upon which success depended, were all impossible under any form of popular government.

Mr Simpson, who opposed, maintained that the example of the Republic during the Napoleonic wars had demonstrated the good results of democracy. Under a democracy equal opportunities were given to the best men of all classes in the State, free criticism ensured greater efficiency and complete control over finance, and the sense of personal interest in all

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the details of the war must lead to greater determination and unanimity in the conduct of a campaign.

Mr Collison supported the motion. The successes of Frederick the Great and Napoleon would have been impossible under a strictly democratic government.

Mr Lynch thought that a democratic state was usually opposed to war. Messrs Gerrard, Le Fèvre and Kelly also spoke.

The motion was lost by 15 votes to 19.

The fifth meeting of the term was held on February 28th. In public business Mr Long read a very learned and interesting paper on "Explosives," in which he gave an account of the development of this important branch of the science of modern warfare, and initiated the Society into the mysteries of the internal constitution and special characteristics of the chief explosives used in the present war.

Messrs Kelly, Martin, Le Fèvre and Agnew asked questions, or expressed their views on the paper.

The sixth meeting of the Society was held on Sunday, March 7th. In private business Mr Power was elected to the office of Secretary, which had become vacant owing to the absence of Mr Lintner. In public business Mr B. Martin moved "That the violation of Belgian neutrality was the pretext and not the cause of England's declaration of war." Mr Martin traced the history of Germany, from the Treaty of Vienna to the present day, as demonstrating the growth of that Anglo-German rivalry which made the conflict inevitable. Mr Unsworth in opposing the motion emphasized the pacific attitude of the *Entente* powers before the outbreak of hostilities. A declaration of war was contrary to the interests of the Allies.

Mr Liston thought that the present Liberal Government would not have agreed to a declaration of war, had not the Germans invaded Belgium.

Mr C. Rochford warned the House against underestimating the plausibility of the German explanations.

Mr Gerrard maintained that England's decision was the outcome of her responsibility to the parties of the *Entente*.

Mr Ainscough contrasted the rising power of the Allies with the decline in prestige of the Triple Alliance, which made immediate action on the part of Germany imperative.

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Mr Agnew thought it useless to deny that England was fighting primarily for her own interests, and only incidentally for those of Belgium.

Mr Kelly said that England had long been preparing for war, and was willing to declare war whenever a sufficient occasion should arise. The Belgian question seemed a useful pretext, and had served to make war popular in the country.

Mr Collison showed that the issues now at stake had long been before the minds of English statesmen. The conflict had long been inevitable, and the violation of Belgium had made immediate action necessary.

Messrs H. Martin, Lancaster and Power also spoke, and the motion was carried by a small majority.

At the seventh meeting of the term, which took place on Sunday, March 14th, Mr Collison read a paper on "Frederick the Great." He justified the position of Frederick by a graphic narrative of his career, strikingly successful in certain directions in spite of overwhelming difficulties. Much of the unattractive side of Frederick's character was due to the unfavourable influences and spartan training of his boyhood. Those principles of statecraft, which appeared of doubtful character to the modern mind, lost much of their odium when viewed in the light of contemporary history. Frederick's conduct of the Seven Years' War must always occupy a prominent place in the history of military achievements. The partition of Poland also showed that Frederick possessed considerable skill as a diplomatist.

On Sunday, March 21st, the Society held a meeting to discuss the motion "That the French Revolution was a benefit to humanity." The hon. mover, Mr Kelly, described in detail the evils of the rule of the French aristocracy, and considered that the Revolution had accomplished its main purpose of putting an end to misrule, and establishing the principles of liberty and equality.

Mr Liston, who opposed, painted a vivid picture of the horrors of the Revolution which, he maintained, had produced no permanent improvement in the conditions of life in France, while they had hindered the progress of reform in England and other European States.

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Mr Collison then proposed the following amendment: "That the methods of the French Revolution were justifiable."

After a short discussion the amendment was rejected, and the debate upon the original motion was resumed by Mr Gerrard, who enlarged upon the evil effects produced by the Revolution in England.

Mr Lynch, who considered that Louis XIV was chiefly responsible for the Revolution, spoke strongly in support of the motion.

Mr Simpson justified the violence of the revolutionists on the ground of the futility of more pacific measures.

After Messrs Ainscough, Allanson and Power had spoken, the motion was put to the vote and rejected by 26 votes to 7.

R. J. POWER, *Hon. Sec.*

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

THE 254th meeting of the Society was held on January 31st. Mr P. Mills was elected a member of the Society.

The voting for the officials resulted in Mr D. Rochford being elected Secretary, and the Hon. M. Scott and Messrs Douglas and Browne as members of the Committee.

In public business, Mr Browne moved "That modern inventions in aircraft are detrimental to British supremacy." His chief argument was that the most important and best arm of our defence, the Navy, was rendered practically useless by the development of aviation. England's strength resulting from her insular position ceased to be of importance. His pessimistic mood even led him to believe that the area of the British Isles was a serious hindrance to the production and use of the necessary aircraft.

Mr Crawford, the opposer, being indisposed, his paper was read by Mr F. Ainscough. His principal point was the possibility of England increasing her aircraft to such a degree, that her supremacy obtained on the sea would be equalled by her supremacy in the air. He said that if this country could afford to produce such a wonderful Navy it

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was clear that she could build aircraft, which do not cost as much as the ships.

Mr C. Power urged that England must hurry up, for the time cannot be far distant when aircraft will be used considerably for commerce, she is certainly behindhand at present in the larger craft and, unless she wishes to see her position as "Waggoner of the World" in peril, must pay attention to this matter.

Mr A. Pollack said the exploits of the British airmen in the present war produced a feeling of confidence that in the air this country could certainly hold her own.

There also spoke Messrs Cuddon, J. P. Douglas, Spiller, A. Dillon, Marsden, L. Pollack and Hawkswell. The motion was carried by 23 votes to 21.

At the 255th meeting of the Society, on February 7th, Br Bernard was present. The motion before the House was "That England's greatness is due more to the pen than to the sword." Mr C. Robinson spoke in support of the motion. He showed how this country had grown great by the wise use of the pen by her great statesmen, and then proceeded to remind the House of the wonderful effect on the world produced by our literature. When he had proved his points by appeals to history he was succeeded by Mr Dillon, who, in opposing, claimed that our chief colonization had been by conquest. He said that if we had not such a fine Navy we should be playing a very poor part in the present war. Not to Shakespeare and Milton, but to men of action, like Nelson and Jellicoe, did we owe our greatness.

When a large number of members had taken part in the debate, Br Bernard addressed the House. The motion was then put to the vote; there voted for it 27, against 24.

At the 256th meeting Brothers Bernard, Cyril and Raphael were present. Mr L. Knowles moved "That the Yellow Peril is a real danger to the white races." He dwelt on the lessening of distances in modern times, and said that the Japanese were extremely clever and well supplied with all the latest inventions. Their neighbours, the Chinese, were feeling the need of extension of their territory, and when they, too, had the benefit of modern ideas they would turn their attention to

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Europe. He spoke of the recognition of the danger in the exclusion of the Chinese from many countries in their immediate neighbourhood.

Mr E. Bagshawe, the opposer, said there was no real danger, as there was such division between the two great Yellow races that we could not imagine them combining to invade Europe. He reminded the House of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, which was a very important thing for the Eastern nation, and an advantage they were not likely to forgo. The continued political unrest of China still further minimized the peril.

The following members also spoke: Messrs A. Pollack, Marsden, Massey, Smith, Fishwick, Hawkswell, Browne, Spiller, Crawford, Hodge, Greenwood, R. Dillon, Davey, F. Ainscough, C. Power, D. Collison and Fitzgerald. Brothers Bernard and Raphael also took part in the discussion. There voted: for the motion 18, against 27.

Mr Greenwood then rose, and reminded the House of the memorable debate on this subject which took place in the previous year, and of how the Society was indebted to Mr Kenneth Dennys for his striking speech on that occasion. Mr Dennys, he said, was now in the trenches, and he felt he had the whole House with him when he proposed that the Secretary should write to Mr Dennys, conveying to him the greetings and good wishes of the Society. Mr Spiller seconded the resolution, and it was carried *nem. con.*

During the private business of the 257th meeting of the Society, on February 21st, the Secretary submitted to the Society the draft of the letter which he proposed to send to Mr Dennys. It was subjected to much criticism, and Mr Dillon's proposal that one of the passages in it should be omitted was rejected by vote, and the Society decided to send the letter as it stood.

In public business, Mr P. Ffield moved "That Esperanto should be adopted as the universal language." Mr John Loughran opposed. Sixteen members took part in the debate. An adjournment was proposed by Mr Greenwood, seconded by Mr Dalby, and carried by vote.

On February 28th, at the 258th meeting, Mr J. Paton Douglas, in private business, raised the question of the need

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of a Treasurer. He called attention to the expenditure involved by the recent correspondence with Mr Dennys, and asked whether the Society thought it was fair that the Secretary, who already had shown such self-sacrifice in the interests of the members, should be allowed to bear this additional burden of meeting the postal expenses. He said that, once the Treasurer was provided, he had no doubts about the production of something to treasure. The Hon. M. Scott seconded the proposal, but the time allotted for private business elapsed before any decision was arrived at.

Mr Dalby, in public business, re-introduced the motion "That Esperanto should be adopted as the universal language." He compared it to the wireless telegraphy on a ship, which enabled that vessel to communicate with all other ships, and laid stress on its commercial and social advantages. Esperanto, he said, by its simplicity and likeness to so many European languages was the best suited to the purpose.

Mr H. Greenwood, in opposing, dwelt on the natural tendency of languages to alter in the course of time, and said that very soon the universal language would be affected in the same way, and cease to serve its purpose. Even if such a language were possible, and could be preserved from corruption, he said there were rivals in the field which were certainly better than Esperanto. Of these, the Idiom Neutral was by far the best.

Messrs Cheney, L. Knowles, Cuddon, A. Pollack, McArdle, C. Robinson, Connolly, H. Barton, R. Dillon, Marsden, Fishwick, McGhee, V. Cravos, C. Unsworth, the Hon. M. Scott and the Hon. G. Plunkett also spoke.

The motion was rejected by a majority of 28; 10 votes being given for the motion, 38 against.

At the 259th meeting Fr Ambrose and Br Cyril were present. When Mr Douglas brought forward his proposal concerning the election of a Treasurer, he made known his desire to have it inserted in the rules. For this a week's notice was required, so the matter was again postponed.

In public business, Mr Harte-Barry moved "That this House deplores the popularity of the Cinematograph." Describing the surroundings in such places of entertainment,

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he asked the members whether they considered these suitable for the wasting of a man's hard-earned pence. He told the Society a sad story of an innocent child who was led into the crime of train-wrecking by the sight of such a deed in the picture palace, and drew therefrom the obvious moral.

Mr Fitzgerald opposed. He showed how absurd it was to suggest the condemnation of a thing because it was abused by a few. He enlarged on the educative value of this modern invention.

Sixteen members spoke in the debate, and when Fr Ambrose had addressed the House, the motion was put to the vote; 19 members supported the motion, 24 were for the opposition.

The 260th meeting was held on March 14th. Fr Dominic, Corporal C. Rochford and Br Bernard were present. Mr C. Power proposed, in private business, that a letter of thanks should be sent to Fr Bede, in acknowledgement of his gift to the Society of a new Minute Book. Mr A. Dillon seconded. After some discussion, as to whether the gratitude of the Society should be expressed by word of mouth or by letter, the latter course of action was decided on.

The motion before the House, in public business, was "That the results obtained by Vivisection do not justify the practice." Mr P. Blackledge was the mover, Mr E. Robinson opposed. Besides fourteen members of the Society, Corporal Rochford and Fr Dominic took part in the debate, which concluded with 19 votes being given for the motion, and 24 against.

At the 261st meeting Fr Herbert and Br Ignatius were present. The following letter received from Lieut. Kenneth Dennys was read by the Secretary:

16th March, 1915.

The Hon. Secretary,

Junior Debating Society, Ampleforth.

Dear Sir,

The letter that I received from you and from the Junior Debating Society gave me the very greatest pleasure. I want to thank you all for its cordial good wishes. After the horrors of war, and the evils of trench mud, a note such as the one I received is extraordinarily refreshing.

If I am spared to come back to Ampleforth, I hope to enjoy

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once more the honour of attending your debates. With all possible good wishes to yourself and the Society, and my most grateful thanks,

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,

KENNETH R. DENNY,

The letter of thanks to Fr Bede was submitted, discussed, and passed as satisfactorily expressing the mind of the Society. Mr Douglas then introduced his proposed new rule: "A Treasurer shall be elected, who shall be a member of the Committee, in addition to the present members." He was seconded by Mr D. Collison. After a short discussion the House voted, and the motion was carried.

In public business, the motion was "That capital punishment should be abolished." Mr Jungmann was the mover, Mr Hawkswell opposed. The following members spoke: Messrs Forbes, Greenwood, Spiller, C. Power, Fitzgerald, Harte-Barry, Ruddin, G. Ainscough, Davey, D. Collison and L. Knowles. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 32.

At the 262nd and last meeting of the session, Mr S. Cravos introduced the motion "That rural life is better for mankind than urban life." He quoted the historians to prove that the fall of the Roman Empire was to a great extent due to the fact that Italy had been stripped of its country population, and its urban population had ceased to be strong and healthy. He warned us that in our own days the same dangers of degeneration were threatening this land. He went on to show the great part played by the English yeomanry in the great victories of our history.

Mr H. Barton opposed. He showed the advantage of town life in matters of commerce and amusement, and argued that there religion also could be practised with greater facility.

Mr J. Loughran maintained that man should study nature from the original, and not from "cinema" shows.

Mr C. Power cited Dryden in support of the healthiness of the country life; there you could find the exercise that would free you from the doctor's fees and nauseous draughts.

When many of the other members had spoken, the motion was put to the vote, and won by 28 votes to 19.

The usual votes of thanks brought the session to a close.

MONTHLY SPEECHES

MARCH.—The Speeches as a whole were rather colourless, but to apportion the blame exactly between the authors and their interpreters would be too nice a matter. Suffice it to say, that the *Punch* lines on Lord Roberts were, in their way, the most impressive of the verses, and that the Schumann *morceau* was in competent hands. The following was the programme:

BEFORE THE BATTLE OF EDGEMILL	Rudyard Kipling
C. H. GILBERT	
A WAR CHANT	Thomas Peacock
FORS	
PIANOFORTE SOLO ("EN CAMPAGNE")	Edward Shütt
T. F. KELLY	
DEDICATION OF THE IDYLLS OF THE	
KING TO PRINCE CONSORT	Tennyson
MORROGH-BERNARD	
WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE	W. Watson
R. ST. L. P. LISTON	
IN MEMORY OF LORD ROBERTS	O. Seaman
C. UNSWORTH	
A STRANGE, WILD SONG	Lewis Carroll
B. LEE, C. CRAVOS, R. LANCASTER	
BLIND BARTIMEAS	Longfellow
P. D'I. FFIELD	
WALTER VON DER VOLGELVEID	Longfellow
L. J. S. JUNGMMANN	
THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA	Napier
T. V. WELSH	
THE HYMN OF EIGHT	Anonymous
H. GEORGE	
PIANOFORTE SOLO ("NOVELLETTE")	Schumann
D. ROCHFORD	

April.—This was a varied and interesting Entertainment, and we were glad to observe that the musical part of the programme was fuller than usual. "The Flying Men" was a striking piece of war verse which lost nothing in the telling, and the extract from the "Jackdaw of Rheims" a balanced,

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vivacious piece of work, in which Cooper's lines were, perhaps, noticeably clear and easy. Of the musicians Welsh did not seem to be quite sure of his instrument, but his fingering was excellent and his tone level and broad. D. Rochford was never at fault with the Schumann, and he played with a light insistence which entirely suited the composition.

The Choir did not manage to convey the impression of jovial impetuosity which their music demanded; perhaps they were not sufficiently familiar with the glee to take a fast tempo. However, they sang the correct notes.

The scenes from Molière were played with great skill and thoroughness. Perhaps the humours of M Jourdain were a little too broadly indicated, but under the circumstances this was necessary. Power gave a very capable impersonation of M Jourdain, and the 'atmosphere' contributed by Welsh and Simpson was perhaps the deciding factor in the success of the piece. The scenes flowed along quite easily, and the players were word-perfect. The following was the programme:

PIANOORTE SOLO (<i>Capriccio in E minor</i>)	L. BEVENOT	Mendelssohn
SCENE from "Love's Labour Lost"	WALLACE HAGUE i.	
THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA	R. S. DOUGLAS	Baring-Gould
PIANOORTE SOLO (<i>Elegy in A\flat</i>)	W. ROCHFORD	Moskowsky
THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS	WILBERFORCE, FORSTER, CARY-ELWES, COOPER, BAGSHAWE, KELLY, SYKES	
PIANOORTE SOLO (<i>Arabesque in B\flat</i>)	D. ROCHFORD	Schumann
IF	F. G. DAVEY	Kipling
PIANOORTE SOLO (<i>Hunting Song</i>)	H. M. J. GERRARD	Mendelssohn
ST. TELEMACHUS	L. UNSWORTH	Tennyson
VIOLIN SOLO (<i>Andante</i>)	T. V. WELSH	Grieg
THE FLYING MEN	C. LEESE, T. KELLY	
GLEE (<i>Here's a health unto His Majesty</i>)	THE SCHOOL CHOIR	

Officers Training Corps

SCENES from Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

M. Jourdain	R. J. POWER	Maitre philosophe	L. BEVENOT
Maitre de musique	T. V. WELSH	Maitre d'armes	T. KELLY
Maitre à danser	G. SIMPSON	Maitre tailleur	M. L. AINSCOUGH
		Deux laquais.	

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

At the end of term we were glad to catch a glimpse of our O.C., Captain Barnett, who returned from the front on sick leave. He has had many exciting experiences, which one day we hope will be recorded in the JOURNAL. By the time these words are in print his leave will have expired. Once again we wish him God-speed.

L. V. Milburn, J. W. Hawkswell and P. W. Mills joined us at the beginning of term. Owing to three members of last term's contingent having taken Commissions new N.C.O.'s became necessary, and the following promotions were posted:

To be Corporals: Lance-Corporals McDonald and Mahon.

To be Lance-Corporals: Cadets Gerrard and C. Knowles.

Keen interest has been maintained in the work of the Corps in spite of the fact that little field-work has been possible. Fortunately, on most occasions when skirmishing could be practised, the subsequent pow-wows gained in value from the comments of old members of the contingent, who were on leave. Their advice and their knowledge of the latest developments in warfare were very valuable.

In the latter half of term range practice was carried out without interruption, and some good shooting was done. The result of the *Country Life* competition has not yet been published.

The band is maintaining a high standard of proficiency, although the assistance of its professional instructor has not been possible. On the Strensall field day the excellent marching of the contingent through York owed not a little to the band. The countryside has not grown tired of the roll of the drum, or the blast of the bugle, and we believe that the military ardour inspired by the band has added more than one recruit from the district to His Majesty's forces.

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FIELD DAY

The manoeuvres on the field day this term were on rather a more elaborate scale than heretofore. The assumption was that a White army was holding a line, Malton, Kirkham and Stamford Bridge, while the invading force, the Brown army, advanced from Filey, Scarborough and Hornsea. On March 15th an indecisive battle had taken place at a spot between Malton and Kirkham, but the White left showed signs of weakness, owing to shortage of ammunition and supplies. The headquarters staff of the White army, at Harrogate, on receiving this information ordered a convoy (Leeds and Hymer's O.T.C.) to work through from Strensall to Harton and Kirkham.

The General of the Brown army, with becoming foresight, sent a company (Ampleforth and St Peter's), on March 16th, to cut the lines of communication between Strensall and Harton, and capture the convoy. A misunderstanding caused the advance guard of the Brown army to come into touch with the enemy sooner than was expected, and the plan of campaign developed on unexpected lines. The right of the Brown army, composed of fifty of the Ampleforth O.T.C., was detailed to hold the cross roads on the Strensall to Malton road, while the left, composed of the remainder of the Ampleforth O.T.C. with St Peter's O.T.C., under Lieutenant Toyne, was ordered to intercept the convoy, in the event of its attempting the more difficult passage south of that point. But the enemy chose the former route, and the advance guards of the two armies came into touch near the cross-roads on the edge of the Strensall Common. The attack developed on this wing, and at one period the extreme right was seriously threatened. A sharp counter-attack, involving some hand to hand fighting in a word, effectually dispelled the danger, and the Whites retreated, leaving several prisoners in the hands of the Brown force.

At this point news arrived that a convoy had been sighted. The Brown right then began a steady retreat towards Flaxton, luring the enemy into an ambush so well prepared that the convoy was successfully captured.

Rugby Football

At the end of the manoeuvres Colonel Hay and Major Saulez, who had kindly acted as umpires, held a pow-wow, at which both sides received sound and helpful advice, particularly in the matter of distance judging. Colonel Hay had a special compliment for the advance guard of the Browns. Their deployment under difficult circumstances had been very good. Both sides evidently understood the importance of making use of every particle of cover.

The Ampleforth contingent has to express its sincerest appreciation of the kindly hospitality extended to its members by the Head Master of St Peter's, after arrival in York, before entraining for Flaxton. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the day.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

AMPLEFORTH v. DURHAM SCHOOL

THIS match was played at Ampleforth on February 20th, and resulted in a victory for the visitors by six goals (30 points) to a goal and a try (8 points). Ampleforth had anything but a full side out. Of the forwards who played in the last school match only four were available, and three of the first XV backs were also unable to play. In view of the brilliant display given by the visitors' back division, it is fair to say that, even if Ampleforth had been at normal strength, it is improbable that they would have successfully contended with the pace and combination of the opposing side. But with the Ampleforth pack at full strength the game might have taken the form of a duel between forwards and backs, and victory would have gone to the side which could have made its own style of play prevail. As it was, the Ampleforth pack was able to hold its own in the "tight," was slightly superior in footwork and in the "loose" generally, and so much smarter in getting the ball from touch that in the second half the Durham captain invariably chose a scrumage instead of a line-out. Here the Ampleforth strength ended. Behind the scrumage Massey's play did not suffer in comparison with that of the Durham scrum-half. Knowles did some useful touch-kicking at stand-off half, but was far behind his opponent

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in cleverness and pace. The three quarter lines do not suggest comparison but contrast. Durham were fast, very accurate in their passing, and so full of individual and collective resource that, when they scored, the spectators' attention was occupied not so much with the success of their efforts as with the movements that led up to it. The Ampleforth "threes" on the other hand reminded one of the Tory description of Mr Gladstone—they seemed like old men in a hurry. Macpherson was a possible exception, and his try in the second half, when he dodged through nearly the whole of the opposing side, was perhaps the best individual effort of the match. But it was a gleam in the prevailing grey. At half-time the score was 10-3 in favour of Durham. Both the visitors' tries were the result of concerted passing, crowned by resolute running on the part of their left wing. The Ampleforth try was obtained by Collison who sprang away from a line-out with the ball at his feet, picked up after a clever dribble, and fell with the ball over the Durham line. For the first ten minutes of the second half Ampleforth pressed and, as has been mentioned, Macpherson scored after a good individual run; but the visitors' backs became more and more dangerous, and the Ampleforth defence began to get loose and indefinite, and the tackling unsure. In the last quarter of an hour the visitors scored four times, all by movements which revealed a wealth of resource and variety in attack that embarrassed, if it did not demoralize, the defence. All the Durham tries were converted, three of them with fine kicks from near the touch-line. The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back, J. McGhee; Three-quarters, H. Martin, F. S. Cravos, C. Macpherson and C. Power; Half-backs, E. Massey and C. J. Knowles; Forwards, C. B. Collison (captain), R. J. Power, R. Lynch, J. Morrough-Bernard, S. Rochford, Viscount Encombe, M. J. Ainscough and G. Harte-Barry.

COLTS' MATCH

AMPLEFORTH v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

This match was played at Ampleforth on February 27th, and resulted in a win for the home side by 50 points to *nil*. The sides were chosen from boys under fifteen years of age.

Hockey

This let in to the Ampleforth side two of the first XV—Massey and F. S. Cravos. The game was too one-sided to be interesting, and the presence in the Ampleforth side of two first XV players made it also lop-sided. Massey and Cravos dominated the game, but a sort of *noblesse oblige* brooded over their play. They took it easily, as though anxious not to frighten the other side, and anxious not to score too much themselves. One result of this was that the rest of the Ampleforth side also took it easily, and there was a want of "push and go" about the whole game which was rather depressing. Apart from this slackness the Ampleforth forwards played well, but the backs kept the ball too long, and more use should have been made of the wings. Crawford has perhaps the makings of a scrum-half. The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back, S. Cravos; Three-quarters, J. Dalby, P. Blackledge, F. S. Cravos and A. Corballis; Half-backs, E. Massey and J. Crawford; Forwards, C. Liston, A. Marsden, G. Cuddon, E. Ruddin, Hon. M. S. Scott, J. Hawkswell, H. Greenwood and V. Cravos.

HOCKEY

AMPLEFORTH v. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

THIS game was played at Pocklington on March 20th, and ended in a victory for the home side by four goals to three. The ground was only just possible. In one place a large patch of snow still remained unthawed on the playing area. Ampleforth pressed at the commencement but showed a weakness in the circle, which ultimately proved their undoing. The backs, too, were disposed to take risks, and should remember that flying hits at a moving ball are only reasonable on a very smooth ground. The halves were very good, particularly Leese and Power. At half-time the score was 3-1 in favour of Pocklington.

In the second half Pocklington got one goal and Ampleforth two. The Ampleforth goals were both scored in the last ten minutes, when the Eleven seemed at last to have adapted themselves to the conditions of ground and weather. On the whole they were unlucky to lose, but a little more

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determination and liveliness in the circle would have been helpful. The following played for Ampleforth :

Goal, F. S. Cravos ; *Backs*, E. Massey and H. Martin ; *Half-backs*, C. E. Leese, C. B. Collison and R. J. Power ; *Forwards*, H. McMahon, L. Unsworth, A. C. McDonald, C. J. Knowles and M. Ainscough.

AMPLEFORTH V. RIPON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Played at Ampleforth on March 27th, and resulted in a win for Ripon by three goals to two. The game was well but unevenly contested. The first half was all Ampleforth's, and two goals resulted through Barton and Unsworth. The second half was nearly as much Ripon's. For about twenty minutes after the restart the Ampleforth halves were frequently out of place, with the result that Ripon kept breaking through, and on three occasions scored. The forwards, too, were poorly "fed," and, as they themselves would not "tack back" for the ball, their play became listless and unenterprising. Unsworth and Bernard were always good, Massey played a cool and resourceful game at back, and, apart from the period referred to, Leese and Collison did much clever and energetic work at half. The following was the Ampleforth side :

Goal, V. Cravos ; *Backs*, H. Martin and E. Massey ; *Half-backs*, C. E. Leese, C. B. Collison and R. J. Power ; *Forwards*, J. Morrough-Bernard, L. Unsworth, A. C. McDonald, J. Barton and M. J. Ainscough.

OLD BOYS

Mr V. G. NAREY is at present at Wren's, working for the Civil Service Examination.

Mr J. O. KELLY won the Gold Medal for Chemistry at Edinburgh University.

Mr WILFRED DEES is farming in Australia.

Mr JOHN FORSHAW has passed his Law Finals.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr Charles Rochford, of Turnford Hall, Broxbourne, Herts, who was married to Irene Cecilia, second daughter of Mr Gerard Butterfield, of Wimbledon, on January 11th, at St James', Spanish Place, by Dom Dominic Willson, O.S.B.

Also to Mr Patrick Neeson, of Abbotsford, Bearsden, who was married to Mary Clare, second daughter of the late Hugh Mallon, of Garnethill, Glasgow, on January 19th.

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IN our last issue we neglected to put on record the heroism of Dom Basil Gwydir, of Douai Abbey, who was drowned on the "Rohilla." Had it not been for his devotion to his priestly duties, he might easily have saved himself. He is the first English Benedictine to lay down his life in this war. We cannot doubt that his tender devotion to the sick has been speedily rewarded. While we offer our sympathies to the Abbot and Community of St Edmunds, we cannot help sharing with them the pride they must feel in the noble conduct of one of their brethren.

* * *

WE offer our sincere congratulations to the new Bishop of Malta, and to Fort Augustus, his monastery. Dom Maurus Caruana was consecrated in Rome, on the feast of St Scholastica, by Cardinal Merry del Val, as titular Archbishop of Rhodes and Bishop of Malta. The ceremony took place in S. Maria in Trastevere. Afterwards, in the Palazzo di San Calisto hard by, the new Archbishop was invested with the insignia of the Sovereign Order of the Knights of Malta in the name of the Prince Grand Master. It is interesting to note that the Bishop of Malta has *ex officio* the rank of Brigadier-General in the British Army. The best wishes of his brethren go with Archbishop Caruana to his new labour.

* * *

IN succession to the Right Rev. Prior Fowler, Cathedral Prior of Newport and Prior of Belmont, who resigned his office in January, the Claustal Prior of Downside Abbey, Dom Aelred Kindersley, was elected. We wish him many years of successful work at Belmont.

* * *

DOM ILDEPHONSUS BROWN, Cathedral Prior of Worcester, has just celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the habit. We wish him many more years of life and renewed health and strength. It is not possible in a note to speak of the work accomplished during those sixty long years by Prior Brown, but let it be said

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his brethren know and appreciate how well they have been spent in the service of the Church and of the English Benedictine congregation.

* * *

DOM WILFRID DARRY, ECONOMUS of the Ampleforth Missions, returned at the beginning of Lent from America, whither he had gone to transact important business for his brethren. We welcome him back once again after an absence of more than a year. We have heard that his return journey across the Atlantic was not without excitement, and to make it more exciting the arrival of his ship in home waters synchronized with the initiation of Germany's great blockade!

* * *

THE new church at Orford Lane, Warrington, is to be opened in July. We congratulate Dom Oswald Swarbrick on this happy termination of many years of anxious work.

* * *

MR KENNETH DENNY, who was a postulant here in July, has now spent more than five months at the front. He holds a commission in the Royal Munster Fusiliers. He is a constant correspondent of many members of the community, of which one day he still hopes to be a member. We assure him he is ever in the minds of us all. He writes in one of his letters, "I play the organ, during our rest period here, for Benediction. I don't play well, but I can keep them together and its glorious to be able to do even that for our poor fellows. Ampleforth's contribution to the war is fine. I do hope her sons—most of them—will be allowed to live. I long to come back. If I live this war will be a great prelude to a noviciate!"

* * *

IN connection with certain necessary alterations and renovations at our Missions at Knaresborough, Prior Cummins has issued a circular, from which we take the following interesting extract:

"Connected records of the Catholic mission of Knaresborough begin in the year 1693, when English Benedictines first came to Plompton Hall, and undertook pastoral care of the Catholics in the district, which

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they have never since discontinued. Previous to that date the persecuted flock had not been left without priestly ministrations, for besides the Plomptons, many others, such as Trappes, Byrlands, Bickerdykes, as well as Inglebys and Slingsbys, had clung to the old Faith, and had sheltered its priests for more than a century after Elizabeth's accession. When about 1755 the Plomptons died out and sold their estates, the Benedictines remained in the neighbourhood, living either at Thistle Hill or Follifoot, until the year 1790, when they purchased a house in Briggate to serve as both residence and chapel. With the increased toleration that came with Emancipation in 1829, a notable development ensued in the fortunes and position of the Catholic body; a move was at once made to Bondend, where the present buildings were erected, with a certain pretentiousness, in the nondescript style of the period. Since that day little has been done to provide better accommodation. A minute sacristy was built and some rooms were slightly enlarged at various times. But the efforts of the congregation have been mainly concentrated upon the schools that were necessitated by a growing flock and educational demands, whilst the original buildings of both church and presbytery remain substantially as they were set up in the first days of Catholic Emancipation.

"Meanwhile the Catholic population of the district has greatly increased, and with the growth provision for its needs. Four daughter churches, besides a religious community, have sprung up within the old boundaries, claiming their dowries and setting up for themselves. Lord Stourton opened a chapel at Allerton Park in 1807, with Father Allerton, of Knaresborough, as its first chaplain. The rapid growth of Harrogate led in 1860 to the establishment of that flourishing parish. In 1874 the beautiful chapel at Rudding Park was erected by Sir Percival Radcliffe; and in 1912 St. Elred's mission at Starbeck was formed from outlying portions of Harrogate and Knaresborough. One effect of this happy multiplication of missions has been the diversion of resources from the mother church, which has seen the more leisured and affluent sections cut off, with little left as its own portion but labourers and the Poor-house!

"More than seventy years have now passed over the church buildings at Knaresborough;—their Old Age pension is long overdue! Provision made by the poverty of 1830 is felt to be inadequate for the wants of 1915. The church needs to be repaired and cleaned, if not decorated, and a priest's lodging should be provided more sanitary, more commodious, and more seemly."



In the Library of St John's College, Cambridge, a manuscript of a Custom Book of St Mary's Abbey, York, which was issued with the approval of Thomas Fitzalan, Archbishop of York in 1390, exists. A copy of this manuscript was made years

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ago by Cardinal Gasquet and Mr Edmund Bishop, and later all the music in the original was photographed by the nuns of Stanbrook Abbey. In the regulations for Holy Week, the tone to which the Passion was sung is given. Judging by the extreme simplicity of the tone it is probably centuries older than the Custom Book itself. The chant is the skeleton of the current Roman "*Tonus Passionis*." The reciting notes are the same, and the chief notes of the cadences occur in the older form without the elaboration of the pneumas which connect them in the tone now in general use. The York tone was revived, undoubtedly for the first time since the Reformation, at Stanbrook Abbey in Holy Week, 1914. This year it has been brought nearer its native home, On Palm Sunday and Good Friday it was sung at Ampleforth, which is the nearest Benedictine Abbey to old St Mary's, York, and which has the right to recommend one of its monks to the titular Abbacy of St Mary's.



Before next Holy Week the chant will, in all probability be published, and it should find wide favour on account of its simple plaintive beauty. We hope that it will be long in use at Ampleforth if only on account of its associations with our past history. As we listened to it, we were carried back to the ages of Faith, and felt a fellowship with generations of monastic brethren who sang the story of the Passion to this simple melody. *Lignum si praeclium fuerit, rursum virescit.*



WE were delighted to have Canon Noël, who held the chair of Epistemology at Louvain, with us for Holy Week. From him we learnt more of the horrors of the invasion of Belgium and the burning of Louvain than it has been possible from the confused accounts of the papers. Canon Noël was himself taken by the Germans, and was instrumental in saving the lives of nearly twenty priests whom the 'refined' Teutons had locked in a pig sty. No doubt the Germans feared to take the life of so distinguished a scholar as Canon Noël, whom we are glad to say has been lecturing at Oxford on the philosophy of St Thomas.

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THE following letter, from a French lady, which we print in its curious idiom, gives a vivid description of the Battle of the Marne from the civilian's point of view, and will form an interesting supplement to the diary letters of Captain Berners, printed elsewhere in the JOURNAL.

"How very welcome the sight of your writing. We have been utterly cut off from outer life for a month, being here in the very midst of the battles! Even now we only get the letters addressed to ——. As for ———, our former post, is as most towns and villages near about burnt to ashes. My dear, ——— and we have been in the greatest peril, and it is only by God's help that we can have been preserved! I can't write all to-day but here is summary of plain facts. Left Paris grown unbearable with Germans already at Chantilly (15 kilos), Taubes throwing bombs every afternoon near us—(the last was Pl. St Augustin's)—a general panic when the Government went away, and much fear of being shut up for a long siege, no eatables, and no money—so we left by the last train bringing troops, no luggage allowed, but all the menagerie in baskets, old Marie and the cook Maria and her ten year old child, on the 2nd Sept. On all our way we saw the hay carts carrying away the frightened peasants, their family belongings; it was a most melancholy sight. The 3rd September; all who rushed through here brought distressing news, the French troops were coming back in disorder followed near by German Armies! And we began to hear cannon at distance (we have now heard it near or far, for more than a month, save 3 days' rest!) The 4th, we heard the lamentable passing through from left to right of the French 18 Corps, even tarrying here a few hours, they understood then nothing of the manoeuvre intended by Joffe, and thought they were ordered to run away before the enemy, and were most discouraged. The 5th, the cannon noise seemed very near, and at ten to eleven I saw a single French soldier running behind the big gate wounded by cannon shot in his throat the blood flowing by buckets. . . . He was screaming "They follow me, they will kill me." I had barely time to see him escaped in our farmer's wife's cart, who was, like three fourths of the villagers, running away, when ten minutes later, the first German cyclists appeared on the little road at end of the circle of old trees, and since that moment, without stopping a minute, went on for three days and two nights the *defilé* of that awful war-machine, the German Army. For two nights and three days I did not sleep a wink, nor wash, nor undress for fear of 'surprise' every second. Soon new ones came in from all the small dooms, and we had all—officers, Uhlans, Death Hussars, big chiefs, artillery, aeroplanes. The officers were generally correct, and some with even very affected courtesy asked politely for what they wanted, and took it! Most of the officers asked for soap and 'tubs.' They took, with forms all our wine and eatables, jam, Vichy water, and tea. For

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the two first days it was all right—then they stole everything in the village, but killed nobody owing to our *parlementaire*. (Fraulein ——— lessons saved me, and all here, and the house) and they burned no houses here—but all around, alas! all farms and villages are destroyed by Germans and cannon, and in many places they have done unspeakable things.

"On the Sunday they became very rough, the battle was raging all around, bullets falling already on the *grande route*, we had what remained of villagers, infirms, babies, in our cellars, and a few militarizable young men hiding they would have shot.—At night fall the battle was all round, *corneé* by troops and kept to view all night; and five very nasty officers came in an auto, and forced me to search all our cellars and all, me marching in front with three revolvers they held up to my head, while ———, who was very brave indeed turned the other staircase and pushed the militarizable men from room to room as we came by. . . . It was a near shave I can tell you!

"A comic story—we have been laughed at by the Kronprinz himself—(but only knew afterwards it was he!) fancy, he jumped the six yards moat, full of water, with his horse, instead of entering the gates; and came cantering up to the bridge where ——— and I received him by our first usual words. "What do you ask for, we have nothing left?" and tapping his beautiful horse with a jewelled whip and most elegant gloves and boots he grinned and said, "I ask for nothing." I only came here to have a look at you"; he went on, "Do you know the news? we are 11 kil. off Paris." I answered pertly to him, "others may be, but you are here, you are at a *hundred*." So he grinned again, and said, "Then it means two days' time because your armies fly before me." I quietly said: "Perhaps; nobody can tell fate beforehand." My dear, if I had only known then *who* he was, and that he was going to be beaten next day, and to give the run-away signal! but I only thought he was some Lieutenant, and was afraid making my people to be shot if I answered more, but the idea of 'Fate' I suppose gave him to think, for he bolted away again. The rumour here is that he has been stealing like a vulgar thief in the neighbouring chateau where he slept.

"Now I come to the worst moment and the miraculous escape by God's will—the battle was coming nearer and nearer, and on Monday morning the whole village here was occupied by the German forces stopping in battle array instead of pressing through as the others did: their cannons were put up near the woods, on the top, right, left, and behind us (always from left to right), while all the noise of nearing battle was coming from our right, just behind the fields opposite your window. The bullets were already falling near the first houses of the village, and all around we could see the little villages burning—we had quite given up our lives. . . when at twelve precise a 'Taubé' brought a sort of "fusil signal" overhead, and they suddenly packed up all cannons and troops and began going back from right to left. At two the

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last Uhlands left from the castle, without killing or burning. I suppose in too much haste, and at twenty to three . . . the first French hussars came trotting quietly in two by two—and then we learnt all of the 'plan' of Joffre, the sudden turning round . . . and the victory at last!—On the card, my dear, ——— appears in the middle of a small ten sous piece and all the rest around is completely 'saccagé' . . . most of the fine castles are either burnt up by the Germans or broken by bullets, or dirtied and spoilt for ever. In ——— 'fossés' there have been soldiers digging, and in ———'s there is a German ambulance. The number of killed and wounded is awful! The English armies have been all around, but we have not seen them, they are said to do wonders, and be so brave—even the German officers said the English stood fire splendidly and fought very well. . . only were so few. Who knows how it will all end? The battle has been raging on our front near Rheims for the last 18 days; but we are not told much about it yet. . . We are in dreadful fright always of those demons breaking through the lines, and tumbling here upon us again. This time it would be without hope for us! Pray my dear friend, that God gives our 'brothers in arms,' our armies strength enough to push them back. They use such dirty ways, I always hope it may cause their end! Give my love to ———, and I hope he won't be called, but if he is, and comes near ——— with his regiment, to try and come here; he will get a greeting, I can tell you! I always hope some miracle will come to bring back peace again! ——— has her knees very stiff and gouty, but she has been wonderfully courageous, walking about on the terrace and bringing in the old people when the bullets were coming near. I spare to you descriptions of horrors seen, but it is Hell this war. When will we ever meet again, and in peace! Write to us at the address I give you, it may come here in a fortnight's time."



His brethren were glad to have Dom Antony Barnett, Chaplain to the 28th Division with them for a few days of Holy Week and Easter week. He had spent nearly a month in hospital with pneumonia. Needless to say he had much of interest to tell us. In one of his letters from the Front he speaks thus of his work:

"It is all intensely interesting and takes one's whole time and strength to do one's 'little bit.' Our guns are beginning to roar and shake the whole place again. The row is deafening as guns are all round us. The Germans sweep round searching for them, and give us a warm time occasionally. Two shells kicked up the cabbages in our little cabbage patch to-day, one hit the roof, another the front wall. Then they rattled all

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round in the fields. One went clean through a factory chimney, making a neat hole, but the chimney remained standing. One gets very callous about shells, although their hiss, and their final explosion are far from agreeable. We get a shelling nearly every day—not a perfect inferno, but just an occasional one all over the place. Two French soldiers were killed and a few civilians wounded quite near me as I was coming from the Field Ambulance. One bounced on the roof of the hospital while I was there. It does not inspire one much!"



Here is another extract from his letters. "The noise at present is almost unbearable. The building shakes and the air vibrates with the noise of the terrific cannonade of every available gun around. The fighting here for the last few days has been terribly fierce. It is a *ghastly* thing to see the state of some of the poor fellows brought in. How the human body can stand such terrible rips and holes is a marvel to me. All the ambulance work is done at night. All the night through the doctors and bearers are collecting the wounded, bringing them in, washing, cutting and binding up the poor fellows. Then the chaplain goes to them and does all that is possible. All night I stay with my own ambulance, and the first thing in the morning I hurry off to the other ambulance's dressing station. They are about a mile away—rather nearer the firing line. If any R.C. is really badly hit an orderly is kept here ready to come over for me to administer the Last Sacraments. I just hurry off, stumbling along through the darkness, and administer the last rites. Poor fellows! They do so appreciate the priest's visit. The morning is spent in arranging for funerals and in getting to the billets of troops before they go up to the trenches at night. The priest just goes amongst them, draws them aside in turn, and, as they stand, hears their confessions. All around the men are gathering their sacks for sand bags, filling large empty biscuits tins with water to make tea in the trenches, replenishing their water bottles, getting their trench tools ready, packing their kits, oiling their feet, socks and boots with whale-oil to keep their feet warm in the trenches, talking, laughing and smoking. I have never appreciated Tommy as he is. I have never known him before. He is really a wonderful

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being. It makes one feel proud to belong to the same race. There is no showy parade of bravery, but an earnestness and lightheartedness that touches one. He is always ready to do his 'little bit,' and to give his life in doing it. There is no joyous foolish rush to the trenches at night, but just a grave, quiet, grim Tommy out to do his best. He does not like the scream of a shell nor the frightful noise of the explosion, but the sight of a comrade in danger or in need is enough for Tommy to make the greatest sacrifices to give his fellow soldier a moment's relief or the slightest help. The tales of the trenches are really very touching. My admiration for the average Tommy increases the more I see of him. Tommy is one of the very best!

"Pardon my rambling away like this. It is the effect of the terrible noise of the guns! and the thoughts of poor Tommy at the other end. What I really wanted to tell you to-night is that, to-day, I went all over the Benedictine nuns' convent here. They are all Irish, I am told, and are at present with our nuns at Oulton. You will know them. The convent is badly battered. Three shells have struck it. One has completely wrecked the chapel, entering the building beside the High Altar, another has struck the base of the wall at the back, ripping a great hole in the cellar and ground floor. The wall has crumbled and cracked up to the roof. Then, another seems to have struck the roof itself. I picked up the time fuse of one shell in the building, and have brought it away with me. Some French troops have been billeted in the building. . . . Poor St Benedict and St Scholastica still stand in their niches in the convent. An old man, 'Oscar' he called himself, took me all round and showed me the ruins. The houses round are wrecked, and the larger building on the opposite side of the street is a still greater wreck. The shells were sailing over and shrieking while I was there—just to make the picture more realistic. A city of ruins is a terrible sight. It will take years to rebuild—some of the buildings of course are irreplaceable."

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ONE more extract: "The work of a chaplain is extraordinarily fascinating and you really feel that you are doing the good God's work here amongst these poor fellows, who to-day are in robust health, and to-morrow are twisted and contorted in

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agonies, or just asleep in death. God help them! One just rushes here and rushes there, trying to get at them wherever one can find them. Tommy is always ready to make his confession and appreciates work done for him. Even those with no religion stand by in solemn silence awed by the gravity of the priest's work."

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THE Librarian wishes to acknowledge valuable gifts to the Abbey Library from Dom Ildephonsus Brown and Dom Cuthbert Almond. The Library owes a very great deal to their constant generosity. He would like also to thank Mr W. H. Welsh for an important addition to the Classical section.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Epistles of the Captivity: Ephesians and Colossians. By the REV. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.

Philemon and Philippians. By the REV. ARTHUR GOODIER, S.J. Longmans: sewed 9d. net, boards 1s. 3d.

THIS is the third and most recent part of the new Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures. We welcome it; for it is not unworthy to rank with the other parts previously issued. It shares indeed their merits and defects, and any detailed criticism would involve the repetition of much that has already been said in our notices of the earlier portions of the work. The present book, like its predecessors, takes full account of modern scholarship in the matter of the text; the introduction is adequate to the needs of the ordinary reader; the notes are concise and clear. But there is still that provoking habit, upon which we have already remarked, of introducing into the text words and phrases, enclosed within square brackets, with the view to making clearer the sacred writer's meaning; to our mind this method is exasperating and unsightly, and it does not always achieve its purpose. We think, too, that translators ought to be chary of adopting variant English equivalents for one and the same Greek phrase (*cf.* Fr Rickaby's treatment of St Paul's *ἐν τοῖς ὕμνοις*). The English of the translation, though it strikes us as being neither inspired nor inspiring, yet gives the reader a clear presentation of the Apostle's meaning; and assuredly those of us who have groaned at the deficiencies of our English Catholic Bibles, will count that as no small gain.

W.C.S.

A Short History of English. By HENRY CECIL WYLD. Published by John Murray.

THIS book undoubtedly supplies a want long felt among students of the English language. Especially is its treatment of English Sound Changes to be welcomed, as setting the subject on a scientific basis. In so many popular books on the English language, the reader is confronted with long accounts of vowel and consonant mutation, without a word to suggest the reasons or reasonableness of the phenomena. The pages devoted to Phonetics are therefore invaluable, and a few elementary facts of physiology once thoroughly grasped minimize considerably the difficulty usually experienced in grappling with the Laws of Sound Change. One may perhaps regret that the author considered a fuller treatment of the condition of present-day English

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incompatible with the scope of this work. The subject forms one of the most interesting and suggestive chapters in his "*History of the Mother Tongue*." In the main, however, the present volume does not suffer in comparison by its condensation, and we have more faith in the author's judgement when he confines himself to English, than when he ranges further afield in his investigations of the Indo-European languages.

R.S.M.

Vexilla Regis. By the VERY REV. MGR BENSON, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 1s. 6d.

THE title page of this little book describes its purpose when it calls it "A book of devotions and intercessions on behalf of our authorities, our soldiers and sailors, our allies, the mourners and destitute, and all affected by the war." It is divided into two parts: Part I is devoted to a special form of prayer for each day of the week; Part II is of a more general character, and adapts most of the devotions of the Church—the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, and the like—to the needs of this time of war. We sincerely recommend these devotions for, in nearly every case, the source from which they are drawn is Holy Scripture, or the prayers of the Church. The late Mgr Benson has, moreover (in Part I always, and, wherever possible, in Part II also) given them a quasi-liturgical setting—Antiphons, Psalms, a reading from Scripture and concluding versicles and prayers. This lends a sense of dignity and solemnity, well suited to the words used and to the subjects treated, and removes from them all taint of the sentimentality which is but too common a feature of modern books of devotion.

A.B.H.

From Fetters to Freedom. By REV. ROBERT KANE, S.J. Longmans, Green & Co. 5s. net.

IN this volume Fr Kane has given to the world a series of sermons and addresses delivered on various special occasions during the last fifteen years. The occasions are as various as the funeral of a bishop and the opening of a new church; but through all the addresses that are here collected there runs the thread of a deep spiritual unity. The book is a trumpet call, a summons to the freer Ireland that is now arising, to be true in prosperity as in misfortune to the ideals of its past and in this strength to go forward. The addresses are vigorous and pervaded with a spirit of cheerful optimism. To say that they are also highly rhetorical and imaginative, is only to say that the writer is himself a Celt of the Celts. And it may be that these qualities, while eminently suitable in the spoken word, will not in the written evoke the same feelings of

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enjoyment and enthusiasm. We give this as a personal impression. We can well understand the effect on Fr Kane's audiences of many of these impassioned discourses. And if they fail in their written form to stir the same vivid feeling, or to give the same pleasure, has not this been the fate of many of our greatest orators? Yet, whatever be their effect on us, we must remain grateful for this book, witnessing as it does to lofty ideals and containing so much of inspiration and encouragement for the still uncertain future.

P.J.M.

The Stemma Theologica of St Thomas Aquinas. (Prima Secundae Q.Q. I-xlviii). Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. R. & T. Washbourne. 6s. net.

WE welcome cordially this further instalment of the translation of St Thomas that is being produced by the English Dominican Fathers. It is unnecessary for us to say anything in commendation of the work. It is good wine, of an old and well-tried vintage. While confessing that we prefer St Thomas in his own concise and lucid Latin, we are sure that there are many who will welcome an English translation. They may be sure that they have here, in a translation prepared by expert students of St Thomas, a careful and accurate rendering of his meaning.

P.J.M.

The Seventh Wave. By CONSTANCE E. BISHOP. R. & T. Washbourne. 3s. 6d.

My Lady Rosia. By FREDA MARY GROVES. R. & T. Washbourne.

Golden Lights. By E. GALLIENNE ROBIN. R. & T. Washbourne.

The Seventh Wave is a series of psychological studies of Religion. They are told, for the most part, in a way calculated to arrest the attention of the reader. The considerable power of description possessed by the writer and the strong human interest, which plays in and out of the queer stories related, combine to make the uncanny situations credible and sometimes absorbing. *My Lady Rosia*, which is a semi-historical romance of the fourteenth century, and *Golden Lights*, which is a story of Cornwall with a pronounced Catholic atmosphere, will be found very suitable as convent prize-books.

J.B.McE.

The Upper Room; A Drama of Christ's Passion. By ROBERT HUGH BENSON. Longmans, Green & Co. Paper 6d.

THIS little drama is, as Mr Benson says in the Preface, "an attempt to present the story of the Passion in such a way as to be within the limitations of a small stage." It fulfils this purpose admirably. The

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action takes place throughout in the room of the Last Supper, and the play opens with the landlord's boy leaning over the balcony behind the room, and listening to our Lord's voice in the words of the Last Discourse dying away down the street. This simple, but effective, opening strikes a note of tension that is preserved with great skill all through the play, rising to its height as the procession to Calvary passes outside in the street. The verse is dignified, easy, and melodious, and the play as a whole reminds us of the author's delightful "Mystery Play" in its power of visualizing a religious scene with dramatic liveliness, without the surrender of any historical detail. There are some who regard this keenness of historical imagination as Mr Benson's greatest title to fame in the world of letters, and to them, as indeed to all Mr Benson's admirers, this little play will make its appeal.

J.B.McE.

Spiritual Letters of Monsignor R. Hugh Benson to one of his Converts. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d. net.

THESE letters are lighter and slighter and more varied in subject than the title under which they are published suggests; and the excision of all merely personal and private matter has in many cases left a small residuum. Yet the extracts are interesting. Shrewd sayings abound in them, and, as Mr A. C. Benson says in his Preface, they illustrate their writer's "enthusiasm and swift expressiveness" and his eager desire to respond to every call and claim for sympathy and interest, as well as his grace of loyal and continuous kindness.

H.K.B.

Paradise Terrestre. By C. M. ANTONY. R. & T. Washbourne. 3s. 6d.

THERE are twelve stories, one for each month, in this volume, and they show a rare affection for beautiful places, flowers and trees. The "Genius Loci" of Vernon Lee is here magically present. But the writer has not been quite successful with the supernatural happenings which are affixed to the stories. They come in a little awkwardly, sometimes giving the effect of a cardboard angel pasted on to a Turner landscape. An exception, however, must be made in the case of the Spanish story, "Flor del Espiritu Santo," which is arresting and impressive. And "A Spanish Iris" is a story of a beautiful deed told without comment or insistence, and all the more moving on that account. But the chief charm of the book lies in the gardens which are enchantingly described. We long to wander along the slopes above Cimiez, or in the Paradise Terrestre of Venice, or in the cool cypress-guarded Tuscan retreats on the hillsides of Fiesole.

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The Right Note. By MRS ARMEL O'CONNOR. R. & T. Washbourne. 1s.

THIS volume is No 3 of the "Stella Maris" Series, and consists of several short stories reprinted from various magazines and periodicals. They contain a great deal of spiritual thought, much apt dialogue, and a fund of humour which is sometimes satyric. We would like this little book much more if it were not that Mrs O'Connor's characters have a habit of underlining their own goodness. Some of them, we feel, are doomed to move through life with their spiritual armour clanging loudly upon them at every step. But the last story, which is the most valuable in the book, introduces us to two or three people who do possess that "Ars celare artem," and we should like to meet them again. The print is good and the illustrations simple but adequate.

J.B.McE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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

From R. & T. WASHBOURNE.

The Offices of Vespers and Compline for Sundays according to the Roman Rite. Price 2d.

The Manual of the Sodality of Our Lady. Price 1s., in Leather 2s.

From JOHN MURRAY.

Modern Europe, 1815-1878. RICHARD LODGE, L.L.D. Price 2s.

From LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

The New Testament (vol. iv, part iii). *The Apocalypse of St John.*
By the REV. FRANCIS GIGOT, S.T.D. 1s., 1s. 6d.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Downside Review*, the *Raven*, the *Giggleswick Chronicle*, the *Edmundian*, the *Pocklingtonian*, the *Gregorian*, the *Cottonian*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Boeda*, the *Ratcliffian*.