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THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE EMPIRE OF THE ARABS

XV. EL MAHDI, EL HADI, HARUN-EL-RASHID AND THE BARMECIDES.

EL MAHDI ascended the throne under very different circumstances from his father and predecessor;—the central administration could now be carried on from Baghdad without let or hindrance, the person of the Commander of the Faithful was more secure, the religious dangers of Persian heresy and Arabian puritanism had been reduced, the independence of the district Emirs had been curtailed, and the whole Empire had settled down into a more fixed condition. The proof that Mansur had done much to strengthen and solidify the Empire lies in the fact that neither a revolution headed by a popular general in Khorasan, nor a widespread schism initiated by the impostor Mokanna, who proclaimed himself as a Deity, sufficed to endanger the security of the Khalif. Both the rebellious general and the false prophet achieved some success, but they were unable to withstand the wealth and power of the united empire; the civil revolution was crushed, and the religious outbreak was stifled without unduly straining either the resources or discipline of the Empire as a whole. El Mahdi, whose nature was milder than that of Mansur, released many of the suspects and prisoners whom his father had kept in confinement, devoted his personal wealth to the improvement of the accommodation along the pilgrims' roads to Mecca and Medina, and maintained the peace of the Empire by engaging the minds of the Moslems in an annual foray into the lands of the Christian Emperors of Constantinople.

There seems to have been very little purpose in the tactics

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or strategy of either the Moslems or Christians during this unending campaign in Asia Minor,—when the Empire of the Khalifs was torn with revolution, civil wars, schisms and riots, the Greeks appeared incapable of wresting back a single province or recovering a solitary town; on the other hand when the city of Constantinople was ruled by “a woman and a child,” as Gibbon scornfully describes the joint government of Irene and Porphyrogenitus, the gigantic armies of the Khalifs could effect nothing permanent on the plateau of Asia Minor,—to sack a city or overthrow an Imperial army and retire was the highest achievement of the Abbasid arms,—to ravage North Syria or to hem in and capture an isolated Saracen force, the most permanent victory the Greeks ever attempted. Indeed the war between Al Islam and Christendom, as it was waged between the Abbasids and Byzantines, grew to be rather an institution than a contest, neither side seemed to hope for final victory, either could be bought off by the other when the struggle became too acute; indeed it would appear as if the Greeks looked upon the provinces lost by Heraclius as irrecoverable, while the Khalifs perhaps viewed a chronic war on their western frontier in the light of a useful and amusing entertainment.

It may be that the Khalifs realized that if they conquered Asia Minor and captured Constantinople they would have been unable to remain in Baghdad, and that if they left Baghdad Persia and Khorasan would be lost, while the Emperors must have known very well that even if their armies could enter the Abbasid provinces in a dozen places they could not find a convenient frontier west of the Bezabdeh-Singara-Khabur line demarcated by Diocletian, and to have reached that ancient boundary was a task far beyond the financial powers of Constantinople in the eighth and ninth centuries.

Towards the close of his reign El Mahdi began to conceive a far greater affection for his younger son Harun than he had hitherto borne for his heir Musa-el-Hadi. Harun was beautiful, affectionate, brave and intelligent; Musa cold, indisциплиned and self-willed; Harun, though but a boy, had led the victorious armies of his father to the banks of the Bosphorus, and had returned home laden with plunder and spoil, while

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Musa was engaged in the profitless task of guarding the north-eastern frontier and controlling the rebellious inhabitants of Jarjan and Tabaristan. El Mahdi decided to endeavour to prevail upon Musa to give up his claim to the succession in favour of Harun. Musa refused, the angry father was about to approach his rebellious son in order to oblige him to relinquish his heritage, when El Mahdi suddenly sickened and died.

Whether Musa actually caused his father to be poisoned or no is a matter of some doubt, but there is not a little probability that he was quite capable of this sinister deed, since within a short time after his accession he endeavoured to obtain the assassination of his brother Harun, and at the same time introduced poison into a dish of food he sent to his mother Khaizaran. This barbarous deed brought its own punishment, the man commissioned with the murder of the young Khalif's brother, concealed himself one night in that portion of the palace where Harun was accustomed to sleep, there he waited in hiding until all was still, intending to dispatch his victim and withdraw unperceived; suddenly he heard the voice of Khaizaran calling upon Harun-el-Rashid; from his place of concealment the assassin saw Harun rise from his bed and leave the apartment, stealthily he followed the prince who walked toward the sound of his mother's voice, presently the man came all unperceived on the princess speaking with her son, and saw by the glimmering lights of the tapers that they were both looking at a corpse stretched upon a bed, the body was that of El Hadi himself.

One of the Arabian historians discreetly observes that Khaizaran was explaining to Harun that the prince had unfortunately choked while drinking a glass of water,—the chronicler does not say whether this was the view of El Hadi's bravo, at any rate he immediately perceived that his mission was at an end, and that Harun was no longer the heir but the successor of his late employer.

The reign of Harun-el-Rashid has been handed down to posterity as the crowning glory of the Abbasid Khalifate,—the apogee of Moslem civilization,—the Augustan and Arthurian eras of Saracen dominion. Yet as a matter of fact a little study tends to exhibit the wealth, the power and splendour

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of the principate of the fifth Abbasid rather as an episode, arising from the accidental concurrence of riches and military success, than as a crisis in one of the important epochs of history.

The jarring elements of which the Moslem power was formed met for a moment in a harmonious coincidence, and for that brief period men were dazzled by a wonderful and glittering political edifice presenting all the appearance of a stable and powerful empire, but in reality possessing neither foundations, strength nor symmetry. An exterior or superficial view of Harun-el-Rashid's government and Empire is apt to reproduce in the mind of the student of to-day the same illusion which it imposed on the world in the early part of the ninth century.

Indeed it is hardly possible to examine the histories or chronicles of that period without conceiving that the Khalifate was a power worthy to be ranked one of the great empires of the world.

Harun-el-Rashid a proud, ambitious, magnanimous prince, a capable warrior, a wise administrator, a patron of letters and arts, was a worthy pinnacle of the structure of a mighty state—his Imperial court was polished, luxurious and unlimitedly wealthy, the capital Baghdad a vast mercantile city surrounding a huge administrative fortress, wherein every department of state had a properly-regulated and well-ordered public office,—where schools and colleges abounded, whither philosophers, students, doctors, poets and theologians flocked from all parts of the civilized globe; the provinces were calm and well governed, taxes and revenues were gathered without difficulty,—the provincial capitals were embellished with vast public buildings and were linked together by an effective and rapid service of posts and caravans; the frontiers were secure and well garrisoned, the army loyal, efficient and brave,—the governors and ministers honest and forbearing; the Empire stretched with equal strength and unimpaired control from the Cilician gates to Aden, and from Egypt to Central Asia, Christians, Pagans and Jews as well as Moslems were employed in the government service. Usurpers, revolted generals, and false prophets seem to have vanished from the

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Moslem dominions,—traffic and wealth had taken the place of revolution and famine,—the disorderly towns were carefully policed and regulated—pestilence and disease were met by Imperial hospitals and government physicians. Wars were always aggressive and external, never unlooked for or defensive; the Khalif himself visited the various cities of his dominions in peace secure from the assassin's knife.

Assuredly the Empire of Harun-el-Rashid must have appeared to have been a permanent institution, and yet, if the truth were told, it did not contain a single element of stability or cohesion. The forces of disorder, fanaticism and schism had spent themselves, the massacre of the Rowendis and the destruction of Mokanna had for the moment checked the tendency of the eastern provinces to separation; the ruthless discipline of Mansur had broken down the arrogance of the Emirs and governors, the establishment of the capital at Baghdad had destroyed the political power of the mobs of Kufa, Basra and Wasit; the cause of the house of Ali had, by continued disaster, hold over all sections of the population, consequently there was peace within the Empire,—not the peace of loyalty, but the peace of acquiescence and weariness.

Without on the frontiers, the Khalifs had no enemies worthy of the name, the Roman Empire in the west, though still unconquerable, was incapable of a vigorous counter-stroke; the loss of the provinces of North Africa were no danger to Egypt, for the newly-founded kingdoms of the Idrisids and Aghlabids, which had been permitted to come into existence on the North African coast, were nominally vassals of the Khalif, and separated as they were from his interference by seas and deserts, they had no motive or cause to strike eastward against one whom they neither feared nor hated, while all the plunder of the Christian seaboard of the Mediterranean lay at their feet; the deserts of Turkestan were in a state of quiescence, the restless hordes of Mongolia had for the moment neither the organization nor population to give the initial impetus for another gigantic westward migration, the Khazars of the Caucasus were for the time being tranquil, hence though there was no recognized peace with the neighbouring states yet the Commander of the

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Faithful had no serious danger to confront in any single quarter.

Tranquillity within and absence of danger from without permitted a general improvement of commercial and mercantile wealth of the Empire which was accompanied by a concurrent revival of arts, science and literature. Riches, security and peace are the necessary surroundings of the student, the maker of beautiful things and the writer of beautiful words, for unless such conditions prevail there is no market for philosophy, no material for the artist, and no audience for the poet. But still this imposing Empire over which Harun-el-Rashid ruled was hopelessly weak and feeble, since with all the material accidents of greatness it possessed not one single essential of endurance. Harun-el-Rashid was a noble prince and incontestably legitimate by the right of the House of Abbas, yet the right of the House of Abbas was the right of chicanery and violence; not one single Moslem could have looked on it as a thing to die for in hopes of a heavenly reward alone, men could not be expected to fight for Harun-el-Rashid as they had fought in the early days for Omar and Othman or even for the first Khalif of the House of Ommaya; fanaticism had departed from the army, leaving desire of pay and lust for plunder in its room, valiant Turkish mercenaries were taking the place of the fiery Arabs of the early days, artificial discipline replaced the brotherhood of the first Moslems, and formal tactics the irresistible charges of would-be martyrs; and carefully considered strategy, the aimless wanderings of hosts of enthusiasts. As they increased in temporal efficiency the military forces of the Khalifate rapidly began to decline in actual worth since the troops of the Commander of the Faithful in fact were armies of men and no longer the hosts of the Lord. So long as pay was forthcoming, and the enemy not too powerful, the soldiers of the Khalifate would do well enough, but in the hour of distress they must have lacked both the spiritual fire and the stern determination of their predecessors.

In government business the rough and ready methods of Arabian administration had given place to a complicated system of Divans, initiated partly from the Roman, but

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chiefly taken from the Persian system of government. Posts, Finance, Privy Seal, Crown Lands, Justice and Military affairs were each administrated by separate bureaux in the hands of ministers and officials; an army of clerks, scribes, writers and accountants swarmed into these offices and gradually swept the whole power of the government into their own hands, by separating the Commander of the Faithful from any direct intercourse with his subjects.

The Imperial Palace and entourage was equally based on Roman and Persian precedents. Eunuchs, closely veiled harems of women, guards, spies, go-betweens, jesters, poets and dwarfs, clustered around the person of the Commander of the Faithful, each in his degree endeavouring to gain the royal favour and indirectly distracting the royal mind from affairs of business and state. Meanwhile the vast mercantile trade of the East poured gold into Baghdad and supplemented the other enormous stream of money derived from the contributions of plunder and loot dispatched to the capital by the commanders of the victorious raiding forces which harried Asia Minor, India and Turkestan.

This seemingly unending supply of Turkish slaves and Byzantine specie added to the richness of the revenues of Irak, and, combined with the vast commercial traffic of which Baghdad was the centre, produced a large and powerful moneyed class, composed of the sons of generals and officials, landed proprietors, royal favourites, merchants and the like, who encouraged the arts, literature, philosophy and poetry as the mood took them,—building palaces for themselves, vieing with each other in the luxury of their entertainments, suborning poets to sound their praises, dabbling in philosophy, supporting various schools of thought, endowing charities, and in fact behaving as the wealthy have always behaved in all ages.

I have said that the Abbasid Empire in the days of Harun-el-Rashid was weak and feeble to a degree, and perhaps the reader will consider this a foolish proposition when he takes into consideration that I have described the Empire as orderly, the administration definite and settled, the army efficient, and wealth abundant. The reason I make the suggestion is,

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that the Abbasid Empire had lost touch with everything original and vital in Islam, and was constructed entirely by the re-union of the fragments of the empires Islam had destroyed. There was nothing in the Empire which appealed to the higher instincts of the leaders of the people, the holy war had degenerated into a systematic acquisition of plunder, the Khalif had become a luxurious emperor or king of kings, the administration had changed from a patriarchal system to a bureaucracy, the wealthier classes were rapidly losing all faith in the religion of the State, speculative philosophy and luxurious living were taking the place of Koranic orthodoxy and Arabian simplicity,—the solitary bond which could have held the Empire together,—the sternness and simplicity of the Moslem faith was completely neglected by both the Khalif and his advisers; Jews, Pagans and Christians swarmed in the public offices; atheism, materialism and agnosticism infected the whole of the wealthier class, the religious schools were embroiled in metaphysical disputes, many of the officials who were nominally Moslems were in effect unbelievers, Harun-el-Rashid himself was a wine-bibber, and his palace was decorated with graven images of birds and beasts and men;—in fact Mohammed, his teaching and beliefs, were entirely neglected and forgotten by those whose sole business it was to maintain and uphold them. That the State Religion had grown formal and contemptible to the officials and rulers of the Empire would perhaps not have mattered so much had it not been for the fact that the Moslem creed was the sole cause of the existence of the Empire itself, the State was the Church and the Church the State, if the Church was neglected or perished the Empire ceased to have any reason for being, and must succumb to the first serious shock.

It was impossible to replace the Moslem creed by any other cohesive idea which would hoop in the Moslem world with a sense of unity; the Empire was strictly cosmopolitan, the only common bond was the slender thread of the Koran, and though Al Islam might still maintain a hold over the people, once the centre of government grew lax and doubtful with regard to the fundamental principles of the religion of the Prophet, the Empire as an empire was doomed. For a

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moment we stand amazed at the greatness of the Abbasid dominion, then suddenly we realize that it is but as a fair husk enclosing the dust and ashes of dead civilizations.

When Harun-el-Rashid was declared Khalif he was still but a youth, and being far above the average in intelligence he leaned upon those who could give him counsel and advice. It was impossible for a boy suddenly placed in a responsible position to do more than choose wise men who could help him,—under these circumstances Harun-el-Rashid, while exercising the greatest wisdom and discretion dealt the most fatal blow to his dominion, destroyed every hope of the future prosperity of his house, and that by an action for which no one can blame him, and which at the time most have appeared the only proper and obvious course for him to adopt.

Harun-el-Rashid was the boy ruler of a new fledged Empire, with an apparently vigorous Church, a valiant army, a full exchequer and an efficient bureaucracy at his disposal, all he needed were statesmen to tell him how to dispose of his patrimony. With a perception far in advance of his years he selected the very persons whom worldly wisdom, sagacity and popular opinion would have most certainly approved, yet subsequent events showed his choice to have been a most fatal though unavoidable blunder, Harun-el-Rashid chose the Barmecides as his ministers and advisers.

The Barmecides were one of those powerful Persian families which, during the days of the first Arabian invasions, had abjured their religion, forsworn their loyalty to their king, boldly adopted the language and creed of their conquerors, and by their wealth and intelligence retained their position in the state.

The first Moslem of Barmecide race was a Magian priest who surrendered to Qotaiba when the latter invaded the province of Balkh, his son Khaled-ibn-Barmek had been one of Abu Muslim's supporters during the first years of the revolution which overthrew the House of Ommaya, his services in Khorasan ingratiated him in the favours of the first Abbasid Khalif,—thenceforward Ibn Barmek and his descendants took care to remain in close proximity to the person of the

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Commander of the Faithful, insensibly moulding the Imperial policy on matters of finance, foreign affairs or internal administration.

Under Es Saffah and Mansur, Khaled was ever the obedient slave of his successive masters, was a false witness needed, Khaled was prepared with elaborate perjury; was the privy purse exhausted, the Barmecide would fill it with a personal loan; was a revolution to be quelled, the ubiquitous Persian's diplomacy sowed dissensions among the disaffected; was a new revenue required, the trusty minister had a new and unexpected method of extortion to hand; did the ladies of the Imperial household cause pain to their august master, the son of the Magian was capable of smoothing over domestic difficulties,—in fact in war, in peace, in right, in wrong, at home and abroad, the unobtrusive Barmecide contrived to make himself indispensable to the two first Khalifs of the House of Abbas.

The Barmecide's personal policy was the very antithesis to that of the Arabian Emirs, he had no ambition to seize a province or to set up an independent kingdom, no wish to assist some puppet pretender in hopes of becoming his viceroy in the East, no family tradition biased his view of the Alid cause, no stormy religious passion or belief shook his political views, to remain in the sovereign's confidence, to conduct quietly the affairs of the Empire, to enjoy in silence the knowledge of the possession of power was his only desire. When Mansur died Khaled-ibn-Barmek was old, and during the reign of Mahdi transmitted his office to his son Yayah, who followed his father's footsteps, keeping in close touch with the ruling sovereign, advising, suggesting and assisting, but never committing the slightest action which could arouse his master's fear or suspicion. So apt and humble was Yayah in his trade that he succeeded in establishing even closer relations between himself and the Khalif, than had subsisted between his father and Madhi's predecessor; not only did this second Barmecide persuade the haughty princess Khaizaran to adopt his son Fadl' as milk-brother to Harun-el-Rashid, but contrived to secure for himself the office of tutor and guardian to the young prince.

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When we take into consideration the death of Hadi at the hands of Khaizaran, the fact that Harun was the ward of Yayah, that Yayah had intrigued during Madhi's lifetime to eliminate Hadi from the succession, we bring together a certain amount of circumstantial evidence which would tend to implicate the Barmecides in the removal of the fourth Abbasid Khalif, at any rate when Harun-el-Rashid became Commander of the Faithful Yayah was the first person to congratulate his young ward on his elevation to power.

Harun could have had no other choice than to repose confidence in the Barmecide family, for three generations they had been the subservient slaves, the disinterested advisers and the principal supporters of the Abbasid Khalifs, during that time they had probed every channel of administration, gathered up every detail of foreign and domestic policy into their hands, had learned the whole financial gamut of the provinces and acquainted themselves with the records, characters and capacities of the leading public. Undoubtedly devoted to the throne, and experienced in every branch of public business, what more likely men than Yayah and his sons could Harun-el-Rashid have found to assist him in controlling the State!

At the time of Harun's accession, the chief representatives of the Barmecide family were Yayah and his sons Fadl', Ja'afar, Musa and Mohammed. The young Khalif decided to accept them all as his ministers and servants; Yayah his tutor he made his chief Wazir, to Fadl' his milk-brother he gave the chief commissionership of the Eastern Empire, to Ja'afar the west, to Musa and Mohammed posts in his privy council.

During their tenure of office the Barmecides exerted their combined abilities in developing and enriching the Empire of their master. From a material point of view nothing could have been more successful, in the eastern and western provinces order was restored, justice was formally administered, roads were repaired, caravanserais were built, trackless deserts were made passable for trade by the sinking of wells and cisterns at various intervals, the armies were rigorously disciplined, taxes were imposed with science and care, and a regular fleet was established on the Mediterranean. Combined

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with these schemes of developing the financial and military resources of the Empire, the Barmecides fostered a benevolent policy toward the non-Moslem subjects of the Commander of the Faithful, Christians and Jews were encouraged to make use of their capacities as public servants, to build churches, and to celebrate their feasts and religious services in public without fear or shame, while bishops and rabbis were received at court as honoured guests. Besides inspiring the Christians and Jews with a sense of gratitude and loyalty toward the State, the Barmecides conceived an even bolder project, in endeavouring to bring about a truce between the followers of Ali and the Sunnis; certain potential leaders of the Alid party were persuaded to surrender, and an era of toleration was inaugurated.

For a few years the Barmecide policy prospered beyond all hope, the Empire grew and grew in wealth and splendour, and the fame of the Khalif and his ministers spread to the uttermost corners of the earth, even to the distant court of Charlemagne.

It was now that Harun-el-Rashid tasted of the fullness of power and prosperity, his armies ever victorious, his sons growing up to manhood in strength and beauty, his ministers loyal and wise, his wives and women devoted and beautiful, his own ambitions sublime and splendid, his health and intellect vigorous and unimpaired.

During this period the Barmecides themselves reaped something of the fruits which they had husbanded for their patron, their audience halls were thronged with clients and supplicants, for their entertainment philosophers and divines contended in subtle arguments and disputes, in their honour the greatest poets polished and repolished the most delicious epigrams and flattering couplets, while the proudest Emirs humbled themselves before them in hopes of favour and promotion; In every office, every department, and every council Barmecide influence and Barmecide policy was supreme. So for a little time the Empire prospered, then gradually signs became evident that there was a division within the Empire which neither Barmecide nor Khalif could cope with or heal. The Persian water and the Arab oil would not mix, strive as they

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would the ministers could not bridge the gulf which separated the Semitic and Iranian peoples, once more the Shias began to raise their rebellious heads, once more the Arabian preachers began their raucous incitements to massacre and orthodoxy; the Persians proud of their learning, civilization, culture and philosophy, scorned and condemned the Arabs who in turn loathed and detested those converts whom they deemed pagan at heart, and whose promotion they looked upon with fanatical jealousy.

These dissensions though concealed from general view were patent to Harun-el-Rashid and the Barmecides, neither the wealth nor the superficial prosperity of the Empire could hide from the Khalif and his advisers the danger which threatened, a danger which neither justice nor good government could remove. As a final resource Harun-el-Rashid, we must suppose with Barmecide approval, decided to divide the Empire in two, making his son Amin governor of Irak, Syria and Arabia, and Mamun governor of Persia and the Eastern provinces. By adopting this expedient Harun-el-Rashid evidently hoped to form a dual Empire, each half of which, while being independent of the other, would still maintain loyalty to the throne.

Had it been possible for the members of the House of Abbas to remain at once united in their own interests, and neutral with regard to the Iranian-Semitic dispute, the stratagem might have availed. Unhappily however this racial discord penetrated even to the Imperial harim, Amin who had been selected as governor of the Western districts was the son of Zabaydeh, the Khalif's Arabian wife, who bitterly detested Persian customs, while Mamun born of a Persian woman had been brought up under the tutorship of an intriguing Persian noble. Instead of solving the problem the division of the Empire only accentuated the difficulty by providing the two hostile factions with sympathetic leaders. In vain did the Barmecides and the Khalif draw up rigid ordinances of succession, providing that Mamun should succeed Amin, and that with regard to the Khalifate there should be neither rivalry nor enmity between the brothers; the facts of the case were too strong to be curbed by documents or oaths, and it was

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soon patent to all that the death of Harun-el-Rashid would be the signal for open war. Hitherto the Khalif and his advisers had jointly endeavoured to maintain an equal balance between the Persians and the Arabs, but now that the contending parties were sharply divided into opposing camps, with leaders and representatives within the very precincts of the Imperial court and household, the task became almost impossible.

Against their will perhaps the Barmecides were slowly and inevitably drawn into the ranks of the Persians, while Harun-el-Rashid himself was gradually immeshed in the net of Arabian intrigue—strive as they might the ruler and his advisers were irresistibly dragged asunder, and in this divorce between the Prince and the ministerial family the Empire came to inevitable ruin. Gallantly and stubbornly did Harun and the Barmecides endeavour to stand together, but the circumstances in which they found themselves, and the subtle influences which brought to bear on them were too strong;—one by one the ties which bound them were snapped until at last Harun-el-Rashid and the Barmecides were finally estranged.

Because the Barmecides were of Persian origin they were made the natural refuge of Persians and Shias who were oppressed by orthodox and Arabian enemies, because the Barmecides were tolerant and unafanatical, the speculative philosophers, the sceptics, the free thinkers and the non-Moslem notables crowded into their halls of audience, seeking protection from the legist, the purist and the fanatic; because the Barmecides had little taste for the niceties of ceremonial observance, to them fled the poets, the singers, the artists and the literateurs of the day; because the Barmecides had for nearly a score of years held power, their freedmen, their clients and friends held a monopoly of government appointments, their agents were in every city, their supporters in every department and office, their favourites the first to receive promotion,—consequently whether they willed it or no the Barmecides became a powerful and definite party in the state. As against this we have Harun-el-Rashid,—in the privacy of the harim his favourite wife Zabaydeh, the mother of Amin, was ever magnifying the faults of the Barmecides.

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and slowly and gradually alienating from them his private friendship,—in his public walks he was approached by bearers of letters describing the gradually increasing power of his ministers and his own rapidly decreasing influence,—in his mosque learned doctors expatiated on the decay of morals, on the decline of religion and on the increase of scepticism, always insinuating that the Barmecides were alone responsible,—in his hall of audience spies and intriguers whispered in his ear suggestions that the Barmecides were favourable to the Alid cause, that they were planning a revolution, of which he was to be the first victim,—in fact on every available occasion the Arabian enemies of the Barmecides found an opportunity of striking a blow at the family whose ruin they sought; the fanatic, the place-hunter, the disappointed and the ambitious, each in turn, contrived to play upon the fear, the prejudice, the superstition, or the pride of the Khalif. Now Zabaydeh would unfold some dark and scandalous intrigue which was intended to link the names of a Barmecide and an inmate of the Imperial harim, now a fanatical hermit of the desert would openly inveigh against the increase of irreligion, now a vulgar spy would announce that some Persian Alid had been secretly spared from execution,—never a day passed without its suggestions, inferences and insinuations. Long did Harun-el-Rashid battle against this continual stream of invective and slander, but eventually as might be expected he yielded to its constant pressure, against his better judgement he suffered his mind to be turned against his faithful ministers, suspicions and jealousies grew up in his thoughts like rank weeds, choking his sense of gratitude, of justice, and moral obligation; the Barmecides no longer appeared to Harun-el-Rashid as they once had, the trusted counsellors, the neutral and just diplomatists, the friends of his leisure hours, his brothers in all but blood; they seemed instead to have become a dark and secret knot of conspirators, engaged in engrossing to themselves alone all wealth, and all power, perhaps even to be nourishing designs against his Empire and his person. Harun-el-Rashid and the Barmecides had lost each other in the labyrinth of Arabian and Persian intrigue, nor were they destined ever to meet again.

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So slowly and so gradually had the canker of disunion introduced itself between the Commander of the Faithful and his ministers, that neither suspected the other of harbouring hostile intentions, both refrained from precipitating an open breach, Harun-el-Rashid still jested and talked with Ja'afar, Yayah still gave orders as the chief minister, Musa, Mohammed and Fadl' still retained their posts. In the open courts of the palaces and offices the Prince and his ministers still maintained a hollow friendship, but in the harims women passed to and fro whispering of plots and counter plots, in the theological schools dark frowning lawyers and holy men muttered curses and spoke of bloody deeds to be done, in the recessed bazaars the merchants, citizens and soldiers discussed strange rumours and idle tales that passed from lip to lip, in the open streets rhymesters and poets chanted sarcastic verses in veiled terms concealing a double sense. The estrangement between the Khalif and the Barmecides was known to all but to themselves;—so the intolerable farce proceeded, Harun-el-Rashid shuddering on his throne, yet imagining that to the world he appeared the greatest and happiest of monarchs; the Barmecides, ordering, commanding and ruling, yet in fact on the verge of ruin.

Matters continued thus for a full year, at the end of that time Harun-el-Rashid carried the Barmecides with him on the pilgrimage to Mecca, during the outward and return voyage the Khalif had appeared depressed and melancholy, over the whole party brooded a sense of apprehension and foreboding as of some terrible calamity yet to come. When the homeward journey was nearly ended, and the Royal camp was pitched at Anbar a short distance from Baghdad, Harun-el-Rashid suddenly cast despondency aside, called Yayah and his sons Ja'afar and the rest to him, robed them in dresses of honour and discoursed with them of the future and on affairs of state. All the Barmecides save Ja'afar were heartened by the words of the Commander of the Faithful, each returning to his tent consoled and happy, Ja'afar alone remained the prey of anxiety and fear. Harun-el-Rashid noting this bade his friend be of good cheer, and begged him to prepare a banquet for himself, saying that he would have invited him to a feast

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that night had it not been that he desired to be alone. Ja'afar at last withdrew to his own tents and sat down to listen to his singers, to drink wine, and to pass the night in merriment, but his spirit was oppressed with misery, and he found no pleasure either in cup or song; once at a sound he started to his feet in fear, but it was only to meet a slave sent by the Khalif with a gift of scent and dried fruit. The hours passed and a second messenger came on a similar errand, near upon midnight a third, a little later there appeared Mesrur the eunuch.—“Arise, O Ja'afar,” he cried, “the Commander of the Faithful calls thee.”—Ja'afar filled with dismal apprehension said that he would follow but that he must first give his servants certain orders. “Give orders here and now,” said the Eunuch, “for thou must accompany me at once.” With these words Mesrur motioned Ja'afar to follow him,—when they reached the Imperial tent Mesrur drew his scimitar and bade Ja'afar bare his neck. In despair the luckless Barmecide implored Mesrur to spare his life, reminding the slave of their ancient friendship, and begging him to remember that their master might repent,—at last the Eunuch consented to approach Harun-el-Rashid. Mesrur found the Khalif sitting on his prayer-rug alone. “Where is the head of Ja'afar?” cried El Rashid. “O Commander of the Faithful,” cried Mesrur, “I bring Ja'afar himself.” And drawing aside the curtain of the door showed the Khalif his adopted brother crouched upon the threshold.—“I called not for Ja'afar but for his head,” replied Harun. Mesrur seeing that it was hopeless struck off Ja'afar's head with a single blow,—Yayah and Fadl' were loaded with chains, Musa and Mohammed were slain by order of the Khalif, their clients and freedmen were imprisoned, their slaves were distributed, their goods confiscated, their nearest and dearest all perished miserably, some falling under the knife of the executioner, some expiring in dungeons, others dying in misery and want. Thus departed the glories and hopes of the Barmecides and with these of the House of Abbas. Harun-el-Rashid was now alone, in a sort of hysteric vertigo he had struck down his nearest and dearest friends, robbed himself of his most scrupulous advisers, and stripped his council of its brightest intellects. Bitterness, regret, remorse and

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repentance reigned supreme in his mind, the ribald Abu Nowas could no longer bring a smile to his lips,—Harun-el-Rashid became gloomy, despondent and severe.

When Harun-el-Rashid had slain Ja'afar and made away with the sons of Barmek he found himself alone and solitary, in the Empire that his ministers had ruled in his name. He knew that around him the Arabian and Persian partisans were intriguing and plotting the destruction of his Empire, that his sons Mamun and Amin were only waiting for his death as a signal to plunge the provinces into a disastrous internecine war, and that his own life was the measure of the security of his house. Vainly did he rack his brains for some expedient or some policy whereby he could avert the strife which he knew was impending. There were now no Barmecides to advise, assist and further his designs, no wise counsellors with spies and poets at their command, through whose agency private intentions might be ascertained and public opinion formed, no honest heads of departments to control expenditure and curb official tyranny and corruption.

Harun-el-Rashid's new vizier, Ibn-al-Rabi, was a broken reed, a corrupt feather-headed Arab who desired nothing so much as the downfall of all Persians, and nothing so little as the public welfare; Mamun's tutor was Ibn Sahl, known to be a violent Shia at heart, waiting only for the day when he should become Vizier, when he should declare his enmity towards the Sunnis.

Amid these dismal surroundings the most exasperating circumstance to the Khalif must have been the knowledge that so long as he lived he was all powerful and secure, it was the future that he could not provide against. His ministers, though detesting one another, were loyal enough to him, his sons, though ready to spring at each other's throats, revered the Khalif as a beloved father, the Syrians, Arabs and Persians though divided among themselves were devoted to the Commander of the Faithful. Popular, beloved by his people, acknowledged as the greatest of rulers, belauded by poets, divines and philosophers, during the declining years of his life Harun-el-Rashid was the most wretched of men. What matter if he were courted by Charlemagne?—if he received

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tribute from the Empress of the Greeks?—if he were the father of valiant and devoted sons?—of what value were these trifles if his Empire was doomed to dissolve in shame and ignominy, his house to be a mock and common show, and all his deep laid schemes predestined to failure and disappointment?

Harun was no selfish voluptuary nor brutal despot, in him the statesman predominated, and to the statesman posterity and posterity alone is of account. Harun-el-Rashid endeavoured to divert his own thoughts and those of his subjects from the melancholy fate which was awaiting his dominion by a war with Constantinople. War has sometimes a consolidating effect on disunited peoples, and to war the Commander of the Faithful appealed. Taking as a pretext the refusal of Nicephorus to pay the accustomed tribute, the Khalif hurled against the Passes of the Taurus the whole strength of his Empire, from end to end of Asia Minor the Abbasid forces pursued the luckless Greeks,—Nicephorus yielded and the Moslem armies withdrew. The wily Greek imagined that Harun-el-Rashid had been exhausted by the effort, that the booty his forces carried away had glutted the appetite of the Saracens for plunder, once the snows had fallen on the Amanus the Emperor once more broke the terms of the treaty.

Harun-el-Rashid accepted the challenge with avidity, Persian and Arabian quarrels he could not compound, but he could still find some satisfaction in castigating the faithless Greeks,—through the bitter cold of the Anatolian winter the Commander of the Faithful led his armies, with superhuman efforts he made good an entry on to the tableland of the peninsula, forcing his way into the very heart of the enemy's country, burning, plundering and destroying, venting his spleen on something tangible and real. Again the Greek Emperor yielded, again Harun-el-Rashid withdrew a weary and desponding conqueror.

The moment the strain of holy war was removed the affairs of the Abbasid state began to go astray, the fanatical Arabs insisted on the abandonment of the policy of toleration toward Christian and Jews, all who were not Moslems were forced to wear a distinctive dress, the governors of the outlying

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provinces grew insolent and indisciplined, the security of the great highways was impaired, the revenues began to decline, the armies to lose their discipline and cohesion. Harun-el-Rashid was still all powerful, but only by exerting his own personality could he enforce his will, when at last, owing to the tyranny of his lieutenants revolution broke out in Khorasan, he was forced to set out to suppress it in person. By the terror of his name and the vigour of his intellect he quelled the rebellion and scattered his enemies, but the fatigues of the campaign and the anxieties of which he had been the victim during these later years had impaired his constitution, and presently he fell ill. The most able physicians were hurried to the Royal camp at Tus, only to pronounce the condition of the Khalif as hopeless,—on his deathbed he once more charged his sons to observe the covenant he had made with them, bidding Mamun retain his position of viceroy of the East during the life of Amin, at the same time charging Amin to remember that Mamun and his sons were to succeed him. The pathos of his last commands lies in the fact that no man knew better than Harun how useless these directions were. Then having chosen his shroud, and commanded that the grave in which he was to be buried should be dug in his presence, he awaited death, overwhelmed with gloom and melancholy,—his last act was to command the execution of the rebel whom he had conquered. Shallow critics have condemned the greatest of the Abbasids for not showing mercy and leniency during his last hours, they should remember that he died fighting a hopeless battle in the cause of law and order, and his last act was to condemn one of the disturbers of the peace.

Barely forty-seven years of age Harun died disillusioned and wretched, while still in the fullness of his power, yet powerless to achieve anything permanent or lasting.

✱ THE END

MARK SYKES

RHYTHMIC ACCOMPANIMENT OF PLAINSONG

I. Melodies and Modes

PLAINSONG IS PURE MELODY.

PLAINSONG was for many centuries unaccompanied. Even in the seventeenth century the organ was not played with the singers, but voices and organ were used alternately—the organ supplying instrumentally certain verses of certain liturgical texts which the venerable canons and other clergymen found inconvenient, for reasons of their own, to perform vocally. The *Caerimoniale Episcoporum* of Pope Clement VIII (decreed dated August 9, 1600) contains what may be perhaps the earliest suggestion (it has never been an injunction) of accompanied plain-song. Indeed, the cart is put before the horse, for a singer is tentatively recommended to accompany the organ. "It were praiseworthy for some cantor to sing out aloud conjointly with the organ the selfsame thing [that has to be answered on the organ]—*quod ab organo respondendum est. Et laudabile esset, ut aliquis cantor coniunctim cum organo voce clara idem cantaret.*"

THE MELODY IS PARAMOUNT.

In the matter of clothing man, the artistic and ideal procedure is to devise clothes that are fit for the man, not to maul the man to make him suit the clothes. The man it is that matters.

Plain-song, if accompaniment be called for, can be accompanied without injury. But the accompaniment must not be injurious; the symphony must suit the song. Here it is the plain-song that matters. Plain-song and its text make up a finished and artistic work able to stand alone: when it accepts accompaniment, it accepts on its own terms.

Hence the postulate that, in accompanied plain-song, the melody is the paramount partner of the two constituents, melody and accompaniment. But the melody is diatonic

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and rhythmic. Therefore, if the two are to be in keeping, the melody's diatonic and rhythmic character must be shared by the accompaniment.

ACCOMPANIMENT MUST BE DIATONIC.

Diatonic, in the plainsong sense, implies the use of only the seven degrees of the major diatonic scale—*d r e f a l t*; otherwise—tonic, supertonic, mediant, subdominant, dominant, submediant, leading-note: and the flattened leading-note *ta*.

All plainsong melodies are in the major scale; but few, comparatively, end or give the impression of ending in the tonic. While truly in a key, they are not of the key. Key implies leading-note. Plainsong prefers to end on a final that has no leading-note: and, if a final has a leading-note, that melody will make its last cadence by approaching the final from above, or by flattening the leading-note (which can be done by transposition, as will appear later). To plainsong ears the leading-note was ever too weak for a final cadence. Such is the characteristic manner, the mode, of plainsong. Melodies which do not shy at a leading-note are compositions of a decadent age, or have suffered at the hands of a decadent.

Modes are sorted melodies. The melodies came first—apt in expression and form for the occasion which inspired their composer. Followed an attempt to classify the melodies. The simplest method of classification seems to have been to group the melodies according to their finals. Four groups resulted, ending respectively on supertonic (D), mediant (E), subdominant (F), dominant (G). Though it may not have been the earliest method or the best, it was known to Alcuin in the eighth century and still holds its own.

The word *modus* may mean "limit" (compass of melody, or merely its "term"), or "style" (character of melody): quite possibly it bears both meanings. Of the two meanings the first is probably the chief; because the restrictions of modal compass have been generally recognised and obeyed in the melodies, whereas characteristic modal phrases or mannerisms not infrequently astonish by the unexpected final that follows them.

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Each group, which had a possible range of eleven notes (rarely all used in one composition), was divided into two scales of an octave apiece—the middle five notes being common to both scales. The high octave was called authentic: the low octave was called plagal. Authentic and plagal may be paraphrased as principal and subordinate; or better, perhaps, as original and derived.

The numbering and naming of these compound groups is various and vexing. Alcuin, or the fragment attributed to him, tells of four modes (numbered in Latinised Greek as *protus, deuterus, tritus, tetratus*¹), each subdivided into authentic and plagal (numbered from one to eight, which is also the nowadays numbering). But here enters confusion. We have four modes, which are at the same time eight modes. We have numerals in duplicate, but they are applied to modes which have nothing to do with each other: number one only is right. We have modes related to certain other modes, but the numbering gives no indication of the relationship. So much for numerals, whose inadequacy to this present purpose is shown clearly by the scales themselves.

SCALES OF THE TRUE MODES

Ex. Gradual *Univeris*

Ex. Gradual *Exurge . . . et intende*

¹ Also *tegitus* (from another classic form), *tetrardus* (Boethius), *tetrachokus* (Alcuin), *tetrardus* (St. Bernard of Clairvaux).

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Ex. Gradual *Anima nostra*

Ex. Gradual *Qui sedes*

The eight numbers used for the modes in modern editions of the melodies are convenient as far as they go: but, besides telling us one thing that is not true, they omit another thing that is useful as well as true. They tell us there are eight modes, whereas there are but four: and they hide from us the fact that each mode is subdivided into two scales, one of which is superior to the other in rank and in pitch.

We want a name that will point out the melody's family, and the melody's position in that family. The Greek territorial names which have been applied to our modes since, probably, the latter sixth century, would answer this purpose admirably if the modes and the names had not changed partners in the course of their western career. "High Dorian" and "Low Dorian," for instance, would supply adequate information about our "first" and "second" modes, if these modes were but Dorian: but they are not.

The following tables give all the finals, numbers and names, besides a column of suggested descriptive titles. Exceptions are found in the matter of finals: such are psalm-tones and other recitatives of indeterminate modality, and some pieces whereof the irregularity may be due to nothing more than a composer's desire of being original.

TRUE MODES

GREEK NUMBERING	LATIN NUMBERING	BASE	GREEK NAMES	PITCH	SUGGESTED NAMES	EXAMPLES FOR STUDY
Protos [on D]	1	Authentic	Dorian	Hypodorian	Protosauthentic (I au.)	Introit <i>Exurge</i>
	2	Plagal		Hypodorian	Protosplagal (I pl.)	Obituary <i>De profundis</i>
	3	Authentic	Phrygian	Hyperphrygian	Deuterosauthentic (II au.)	All. ♀ <i>Domine Deus salutaris</i>
	4	Plagal		Hypophrygian	Deuterosplagal (II pl.)	Communio <i>Memento verbi tui</i>
	5	Authentic	Lydian	Hyperlydian	Tritosauthentic (III au.)	Gradual <i>Evangelii rous</i>
	6	Plagal		Hypolydian	Tritosplagal (III pl.)	Introit <i>Quasi modus</i>
	7	Authentic	Mixolydian	Hypermixolydian	Tetratosauthentic (IV au.)	All. ♀ <i>Magnus Dominus</i>
	8	Plagal	Mixolydian	Hypomixolydian	Tetratosplagal (IV pl.)	Tract <i>Laudate Dominum omnes grades</i>

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Three of the modes have been transposed up a fifth (the second has been transposed up a fourth as well) in order to acquire the equivalents of E[♮] or F[♯]. These transposed modes (they were a medieval groping for modernity) sound much as they did before transposition, but with the added freedom of a chromatic note which was impossible in the original position. If a keyboard be imagined with only one black note (B[♭]) in each octave, the limitations of the composer of pure melody in plainsong's golden age and after are easier to grasp; and the modal transposition, that at first perhaps raised a smile, is recognised as a stroke of genius under difficulties. Nevertheless, however interesting the transposed modes may be, they are things which plainsong could very well do without.

The extra and irregular transposition of the Deuteromelodies to final A was inevitable if the corresponding psaltones had to be sung, which could not have been done on final B. The Communion antiphons on final B may therefore be supposed to have come from churches where the Communion psalmody was not in use, or (an easy matter) was set to another melody.

SCALES OF THE TRANSPOSED MODES

1st Mode transposed : authentic

1st Mode transposed

1st Mode transposed : plagal

2nd Mode transposed ; authentic

2nd Mode transposed

2nd Mode transposed : plagal

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2nd Mode transposed irregularly : authentic

2nd Mode transposed irregularly

2nd Mode transposed irregularly : plagal

3rd Mode transposed : authentic

3rd Mode transposed

3rd Mode transposed : plagal

The finals of all the modes, in their true positions and transpositions (numbered as eight), are set forth in the following verses found in the Parisian Antiphonary of 1681, which quotes them from the Book of the Chantry of Paris, of the thirteenth century. It is remarkable that, on the evidence of these verses, Paris knew no transposition of a Deuteroauthentic melody to A.

*Sunt in D vel in A primus tonus atque secundus :
Tertius et quartus in B vel in E relocantur,
Et quandoque per A quartum finire videbis :
Quintus in F vel C, nec sextus ab hoc removetur :
Septimus octavusque in solo G requiescant.*

The cadence falls on D or A for first and second tone :
For third and fourth, on B or E (and A, for fourth alone) :
For fifth, on F or C, and here the sixth must needs agree
While seventh and eighth repose can find on nothing else but G

[BOSSWARD.]

TRANSPOSED MODES

GREEK NUMBERING	LYRIC SYMBOLING	SCALE	GREEK NAMES	PITCH	SUGGESTED NAMES	EXAMPLES FOR STUDY
Proton (on A)	9=1	Authentic	Eolian	Hyperæolian	Protonauthentic on A (I on A)	Communion <i>Victor Ivesitt</i>
	10=2	Plagal		Hypæolian	Protoglycol on A (I pl. A)	Communion <i>Cantabile Dombas</i>
Diatessa (on B)	11 on B =3	Authentic	Mixolydian	Hypermixolydian	Deuteronauthentic on B (II on B)	
	12 on B =4	Plagal		Hypomixolydian	Deuteroglycol on B (II pl. B)	Communion <i>Ab occulta vocis</i>
Diatessa (on A)	11 on A =3	Authentic	Lydian	Hyperlydian	Deuteronauthentic on A (II on A)	Communion <i>Brabus servus</i>
	12 on A =4	Plagal		Hypolydian	Deuteroglycol on A (II pl. A)	Advent <i>Kulliphan</i> <i>Rejoice ye of Trophæus</i> <i>Passionable Amphiphon</i> <i>Magnificat alci</i>
Tritos (on C)	13=5	Authentic	Ionian or Lydian	Hyperionian or Hyperlydian	Tritonauthentic on C (III on C)	Allel. <i>Y Tr. Mestyrus</i>
	14=6	Plagal		Hypionian or Hypolydian	Tritoglycol on C (III pl. C)	Offertory <i>In veritate Ius</i>

Rhythmic Accompaniment of Plainsong

It is highly probable that not a few melodies, which are now said to be transposed, were never transposed wittingly at all, but were written down from memory for the instruction or convenience of others. A melody that was learned by heart (it took ten years of memorising to make a cantor) was not so easily committed to paper in the days when relative pitch was of greater importance than absolute pitch. Even nowadays not everyone who is familiar with staves and keys can write down an "unseen" melody. We have a five-line staff, and think in octaves: eleventh century cantors had a one-line staff, and thought in tetrachords. When a single line (and that, of course, the clef-line) was the whole staff, is it to be wondered at that the scribe, writing from memory, hugged the line as a swimmer hugs the shore?

Here is a melody proper to the Lord's Prayer in the Gothic liturgy. It can be written in five diatonic positions on a one-line staff, and remain the same melody: but complications would ensue if, further on in the melody, the missing note of the tetrachord were made use of.

The one-line staff has been invaluable in saving for us the pitch of melodies otherwise doubtful or undecipherable: but it has made many a G lose its identity in the guise of an F.

II. Cadences and Chords

SIMULTANEOUS CADENCE OF VOICE AND ORGAN.

The voice and the accompaniment must come to rest at the same time and place. Coming to rest implies previous motion. This is exactly the definition of a cadence—rest after motion. Repetition of a chord is not motion in this sense.

1

2

a b c a b c

This accompaniment (1) is an anticlimax, because it comes to rest too soon. The voice part comes to rest at *c*, only to find that the organ part has already gone to rest at *b*, and is paying no further attention to the paramount partner.

But here (2) the accompaniment is more mindful of its duty, and comes to rest at the same moment as the voice. Here you have the whole point of the system of accompaniment to be explained in the present article: the organ, knowing its duty, makes sacrifices to fulfil it. The accompaniment exists not for its own sake, but to help the voices: therefore, besides being subservient to the melody, it must be also unobtrusive.

The accompaniment is subservient if it exactly keeps in step with the melody in its groups and cadences: otherwise, instead of serving the melody, it will be independent of it. To be unobtrusive the accompaniment must be no more than sufficient; nor, having begun in harmony, should it call attention to itself by lapsing into unison or octave passages, unless it can in that way be more helpful to singers who require "nursing." Nothing in the accompaniment should be more interesting than the melody. There is but one star in this firmament, and the harmonic atmosphere must not dim its gentle brilliance. All the passing notes are in the

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melody, not in the harmony: oblique motion therefore prevails, the bass being the stationary part.

ONLY MELODY NOTES AS UNESSENTIAL DISCORDS

The bass of each chord is chosen with a view to carrying its group of melody notes, which will often have to be treated as unessential discords—chiefly *appoggiaturas*, suspensions and passing notes (see examples 3 and 4).

3

In man—dá-tis é-jus cú-pit ni-mis

4

Sae-pe ex-pu-gna-vé-runt me a ju-ven-tú-te mé-a

If a note of a melodic group must be discordant, it had better not be the last of the group. Two-thirds of a triple group, for instance, can usually be made concordant with the bass, as at *e* (5): though one need not be bigoted with auxiliary notes, as shown in (6).

5

Pá-trem o-mni-pot-én-tem

a b c d

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6 *Pó — pu — lus Si — on . . .*

Scale passages may keep this rule or not, according to convenience. Sometimes it is better to let the scale passage trickle over the chord without any motion in the other parts.

7 8

ACCOMPANIMENT MUST BE RHYTHMIC.

A simple group is the plainsong bar or measure: it is not less than two beats, nor more than three—called duple and triple, or binary and ternary. The group is the result of rhythm.

RHYTHM IS THE TIDAL WAVE OF MUSIC.

Rhythm is the flow and ebb of musical sound—first the flow, then the ebb. The flow is *arsis* (= lifting), the ebb is *thesis* (= replacing).

A simple rhythm is a musical step from one bar to the next. It is like the arch of a bridge spanning a brook: as the arch has a pier on each bank, so a rhythm has a point of contact in each of two consecutive bars; it soars from one, and comes down gently in the other. Its coming down is the

¹ Rhythm may be studied at length in Dom Mesquereau's *Paléographie Musicale*, volumes 7 and 10. The Solesmes rhythmic edition of the Vatican gradual (modern notation) is very useful.

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thesis. If the thesis is only one beat, we call it *ictus*: if it is two beats or three beats, it has the effect of a cadence, and is called *mora vocis* (or simply *mora*), or *pressus*, or *strophicus*—according to the cause or manner of its prolongation. *Mora* is a convenient term for any prolonged thesis.

Compound rhythm is like a bridge of many arches—a new arch springing from each pier as a new group of notes springs from each *ictus*. Even better figure of compound rhythm would be a chain, whose links are so interlaced as to be more intimately continuous than the arches of a bridge. This idea of overlapping is as important in performance as in theory. One rhythm grows out of another: otherwise we should have only contiguity instead of continuity. The death of one is the birth of the next. The thesis of one rhythm can be at the same time the arsis of the following rhythm, as a man can be at once the son of his father and the father of his son—be-gotten and begetter.

FIRST CANON.

Give to the *mora* (or to the last of consecutive *morae*) a chord which differs in some way from the chord before it: preferably a new bass—whether the bass of a new chord (9), or a first inversion for a root position (10), or a root position

9 10 11

new chord 1st inv. following root position

root position following 1st inv.

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for a first inversion (11). In difficult cases, at least let the bass skip an octave downwards (12), or an octave upwards (13); or add an inner part (14), or change in arpeggio fashion (by-tone) some part which is not the bass (15).

12

... i — ta — fa — ci — â — tis

The notation shows a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The bass line has a dotted quarter note on G2, followed by a half note on G3, and then a dotted quarter note on G4. The notes G2 and G3 are connected by a brace, indicating an octave skip downwards.

bass skips 8ve. downwards

13

The notation shows a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The bass line has a dotted quarter note on G2, followed by a half note on G3, and then a dotted quarter note on G4. The notes G2 and G4 are connected by a brace, indicating an octave skip upwards.

bass skips 8ve upwards.

14

The notation shows a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The bass line has a dotted quarter note on G2, followed by a half note on G3, and then a dotted quarter note on G4. An inner part is added between the G3 and G4 notes.

added inner part

15

pro — pter He — ro — di — a — dem

The notation shows a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The bass line has a dotted quarter note on G2, followed by a half note on G3, and then a dotted quarter note on G4. The notes G2 and G4 are connected by a brace, indicating by-tones in two parts.

by-tones in two parts.

The downward skip of the bass can be effectively replaced in some modes by using a "plagal" cadence—the third of the penultimate chord being present or absent according to what has been heard of that note during the melody (16).

Rhythmic Accompaniment of Plainsong

16

The notation shows a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The bass line has a dotted quarter note on G2, followed by a half note on G3, and then a dotted quarter note on G4. The notes G2 and G4 are connected by a brace, indicating a plagal cadence without the 3rd in the penultimate chord.

"plagal" cadence without 3rd in penultimate chord.

SECOND CANON.

Prepare for the *mora*, where possible, to the extent of providing a bass that will carry the two consecutive groups immediately preceding the *mora* (17).

17

... fir — mam pe — tram.

The notation shows a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The bass line has a dotted quarter note on G2, followed by a half note on G3, and then a dotted quarter note on G4. The notes G2 and G4 are connected by a brace, indicating harmonic preparation for the mora.

See (18) how this harmonic preparation for the *mora* helps the *diminuendo* which ought to follow the tonic accent.

18

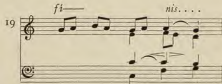
fi — nis . . .

The notation shows a vocal line in treble clef and a bass line in bass clef. The bass line has a dotted quarter note on G2, followed by a half note on G3, and then a dotted quarter note on G4. The notes G2 and G4 are connected by a brace, indicating the mora.

Whereas, on the contrary, the wicked custom of giving a new chord (often with an internal passing-note—thrice

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wicked) to the last-but-one melody note (19) produces the effect of another very strong accent, just where such a thing is least desirable. This is undoubtedly the effect on the ear *without the eye*, however much the eye may try to persuade the ear of the contrary.



THIRD CANON.

Contrive, when possible, that the new bass (20) allotted to the *mora vocis* shall be capable of bearing the group which immediately follows the *mora* (unless the group be tied unisons).

20 ... o-mni-pot-ens. Dô-mi-ne Fi-li

(mora) ————— mora

The observance of this Canon is not so urgent as that of the others: yet it has its uses. This method of guarding the approach (Canon 2) and the retreat (Canon 3) enshrines the *mora vocis* (Canon 1) in an arbour of calm and repose, and it can often be extended in its application to other compound groups with great advantage to smooth vocalisation—as in this fragment of well-known Tract melody (21).

Rhythmic Accompaniment of Plainsong

21

TRANSPOSITION TO SUIT OCCASION.

The melodies often have to be transposed: sometimes on account of the choir, sometimes on account of the priest, sometimes on account of the organ or the organist, sometimes on account of the weather and its effect upon all concerned.

First find the compass of the melody to be transposed. Then find the predominant and prominent notes of the melody. Then choose a pitch at which that compass of notes and the prominent notes in the compass may be rendered effectively and easily by the voices at disposal.

Finally, find the new key in the way which is the simplest for yourself. Here is one way. Take, for instance, the Tract *Laudate Dominum*. Supposing you decide that the highest note (E) shall be C. What was E in the key of C? Its mediant. Then C will be mediant of the new key—A². This method puts an end to all doubt as to the correct signature of the new key.

ORGAN REGISTRATION AND VARIED ACCOMPANIMENTS.

Use the stops that blend best with the voices and are the most helpful to them. Do not change stops except to make the accompaniment still more helpful. The words well sung need no organ commentary. Accompaniments varied for the sake of variety are not necessary even for psalmody: when psalms are unaccompanied, all that varies is the text. The volume of organ tone should ever be in proportion to the volume of vocal tone. However much he may be importuned,

¹An article on Psalmody with Rhythm will follow.

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the organist should not yield to such as beg him to "let himself go" and "make the organ speak": that can be done much more satisfactorily in organ voluntaries, when he can show how the plainsong melodies, which he accompanies in their native liturgy with so much restraint and sacrifice of self, can be eloquent also as songs without words in ready response to sympathetic artistry.

S. GREGORY OULD, O.S.B.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

"IF God were all you say, and as you say;
If I could think as you, and call
Him all in all,

Then would all other beauteous things on earth
Lose all their joyous grace and all their mirth,
And all my world would shrivel in a day
'Neath the fierce light of Him, for Whom
Alone would life have room."

Ah! no,
Mine anguished friend, not so, but far from so.
Such fear as thine
Might move a dweller in a twilight land—
A land that hath no noon,
Whose brightest radiance is the misty moon;
Fear might move such a one
At hearing of the glory of the sun,
Lest when it shine

It blot out all his world on every hand
Forcing the dazzled eye
To pass all other beauties by
And gaze on that which far outshineth all.
On him such fear might fall,
But not on one
Who seeth and well knoweth
That all our daily joyance in the sun
Feels deepest what he is by what he showeth;
That none hath truly seen
The heavenly blue and white,
The flowers of earth glow on her mantle green,
Save who hath seen them lit with noonday light.
Only awhile, at dawn and doom of day,
We mark how every glory-giving ray
Doth to one point converge
And with strong call
Doth seem to urge

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Our gaze to that which is the light of all.
Else all the day our gazing goeth
Not to the sun, but to the glowing world he showeth.

So is our God the light of all the earth.
Believe, thou hast not known the joy of life,
Nor felt its purest mirth,
Nor shall not, till He end thy doubting strife
And dawn upon thee Unbeholdable.
Before that blaze when thou shalt lower thine eyes,
No shrivelled world and cold thou shalt behold.
Lo, flooded now with crimson and with gold,
Radiant it lies,
Lit by his love Who made and loves it well.

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

April, 1915.

TWO BRINDLE FOSSILS

THE most admired quality of this earth of ours is its stability. The other day a perturbed *Sunday Chronicle* bard (he signs himself 'Vexatus') admirably expressed the general sentiment in some eulogistic verse addressed to the brave old world we live in, summing up its sober reliability in the lines—

And (a quality I like)
You are steady on your axis
And you never go on strike.

We have no words strong enough to do justice to this quality of steadiness. To say of the earth's rotation that it goes with the precision of clock-work is something less than a tame comparison; it is a topsyturvy idea; we set our clocks by its movements. To say again that it never goes on strike does come a little nearer to an accurate description of fact; for when, as in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius or Etna, the labour party seems locally to be in a rather agitated state, it is merely attending too strictly to its normal business to suit our convenience. Ours is not "a mad world, my masters," but one "whose pulse doth temperately keep time"; neither is it an inert world, but one whose quiescence is not death, but a sleep—a sleep out of which it may any time be rudely awakened. It is of some so-called inert matter, seemingly dead but with evidence of past life and possible future activity, that I propose to write in this article.

The Brindle fossils, above mentioned, are (1) an exceptional specimen of what I assume to be *Stromatopora concentrica* (Upper Silurian), and (2) a fragment of the trunk of a conifer, a fir-tree of the sort whose remains are usually found in the coal formation. Both, in their present state, are solid lumps of calcite, the hardest and most crystalline of marble. They are milky in appearance, but one of them, the former, is slightly stained a black-grey tint, and the other a dirty yellow. *Stromatopora* is a humpbacked object with a snout, resembling somewhat a dog's skull; and the exceptional thing about our specimen is its size (c. 7½ inches in length and 6 in

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breadth). The tree-trunk fossil is a flat cake, oval-shaped, about an inch and a quarter thick, with a diameter varying from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, pitted on the outside with small lozenge-shaped buttons, arranged diamond-fashion and punched in, like the buttons on the back cushions of a railway carriage. Its chief interest to us is that, except for being water-worn and chipped (recently) in one place, both the faces of this flat disc are as clean cut, across the grain, as if the work had been done with a saw. Fossil No. 1 was picked up in our garden and has been utilized to adorn a new rockery by the brookside; fossil No. 2 was found by a neighbour among the pebbles in another brook about three hundred yards away.

When Sir R. Murchison first wrote about *Stromatopora*, he was in doubt as to its nature. It had been usually placed, he tells us, with the Corals and much resembles them. It may even, he adds, belong to the tribe of Sponges. But in the appendix of *Siluria*, 4th edition, he began to suspect that it should be classed with the *Foraminifera* and quotes, with cautious approval, Dr. Carpenter's conviction, from microscopic examination, that it is a Foraminiferal organism. The difficulty in the way of *Stromatopora*'s admission among the Foraminifera was its gigantic size—somewhere about two inches. Now, the Foraminifera are microscopic and belong to the lowest form of organic life, the *Protozoa*. They are single cells of protoplasm, which, after rapid growth, split in two, forming two cells; these again divide themselves into four, the four into eight, and so on *ad infinitum*. After a comparatively unobtrusive beginning, by this doubling and re-doubling and re-doubling again in rapid sequence, the increase becomes so stupendous that, with the debris of their chalk envelopes or skins, these tiny points of living matter can build up mountains. The chalk and limestone hills that cover so large an area of the earth's surface are almost entirely composed of the broken walls of the dwellings of *Globigerina*, a microscopic Foraminifer still flourishing in the Atlantic. These latter, small as they are, need considerable elbow room; they are locomotive and roam about in search of food; but, up to the present time, the great ocean has proved wide enough and deep enough for their home and colonial expansion. In it they swarm, in infinite

Two Brindle Fossils

numbers, both near the surface and down at the bottom of the sea.

Not all Foraminifera, however, are nomad; some are sessile and attach themselves to a rock or any convenient resting place. And some may be described as gregarious, constructing tenement houses and towns; rows of tiny chambers, each with its occupant, arranged side by side and one over the other like those of a honeycomb; or, again, marshalled in curves, like many-storeyed houses in a crescent; or branching out from a centre like the spokes of a wheel; or set one upon another like the steps of a spiral staircase,—always in some graceful and symmetrical form and always single cells containing specks of pulsating jelly, the solitary tenants of these primitive monasteries. *Stromatopora* has adopted, not the eremitical but the cenobitical way of life.

My reasons for assuming that our fossil is not the sponge I at first took it to be, but a true foraminiferal colony are (1) that the markings on its upper surface—close parallel lines of raised dots, like the stubble in a cornfield—suggest an internal construction of cells similar to that displayed by polished sections of *Stromatopora concentrica*, and (2) its shape,—a very exact, enlarged version of *Stromatopora* as figured in Murchison's *Siluria* and other books. Its dimensions may be pleaded against my assumption. If Murchison's two-inch champion was very nearly disqualified by size for admission into the foraminiferal ring, what about our $7\frac{1}{2}$ inch monster? But the case before the judges is not at the same stage. Sir Roderick's client having won the verdict, size is no longer a test qualification. Given a stronger vitality and a decent provision of the necessities of life, the Silurian *Stromatopora* would easily have trebled its growth. Besides, the famous, much-disputed Foraminifer, *Evoson*—in which I thoroughly believe—is quite as big as our Brindle fossil.

I mean to have a section of our specimen cut and polished, and then we may learn more surely its nature and manner of life. At present I am only concerned with its manner of death. This has come about, as I think, from causes that would have closed the career of a sponge as surely as that of a foraminifer. What was it then that destroyed its vitality, clogging and

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hindering the working of this simple machine so that it stopped for ever? One can hardly conceive so low an organism wearing itself out. The natural assumption, *a priori*, is that "an enemy hath done this."

I have not seen this question put before. Death from natural causes is, in all cases, assumed in the case of fossils, without inquiring what the natural causes may have been. Probably, most people would think senile decay a good answer to the question; the creature had its day, played its part, and the curtain fell in the usual way, at the usual time. My own theory is that it died of an ascertainable bacterial disease. The microscopic organism succumbed to the attacks of an ultra-microscopic foe which deposited in every part of its anatomy the chalk, now calcite, of which the fossil is composed.

To my mind the weight of evidence is in favour of belief that when the chalk was deposited the animal was alive. We may begin with the assumption that these organisms which lived in the sea died in it. We may assume also, without fear of contradiction, that it is only by reason of the calcification or mineralization, as the process is usually described, that the form of the animal and the details of its structure have been preserved. Now calcification, as we know it, that is, the deposition of chalk on the surface and in the interstices of a substance by the infiltration of chalky water is, in the first place, a slow process; in the second place, a clumsy process; in the third place, a fresh-water process; and, in the fourth place, an evaporation process. Let us take the last point first.

Fresh water does not dissolve carbonate of lime except when there is present in the water some free carbonic acid gas. This is so rigid a law that the water cannot give up its chalk so long as it retains its gas, and cannot retain the chalk for a moment after it has been deprived of the gas. Now there is only one mechanical principle always and everywhere active which deprives water of its carbonic acid, and that is evaporation. It is by evaporation that the water dropping from the roof and trickling across the floors of our limestone caverns leave deposits of chalk which grow into stalactites and stalagmite floors. It is because the intermittent flow of water allows brief intervals for evaporation that the Knaresborough Dropping

Two Brindle Fossils

Well and similar springs have petrifying qualities. When geologists talk of calcification by infiltration they may be understood to refer to this process—the ordinary process. There are many others—boiling, the addition of quicklime, &c.—but we need not discuss them. It is only a world-wide and incessant active principle that can be taken into consideration where the calcified organisms, the bulk of them microscopic, are spread over a part of the earth's surface as wide as the ocean and as thickly as the sands on its shores. It is hardly necessary to remark that there is no possibility of evaporation at the bottom of the sea.

Again, this calcification is a fresh-water process. If by any arrangement sea-water were substituted for fresh-water in our dropping wells and limestone caverns we should have (if I may say so) petrifications and stalactites and stalagmites of salt. Plenty of carbonate of lime is carried into the ocean by our rivers and streams, and shell-fish, sponges and corals, and animal and vegetable life in general, put it to good use, but has any one ever heard of the mechanical deposition of chalk in the sea,—of petrified wreckage dredged from the sea-floor, of calcified fish found embedded in sea-mud, or even of the thickening of a single empty sea-shell by precipitation of calcic carbonate?

The other two reasons seem to me equally convincing and, added to those already considered, make up a body of circumstantial evidence complete enough to warrant conviction that the calcite was not deposited in the tissues and structure of the organisms, wholly, at least, after death. Petrification, as we see it in operation now, is not the same process as the calcification of the old days when, as Dr. Sterry Hunt writes, chalk and mineral silicates "not only filled up chambers, cells and canals left vacant by the disappearance of animal matter, but have, in very many cases, been injected into the tubuli (microscopic passages within the walls of the microscopic chambers, cells and canals), filling even their smallest ramifications." In other cases they have done even more than this; they have replaced the septa or cell divisions with calcite or silica and we are told of dividing walls of silica with the chambers, cells and canals filled up by calcite, or, conversely, of septa

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composed of calcite and the filling of silicate. The extreme delicacy of the process may be judged from a description in Principal Dawson's book, *The Dawn of Life*, "A fragment of fossil wood which to the naked eye is nothing but a dark stone, or a coral which is merely a piece of grey or coloured marble, or a specimen of common crystalline limestone made up originally of coral fragments, presents, when sliced and magnified, the most perfect and beautiful structure. . . . They (the various fillings) are sometimes so complicated that I have seen even the minute cells of woody structures, each with several bands of differently coloured materials deposited in succession like the coats of an onyx agate." Is it possible to suppose that this process fuller and more exact in its record of detail than a photographic camera, providing impressions and casts infinitely more delicate and perfect than the best electrotypes, is identical with that which has carelessly poured over the half-decayed bones in some of our caves a thick coat of cement or has clogged the interstices of old stockings, in our petrifying springs, with a somewhat coarser material? The latter process gives us, at its best, but a death-mask or a rude plaster image; the other gives us a life-mask, with flesh and tissue, and pores and organs microscopically as perfectly reproduced as when engaged in the exercise of their functions, preserving in their places, to use Dawson's words, "regular dendritic bundles, so delicate that they are removed with a breath." Moreover, petrification, in the most favourable circumstances, is never a rapid operation and generally is an exceeding slow one—the stalagmite of our caves owes its thickness to the labour of centuries—and we are dealing with organisms whose hard parts, the shells, are more fragile than an egg-shell, and whose soft parts would have begun to decay and the cells and tubes to collapse at the moment of death, so that the animal would be hardly recognizable, and, probably would have utterly perished, in a week.

Nature can sometimes work miracles unawares; it is within the realm of possibility that a fortuitous aggregation of coloured fragments of marble and flint might result in a mosaic picture as perfect as those in St. Peter's at Rome; but most people would take any odds against its happening even once.

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As for its happening twice they would not put faith in it if all the science professors in Germany vouched for its authenticity, yet here we are asked to believe that what of itself is a multiple miracle has been repeated times without count. For, on the supposition of an automatic calcification of these fossils by the infiltration and evaporation of chalky water, tender and fragile dead organisms must have deferred decomposition and decay until a slow and clumsy process of chalk precipitation has filled up every microscopic pore and tube; their corpses must have undergone a fresh-water treatment at the bottom of the sea; and a curious and most perfect process of embalment, by a fortuitous co-operation of activities not there and then in action, must have happened as regularly and frequently as though it had been, in those days, the established and universal practice.

Leaving for the moment the process of calcification, let us pass on to that of silicification. They are two alternative processes. Silicification and calcification occur indifferently in fossils of the same species, exactly in the same way, with exactly the same result, and the one nearly as frequently as the other. All parties, therefore, will naturally assume that the agent has been, in both cases, one and the same, that the same machine, fed at one time with chalk, at another with silica, has turned out goods of the like pattern and size and make, though some of them are of silica and others of chalk stuff. Consequently, the difficulties in the way of calcification by mechanical precipitation are all of them present and intensified when silica is substituted for chalk. There is no need for me to repeat what I have said in a former article of the *JOURNAL* about the intractability of the material. But I may add that pure silica is not reckoned among the normal constituents of water, salt or fresh. Graham, in his classical paper, read before the Royal Society, June 16th, 1864, "On the Properties of Silicic Acid and other Analogous Colloidal Substances," makes the following authoritative statement: "Dilute solutions of 0.1 per cent. or less are no doubt practically unalterable by time, and hence the possibility of soluble silicic acid (silica) existing in nature. I may add, however, that no solution, weak or strong, of silicic acid in water has shown

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any disposition to deposit *crystals*, but always appears on drying as a colloidal glassy hyalite. The formation of quartz crystals at a low temperature, of so frequent an occurrence in nature, remains still a mystery. I can only imagine that such crystals are formed at an inconceivably slow rate, and from solutions of silicic acid which are extremely dilute." If Graham be right—and his observations are quoted with full approval by Professor Zsigmondy, the greatest living authority—"this transformation" (I quote Professor Geikie) "which has been effected by percolating water containing mineral solutions, and has proceeded so tranquilly, that not a delicate tissue in the internal structure of a plant has been displaced, and yet so rapidly, that the plant had not time to rot before the conversion was completed" is not only a theory of silicification unsupported by evidence, but directly contradicted by well-known facts. Percolating water which has no silica in its possession cannot deposit it in the tissues of an organism whilst passing through them. "Nemo dat quod non habet." A few sentences after the passage quoted, the professor speaks of silica as "an abundant petrifying medium in nature, which, in its soluble form is generally diffused in terrestrial waters," but it is impossible to accept this assertion in the face of the vastly more authoritative statement made by Graham and approved by Zsigmondy. Probably, the professor had in his mind "silicates" and not "silica." Some silicates—silicate of lime, magnesia and iron—are found in natural waters and are as soluble as calcic carbonate, an alkali playing the part of carbonic acid gas in dissolving and precipitating the silicates. Mineralization of organic substances with such silicates is a process of the same kind as calcification, and there are identically the same difficulties in the way of its explanation by a mechanical precipitation. But mineralization with pure silica—silicification as we see it in flint fossils—the commonest of all—is not merely difficult of explanation by such a process—so difficult as to be incredible—it is a physical impossibility. Soluble silicic acid, according to Graham and Zsigmondy, is not known to exist in nature—that is, it has not been found in our lakes or rivers or oceans. As a silicifying agent, therefore, percolating water is utterly and finally discredited. Even if,

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by some more perfect method of analysis traces of silica should be discovered in natural waters, the case will be nowise altered. We cannot credit an agent possessed only of a fractional percentage of silica with the rapid mineralization of such extensive beds of flint fossils as we find in the chalk and elsewhere. We could as well credit the purchaser of an occasional postage stamp with the honour of having built up the national revenue. There is undoubtedly some soluble silica in certain geyser springs, but this is deposited as an insoluble colloid substance as fast as it is made. Graham and Zsigmondy do not take it into account. This may be because they consider both the factory and its product abnormal and, consequently, unnatural. But we need not trouble with it. It does not percolate at all, but simply makes and unmakes on the spot. It is interesting, however, to read in a later book of Professor Geikie's that organic activities have been discovered at work in these silica factories. He says: "Deposition is partly due to the action of minute algae, which occasionally flourish in the hot pools of a geyser region."

This brings me to the conclusion. If silicification, and mineralization in general, be not the products of the usual mechanical forces in action, how did they come about? I do not think we have any choice but to look to organic life for their origin. Organisms of low degree may be seen silicifying, calcifying, and the rest, any day and almost everywhere, and they have been doing the same work ever since the days of the first fossil. Their methods are unchanged; the manufactured article is still distinguished by its delicate accuracy of detail and its finished perfection. They produce the stuff, also, with wonderful rapidity and turn it out in immeasurable quantities. Think of the enormous mass of sea-shell (calcite of sorts) constructed daily and hourly in the great ocean. How do the crabs and oysters build their shells? Is it not by some micro-organisms dwelling in their bodies, which first of all construct cell-walls where the stony parts will be, infusing them afterwards with microscopic particles of carbonate of lime that rapidly solidifies and hardens, until one thin layer is formed; to this another is afterwards added, and then another and another, the thickness increasing with every day and hour of life? When

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this thickening grows interiorly until it becomes abnormal and an inconvenience, will it not have become a disease? And will not this disease kill if it be left to work its will? I think, also, of parasitic or hostile chalk-makers or silica-makers finding their way into the shell and preying upon the flesh of the animal; substituting their own gelatinous chalk bodies or silica bodies in the place of it, beginning during life and continuing after death till the whole sarcoid is consumed;—how a central point marks the spot where the invaders first fastened upon the flesh; how, when they died, they left behind them a two-fold progeny, which on their death was succeeded by a four-fold generation, this by eight-fold descendants, and so on, after the manner described in an earlier paragraph;—how this rapid and regular and inevitable multiplication by alternate waves of death and two-fold life took the form of concentric circles¹ widening and expanding like ripples upon the surface of a lake; how the invaders met with resistance, and a brave army of defence disputed every step of the advance, the promise of victory swaying now to the one side and now to the other;—and how all this has been recorded for our enlightenment by the successive crystallization after death of each serried rank of the invaders, each generation of them a ring oftentimes visible to the naked eye, and stained with varied and beautiful colours, crystal rings which diminish to the faintest of lines when resistance has been effectual, form broad bands where opposition has been weak, and vanish entirely when the defence has finally prevailed, but most often advance on their sure way unchecked until the outer shell is reached and invaded and invaders (all but the few who have broken through the outward case) lie buried in one tomb. We meet sometimes with evidence of two or more of these invaders initiating separate attacks in different parts of the same organism,—two or more of these flint concentric circles may be seen whose rims meet and have vanished as the separate hostile armies have preyed upon each other; and we may notice how, in

¹cf. the illustration facing p. 201 in "The Geology of Ampleforth" (*Ampleforth Journal*, January, 1914). There the petrifying substance is iron. Iron, mostly in the form of pyrites (crystal iron sulphide), after chalk and silica, is the most frequent and important petrifying mineral known in nature.

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places, the expanding circles have been bent or dented by an obstacle, or have broken like waves against a piece of rock. Can it be said that all this is merely extravagance and far-fetched fancy? We know of the like invasion by bacterial armies of our own bodies, of friendly bacterial armies struggling within ourselves for the mastery, of the slow calcification of our muscles, arterial walls and other tissues during life and of, as the result, an advancing decrepitude which ends in death. But I must break off and leave the life-story of Fossil No. 2 to another day, or to another pen.

J.C.A.

A LITERARY PREDECESSOR

WHEN a periodical has attained a respectable antiquity of a century or more, it is a matter of common experience that it registers the achievement and brings it under the observation of its public by the insertion of centenarian items, paragraphs from the distant columns of its youth, that with the flavour of age may convey as well to the philosophic mind some of the subtle moralities of all history—"From *The Times* of 1815." We understand the appeal, though it may be that the more compelling events of the hour make us leave its fare untasted. And while there is in the practice some element of self-commendation or complacency, some of the pride of years and success, yet we readily grant such indulgence to meritorious age and willingly join it in proper admiration of its long distant youth. Well, what, after this preamble, would readers of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL say should we present them with paragraphs from "our issue of July, 1815?" We surmise that after some preliminary astonishment they would adopt the appropriate attitude and agree to join us in an admiring contemplation of our literary infancy. But we shall be frank with them. This JOURNAL does not claim to have existed, at least in *propria persona*, at such a remote period. Yet it has had ancestors, an interesting series of them, that goes back even beyond that date. And if we cannot claim a continuous literary identity, we can at least assert such identity in a corporate and productive sense. The various periodicals produced by St Lawrence's during the more than century of its existence at Ampleforth may in some real sense be said to form a genetic series, a series not unlike those rows of human implements, in flint or iron, with which anthropologists adorn the shelves of our museums. And, like the pottery of Gnosos or the brooches of Halstatt, an archaeologist might find in them many "culture traits" and many interesting lights on the civilization which they represent. But he will not be allowed to find here any evidence of an interrupted civilization, and we shall persist undismayed in asserting a continuous and unbroken corporate life. At various times, then, in its course this life has become

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vocal and committed its expression to paper. The last and still vigorous expression of its life is the present JOURNAL. To it are linked, by the bond of the same life and origin, its predecessors back through the century.

With this modest claim to continuity we may introduce to our readers the particular journal which has occasioned these remarks. Readers of Dom Cuthbert Almond's *History of Ampleforth Abbey* will remember that he there refers to Ampleforth's "earliest magazine, τὸ πᾶν," which, he says, lived for five years. A volume containing twenty-nine numbers of this magazine, extending from the first number of June 15th, 1813, to the twenty-ninth of July 26th, 1814, has lately come into our hands. It is entirely manuscript. A single number consists of eight pages of small foolscap size, closely written in double columns. The numbers were intended to be issued every Tuesday, but there were many Tuesdays when no number was forthcoming. (What Journal is ever meticulously punctual?) The title was τὸ πᾶν, which may be translated "The Universe," though Mr Belloc's *On Everything* would be more in accord with the genius of the paper. The motto which appears under the title of every number is a punning quotation from Vergil introducing Arcadian Pan, the god of the shepherd's pipe and rustic melody:

Pan primus calamos cera conjungere plures
instituit.¹

"Pan first taught men to join many reeds with wax." By this title and this motto the editor would doubtless assure us, as he would phrase it, that with catholicity of subject matter would be found as well as the lighter efforts of literary art.

Before introducing our readers to the stuff and substance of the magazine we ought perhaps to say something about the conditions which produced it and the method, so far as we can ascertain it, of its production. Ampleforth was then under the wise and vigorous rule of Prior Gregory Robinson. Dom Cuthbert Almond gives us a clear picture of the period and the men. It was a time of great vigour and activity. The

¹ Vergil. *Elogues* ii. 32.

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much-travelled Community of St Lawrence's, after its expulsion from Lorraine and the nine years' Odyssey of its wanderings, was now firmly established in the new home at Ampleforth. The vigorous life that was in those sturdy forefathers of ours at once began to assert itself. The school was soon started and it was not long before it was a flourishing and prosperous institution. Under Prior Robinson building was begun and the old "Lodge" soon took, as Dom Cuthbert expresses it, a "sub-palatial" appearance. Nor was this all. The active spirits among the community, led by the Prior, launched out boldly in their educational efforts. Adopting the system of a certain Professor Von Feinaigle, a system of universal education by means of an elaborate mnemonic method, they won for themselves a certain fame, and Ampleforth got a name in the country for enterprise and efficiency. The General Chapter of the English Benedictines thought their efforts worthy of special commendation.¹ Who were the leading spirits in this movement? A great deal must certainly be attributed to the wise and vigorous rule of the Prior; but he was ably seconded by his community. This community, as given by Dom Athanasius Allanson in his *History of the English Benedictines*, consisted in 1814, besides the Prior, of two priests, Dom Augustus Baines, the Sub-prior, and Dom Bennet Glover, seven professed monks, D. Cuthbert Rookes, D. Bede Day, D. Joseph Glover, D. Lawrence Burgess, D. Placid Metcalf, D. Anselm Brewer, D. Jerome Brindle, and one lay brother, William Sharrock. There were also residing at Ampleforth two monks of St Gregory's Conventus, D. Bede Polding and D. Jerome Jenkins, who had come to study the system of Von Feinaigle.

Many of these names will be very familiar to those who know anything of Ampleforth or English Benedictine history, but undoubtedly the most familiar will be the name of Dom Augustine Baines. Dom Cuthbert Almond characterizes

¹ The Acts of the Chapter held in July, 1814, at Wootton, contain the following: "Ordinatum quoque est, ut gratias haberentur R. D. Gregorio Robinson Priori Conventuali Monasterii Sancti Laurentii, illiusque monasterii monachis propter eminentem illo in Monasterio regularis disciplinae observantiam studiorumque diligentem et felix prosecutionem. Dicitur Priori cura est demandata, ut illius Monasterii monachos de isto decreto certiores in suo redita faceret."

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him as "facile in speech and fertile in conception, bold in his plans and at the same time restless, changeful and pushing in their execution," and it is not too much to say that his influence played a very important part then, as later, in the fortunes of Ampleforth. If his energy in the years that were to come seemed directed to the wrecking of his Alma Mater it was now at least devoted entirely, with all the versatility of his talent, to her service. Of a restless temperament he held in turn many offices in the community. At the time of the inception of *The Beatus* he was Sub-prior. But he was soon to take over the work of Prefect of Studies, and we see the change reflected in its pages. For his particular importance for us at this moment is that the periodical was for the greater part of the period for which we know it under his clever editorial control. We shall have occasion to meet many specimens of the work of his facile pen, and his qualities as an editor will be manifested clearly enough in the selections that we hope to give in the following pages. Of the other members of the community it is perhaps unnecessary to speak. They were most of them, doubtless, at one time or another contributors to *The Beatus*, but we have made little effort to dispel the mist of anonymity in which they chose to veil their efforts. Of their subsequent history, of the part that each played in the critical times that were afterwards to come, it is no part of our task to speak. And are not these things written in the book of the chronicles of the English Benedictines?

The method of the production of *The Beatus* seems to have been as follows. A box was put out in the Calefactory for contributors. The editor collected all that came in this way, and then copied them, or had them copied, on to the sheets of the magazine. The task must have been one of no small laboriousness, but the handwriting varies considerably and he does not seem to have lacked assistance. When all his copy was thus exhausted, if there were any space left he devoted it to a criticism, in a free style, of the contents of the number, and sometimes indulged himself in original essay or *jeu d'esprit*. Occasionally, too, there is an account of the meetings of the "Philokalerian," the ancestor of many debating societies.

The first number begins, very seriously, with a discussion

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on the proper pronunciation of the Latin *paraditus*, a discussion that has still plenty of life after the lapse of a century. The writer knows all about the Greek word Παράδεισος. His conclusion, which we give in his own words, is that "adopted by the Latins it must either lose its antepenultimate accent or penultimate quantity. The Latins, therefore, to preserve in the best manner the true pronunciation of the word have retained the accent and rejected the quantity." We offer no criticism on this solution, but give it as a specimen of the solid fare provided for its readers by τὰ βιβλῖα. It is noticeable in the twenty-nine numbers that we have before us that there is a gradual declension in this respect. Not that it ever degenerates into the exclusively light and ephemeral—there is an article on Sacred Poetry in the last number of the series before us—but there is a decided tendency towards the more general topics of the essayist.

After this preliminary article there follows an essay on the pronunciation of dead languages, a defence of Dr Milner, a poem called "The Punch," in the style of "Hudibras," with all the raciness of the original, apparently alluding to some festive occasion. Then the editor writes as follows:

We are sorry that our limits will not allow us to insert all the interesting communications with which we have been favoured. We particularly regret the necessity we have been under of omitting some philological criticism by the Jewish Rabbi¹ (we suspect) which is well written and shall have a place in our next. We are obliged to the writer of the article on the word *Paraditus*, and we recommend to the serious attention of our readers the letter on pronunciation by Orthodoxotatos. On the subject of Dr Milner we feel rather loth to say anything, particularly as we can neither praise the conduct of the bishop nor the arguments of his advocate. All these arguments in our opinion prove nothing unless it can be shown that the friends of Dr

¹ This is doubtless D. Placid Metcalf, of whom D. Athanasios Allanson says: "Fr Placid possessed extraordinary talents for learning various languages. He was a master of the Hebrew language and was well versed in the Syro-Chaldaic. He was a good Latin scholar and a first-rate Grecian. He understood most of the modern languages in Europe, having made himself master of the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German languages." When on the mission at Talacre "he soon made himself master of the Welsh language, and published a catechism and a Garden of the Soul in Welsh." Copies of these books may still be found in our libraries.

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Milner are of all the nation alone blest with a perfect freedom from the effects of prejudice and alone possess "good sense and sound heads." Interest is not the only source of prejudice, and if it were, we have some reason to think that Milner would have fewer friends, but we doubt very much whether he would have fewer enemies. We are far from thinking that he is a man who generally means ill, but we do think that the violence of his temper has frequently hurried him into actions that are highly blamable. We are sorry that the advocate of M— has called from us these remarks—for we feel it painful to hurt even a deservedly distressed object; and surely a man who stands publicly charged by the most respectable members of his own communion in England with gross calumny, and who has been burnt in effigy in Ireland for a similar grievous charge, is an object of pity rather than of anger.

With this editorial and a notice of a debate on the following Saturday in the "Philokalerian Society" the number concludes. Let our readers should be afraid at this point that it is our intention to take them through each and every number of the twenty-nine we hasten to reassure them and promise to be much more lenient. But we cannot refrain from quoting at least a portion of the "Philokalerian" debate as reported in No. 2. The second number contains articles on "Coined Money," "The Origin of Language," "Hebrew Literature" and "Greek Pronunciation," besides a short lyrical poem, an essay on laughter and various other items. The editor finds himself left with very limited space and curtails this still further by admitting a long report of the debate, "Whether the Crusades were lawful in themselves or of advantage to Christendom." D. Joseph Glover opened the debate, and there is a full summary of his speech "supporting the justice and utility of the crusades." The account continues:

Mr Rooker began by correcting a few historical inaccuracies into which the preceding gentleman had fallen in his account of the crusades, which elicited a laugh from the company at the expense of Mr Glover. He then proceeded to support the opinion of the latter. . . . Mr Baines was sorry that he could not join in all the splendid eulogies that had been passed on the crusades. He would not venture to pronounce them either unjust or useless, yet he did think that their justice and utility would admit of doubt and he could not allow that

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any arguments had been brought forward sufficient to establish either. . . . We are sorry that we cannot insert the other able speeches of Messrs Brewer, Metcalf and Burgess, particularly of the latter, who expressed such strong doubt of the orthodoxy of Mr Baines, that the latter intends to prevent a crusade against himself by inserting in this paper the first opportunity a solemn profession of his faith.

In the third number an item of special interest is a long letter from Prof. Von Feinaigle, dated Cork, June 20th, 1813. The professor was busy establishing centres of his work in Ireland and writes here about his prospects. After an account of the progress he had made, he continues :

I hope your worthy Prior, Mr Robinson, Mr Glover, all your Professors, Assistants and all your children (*sic*) are well, and I shall be very happy to find them so at my arrival. I long very heartily to see them again and to do all in my power to fix my remembrances as deep in their minds as they are already fixed in the very bottom of my heart, and principally you my dear Friend. I could send you a great number of excellent articles in favour of my Doctrine, printed as well as written ; but you are the best article maker yourself, and as they would form a great and costly packet I think you can wait, till you come nearer yourself. In the meantime, I remain your most devoted and humble Servant,

GREGORY VON FEINAIGLE.

P.S.—Be so good as to recommend me kindly to your excellent Friends, Mr Fairfax and Mr Cholmeley, etc.

The editorial consists as usual of a review and criticism of the articles contained in the number. As an example of the editor's lighter style we may quote the following :

In our preceding columns will be found a continuation of the different articles, which in our last number we announced to be continued ; except the essay on laughter, which the author desires me to inform the public shall be continued when he shall find himself in a more laughing humour than he is at present. As we cannot pretend to inform our readers with any degree of certainty who the author is, so neither is it possible for us to say precisely how soon the interesting

¹ This is good from a professor of mnemonics.

² In view of the prowess of D. Augustine Baines in the drafting of a prospectus this remark deserves to be labelled "judicious."

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essay on laughter may be resumed. As a laughing humour appears to be essential to the progress of the work, we sincerely hope the author is not one of our more morose acquaintances, whose risible muscles are so seldom called into action, of whose long faces might be said, what Horace said of some terrible country or other :

Quod latus mundi nebulae malusque
Juppiter urget.¹

"Where clouds of gloom eternal sail." If our author be really a person of this description, we can only hope that by some happy accident or other the short season of good humour may soon return,

Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,²

and that the author being thus enabled to finish his merry subject will undertake one of a graver cast. We would recommend to his consideration, for instance, an essay upon long protracted lucubrations, or on the misfortune of missing a good chance by rejecting reasonable offers. . . .

The concluding sentence suggests that the editor knew more than he admits about the author. His editorial moves gracefully onward and the number ends with an account of the Philokalerian Society. "The Rabbinical Gentleman" disappointed the society of a paper they had expected and instead, "some interesting debates ensued on a subject proposed by Mr Ba—s respecting the Form of the sacraments." From the fourth number which appeared on July 6th, 1813, we shall quote nothing but the following verses. The heath doubtless is what we call the "moors," and the cairn may be the tumulus at one end of Pry Rigg Wood, or another near what is known commonly as the Roman camp, though Ordnance maps call it Studford Ring, and archaeologists say that it is certainly pre-Roman.

To the editor of Τὸ Πῶς.

Sir! The following is the production of a Gentleman of well known taste on the discovery of a funeral urn (taken from the bosom of a Cairn on an adjacent heath) supposed to contain the relics of some Roman or Caledonian chief.

¹ Horace. *Odes* i. 22, lines 19, 20.

² *Ibid.* i. 4, line 1.

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Ere graves were dug, or heavy tombstones laid
To mark the gloomy mansions of the dead;
Ere solemn knells proclaim'd the parted ghost,
Or Christian rites resign'd the corpse to dust;
When Pagan hands erected funeral pyres,
And gave the dead to feed the hungry fires,
When Roman chiefs, by painted Britons slain,
Stain'd the high mountain, or manur'd the plain,
This urn was formed, and to its trust consign'd
These bones the funeral flames had left behind.

The fifth number sees the continuation of the essay on laughter, which begins, solemnly enough with the words: "Et risui dixi quare deciperis?" We would willingly quote some of the author's discriminating remarks, but the limits of this article forbid it. Nor shall we quote from the sixth number, though it offers much solid pabulum in the shape of essays on the antiquity of coined money, on indulgences and artillery. The seventh number has a new feature, a letter on the teaching of geography from the Hon. Robert Clifford.¹ It is, we gather, a personal letter addressed to "Mr Baines," and by him inserted in the paper for the benefit of all and sundry. "It contains," says the editor, "in our opinion, some excellent remarks on the manner of teaching geography, and is a good specimen of the solidity of judgment and clearness of ideas, for which the writer is so justly celebrated." The editor's active mind was ever on the alert for new view and theory, and although the system of Von Feinaigle was then paramount he does not seem to have hesitated to encourage the expression of different views or considered himself bound to accept it as an established monopoly. In the following editorial we think we can detect some evidence of this attitude. There is surely some sly fun behind the affectation of dismay and horror—

Our readers will find in our preceding columns a serious attack on

¹ The Hon. Robert Edward Clifford, third son of the fifth Lord Clifford. 1767-1817. He lived chiefly in France and was the author of several translations from the French, besides an original work on secret societies in Ireland and Gr. Britain considered in the light of Jacobinism. He was the uncle of D. Edward Austin Clifford, who came to Ampleforth shortly after this time, and was professed in 1823.

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the writer of the article signed "Timothy Cypher," supposed to be a feigned name for the Professor of Arithmetic. We should have been happy had the writer confined his censures to the person of the professor, and not aimed the alarming blow he has at a system which we had looked upon as unimpeachable and almost sacred. In justice to his own character, to the honour of the College, and above all to the violated system of the great Feinaigle, we call upon the Professor of Arithmetic to come forward, repel the daring aggressor and vindicate the cause of truth. Yes, we call upon him with all the earnestness of Aeneas when he addressed the mighty Hector,

O lux Dardaniae, spes O fidissima Teucrum,
Quae tantae tenuere morae?¹

Why art thou so slow in thy motions? or why do we behold these wounds, daily inflicted upon our system in its tenderest part?

aut cur haec vulnera cerno??

Surely, Sir, you cannot be ignorant, that if the system can be defended and the honour of Feinaigle vindicated, it is you must do the work.

Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.²

At least we have done our duty. We have given the alarm, and we have roused the garrison to its defence. If after all the fortress be taken, we shall at least have the comfort to reflect, whilst its ruins are tumbling about our ears, that we had done our utmost to save it.

The next number contains among other solid matter, a "Dialogue between Luther and the Devil on private masses," which the editor refers to as "a very curious piece of theological information." His notes in this number are very brief, as if repenting for the latitude which he had allowed himself in the last. A debate is announced for the Philokalerian Society on "The respect due to Popes, Bishops and other ecclesiastical superiors, considered in any light the society pleases."

Number nine, issued on August 10th, 1813, contains, besides articles on Indulgences, Mystical Theology and other equally substantial subjects, which leave the editor little room for his observations, the following "Ode to St Lawrence," which

¹ Vergil. *Aeneid* ii, lines 280, 1. ² *Ibid.*, line 286. ³ *Ibid.*, lines 291, 2.

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we must reproduce in full. The editor does not admit the authorship, but we might be tempted to ascribe it to him. At any rate this is the way he presents it to his public :

Our readers may look themselves for the different articles in this number, and save us the trouble of enumerating them. We have an ode to the Saint of this day which will only just have room.

ODE ON ST LAWRENCE.

What magic steals thy hardened breast
And cheers thy brightening face ?
To find on beds of fire thy rest
To smile in death's embrace ?
'Tis love, the false enchantment love
Her spells around thee throws,
Deludes with sights of joys above
And seats of blest repose.

But hark, I hear a heavenly sound
In yonder spangled skies,
And lo ! with radiant beauty crowned
I see the martyr rise.
" Now with these pure delights," he cries,
" Compare my pains below.
" O Earth how vain are all thy toys !
" How transient all thy woe !"

Angels that triumph in his train,
Benignant spirits say ;
When shall I join him ? tell me when ;
Why, why this long delay ?
Can sufferings bring me to my home,
Can tortures, fires and pain ?
Pain, fires and death and tortures come ;
You're all, you're all my gain.

Like the editor of *Tō Nō* we are now beginning to find ourself short for space, and must deny ourself many an interesting quotation, even such a promising morsel as the " Ode on the return of a pair of bathing-drawers " which appears in number eleven. The twelfth number gives us a prospectus of the system of Prof. Von Feinaigle taken from a Dublin paper, and certainly it is lavish in its promises. In number thirteen (November 15th, 1813) there is another long letter from the Hon. Robert Clifford, giving his views on education. Towards

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the end he says : " I sent Condillac's *Langue de Calcul* to Mr Slater, thinking it would find its way to Ampleforth." It may be interesting to note that just before reading this we had found the very book in the course of an exploration into a little used portion of the library.

From the editorial of this number, which is exceptionally long and vivacious, we select the following passage, interesting as throwing some light on Mr Pan's publishing methods, and with this we must close our review of the paper :

Nov. 15th, 1813. After a dormition of some whole weeks Pan at last awoke, and having shaken his locks as usual, the first, as the most natural feeling was that of excessive hunger and the first exertion an attempt to satisfy it. He accordingly repaired to the place where his provisions had usually been laid for him, and naturally expecting that he should find a good store accumulated after so long a period, was surprisingly disappointed to find only the following morsel :

The silver moon had hardly ceased to shine,
Scarce had the golden sun pursued her line ;
When two fierce warriors on two couriers flew,
And at each other cast a frightful view.
On their left hand a heavy shield they bore,
Whilst on their right a shining sword they wore.

Mr Pan had swallowed the above morsel before he examined the signature, which was *Satiare* or *Satisa te*. Pan read it in the latter way and exclaimed with a good deal of emotion, " What, am I to satiate myself with this ? Is this insipid bit of stuff to fill a belly which has been empty this six weeks ? " I perceived a storm was fast rising and to prevent its falling upon myself promised I would endeavour to dress him up a little more of the same dish as quick as I could, which I accordingly did and submit an exact picture of it to my readers as follows. . . .

After fifty or so lines of clever mock heroics, Pan said he was quite satiated with poetry and added, that, though his hunger was pretty well allayed, he would still like to finish his repast with a little prose. Not daring to presume that our readers have even this modest appetite left, we must here conclude.

P.J.McC.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE School officials for the term have been as follows :

Head Monitor	C. B. J. Collison
Captain of the Games	M. L. Ainscough
Monitors	M. L. Ainscough, C. W. Leese, H. M. J. Gerrard, H. Martin, R. Lynch, B. Martin
Librarians of the Upper Library	D. T. Long, T. Kelly
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	C. Power, D. Collison
Librarians of the Lower Middle Library	L. Knowles, P. Blackledge
Librarian of the Lower Library	C. J. Porri
Journal Committee	H. M. J. Gerrard, G. Simpson
Cricket Committee	C. B. J. Collison, H. M. J. Gerrard, C. W. Leese
Secretary of the Tennis Club	C. W. Leese
Captains of the Cricket Sets—	
1st Set—	C. B. J. Collison, M. L. Ainscough.
2nd Set—	J. P. Douglas, V. J. Bradley.
3rd Set—	D. M. Rochford, A. Pollock.
4th Set—	C. H. Robinson, J. R. Crawford.
5th Set—	L. D. Chamberlain, O. T. Penney.
6th Set—	W. J. Roach, G. E. Dixon Reichardt.

* * *

E. BLACKLEDGE, R. J. POWER, W. ROCHFORD and H. McMahan left the School at the end of last term. E. Blackledge has gone to Sandhurst, R. J. Power passed into the Military College at Quetta, and we understand that both the others intend joining units, although Rochford has been compelled to undergo a serious operation since he left. We are glad to hear that he is happily recovering.

* * *

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

P. E. Gibbons, C. M. Mills, D. C. Maxwell, A. C. Maxwell.

School Notes

THE cricket season this year has been shorn of its splendour and of most of its matches. But despite the fact that the Sixth Form is reduced in numbers owing to the War, the School had as strong a side as we can remember and is especially rich in batsmen. Most of them are young and normally should be available for two or three years. The batting of the Second Eleven was also very good, and there would have been no difficulty in getting together a third eleven of quite straight and promising bats. Most of this is due to B. B. Wilson's ideal coaching, and the play on the "on" side was entirely his creation. Before the discovery of Le Févre, who met with marked success in the later matches, the bowling was rather weak and lacking in variety. The First Eleven played five matches, lost one and won the remaining four. The fielding was uncertain during the first half of the season, but later improved, and in the last two matches was little short of brilliant. Collison who had persistent bad luck throughout the season proved himself a good captain, and deserves much credit for the success of the side. Rochford's wicket-keeping was of a high order. The following were given their "colours" during the year : R. Liston, H. M. J. Gerrard, S. Rochford and D. Collison. Appended are the First Eleven batting and bowling averages :

BATTING AVERAGES.

Name of Batsman	No. of innings	Total score	Highest score	No. of times not out	Average
R. Liston	.. 5	.. 249	.. 118*	.. 1	.. 62.25
Viscount Encombe	.. 6	.. 157	.. 99	.. 1	.. 31.4
G. Harte-Barry	.. 4	.. 60	.. 34*	.. 2	.. 39.00
C. Collison	.. 6	.. 129	.. 48	.. 1	.. 25.8
E. Le Févre	.. 3	.. 36	.. 21*	.. 1	.. 18.0
D. Collison	.. 4	.. 53	.. 37*	.. 1	.. 17.6
M. Ainscough	.. 4	.. 49	.. 18	.. 1	.. 16.3
S. Rochford	.. 2	.. 16	.. 16	.. 1	.. 16.0
C. Knowles	.. 3	.. 43	.. 28	.. 0	.. 14.33
H. M. J. Gerrard	.. 5	.. 62	.. 36	.. 0	.. 12.4
R. G. Emery	.. 4	.. 29	.. 13	.. 0	.. 7.25

* Signifies "not out."

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BOWLING AVERAGES.

Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
M. Ainscough ..	8	1	31	3	10.33
H. M. J. Gerrard ..	62	7	223	21	10.62
E. Le Fèvre ..	43	5	185	15	12.33
C. B. J. Collison ..	5	2	38	3	12.66
D. Collison ..	46.4	11	186	6	31.0

* * *

THE NEW Preparatory School has made good progress lately. There has been some delay owing to difficulties of obtaining certain materials, but no doubt exists as to the prospect of opening it next Easter.

* * *

A MILD outbreak of the mumps among the small boys did something to damp the spirits of ardent cricketers, for it deprived us of a match against St Peter's, York. But from all accounts the victims themselves seem rather to have enjoyed their enforced segregation, the germ being of so feeble a nature that they were kept indoors for only a few days.

* * *

ABOUT the entertainment given in aid of the local Red Cross Hospital, at Hovingham Hall, and the Public Schools Base Hospital, at Boulogne, let us unblushingly assert it was financially and artistically a success. The money taken by sale of tickets and programmes was £44 17s. 10d. The expenses, towards which Father Abbot contributed a guinea, were £2 2s. 10d. The net profit was therefore £43 16s. 0d. Every seat in the theatre was sold, and many more tickets than it was possible to issue were in demand. In all about six hundred people were present, and yet the capacity of the theatre was not overtaxed. The road at the back of the College was for a short time a veritable Piccadilly, and every conceivable vehicle in use from the mid-Victorian era to our own seemed to find a place on the Square. The presence of a number of wounded soldiers, including many Canadians,

School Notes

gave a touch of pathos and a meaning to the entertainment. We hope they carried away with them the very real sense of gratitude and admiration the cheers they evoked bespoke.

* * *

SOME craven spirit or rustic "wag" without a ticket set a story rolling that the Great Headquarters had knowledge of destroying so many of the enemy at one fell swoop was about to be taken. The possibility or rather the probability of the success of this Zeppelin raid, so exactly and thoughtfully announced, was seriously discussed at village portals for several days by rustic cronies with anxious visages and arms akimbo. It speaks well for the sense of self-preservation—highly developed it is said in these parts—that many stayed away, selling their tickets with unwonted generosity, but without difficulty, for half their original price. Even some who came believed and declared themselves heroines. Certainly if the word "Zeppelin" had been whispered during the performance a stampede would have ensued. If these are the mothers of our splendid heroes, who does not understand why men have votes and women are left without them?

* * *

GOREMIRE DAY this year was unusually successful. The weather was perfect and all the Goremire ritual—now sacrosanct by many years of usage—was carried through in every detail. One casualty, we are happy to say only "slightly wounded," was reported. It would hardly be Goremire Day without some adventurous spirit essaying too much, and paying for it with a scar or two. We need hardly rehearse other details of the Day. The initial litany, the moor-road walk to Hambleton Hotel, redolent of "shandy-gaff and buns," visits to the caves and the lake, followed by luncheon off the old tin plates on the green slopes, post-prandial walks to "Robin Hood's Look-out" or the "White Horse," and the final plunge into the bath of the footsore and the weary, they

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are all written on "the tablets of the mind" of every Ampleforth boy. Happily no reforming spirit has touched one tittle of them all.



It will be seen from this JOURNAL that a new club, "The Science Club," has sprung into existence during this term. We wish it well. Certainly it seems to have had a vigorous young life. We do not know whether it claims to have incorporated the older societies, but the Journal Committee certainly laments the loss of those excellent reports of the Natural History Society, of the Photographic Club, and above all of the Poetry Club, which have so often adorned the pages of the Summer Number. We trust that this latter club at least has not been snuffed out of existence. Doubtless some think that there is little time for poetic fancy in these strenuous days. But not only are shells a poor substitute for Shelley, but poetry is also the mother of practical inspiration. We surely have not forgotten that Grey's Elegy was on the lips of Wolfe as he sailed down the St Lawrence to scale the Heights of Abraham. Why open the pages of past history when the most thrilling deed of arms in this gigantic struggle, of which we are unhappy witnesses, has been accomplished by a poet-general, Sir Ian Hamilton?



AN incident of a thunderstorm on Thursday, July 1st, may perhaps be allowed to find a record in these pages. One crash preceded by extraordinarily vivid lightning was followed by a few moments of intense suspense and a feeling that some part of the buildings had been hit. The drawing-class held in the gallery of the theatre nearly broke into panic. Doubtless the crash did violence to the artistic temperament, for even when order was restored quivering hands guided the crayons, and brushes daubed in truly post-impressionist manner. When they had survived to record so tremendous an event it was inartistic only to be able to say that at a trunk of a tree, some fifty yards from them, lay the graceless form of an inanimate cow, which subsequently became the centre of an

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excited crowd. What instinct was it that prompted the prodding, with cricket bats and other implements, of this inelegant victim of Zeus? Was it merely curiosity or a feeling of superiority?



ON June 12th, Fr Cowley Clarke, one of the survivors from the *Lustiana*, gave us in an informal lecture in the theatre a graphic and moving account of that terrible disaster. He spoke with enthusiasm of the conduct of his brother priest, Fr Maturin, and gave interesting details of his last days. We were very grateful to Fr Cowley Clarke for a lecture which brought home to everybody the shocking realities of this dastardly crime. Fr Cowley Clarke was one of the last to leave the great ship. When he squeezed himself into his boat there was no one left in that part of the ship in which he found himself. The reverend father had the deep sympathy of an audience that could not help understanding the depth of feeling the narration of these events aroused in the speaker's heart.



No Exhibition was held this year by reason of the war, and the distribution of prizes has therefore been postponed until the end of term, so also—we have concluded—the play-day usually given for the Exhibition!



DOM BENEDICT HAYES has retired from the position of conductor of the choir. During the period in which he has wielded—or ought we to say waved—the baton he has done sterling service to the choir. Dom Bernard McElligott, who has succeeded him, has already acquired the conductor's manner which insists so vigorously and protests so much that it commands the obedience even of wayward youth. Of all the efforts of the choir during the term there were two which pleased us much. One was their rendering of Ebner's Mass, "De Spiritu Sancto," and the other was on the occasion of the Red Cross Entertainment, when their singing was really good and surpassing anything we have heard from them for

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some time. Let us hope that they will maintain not only this high standard, but aim at even higher perfection in an ever varying repertory. If we may indulge in some little criticism it would be to say that the men's voices have not been so markedly good as in former terms.



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 Iltyd 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.	
J. Eddy, Esq. (<i>Music</i>)	
J. Knowles, Esq. (<i>Drawing</i>)	
J. F. Porter, M.D., M.R.C.S. (<i>Medical Officer</i>)	
B. B. Wilson (Yorkshire 1st XI), <i>Cricketer Professional</i>	
R. Blades (late Yorkshire 2nd XI), <i>Cricketer Professional</i>	
Company Sergeant-Major Andrews (late of the Aldershot Gymnastic Staff)	
W. S. Hardcastle (late Bandmaster West Yorks)	
Nurse Costello (<i>Matron</i>)	
Miss Till (<i>Assistant Matron</i>)	

AMPLEFORTH AND THE WAR

Roll of Honour

KILLED

- TEELING, AMBROSE M. A. T. DE L., *Lieutenant*,² Norfolk Regiment.
 BARNETT, REGINALD, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.
 NEVILL, JOHN HENRY GAYTHORNE, 2nd *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards
 HEFFERNAN, WILLIAM PATRICK, 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Irish Regiment, attached to the Gloucestershire Regiment.
 HINES, CHARLES W., *Major*, Durham Light Infantry.
 SHARP, W. S., *Dispatch Rider*.

WOUNDED

- BOOCOCK, W. N., *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 STOURTON, E. P. J., *Captain* The Honble, K.O.Y.L.I.
 CREAN, G. J., *Lieutenant*, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
 WALSH, M. P., *Captain*, A.V.C.
 GREAVES, T. E., *Hussars*
 TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G., *Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.
 SMITH, J. K., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 MACKAY, C., *Lieutenant*, Leinster Regiment.
 LINDSAY, G. W., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 MCCABE, H. R., *Lieutenant*, The Black Watch.
 AINSCOUGH, C., *Lieutenant*, The Manchester Regiment.
 FORSYTH, J., Scots Guards.
 DENT-YOUNG, W., Australian Contingent.
 CRAWLEY, C. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.
 DAWES, W. S., Rev., *Chaplain to the Forces*.
 ROCIFORD, C. E., *Captain*, The London Regiment.
 MISSING AND REPORTED PRISONER.
 TEELING, T. F. P. B. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, K.O.S.B.

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WILLIAM PATRICK HEFFERNAN, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Irish Regiment.

W. P. Heffernan was killed on May 9th, in the same action as K. R. Denny who, though not an Ampleforth boy, had become so well known to us all. The Munster Fusiliers had charged, but were compelled to retire before a concentrated fire from the enemy's maxims. The 1st Gloucestershire Regiment, to which Heffernan was attached, renewed the charge but met with no better success. It was in this charge, at the head of his men, that Heffernan fell. He was one of eight hundred officers and men who had received Holy Communion a few days before. A private in the Gloucesters refers to him in the following extract: "The priest belonging to the Munster Fusiliers gave us Communion on Saturday night before the brigade went into action. We lost two Irish officers, and the last thing they did was to kiss the Crucifix. They died peacefully. One of them was such a nice chap and a good 'sport.' He put on the boxing gloves with me and the other chaps only a few days ago!"

Father Gleeson, Chaplain to 3rd Brigade, writes: "He was a devoted, loyal and practical Catholic, and availed himself of every chance he got to receive the Sacraments."

Heffernan came to Ampleforth in May, 1900, and left in July, 1903. He then went up to Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself both at his work and at athletics. Not only did he carry off two mathematical exhibitions, but he was the winner of the Viceroy's prize for the quarter-mile, which he ran in fifty-one seconds, and at his favourite sport "boxing" he won the heavy weight amateur championship of Ireland. Latterly, he was a well known figure in the Tipperary Hunt and at point-to-point races in Ireland. He joined the army in August at the outbreak of war, and was gazetted to the 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment. He was only 29 when he was killed.

His old school-fellows will recall a boy with a keen



Photo by Deane Ltd.

2nd LIEUT. WILLIAM PATRICK HEFFERNAN, Royal Irish Regiment.

Ampleforth and the War

sense of humour and much native wit which, coupled with a kindly disposition, gained for him a large measure of popularity. Of considerable ability as he afterwards proved, it was the lighter side of school life with all its sport and its occasional "rag" for which he had a special relish. May he rest in peace.

To Dr. and Mrs. Heffernan all at Ampleforth offer their sincerest sympathy on their sad loss.

CHARLES W. HINES, *Major*, Durham Light Infantry.

Major Charles Hines was killed on Whit-Monday, May 24th. He had been previously wounded, but returned from the dressing station to his post in the firing line. His death is thus described by his Colonel in words which require no embellishment from us :

"You may have heard by this that poor Hines was killed and buried. One of my men helped. . . . I have lost an awful lot of men and officers, but can only speak of Major Hines. . . . He always loved soldiering, and died one of the bravest men who have lost their lives here. He would not retire. He could have left his post, but his duty was to stay, and the last anyone saw of him he was firing away at the enemy. His loss is very hard for the regiment. Since he came out here Hines had proved himself to be one of the finest officers it is possible to have."

In a letter, dated May 15th, Colonel Vaux spoke of his work on a previous occasion. "The officers are well and working splendidly. Five hundred men under Major Hines went out to dig last night, right up to within fifty yards of the enemy, and got away without drawing fire. That says something for training and luck."

Charles Hines came to Ampleforth in 1886 at the age of twelve, and left in 1892. Eldest of several brothers who have been in the school, he was a boy of very decided character and of pronounced views. He was a fine footballer and an enthusiastic cricketer. After he left, by the death of his father he early became head of the firm of solicitors, Messrs. Hines & Sons, with which his family had been associated for many generations. To him also, while still very young, was

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entrusted the care of his father's large family. In the old days of the Volunteers he was an enthusiastic volunteer, and of late years no one who talked to him for long could fail to discover his great interest in the territorial movement and in soldiering in general. His visits to Ampleforth were frequent and regular. For twenty years he is said once only to have missed the Easter Retreat. He was also an unfailing visitor at the Exhibition, and for several years had brought a cricket team against the School. By his death we have lost a loyal friend, and an Old Boy of whom we were justly proud.

To his mother, Mrs. Hines and her family, we offer our deepest sympathy.

The following is the last letter he wrote to Father Abbot from the front:

21 May, 1915

Dear Fr Abbot,

I am just dropping you a line to let you know I am still alive and well and to enclose you for the Museum a small memento of the ruin of Ypres Cathedral. It is absolutely demolished and the sights one saw there I never hope to see repeated—Words absolutely fail to describe what one felt—you could simply stand and stare aghast—The hideous wantonness of it all is astounding—Pillage, plunder and ruin, on all sides.

You will see from the papers that we have been having a tough time lately. If things continue at their present pace somebody must collapse before long and I don't think it will be our side.

Our life here is a curious one—at times starving, at others in abundance—at all times dirty and grubby and yet always in good spirits.

Dangers to life and limb are always with us, but so far I have had only narrow escapes and I must say on the whole I enjoy the life—When it is raining, cold and muddy, one does get somewhat low spirited, but when the sun appears again we forget all the discomforts.

It is strange in an absolutely deserted country amid the crash and shriek of shot and shell to hear the birds singing away as if nothing were the matter—The nightingale I have heard more than once.

Ampleforth and the War

It all makes one think.

You will have received my post card of some weeks ago. I happened to meet in a town where we were resting for a day or two a cleric who from his garb was obviously O.S.B. His habit I thought warranted my accosting him and I found he knew you—So small is the world. He was the Abbot De Saegher recently of Louvain and now alas! a wanderer.

My brothers Arthur (R.A.M.C.) and Austin (Artists) are somewhere out here, too.

The roll of Amplefordians in the service must now be a long one.

We seem to be poorly supplied with Chaplains, I have only seen one since we came out.

Please remember me to all and ask them to pray for our cause and safe return.

With kind regards to yourself, believe me still

Yours sincerely,

CHAS. W. HINES.



By the kindness of correspondents we have been enabled to make some corrections and additions to the following list of Old Boys known to be serving in His Majesty's forces. Rumours of others have reached us, but they are not based on sufficient evidence to justify inclusion. Although some of these names on a *priori* grounds might without hesitation be included, we have refrained from adding them. Need we repeat that we shall be glad to hear of any whose names are not in this list.

ADAMSON, R., *Captain*, 10th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

AINSCOUGH, C. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Manchester Regiment.

ALLANSON, F., H.A.C.

ALLANSON, H. P., *Artists' Rifle Corps*.

AUSTIN, SIR W. M. B., *Bt.*, and *Lieutenant*, Yorkshire Dragoons (Yeomanry).

BARNETT, G. S., *Surgeon Probationer*, H.M.S. "Seal"

BARNETT, REV. H. A., *Chaplain*, 85th Brigade 28th Division.

BARNETT, R. (*killed*), 1st (Royal) Dragoons.

BARNETT, W. R. S., *Sharpshooters* (City of London Yeomanry)

BARNEWELL, The Honble. R. N. F. M., and *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment.

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- BARTON, O., *2nd Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Alexandra Princess of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
 BEECH, G., Manchester Regiment.
 BEGG, J., *Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.
 BLACKLEDGE, R. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, 13th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 BODENHAM, J.
 BLACKMORE, A., *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C.
 BOOOCK, B., Canadian Expeditionary Force.
 BOOOCK, W. N. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 BRADLEY, B. R. D., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.
 BUCKLEY, J., Artists' Rifle Corps.
 BULLOCK-WEBSTER, L., *Lieutenant*, Prince Rupert Horse.
 BURGE, B. E. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).
 BYRNE, A. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 1st Lovat's Scouts.
 CADIC, B. F., *Lieutenant*, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 CALDER-SMITH, R. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).
 CAWKELL, E., H.A.C.
 CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., *Lieutenant*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 CHAMBERLAIN, N. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 CHAMBERLAIN, W. G., *2nd Battalion* City of London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).
 CHENEY, H. J., *Captain*, 5th Battalion The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).
 CLAPHAM, A. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, 4th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.
 COLLISON, B. R., *Lieutenant*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 COLLISON, O., 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 CONNOR, E. A., *Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.
 CORRY, E. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 13th Battalion Prince of Wales Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
 CRAVOS, C., H.A.C.
 CRAWLEY, C. P., (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment.
 CREAN, G. J. (*wounded*), 2nd Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (attached to 4th Battalion).
 CROSKILL, A. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment.
 DAWES, E. P., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C., attached to Warwickshire Yeomanry.

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- DAWES, REV. W. S., (*wounded*) *Chaplain* to the 8th (Irish) Battalion, The King's (Liverpool Regiment.)
 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*, 7th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.
 DOHERTY, F., Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
 DUNBAR, T. O'C., *2nd Lieutenant*, Army Service Corps.
 DUNN, REV. E., *Chaplain to the Forces* at Le Havre.
 EMERY, H. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 11th Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.
 FARMER, C., Army Ordnance Corps.
 FARRELL, G. E. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment.
 FARRELL, G. W., Canadian Contingent.
 FEENEY, F. J. E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 FINCH, R., *Captain*, A.V.C.
 FORSHAW, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 FORSTER, W., R.A.M.C.
 FORSYTH, J. (*wounded*), 2nd Battalion Scots Guards.
 GATELEY, A. J., *Lieutenant*, 16th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 GOSS, F. H., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 GREAVES, T. E. (*wounded*), Hussars.
 HALL, G. F. M., *Lieutenant*, 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment.
 HARDMAN, B. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 13th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 HARDMAN, E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 HARRISON, R., *2nd Lieutenant*, 11th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.
 HAWKSWELL, W., 6th Battalion Prince of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
 HAYNES, R., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 HEFFERNAN, W. P. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment (attached 1st Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment).
 HEYES, F. J., Royal Engineers
 HEYES, T. F., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.
 HICKEY, H., 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 HINES, ARTHUR, *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 HINES, AUSTIN, Artists' Rifles.
 HINES, C. W., (*killed*), *Major*, 7th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
 HONAN, M. B., *Captain*, 10th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.
 HUDDLESTON, R. M. C., *Captain*, R.F.A.

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- HUNTINGTON, R. H., *Captain*, 8th Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry.
- HUNTINGTON, T., *2nd Lieutenant*, 10th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.
- JOHNSTONE, B., *Captain*, 1st Battalion Queen's Own (West Kent Regiment), (Adjutant of 7th Battalion 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. B. J., *Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
- LANCASTER, S. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
- LEE, J. E., Highland Light Infantry.
- LINDRAY, G. W. (*wounded*), 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- LISTON, W. P., St L. *2nd Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion 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., 5th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.
- MCCABE, H. R. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Black Watch.
- MCCANN, J., *Dispatch Rider*.
- MACDERMOTT, G., *2nd Lieutenant*, 4th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
- MCDONALD, D. P., *2nd Lieutenant*, 1st Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders (attached to Transvaal Scottish).
- MCEVOY, P., King Edward's Horse.
- MACLAV, C. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment (from 5th Battalion).
- McKENNA, J. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- McKILLOP, J., Highland Light Infantry.
- MACHERSON, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion Gordon Highlanders.
- MANLEY, M.
- MARTIN, C., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- MARTIN, E. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- MARTIN, H. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, 13th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
- MARTIN, M., *2nd Lieutenant*, 16th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- MARTIN, O., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.

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- MARTIN, W., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- MARTIN, W. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- MARWOOD, B., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
- MARWOOD, C., *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
- MILES, L., Naval Transport Officer.
- MILLARS, P., Australian Contingent.
- MORICE, G. F., Royal Engineers.
- MORICE, R., Welsh Guards.
- MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- MURPHY, P. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Hampshire Regiment.
- NAREY, P., Prince of Wales Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
- NAREY, V. G., Motor Transport.
- NEAL, A., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- NEVILL, G. W. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, South African Forces.
- NEVILL, J. H. G. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards.
- NEVILLE, M. M., *Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion Worcestershire Regiment.
- O'DOWD, H., *Fleet Paymaster*, H.M.S. "Devonshire."
- PARLE, J., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- PIKE, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 7th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- PIKE, S., 1st Assam Light Horse.
- POLDING, J. B., *Captain*, 4th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment.
- POWER, A., Motor Transport.
- POWER, D., *Surgeon Probationer*, H.M.S. "St. George."
- PRESTON, E.
- PRIMAVESI, C., 11th Battalion South Wales Borderers.
- OBBEROFFER, G., 18th Battalion (Public Schools) Royal Fusiliers.
- QUINN, J., R.A.M.C.
- READMAN, J., East Yorkshire Regiment.
- REARDON, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
- RIGBY, L., *2nd Lieutenant*, 14th Battalion Manchester Regiment.
- RILEY, J., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- ROBERTSON, E. A., Royal Engineers.
- ROBERTSON, J., *Surgeon Probationer*, R.N.
- ROCHFORD, C., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion London Regiment.
- ROCHFORD, C. E. (*wounded*), *Captain*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment.
- ROCHFORD, H., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.
- ROCHFORD, W., R.A.M.C.
- RUDDIN, L. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion The Cheshire Regiment.
- SHARP, W. S. (*killed*), *Dispatch Rider*.

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- SIMPSON, C. R., 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Hussars.
 SINNOTT, R., Yorkshire Regiment.
 SMITH, J. K. (wounded), Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
 SMITH, N., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 SMITH, P., South African Forces.
 STOUTON, Honble. E. P. J., (wounded), Captain, Staff Officer,
 K.O.Y.L.I.
 SWARBRECK, C., South African Forces.
 TEELING, A. M. A. T. DE L. (killed), Lieutenant, Norfolk Regiment.
 TEELING, L. J., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 TEELING, T. F. P. B. J. (Prisoner) 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Battalion
 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., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 WALKER, V., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 WALSH, M. P. (wounded), Captain, A.V.C.
 WEIGHILL, E. H., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Alexandra Princess of
 Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
 WESTHEAD, J., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion King's Own (Royal
 Lancaster Regiment).
 WILLIAMS, L., 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Battalion South Wales Borderers.
 WILLIAMS, O. N., Captain, 1st Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment.
 WOOD, B. (died of blackwater fever), British South Africans.
 WORSLEY-WORSWICK, R., Dispatch Rider.
 WRIGHT, A. F. M., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.
 WRIGHT, H. D. M., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.
 WRIGHT, M. F. M., 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.
 YORKE, F. St. G., 2nd Lieutenant, 18th Battalion Highland Light
 Infantry.
 YOUNG, A. DENT, Somersetshire Light Infantry.
 YOUNG, W. DENT (wounded), Australian Contingent.
- Quetta.*
 POWER, R. J.
Sandhurst.
 BLACKLEDGE, E.
Osborne.
 BIGGOOD, J. W.

Note.—PIERRE VUYLSTEKE is serving in the Belgian Army, and
 JOHN D. TELFENER in the Italian Army.



Ampleforth and the War

A FEW lines about the two Old Boys killed since our last number will be found above. We are thankful that we have not to record more than two fatal casualties, but the number of wounded has grown enormously. Lieutenant C. Mackay, who was in the 1st Battalion of the Leinsters, was wounded some time ago, but apparently we missed his name in the casualty lists. The wound was in his heel, and we are told was so severe that as yet it is far from better.

* * *

GERALD LINDSAY was wounded in the foot in the early part of May. When we last heard of him he was rapidly recovering in hospital at Chichester.

* * *

WILLIAM DENT-YOUNG, who is in the Australian Contingent, and has the reputation of an exceptionally fine shot even in that crack body of marksmen, was wounded in the arm in the landing on the Gallipoli peninsula and is in hospital at Alexandria. W. S. Sharp is also in Alexandria. He was wounded in the Dardanelles on the head by shrapnel on June 5th, and we are sorry to say that his wound is not a light one.

* * *

LIEUTENANT CYRIL AINSCOUGH shall tell the story of his three wounds in a few extracts we are permitted to make from his letters.

"It just went through my boot and made a bit of a bruise, but I could follow behind the battalion. It is quite right now. Luckily they did not return me as a casualty, though through some mistake they nearly did. It is a most extraordinary life. A few bullets fly over when the firing line is busy, otherwise nothing happens, and we have nothing to do but wait in the trenches. We have spent some time improving our present lot which were Turkish once. You cannot get outside for fear of snipers who get through our lines and do a considerable amount of damage. They must be plucky fellows, though it may be that they are made to do it under pain of death. (They are found painted completely green—rifle, face, &c., and sprays of trees over them.)

"A fearful catastrophe happened last night. We had hollowed

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out the side of our trench to sleep in, and a great piece fell out right on top of us. They had to dig us out. 'To-day we have cleared up and won't hollow out any more.'

From the base he continues: "Last night one of our sentries had a shot at me, as I was getting up to have a look at my own. It did not hurt a bit, but the medical officer thought I might get dirt or something in it up there, so he sent me down here for a day—a lucky thing it did not mean my having to go back to Malta. It is a glorious day, and I am seated on the top of a cliff overlooking the sea. It is splendid coming down through the fields—with all their flowers—poppies, daisies, lupines and 'something' like heather. I think I should like to live here after the War."

* * *

On May the 26th, he writes: "Got back from hospital on Monday last, and found every one and all the men looking very cheery and extraordinary well. We had a beastly time two days ago. Coming up here we found that they had had a very heavy rain for two hours, and the trench we were coming up had water in it—nearly always a foot deep, and often over our knees. It is very absurd, but no one minds a bit. Had I been at home I expect I should have had double pneumonia, but it does not affect any one here." On June 1st he writes: "The trench is just a bit narrow where I am at present, which is rather a nuisance. Otherwise my bed is all right although the place is full of ants which crawl all over you, but do not bite! I read some awful 'rot' in *The Times* the other day—that the Turks were using dum-dum bullets and firing on our Red Cross. It is absolutely untrue. There may possibly be isolated cases, but anyhow I think the Turks are far better sportsmen than the Germans."

* * *

The next letter is written from the steamship "Ascania," and is dated Saturday, June 5th: "Rotten luck, I have been hit again in the foot. It is not very bad, but just a bit sore, and I have to hop about. We are bound for Alexandria. I am afraid it will take longer than my other wound, but not too long I hope. I do not think it has damaged any bones badly."

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I hope you will hear about the Fifth Manchesters. I think we did our job all right. Anyhow we got our bayonets into them this time, and got a bit of our own back."

* * *

FATHER STEPHEN DAWES WAS wounded on the brow. The wound was not as serious as was at first thought, and he was only absent from his post for a short time. He has had some other narrow escapes. On one occasion his groom, ten yards from him, was killed by a shell. He writes: "I had a miraculous escape again. Two shells almost simultaneously fell on and burst in the shelter I was standing in. I was buried, but not hurt except that it left me a little deaf, but my poor groom, who happened to be standing ten yards away, was killed. I had just time to run and give him absolution. You will be glad to hear that Chamberlain did well in the fight."

* * *

The fight here referred to was one in which the 8th Liverpool Regiment lost four of their officers. Lieutenant Chamberlain and Lieutenant Collison were both in the thick of it, and we are glad to say were both unhurt.

* * *

CYRIL LOWTHER has been at the front nearly three months, but at present is in hospital "somewhere in France"—whether wounded or sick we have not heard. Lieutenant Joseph Pike has been invalided home, and we are glad to say has now practically recovered.

* * *

LIEUTENANT C. P. CRAWLEY has written from Bussa, Lower Mesopotamia: "A line to dear old Alma Mater from an Old Boy in the east." He was wounded on April 14th, but not seriously according to his own account. We hope by this time he has completely recovered.

* * *

LIEUTENANT DONALD P. McDONALD has been through the whole South-western Africa Campaign, and from the letters, that have regularly reached us, quite enjoyed "his trip."

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LIEUTENANT F. W. LONG's battery is attached to the Lahore Division. He has apparently been in several parts of the line, for he was in the second Battle of Ypres, and in the later La Bassée "thrust." He writes: "It is extraordinary what narrow 'squalls' one has. I was hit by a shell splinter on the sleeve the other day, and a shell burst in the room of our observing station while I was there, and 'knocked me out' for a few moments. Nevertheless the daisies still lack the nutriment of my bones."

* * *

OF Lieutenant McCabe we have only heard from Father Tigar, O.P., who attended him when he was brought to his field hospital. He was so seriously wounded that he was given the last Sacraments, but we are thankful to say that he is still alive, and we hope rapidly recovering.

* * *

JOHN FORSYTH was wounded on Sunday, May 16th. He was shot through the left thigh and the right foot, and lay with Captain Beaumont of the Scots Guards till Tuesday night. He was on his face all the time, and dared not raise his head. Some of our men came near him once on Monday, and promised to fetch him in. They could not however help him until the Tuesday. In the meantime he had perforce to lie motionless as he could hear a German behind him with a rifle. A terrible ordeal for any man, but for a man in pain and badly wounded it is a marvel that he survived.

* * *

LIEUTENANT L. WILLIAMS, last year's Head Monitor, has seen some trench fighting, but latterly has been placed in command of a convalescent camp at the Headquarters of the First Army. His brother Captain O. M. Williams, of the Monmouthshire Regiment, has had the most thrilling experiences. He was one of the two officers of his battalion who have not appeared in the casualty list. The Monmouthshire Regiment were in the thick of the great effort made by the Germans to take Ypres in April, and were very severely handled. When Captain

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Williams and a handful of men were relieved they received a measure of high praise for their gallantry in this desperate fight. Since this fight Captain Williams has been in hospital at Ronen, but as we write we are glad to say has recovered and is home on a short leave.

* * *

THE writer of this note has before him a long letter from him descriptive of trench warfare. Here are a few extracts: "It is a most extraordinary game—it half seems like a great game of a shooting nature at a fair until a man is suddenly hit, or the beastly smell and mud of the whole place forces itself upon you or gradually and inevitably oppresses one." "By Jove, I should not like to be shelled by our gunners, our artillery seems terribly accurate." "One gets familiar with the idea of death and destruction, and it is only occasionally one notices the desolation of the whole things. The little things of life are just as important—chiefly as to how one's food is cooked. We laugh a great deal in the interval. When we arrived near our billets this morning at 2 a.m., B— walked into the filthiest pond I ever saw, and the waters pretty well closed over his head. He was asleep, I think. His things will never be fit to wear again."

* * *

In a recent letter Lieutenant O. Barton writes: "Up to last week we were in a very warm corner north-east of Ypres—the nearest fighting Britishers to Berlin! We were exposed to practically four fires, and I spent nearly ten weeks there with only an odd day or two out. Things were worst getting out of the trenches, as we were exposed to three rifle fires. Since Friday we have been having a good rest, and I am glad to say I was able to serve our chaplain every morning and receive Holy Communion. Since we moved we came very near the 85th Field Ambulance. So I rode over and found Father Antony. He is looking very well, and it was great to be able to talk about old times at Ampleforth. Father Benedict sent me the JOURNAL for May. I see there are a great number of Ampleforth boys serving. You will be interested to know that J. Dobson took over the trenches we left at Ypres."

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FATHER ANTONY is well again and, as is evident from the letter of O. Barton, is once again out at the front. In his letters he deploras the further destruction of Ypres which has taken place since he was there in February. He writes that it is impossible to understand why the Germans continue to pump shells into what is now no more than a heap of ruins. The two illustrations of Ypres by Dom Maurus give some idea of the terrible loss to the world of this old town. But who shall measure the human suffering of the homeless!



LIEUTENANT G. CREAN, who was shot through the lung in the first great effort before Ypres, has now sufficiently recovered to rejoin his regiment. Captain Stourton, whose wound has resulted in the loss of two fingers, is now on the Staff. It will be remembered, that he was at the Staff College when the War broke out.



CAPTAIN C. E. ROCHFORD is in Lady Ridley's hospital, Carlton House Terrace. He was severely wounded in June. We are told that his arm was broken in three places. We are glad to be able to add that his wounds are now making satisfactory progress.



The following sad news reached us after we had gone to press:

W. S. SHARP, *Dispatch Rider*, has died of his wounds.

B. WOOD, South African Forces, has died on active service of black water fever.

FATHER STEPHEN DAWES is in hospital at Etampes, wounded in the forehead.



The following additional names of boys serving have also reached us too late for insertion in the above list: G. McCormack, C. Clarke, W. O'Connor, W. Wood.



The Ruins of Ypres

Ampleforth and the War

KENNETH ROSE DENNYS

KENNETH DENNYS was not an Ampleforth boy, but his connection with Ampleforth as a Postulant to the Order gives us an opportunity of paying a tribute to his memory in these pages.

Through the kind offices of Fr John Talbot, of the Oratory, he came to Ampleforth for the first time in August, 1913. He had had a serious breakdown, and during convalescence after an operation in a London hospital, had been received into the Church, and had come to Ampleforth to rest and recruit his strength. During October he came to the Hall at Oxford for a week's visit, and in November went to Buntingford as Mgr Benson's secretary. In February, 1914, he was back in London, and in June of that year he returned for good, as he thought, to Ampleforth. However, when the war broke out he obtained permission to serve in the Artist Rifles. Early in 1915 he obtained a Commission in the Royal Munster Fusiliers, and on May 9th was killed in action near Neuve Chapelle.

It is exceedingly difficult to analyze or to describe the singular charm of Kenneth Denny's character. He had in a marked degree the genius for friendship. He never treated his friends like a public meeting, but in his relations with each one there was an individual sympathy and understanding which will doubtless make their recollection of him something very personal and perhaps uncommensurable. He had been on the stage for a few years before coming to Ampleforth as a Postulant, and his reputation as a promising actor was steadily growing when he abandoned the profession. His particular line was character-studies of *genre*, and those who saw him act say that he had the real dramatic gift of wearing his part securely into the texture of the setting, and of focusing his attention and that of the audience not upon himself, but upon the scene as a whole. In the first production of M. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" in London he played a small part, and understudied Mr Norman McKinnel as "The Cat." It was then that his operation and his reception into the Church occurred. Later he played in "The Shepherdess without a

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Heart," and in Mr F. R. Benson's Shakespeare Festival at Stratford. He also took part in one or two public-spirited enterprises which had no great financial success, and in Sir Herbert Tree's gala performance of "Julius Caesar" at His Majesty's Theatre.

He had indeed a strong dramatic sense, and a vivid appreciation of beauty, particularly of colour and of light. An amusing story is told of him in this connection. He was lunching with some friends and ordered a salad. When the salad appeared it was found to consist mainly of beetroot. He regarded it for a few moments, then "Just my luck," he said, "I've been painting some pink lampshades, and I wanted a little green to go with them." Perhaps the characteristic that most of all compelled reverence for Kenneth Denny's was the intense reality of his Faith. He was naturally a person exceedingly sensitive to pain or want, but the unassuming gaiety with which he bore a period of very real suffering and privation endeared him still more to all who knew him. "God is enormously generous to me, and I don't worry at all," he wrote when things were at their worst, and it was characteristic of him to spend his last half-crown on a statue of the Immaculate Conception, and then when chidden for his extravagance to say, "Oh well, it goes so well with the rest of the mantelpiece." He disliked very much any parading of Religion; neither had he any mercy on 'aesthetic Catholicism.' When he had decided to join the army he met one person of this kind who roused his indignation very much because he would take no interest in the war, and who, as he wrote, "told me that only puce and verberna vestments and the Catholic church had any interest for him." His letters from the front showed how much he hated the whole business of war, and showed also an almost passionate love for the home of his adoption, and a longing to be allowed to carry out his vocation there. Needless to say he was a fine officer, and letters from all sides speak of the way in which his men and his brother officers loved him, and of his keenness in providing for the spiritual interests of those under his command.

For instance, he writes: "My men want rosaries, and they shall have them, if I have to write to every layman or prelate

Ampleforth and the War

at home. Let good people who knit enormous woollen garments in their spare time fling away their knitting, and send out penny prayer books, strong rosaries, and the like! The soldier's body is always in the thoughts of those at home; his soul seems forgotten."

"All my hopes and desires are centred in Ampleforth," he writes again from the trenches; and again, "I long for the peace of Ampleforth more than I can say or hope to say." And one of the last remarks of his (made to another officer), which we heard of, was "I don't know if I shall get through. But if I do, I mean to take the first possible train home to Ampleforth."

Kenneth Denny's had a quite individual and delightful sense of humour, and his exercise of this gift will be amongst our happiest recollections of him. There easily recurs, for instance, a remembrance of him standing in the common-room at Oxford, and with his whimsical smile declaiming absurd verses in the manner, and with the voice, of Sir Herbert Tree, whom he imitated quite perfectly. He possessed also a very individual view of everything, music, art, cabinet ministers and the rest. He had a keen eye to distinguish the first-rate from the second-rate, and his opinions were always humorous and sometimes incisive. His friends used to welcome any new event, chiefly in order to hear the "Kenneth comment" upon it. He was killed on May 9th, in an attack on the German position near Richebourg. He was leading his platoon, and was shot through the head when only twenty yards beyond the parapet of his trench. For him the sacrifice of his life was a real sacrifice. He had, from the beginning, no sense of the pomp and circumstance of war. One extract from a letter, dated May 7th, which the present writer received on the 12th, will show what that sacrifice meant to him: "Everything is horribly real and ordinary in war. Whatever you do, don't long to be out here. It would set your soul in prison. No novitiate in the world is so binding and cramping as the military life. But release must come sooner or later . . . perhaps very soon." There is the authentic "Kenneth comment." His release came two days after he wrote those words. May he rest in peace.

A RED CROSS ENTERTAINMENT

IT has been common of late years to mourn over the public that patronizes the variety entertainment and neglects the regular dramatic representation. But we had no such lament from the audience that heard the entertainment given in aid of the Red Cross Funds at Ampleforth. The absence of Exhibition meant among other losses the absence of a play. But ample compensation was given to the neighbourhood. The entertainment seems to have been appreciated, and we may venture to say the verdict was just. Brightness and variety were the predominant notes of the entertainment. Song, recitation and play were intermingled with a pleasing result.

The singing was good. Lancaster gave us a tasteful rendering of a delightful little song. Canon Buggins twice figured on the programme and earned hearty applause.

The Choir also surpassed all expectations. Of their three efforts "The Goslings" particularly deserves commendation. The selections of Nursery Rhymes were exquisitely sung, but to use a familiar phrase "missed fire." Although this impression was far from universal, there seemed somehow to be a greater display of energy than one usually associates with the "chants of infants." Encombe spoke James Payne's "Ode to France" distinctly and sympathetically. The First Form gave a united rendering of the "Jackdaw of Rheims," which pleased all. But why was the Cardinal in his scarlet surrounded by Monks and serving boys in mere Eton suits? The scene from "Alice in Wonderland" was well done. Wilberforce as the White King was very realistic, but somehow it was difficult to get the atmosphere in the short time allotted to the piece. Like the Nursery Rhymes, one felt time was needed to attune the mind to appreciate the subject. An evening devoted to either well repays the effort, but a quarter of an hour does little more than show possibilities. There were three "plays" on the programme. "Time is Money," a well-known comedy in one act, was distinctly amusing. The situation was effectively developed by good acting. Kelly was excellent, Unsworth played the faded yet charming widow with considerable

A Red Cross Entertainment

skill, Lancaster was the traditional stage servant-maid as presented in the Victorian farce. A type one rather desires to see no more.

A Falstaff scene from "Henry the Fourth" served as link with past performances on the Ampleforth stage, and gave the audience one of the best "turns" of the evening. Simpson as Falstaff was irresistible. It was an exceptionally fine piece of acting. Harte-Barry made a great first appearance. Welsh proved a pleasant and graceful Prince Hal. The others actors did well. Mention must be made of the page, Hague, who was ever on the move, very mischievous, and very natural. It was pleasant to watch him with no obligation of correction.

The original revue, entitled "Shave, Sir," was a distinct success. It is impossible to offer detailed criticism. The actors entered into the spirit of the sketch, and they made it 'go.' Allanson had the principal part. It is difficult to imagine a brighter or more amusing Kronprinz. But all those who took part in it understood that the best way to make people happy and jolly is to be so oneself. Appended is the programme.

PART I

1. "TIME IS MONEY."

A Comedy in one act, by Mrs. Bell & Arthur Cecil.)

Cast:	CHAS. GRAHAME	..	T. Kelly
	MRS. MURRAY	..	L. A. Unsworth
	SUSAN	..	L. B. Lancaster

2. PART SONG. "Here's a Health unto His Majesty" J. Saville.

3. RECITATION. "The Jackdaw of Rheims" (Ingoldsby Legends)

Cast:	E. Kelly:	C. E. G. Cary-Elwes:	R. T. Sykes:
	G. W. S. Bagshaw:	R. Wilberforce:	
	D. C. Maxwell.		

4. SONG. "To Daisies" .. Roger Quilter

J. W. B. FITZGERALD.

5. RECITATION .. "Ode to France" .. James Payne

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6. SELECTIONS from "Old Rhymes to New Tunes" *R. R. Terry*

1. Sing a song of sixpence.
2. Little Jack Horner.
3. Doctor Forster went to Gloucester.
4. Georgie Porgie.
5. Hush-a-bye, baby.
6. Cock-a-doodle-doo.

INTERVAL.

PART II.

1. SCENE from "Alice through the Looking-Glass." *Lewis Carroll* "The Lion and the Unicorn."

Cast:	ALICE	..	H. George.
	WHITE KING	..	W. B. Wilberforce.
	LION	..	G. H. Gilbert.
	UNICORN	..	R. S. Douglas.
	HAIGHA	..	G. P. Cronk.
	HATTA	..	E. Cary-Elwes.

2. PART SONG. "The Goslings" *Sir Fresh. Bridges*

3. SCENE from "Henry the Fourth." Act 2, Scene 4. *Shakespeare* (Falstaff describes how he attacked and robbed some travellers on the road by Gadshill. He rates Prince Hal for his misdemeanours, and is himself rated in return.)

Cast:	PRINCE HENRY	..	T. V. Welsh
	SIR JOHN FALSTAFF	..	G. J. Simpson
	POINS	..	H. A. Marsden
	BARDOLF	..	G. Harte-Barry
	PETO	..	J. W. Hawkswell
	GADSHILL	..	J. P. Douglas
	FRANCIS (PAGE)	..	W. V. D. Hague

4. SONG. "The Call to Arms in our Street." *F. M. Lotts* Music composed for the occasion by Rev. M. D. Willson, O.S.B. Sung by L. B. LANCASTER.

A Red Cross Entertainment

5. An Ampleforth Revue, entitled "SHAVE, SIR"

Cast:	JULIUS KAISER	..	A. J. McDonald
	THE KROSBRINZ BRUTUS	..	J. B. Allanson
	MARCUS ANTONIUS VON MOLTKE	G. Lintner	
	CASSIUS VON HINDENBURG	..	C. Power
	CASCA VON TIRPITZ	..	H. W. Greenwood
	SOOTHYSAYER	..	E. Le Fèvre
	REPORTER	..	Hon. C. Barnewall
	CENSOR	..	C. P. St. L. Liston

ATTENDANTS:—J. Morrough-Bernard; R. P. St. L. Liston;
B. J. D. Bradley; J. S. F. Morice; Hon M. Scott;
B. J. D. Gerrard; C. P. St. L. Liston.

SCENE:—A certain headquarters.

(With apologies to the Ampleforth Dramatic Society who played Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" in December, 1914.)

6. SONG, "Rule Britannia" (*Thomson*) Music by Dr. Arne, 1740 THE VERY REV. CANON BUGGINS, O.S.B.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE

Nous regrettons beaucoup que le compte-rendu de nos réunions n'ait pu figurer dans le numéro de Pâques, le Secrétaire ayant oublié de nous en remettre les minutes avant de partir en vacances.

Il n'est pas inutile de signaler, bien que tardivement, que la Société a donné une représentation de quelques scènes du *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, de Molière, et à tout lieu d'être fière du succès de son entreprise; l'accueil flatteur qu'ont reçu les artistes les encouragera à de nouveaux efforts.

La première réunion de ce trimestre eut lieu le Dimanche 2 Mai.

M. Knowles soutint que les méthodes modernes de guerre sont préférables aux méthodes anciennes, que les progrès de la science ont d'ailleurs rendues impossibles. Autrefois les deux armées se précipitaient l'une contre l'autre et la victoire restait à la plus forte et à la plus vaillante. Grâce à l'introduction des nouveaux engins de guerre, il n'y a plus de place pour l'initiative personnelle et la force physique. La guerre est devenue une affaire de tactique et de stratégie, et le succès dépend de l'habileté des généraux.

M. Welsh réfuta cette proposition. La guerre de nos jours est devenue une chose horrible. La stratégie la plus habile est restreinte et même déjouée par la brutalité de l'artillerie moderne; l'avantage reste au parti qui dispose des plus grosses pièces et du plus grand nombre de projectiles: la défaite c'est l'écrasement. L'intelligence, la valeur, la formation militaire de l'individu se trouvent noyées dans ces immenses actions collectives; c'est une tuerie à longue distance dans la quelle les soldats succombent sans même avoir vu l'ennemi.

M. Kelly regrette les beaux temps où la guerre était une affaire de force physique et de bravoure personnelle, dans la quelle les ennemis en venaient au corps à corps.

M. Lintner compare l'héroïsme ancien, souvent dicté par des motifs égoïstes, à l'héroïsme moderne animé d'un patriotisme désintéressé. Le côté poétique a disparu pour faire place à un idéalisme plus vrai et plus élevé.

Société Française

"In medio stat virtus" dit M. Vuylsteke. C'est au Moyen Age que la guerre était idéale; la guerre antique était de la pure sauvagerie; celle d'aujourd'hui est une boucherie. L'objet de la guerre, qui est la destruction de l'ennemi, était alors atteint plus par l'habile manquement des forces que par la brutalité des coups.

M. Bévenot remarque prosaïquement qu'il préfère la vieille méthode, plus amusante et moins dangereuse; de nos jours il est plus confortable et plus sûr de rester chez soi.

MM. Agnew, Pollack, Davey, Gerrard et Unsworth prirent part à la discussion.

A la quatrième réunion M. Lintner nous lut alors un essai très intéressant sur Maeterlinck et "la Vie des abeilles," dont nous ne pouvons donner que le résumé.

Un mor d'abord sur la philosophie décevante de l'auteur, qui malgré la magie du style, laisse l'esprit mal satisfait et parfois rebuté; il reste en marge de la vérité.

Maurice Maeterlinck appartient à une vieille famille flamande dont l'origine remonte au XIV siècle. Il naquit à Gand le 29 Août 1862, et passa sa jeunesse au milieu des riants paysages de la Belgique et de la Hollande. Ses études terminées, il vint à Paris pour faire son droit, et là il se lança dans la littérature, tout le monde sait avec quel succès; on n'a qu'à citer ce charmant chef d'œuvre *L'Oiseau bleu*, qui ravit Paris et Londres.

Maeterlinck revint aux champs qu'il aimait "parmi ses fleurs, ses fruits, ses abeilles, sa rivière et ses grands arbres."—"En ce lieu, dit-il, comme partout où on les pose, les ruches avaient donné aux fleurs, au silence, à la douceur de l'air, aux rayons du soleil, une signification nouvelle. On y touchait en quelque sorte au but en fête de l'été. On s'y reposait au carrefour étincelant où convergent et d'où rayonnent les routes aériennes que parcourent, de l'aube au crépuscule, affairés et sonores, tous les parfums de la campagne. On y venait entendre l'âme heureuse et visible, la voix intelligente et musicale, le foyer d'allégresse des belles heures du jardin. On y venait apprendre à l'école des abeilles, les préoccupations de la nature toute puissante, les rapports lumineux des trois règnes, l'organisation

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inépuisable de la vie, la morale du travail ardent et désintéressé, et, ce qui est aussi bon que la morale du travail, les héroïques ouvrières et enseignaient encore à goûter la saveur un peu confuse du loisir, en soulignant, pour ainsi dire, des traits de feu de leurs mille petites ailes, les délices presque insaisissables de ces journées qui tournent sur elles mêmes dans les champs de l'espace."

Le poète décrit avec amour les phases successives de la vie de l'abeille, depuis la formation et l'envolée de l'essaim jusqu'à l'organisation de la nouvelle ruche sous une reine unique.

M. Lintner donne lecture de plusieurs charmants passages de l'auteur. Puis il fait remarquer, pour conclure, que l'abeille est un être essentiellement social; en dehors de la société de la ruche, la vie lui est impossible; comme dans toute société, des lois sont nécessaires au bon ordre et à la prospérité commune; chacune a sa tâche définie; et l'harmonie qui régné dans ce petit peuple est une merveille, et une leçon pour nous.

SCIENCE CLUB

ON Sunday, May 9th, a preliminary meeting was held, at which Fr Hugh was elected President, Mr D. T. Long Chairman, and Mr T. Kelly Secretary. A list of rules was drawn up, members elected, and the President invited to "read himself in" at the first meeting of the Club.

There were fifteen members and four visitors present at the first meeting of the Club on May 23rd. In private business Messrs Lynch and Gerrard were elected to serve on the Committee. In public business Fr Hugh read a paper on "The Elastic Skin of Liquids." He first dealt with the physical theories which suggested the existence of such a skin, and demonstrations showing its presence and strength were shown as well as the use made of it by certain small animals. Then the relative strength of different liquid skins was discussed and exemplified, including a novel method of "appulsion" for small vessels. The weakening of the skin by contamination was shown, and applied to the calming of waves by oil. Finally the stability of liquid cylinders was analyzed, and the breaking up of a jet of water, with the remarkable effect of an electrified

Science Club

rod upon it, was demonstrated. If the jet is inverted, and allowed to play upon a stretched membrane, sound may be produced by any regular interruption of the jet. In this way the tick of a watch, the note of a tuning fork and the chimes of a repeater watch were made audible to all present.

In the discussion which followed Fr Philip Willson, Fr Dominic, Fr Prior, Br Raphael, Messrs Long and Kelly took part.

On June 6th, at the second meeting, Mr Long read a paper on "Wireless Telegraphy." After briefly reviewing the history of wireless telegraphy, the reader explained by the aid of diagrams and photographs on the screen the essential parts of both the transmitting and receiving apparatus. Several types of detectors were described and shown; and a demonstration made of the process of "tuning." Finally the possibility of wireless control of torpedoes and dirigibles was analyzed.

At the end of his paper Mr Long demonstrated the working of a small transmitter and receiver, and answered various questions raised during the discussion by different members.

The third meeting was held on June 20th. There were nineteen members and three visitors present. Fr Dominic read a paper on "Chemical Industries and the War." He began by pointing out how the War had made us realize the unsatisfactory position of our chemical industries, and how necessary it was to organize the scientific forces of the country. In illustration a number of slides were shown, giving statistics of the amazing growth of German chemical industries. There these have been fostered and developed by the Government; here in England the attitude has been one of mistrust. Various graphs and diagrams were shown of the respective growths of the English and German chemical trades, and the scheme for "British Dyes Ltd." analyzed and criticized. In conclusion the reader pointed to certain hopeful signs for the future, instancing the formation of an Advisory Council on Research.

A long discussion followed mainly on the production of high explosives, questions being asked and opinions expressed by nearly all the members present.

The last meeting of the term was held on July 4th. Two

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short papers with demonstrations were given. The first was by Mr Gibbons on "The Spheroidal State of Liquids." He began by showing how on the kinetic theory of gases a drop of water could be prevented from getting in contact with a hot metal plate, provided the temperature of the latter was above about 180° C. The drop then, instead of wetting the plate, gathers itself into a sphere, and remains resting upon a cushion of vapour. This was demonstrated with various liquids, and a drop of water was shown to remain with but slow evaporation in a red-hot crucible. By reversing the procedure a red-hot metal sphere was suspended in a beaker of boiling water for some time before it came into contact with the water.

Mr Martin read the second paper on "Thermite." He began by showing what thermite was, and what was its action. A demonstration of the intense heat produced by the oxydization of aluminium was carried out, and the use made of this in an incendiary bomb was shown. A large and clear diagram of the parts and construction of this latter was shown, and different photographs of them were passed round for inspection. In conclusion, Mr Martin described and demonstrated the use of thermite in welding two metals.

Each paper was followed by a lengthy discussion. At the end of the meeting the Chairman thanked the readers of the papers, and congratulated the Club upon the success it had so far achieved.

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

THE following joined the contingent at the beginning of term: L. Knowles, H. A. Wallace, H. M. Dillon, C. S. D. George, H. Barton, C. M. Mills, P. E. Gibbons, bringing our numbers up to 103.

The following promotions, rendered necessary by the boys who left at the end of term, were posted:

To be Platoon Sergeant: Sergeant Lease.

To be Sergeant: Corporal Lynch.

To be Corporals: Lance-Corporals H. Martin, Gerraçd, Knowles.

To be Lance-Corporals: Cadets Milburn, Long, Viscount Encombe.

R. Liston.

Officers Training Corps

The splendid weather which followed the Easter holidays afforded many good opportunities for field training, which were not allowed to pass. Some really serious and good work was accomplished in a spirit which received much commendation. A standard of proficiency in fire control, which could not have been reached without this excellent spirit, was acquired by the N.C.O.'s, many of whom were new to their work. So much time was devoted to extended order drill and manœuvres in the first part of the term that, when the annual inspection here in sight, it was necessary to devote a little time to the close order drill, into which some of the informality and mild initiative of extended order had crept.

We have not yet received the report of the annual inspection, which was held on July 9th by Colonel H. D. Robson commanding the West Yorkshire Regiment and Captain Pellew of the same regiment. Colonel Robson has a horror of "grooves," and he let us know it by the somewhat informal inspection he made. But when we say it was informal we mean only that it did not follow the beaten track of other inspections as we have known them. It lacked nothing in thoroughness. The Colonel seemed to know what he might take for granted and concentrated his attention upon very practical work. Partly no doubt owing to the rain the ceremonial drill was omitted, but we judged the inspecting officer was rather pleased than sorry to order its omission. We have every hope of a good report, though doubtless it will contain some very healthy and practical criticisms.

SHOOTING

The team which entered for the *Country Life* Trophy Competition was handicapped by the impossibility of much shooting practice in the winter months of this year, and unfortunately some good shots had left at the beginning of the Easter term. But, when all this has been said, we gained a fair position in the Competition, being just half way up the list. One of Sergeant Collison's targets was singled out for special commendation. This term we have done a great deal of shooting, and a very marked improvement is the result. The classification tests have rendered some good targets, more especially

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since we have discarded Government-supplied ammunition, and bought our own.

A FIELD DAY

The Field Day this term was held on Whit-Monday. At ten o'clock the contingent, with the band at its head to play it to the scene of action, left the College and marched through the village to the road leading to the moor. Immediately west of Ampleforth village a halt was called, and a short rest allowed. The manoeuvres began by Sergeant Leese taking Nos. 7 and 8 sections up the hill to form the rearguard of a White army defeated at Malton, and in rapid retreat towards Thirsk. The remainder of the company under Sergeant Collison became the advance guard of the victorious but phantom Brown army hastening in the direction of Hambleton to harass the rear of their rapidly retreating foe. At a signal from the O.C., who was acting as umpire, the Brown force started in pursuit. When the Brown point reached the crest of the hill and saw the Whites disappearing, the attacking force did not open fire, and thereby failed to force their enemy to deploy. This lamentable error, and the fact that too long an interval was allowed between the departure of the forces, enabled Sergeant Leese to safeguard the retreat of his main body without the exchange of a shot.

After a second manoeuvre, during which both forces gave examples of smart deployment and of some good flanking movements and counter movements, we had lunch, which formed a very necessary prelude to the subsequent pow-wow.

The contingent then moved off through Scawton in the direction of Helmsley to Stilton House which would seem to have been a very fitting place to end our lunch, but there was found a much desired tea prepared by maidenly hands from Ampleforth. As we marched through Helmsley the holiday makers seem to have been rather taken by storm. A mile beyond Helmsley the O.C. called for volunteers for a forced march home to be in time for a swim. Despite heat and dust three quarters of the contingent responded, and after a heroic effort reached their goal. The remainder, whose weary

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limbs were unequal to such exertion, arrived at the College about 7 p.m.

We append the report of the annual inspection received by us while we were in press :

"*Drill.*—The boys marched well and kept their distances and dressing, but they naturally showed the result of their instructors having been removed, but they acted quickly and freely in extended order and were quiet.

"*Manoeuvre.*—Not much manoeuvre owing to bad weather. Their fire control and discipline is quite good, and their aiming careful. I saw them on manoeuvre in the autumn and they worked very well then.

"*Discipline.*—Nice disciplined good lot of boys from what I saw of them, and well mannered.

"*Signalling.*—Confined to simple messages. General speed about ten words a minute.

"*Arms and Equipment.*—Well kept.

"*General Remarks.*—I was well satisfied with the general 'air' of the School. The Masters appeared to be in touch with the boys on parade, and all orders were obeyed with alacrity, showing keenness and good spirit. The games are well superintended, and the boys on parade looked healthy. I have no doubt that they have suffered heavily for want of instructors, especially the gymnastic instructor."

CRICKET

AMPLEFORTH v. RIPON SCHOOL

THIS match was played at Ampleforth on May 29th. It rained most of the afternoon, and only two hours' play was possible. Collison won the toss and opened the innings with Encombe. Runs came fairly rapidly from the start. Collison was unfortunately "run out" when he had made 32. Ainscough and Gerrard had afterwards a fruitful partnership, the latter especially hitting with considerable vigour to all parts of the field. At the end of an hour's play

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Collison "declared" the Ampleforth innings. Ripon had only fifty minutes in which to bat, and a finish seemed unlikely. But once Lee was got rid of, the visitors offered little resistance to Gerrard's slow bowling, and Ampleforth won with three minutes to spare.

AMPLEFORTH

C. B. Collison (Capt.) run out	32
Viscount Encombe, c Lee, b Wood	16
R. P. Liston, hit wkt, b Wells	2
M. J. Ainscough, not out	16
M. J. Gerrard, b Woods	36
J. F. Douglas, c Morton, b Woods	0
C. MacPherson, not out	2
D. Collison	
A. J. McDonald	Did not bat
G. Harte-Barry	
S. Rochford	

Extras 7

Total (5 wickets) 111

RIPON SCHOOL

Lee, run out	29
Richardson, b Gerrard	9
Ashby, b Gerrard	4
Woods, c Liston, b D. Collison	2
George, b Gerrard	1
Towaxi, b Gerrard	1
Wells, c MacPherson, b Gerrard	1
Hamilton, lbw, b Gerrard	2
Morton, b Gerrard	9
Bland, not out	5
Hutchinson, b D. Collison	4
Extras	8

Total 75

AMPLEFORTH V. DURHAM SCHOOL

An early start and a four hours' railway journey brought the Ampleforth XI to Durham on June 12th. It was a broiling day, and there was no pronounced feeling of optimism on the Ampleforth side when Collison lost the toss on a perfect batting wicket. However, the Durham innings did not open inauspiciously for Ampleforth, as the first three men only made 16 runs between them. At the luncheon interval Durham had brought their score to 60 for three wickets, of which R. C. Gunn had made 38. The afternoon's play resolved itself into a trial of strength between this player and the Ampleforth eleven, in which all the advantages lay with Gunn. He batted altogether for two and a half hours, and hit strongly all round the wicket. His was the last wicket to fall, with his own score at 170, and the Durham total at 277. Gunn's innings made the Ampleforth bowling look very easy, though on the other hand the attack met with a fair measure of success against the other ten. Ampleforth were prepared for an uphill fight, but not for the sensational opening of their innings, nor as things turned out for the excellent "googly" bowling of R. C. Gunn. C. B. Collison was out lb.w. to the first ball of the innings. Encombe was stumped in going forward to a

Cricket

good length ball whose break completely deceived him. Gerrard scored a couple of 4's and looked like staying; but he quickly followed D. Collison and Macpherson to the pavilion, where he was rejoined by Emery after an interval that was agonizingly short. After the rest and shade of a welcome tea interval, a short stand by Liston and McDonald was followed by a long one on the part of Harte-Barry and Le Fèvre. The last two had by this time devised a method of dealing with "googlies" that was not pretty, but seemed sound and met with considerable success. For about forty minutes they defied the attack, but a double change of bowling abruptly ended the match.

Mr. R. D. Budworth's more than generous hospitality, a visit to the river and the Abbey, and a moonlight drive from Thirsk took the sting out of the defeat, and ended what we look back upon as the cricket match of the season. On the Ampleforth side, Ainscough sprained his ankle at the last moment, and his place was taken by MacDonald.

DURHAM SCHOOL

G. W. Todd, b Gerrard	9
R. Goodall, c D. Collison, b Gerrard	4
W. H. K. Alderson, c R. Liston, b D. Collison	3
R. C. Gunn, run out	170
R. D. Kirby, b Gerrard	9
T. C. Sqaunce (Capt.), c C. B. Collison, b D. Collison	17
J. L. F. Fenwick, b Le Fèvre	6
H. C. Ferens, hit wkt, b C. B. Collison	17
L. Morgan, b C. B. Collison	0
B. T. Arkless, b C. B. Collison	0
F. L. Kirkup, not out	18

Extras 24

Total 277

AMPLEFORTH

C. B. Collison (Capt.) lbw, b Gunn	0
Viscount Encombe, st. Ferens, b Gunn	1
R. P. Liston, b Gunn	20
M. J. Gerrard, b Sqaunce	13
D. Collison, c Todd, b Sqaunce	1
C. MacPherson, lbw, b Gunn	5
R. G. Emery, lbw, b Sqaunce	0
A. McDonald, b Gunn	19
G. Harte-Barry, b B. T. Arkless	12
E. Le Fèvre, b Kirkup	9
S. Rochford, not out	0

Extras 8

Total 88

AMPLEFORTH V. BOOTHAM SCHOOL

This match was played at Ampleforth on July 3rd. It rained heavily all the morning and during part of the Ampleforth innings, so that the Bootham bowlers—who were good—were much handicapped by the wet ball and dead wicket. Collison won the toss and opened the innings with Encombe. Both played good cricket and runs came freely. With the score at

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50 Collison was out l.b.w. in trying to turn a ball to leg. Liston joined Encombe, and the pair made a great stand. Encombe was in good form and scored all round the wicket. His off-driving and placing on the leg side were pretty and effective. He was unlucky in putting up a ball to cover-point when within one of his century. Liston's innings was characterized by great caution, but he was never in difficulties, and his cutting past cover-point was much in evidence. D. Collison played a graceful innings of 37, and was still undefeated when the Ampleforth innings was "declared." Bootham had two hours' batting. Le Fèvre and Gerrard opened the attack. The first wicket fell to Le Fèvre through a brilliant piece of work on the part of Rochford, who was in great form behind the stumps. But the Bootham batting was sound, and within half an hour of "time," their score stood at 106 for four wickets. Collison wisely kept changing his bowling rapidly, and after many permutations and combinations reverted to Le Fèvre and Gerrard. The former with the assistance of Rochford, who helped to account for five batsmen, brought about a quick collapse, and Bootham were all out for 118 within two minutes of "time."

AMPLEFORTH

AMPLEFORTH		BOOTHAM SCHOOL	
C. B. Collison (Capt.), l.b.w. b Smith	50	Abbott, at. Rochford, b Le Fèvre	3
Viscount Encombe, c Radley, b Holmes	90	Wood, b Gerrard	28
R. P. Liston, c Armstrong, b Holmes	40	Wilson, c Rochford, b D. Collison	16
M. Ainscough, b Smith	18	Holmes, c D. Collison, b Gerrard	12
M. J. Gerrard, c Smith, b Holmes	7	Armstrong, c Rochford, b Gerrard	33
D. Collison, not out	37	Smith, at. Rochford, b Le Fèvre	8
C. Knowles, b Smith	37	Gray, c Encombe, b Le Fèvre	1
R. G. Emery, l.b.w. b Smith	13	Abbott, l. c and b Le Fèvre	0
G. Harle-Barry, not out	3	Radley, c Gerrard, b Le Fèvre	2
E. Le Fèvre Did not bat		Carr, not out	9
S. Rochford Innings declared		Allison, c Rochford, b Le Fèvre	2
Extras	16	Extras	6
Total (7 wickets)	366	Total	118

AMPLEFORTH V. MR. SWARBRECK'S ELEVEN

This match was played on July 6th, and ended in a victory for the School. The wicket was fairly easy, though at first it undoubtedly lent some assistance to a bowler who could make the ball spin. The visitors began well and runs came freely.

Cricket

The first wicket fell to a brilliant catch in the long field by Emery, who had to run hard to get to a low drive. H. C. Greenwood and C. Clayton batted well, but after the latter's departure Ainscough's "googlies" proved effective, and the whole side were out for 127. The School began badly. Collison failed to come forward to a fast ball on the leg stump, and in the next over Encombe was bowled without scoring. Liston and Ainscough brought the score to 30 when the latter was caught. D. Collison joined Liston at this critical period and the pair played good cricket. The bowling was too good to allow of risks being taken, but both batsmen had a sound defence, and the occasional loose ball on the leg was invariably glided for 4. The fourth wicket fell with the score at 80. Afterwards Knowles and Le Fèvre helped Liston to put on runs at a good pace. Liston's innings was a very good one and quite chanceless. He has not a great variety of strokes, but he has an excellent defence and is quite aggressive enough to be able to deal adequately with a loose ball.

MR. SWARBRECK'S ELEVEN

MR. SWARBRECK'S ELEVEN		AMPLEFORTH	
Sweeting, c Emery, b Gerrard	22	C. B. Collison (Capt.), b Sweeting	8
H. C. Greenwood, b D. Collison	21	Viscount Encombe, b Rooke	0
C. Clayton, b Gerrard	27	R. Liston, not out	118
J. Lee, b Le Fèvre	4	M. Ainscough, c Reddin, b Sweeting	7
A. Rooke, c C. B. Collison, b Gerrard	17	D. Collison, b Clayton	15
W. Reddin, b Ainscough	10	M. J. Gerrard, l.b.w. b Clayton	4
F. R. Hansell, b Ainscough	5	C. Knowles, c Boddy, b Sweeting	28
W. D. Boddy, b Gerrard	6	R. G. Emery, c and b Clayton	4
R. Rollin, b Gerrard	1	G. Harle-Barry, b Sweeting	4
E. B. Peat, not out	5	E. Le Fèvre, not out	21
H. O. Tibbits, c D. Collison, b Ainscough	1	S. Rochford, did not bat	
Extras	2	Extras	22
Total	127	Total (8 wickets)	231

AMPLEFORTH V. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

Played at Ampleforth on July 7th. Ampleforth won the toss, and Collison and Encombe opened the School innings in the rain. Encombe was soon out through a faulty stroke, but Collison and Liston made a good stand. Collison batted very well. He has a great variety of strokes and always seems to hit the ball exactly where he wants to. He was bowled by a ball that kept very low. The next five wickets fell rather cheaply,

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but Harte-Barry stayed with Liston, who followed up his century of yesterday with a well-played 69 to-day. He was never in difficulties with the bowling and his innings was invaluable to his side. Harte-Barry and Rochford had a merry partnership for the last wicket. When Pocklington went in to bat they must have been quite drenched. Pennington, Featherby and Coulson all played nice cricket, but Le Fèvre was in great form with the ball, and was backed up by excellent fielding and some brilliant catching. The last Pocklington wicket fell about five minutes before the time for drawing stumps.

AMPLEFORTH		POCKLINGTON SCHOOL	
C. H. Collison (Capt.), b Coulson	48	G. Higginson, c Rochford, b Le Fèvre	1
Viseount Encombe, c Pennington, b Higginson	6	R. A. Aldred, st. Rochford, b Le Fèvre	10
R. Liston, b Cobb	59	F. A. Featherby, c C. E. Collison b Le Fèvre	24
M. Abscough, c Featherby, b Coulson	8	A. T. Coulson, c Emery, b Gerrard	50
D. Collison, b Coulson	0	S. D. Aldred, st. Rochford, b Le Fèvre	1
H. M. J. Gerrard, b Coulson	2	J. R. Strong, c Barry, b Le Fèvre	1
C. Knowles, c Aldred, b Higginson	0	J. Cobb, c Gerrard, b Le Fèvre	11
R. G. Emery, b Higginson	12	B. A. Morris, c Le Fèvre, b Gerrard	4
G. Harte-Barry, not out	34	G. Breyers, not out	8
E. Le Fèvre, lbw, b Coulson	6	H. Lockerbie, c Encombe, b Le Fèvre	4
S. Rochford, c Featherby, b Higginson	16		
Extras	8	Extras	5
Total	215	Total	137

SECOND ELEVEN

AMPLEFORTH 2ND XI V. POCKLINGTON 2ND XI

This game was played at Ampleforth on June 26th, and resulted in a victory for the visitors by 31 runs. Ampleforth practically threw away the game by bad fielding. The ground was wet and the ball slippery, but this was no excuse for missing eight catches. Barnewall bowled well and kept a good length, though the ball was difficult to hold. Rain had interrupted the game and Ampleforth had only an hour and twenty-five minutes in which to bat. They made a sporting attempt to hit off the runs, rightly despising the safer game, but the Pocklington bowling was steady and the fielding admirable. Seven minutes before "time," Ampleforth were all out.

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Cricket

POCKLINGTON (2nd XI)		AMPLEFORTH (2nd XI)	
Coulson, b McDonald	24	A. McDonald, lbw, b Huggon	22
Hubbs, b McDonald	6	J. Barton, b Sampson	15
Pitter, c Gerrard, b Emery	12	R. G. Emery, c Miller, b Sampson	39
Sampson, b Emery	39	J. P. Douglas, c Atkinson, b Sampson	7
Huggon, c Welsh, b Emery	0	G. Simpson, c Miller, b Atkinson	1
Atkinson, c and b Emery	49	D. Long, b Atkinson	0
Garle, b Barnewall	11	R. G. Agnew, b Atkinson	42
Miller, lbw, b Barnewall	0	L. Unsworth, b Atkinson	4
Gibson, c Welsh, b Emery	1	T. V. Welsh, c Gibson, b Atkinson	0
Tarrol, b Barnewall	7	B. J. Gerrard, c Miller, b Sampson	6
Worthington, not out	4	Hon. C. Barnewall, not out	6
Extras	27	Extras	7
Total	180	Total	149

AMPLEFORTH 2ND XI V. BOOTHAM SCHOOL 2ND XI

Played at York on July 3rd. Bootham batted first to the bowling of McDonald and Barnewall, and were soon all out for 63. The bowling was straight and of a good length, and few of the Bootham players were comfortable with it. Ampleforth had only an hour and a half's batting. They passed the Bootham total with only three wickets down, and in a comparatively short time hit up 137 for seven wickets, when stumps were drawn.

BOOTHAM SCHOOL (2nd XI)		AMPLEFORTH (2nd XI)	
Finnagan, b McDonald	0	A. McDonald, lbw, b Lean	14
Manningham, b Barnewall	15	J. Barton, lbw, b Lean	23
Lean, b Barnewall	11	C. Margheron, c and b Lean	26
Hamilton, b McDonald	0	J. P. Douglas, b Lean	14
Schad, b Barnewall	15	G. Simpson, c Schad, b Lean	21
Brookbank, b McDonald	5	R. G. Agnew, not out	15
Thorpe, c Simpson, b Barnewall	5	D. Long, c Schad, b Lean	0
Smith, b Barnewall	6	L. Unsworth, run out	1
Ellis, b Barnewall	4	J. Newsham, not out	14
Ellis, b McDonald	1	B. J. Gerrard	0
Mitchson, not out	0	Hon. C. Barnewall	Did not bat.
Extras	6	Extras	3
Total	63	Total (7 wickets)	137

AMPLEFORTH (under 13) V. RED HOUSE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

This game was played at Ampleforth on June 5th, and resulted in a win for the home side by 90 runs. Douglas played a fine defensive innings, and is a promising bat. Mawson and

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Ffield hit strongly and well. Mawson opened the bowling and at first was almost irresistible. He obtained the second, third and fourth wickets with successive balls. Ffield also bowled well.

AMPLEFORTH (under 13).		RED HOUSE, MARSTON MOOR.	
G. Ainscough, c and b Hacker	10	M. W. Jackson, c Douglas, b Mawson	0
R. Douglas, b Douty	6	F. E. Watson, c Emery, b Mawson	0
W. Mawson, lbw, b Hutchinson	28	M. Haywood, c and b Mawson	0
F. Ffield, b Haywood	38	F. N. Hutchinson, b Mawson	0
J. Crawford (Capt.), b Douty	22	J. Hacker, c Cravos, b Ffield	5
S. Cravos, b Douty	0	B. Douty, c Crawford, b Ffield	13
T. Wright, c Hutchinson, b Douty	0	B. Haywood, not out	9
H. Wallace, b Haywood	0	Basil Haywood, b Mawson	0
G. Ainscough, b Douty	1	Bitton, c Douglas, b G. Ainscough	0
O. T. Penney, not out	1	Raines, c Wallace, b G. Ainscough	0
W. R. Emery, b Douty	0	Kitchon, b Mawson	0
Extras	22	Extras	7
Total	130	Total	40

SWIMMING

THE Swimming Club has felt the absence of Sergeant Andrews, whom the Head Master lent to the War Office at the beginning of the war. "Life-saving" disappeared altogether, and "Diving" lessons were to seek. Twenty new members qualified for the Club. The following competitions will take place at the end of term, after we go to press:

1. Diving Competition.
 - (a) Standing Dive.
 - (b) Running Dive.
 - (c) Swallow Dive.
2. Open Race for the Cup.
3. Lower School Swimming Race.
4. Learners' Race.

OLD BOYS

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr F. J. Heyes, whose name will be found among those now in the army, on obtaining first class honours in the final examination for Bachelor of Engineering, in the school of Electrical Engineering, at Liverpool University. He has also been awarded the William Rathbone medal for distinction in this examination and a further University Scholarship in Engineering.

Also to Dom Stephen Marwood who has been placed in the second class of the Oxford Honours School of English Literature.

* * *

MR JOSEPH WESTHEAD, as he is serving in the army, has resigned the Secretaryship of the Old Boys' Golf Club. Dom Hildebrand Dawes is the acting Secretary. He announces that no meeting will be held this year, and the present holders of the cups are requested to retain possession of them until the war is over.

* * *

WE regret very much to announce the death of Colonel F. Anderson, of York, who died suddenly in Leeds station on May 22nd, when on his way to Windermere. He came to Ampleforth in 1865. He has shown a keen interest in his old school, and has presented the contingent of the O.T.C. with a handsome challenge cup for the best shot. May he rest in peace.

NOTES

WITH very real sorrow and anxiety all at Ampleforth heard of the illness of Bishop Hedley. We are glad to be able to say that he is now making steady progress. We pray that God may long spare his valuable life and that he may enjoy such a measure of health as will enable him to continue his splendid work for the Church in this country.

* * *

We owe an apology to Dom Paulinus Wilson for speaking of him in our last issue as Cathedral Prior of Chester. But perhaps a more ready pardon will be granted us, when we plead, as is the case, that the mistake is to be found in the books of reference dealing with such matters. On examination of original sources we find that the four Cathedral Pories allotted to the Conventus of St Lawrence are distributed as follows: Worcester to Dom Paulinus Wilson, Durham to Dom Anselm Burge, Chester to Dom Ildephonsus Brown, and Rochester to Dom Placid Whittle.

* * *

THREE fathers of the familia, Prior Cummins, Prior Burge and Dom Wolstan Barnett, will celebrate their monastic jubilees this autumn. To all three we offer our heartfelt congratulations and prayers that they may long be spared us. Prior Cummins is well known to our readers as one of the most faithful of contributors. Long may he continue to favour our pages with his ever bright and interesting articles. As a resident Canon and later as Prior of Belmont he has done notable work for the Congregation. He is also well known as an eloquent preacher.

* * *

THE debt of gratitude Ampleforth owes to Prior Burge can never be repaid. During his priorship so much was accomplished that no justice can be done it in these notes. But the New Monastery, and the Ampleforth Hall, at Oxford, will, we trust, long stand as monuments to his foresight and zeal. His ability as a composer and musical critic are well known.

Notes

Since his retirement to Grassendale, that church and mission have prospered under his kindly pastorate.

* * *

DOM WULSTAN BARNETT has long been one of the foremost of the "Monks of the West." His missionary life has been almost entirely passed in Cumberland, first at Workington, and later at Warwick-Bridge.

* * *

We wonder if our readers ever consider the scruples that vex the conscience of the journalist during this critical time. He would like to be thought and to be patriotic, yet his immediate work may not seem to have any special bearing on the struggle. Indeed it might fairly be argued that he would do better to let compositors and printer's devils enlist, and cease his expense of ink. Surely such thoughts vex the souls of the leader writers of the *Daily Mail* in their pathetic appeals for shells and yet more shells. And what is it that keeps us to our post? Well, of course, there is always that sublime maxim, "Business as usual." It may be that it is capable of abuse and doubtless it has been so abused. But translate it into the language of Emerson, and who can deny its justice? "I seem to hear you say, that, for all that is come and gone yet, we will not reduce by one chaplet or one oak leaf the braveries of our annual feast."

None of our readers will accuse us of taking no interest in the events of the hour. All the heroism and pathos of the struggle move us deeply, and these pages will be our sufficient defence. But will the day come when we shall cease to take any but a very casual interest in the war and all its terrible happenings? We hasten to say that we are not pessimists, and do not take gloomy views as to the duration of the war. The thought was suggested to us by what we have learnt of that predecessor of ours which is reviewed in this JOURNAL. It was issued, so far as we know it, in the years 1813 and 1814. The great struggle with Napoleon was at its height. The end was near indeed, but there was much yet to do. And what do we find? Save for one or two references in its

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pages, there might have been no war at all. We quote from an essay on "Happiness" published in the number for July 12th, 1814. The writer describes the unpleasant character of a Pessimist of his acquaintance. They were on a journey together. He was himself radiating cheerfulness. The other was "continually fearing it would rain before we reached home, though there was little appearance of it, he was afraid the mildew would destroy the crops, he was afraid he should catch cold. Having, however, at last arrived home we were agreeably surprised with the news of a grand victory obtained over the French, which, though official, he would not believe, but said that we should see in a few days that this grand victory was nothing but a defeat, that affairs were very bad, and the like. We parted after having taken a glass of wine which I thought exceedingly good, though he said it was but indifferent, was too sweet, &c., &c.—I called upon the Gentleman a few days after to inquire if he had caught cold, and brought with me the news-paper, with a confirmation of the news, and the farther advance of our armies. I found him perfectly well. He had caught no cold, and was obliged though with reluctance to own that the news was true. I endeavoured to convince him that the views he took of the various occurrences of this life absolutely hindered him from enjoying himself. He retorted that if the news had proved false I should have been finely trapped. I replied, 'I should even then have had two days' innocent pleasure, which you have lost.' But it was in vain I spoke."

Do our readers know any such pessimists ?

* * *

We believe the Librarian is anxious to find any other issues of *THE JOURNAL* that may be in existence. The series commented on in this *JOURNAL* was discovered only a short time ago during a re-arrangement of the library of St Anne's Priory. Perhaps a search in others of our older Missions would bring to light similar interesting items, veritable documents of the history of St Lawrence's. We wonder could we enlist the interest of our missionary brethren in collecting any such *pièces historiques* that have survived the many vicissitudes to which books, and particularly manuscript books, are liable.

Notes

WORSHIPPERS at a church in which the Liturgy is fully or even partially performed must perforce listen to much music in the style termed "Plain Chant" or better, because more English, "Plainsong." Some are frankly bored, regarding this Plainsong as a tiresome prelude to the figured music, others learn to appreciate certain melodies without knowing why, but happily some there are who seek and find the hidden treasure of genius underlying this music. No one requires to be reminded that the Church has adopted plainsong as the most perfect medium of musical expression for her liturgy. Yet we must confess that to most mortals it is an acquired taste, and often only acquired by careful study and patient plodding. "But why," our readers will ask, "these platitudes!" They are evoked by the belief that Dom Gregory Ould's article in this number of the *JOURNAL*, and others to follow, will for many prove the shortest road to an appreciation of plainsong. His canons of accompaniment should form the first principles of organists, upon whom largely depends its successful rendering. For if the accompaniment does not serve to punctuate the principal rhythms, but is constantly crossing them, blotting them out by the insertion of chords on unimportant notes, the appreciation of the rhythm, which is the basis of the chant, is impossible whether for singers or listeners. Much of the depreciation heaped on plainsong might well be directed against organists, to whom more especially we commend Dom Gregory's remarks. The idea that the so-called modes or tones are merely a convenient system of sorting the melodies may be new even to some of the initiate, but is surely eminently reasonable. The use of language was prior to the framing of rules of grammar and syntax. So too the compositions of these plainsong melodies, the musical expression of different minds, have been classified not by their authors, but by later students only.

* * *

We offer our congratulations to Dom Alexius Chamberlain and Dom Raymond Lythgoe who were ordained priests on Trinity Sunday, May 30th. Also to Dom Bernard McElligott and Dom Ethelred, who were raised to the Diaconate, and

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to Dom Cyril Maddox and Dom Raphael Williams who received the Sub-Diaconate.



DR PORTER and MRS PORTER have the heartfelt sympathy of their many friends at Ampleforth on the death of their gallant son, Lieutenant A. M. F. Porter, of the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, who was killed on May 8th, in the Dardanelles.



WE regret very much to record the death of Daniel Powell, the architect of the gymnasium, the new pavilion and the New Preparatory School. All who knew him and worked with him had learnt to appreciate not only his shrewd common-sense, but the sincere uprightness and genuineness of one of the most unobtrusive of men. His work at Ampleforth speaks for itself. It has been thorough painstaking and withal most successful. We are glad to know that he left all the plans for the Preparatory School finished and complete. A public Mass was said for him in the Abbey Church, and we sincerely commend his soul to the prayers of our readers.



WE have not heard much news from our missions this term, saving reports of the splendid response given by the Catholic young men to the appeal for recruits. Many of our fathers report that they are proud to say that several hundred young men from their missions have answered their country's call. It would be interesting to compile statistics of these numbers.



BY the time this JOURNAL is in print the new church at Orford Lane, Warrington, will have been opened. The opening on July 11th is to be graced by the presence of Cardinal Bourne, the Archbishop of Liverpool and several members of the hierarchy. Our congratulations to Dom Oswald Swarbreck. In our next number we hope to be able to say more both of the church and the opening ceremony.

Notes

WE ask the prayers of our readers for William J. Pegge, M.R.C.S., the news of whose death has reached us.



THE Librarian wishes to acknowledge with gratitude gifts of books to the Abbey Library by Dom Ildephonsus Brown, Dom Placid Whittle, Dom Cuthbert Pippet, Dom Wulfrid Willson and W. H. Welsh, Esq.



THE little church in the village has been decorated by Brother Philip Jarvis. The subject of the mural painting on the east wall—the Adoration of the Holy Trinity—is a very successful piece of work. The colour scheme, which presented a considerable difficulty on account of the heavy brown stained roof, is excellent, and the large beam which divides the painting has been well manipulated.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

The Apocalypse of Saint John. By the REV. FRANCIS GIGOT, S.T.D.
Longmans' boards, 2s. 6d. net; sewed, 1s. net.

THIS is the latest part of the new Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures, of which Fr Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., and Fr Joseph Keating, S.J., are the general editors. Fr Gigot, who is Professor of Sacred Scripture at Yonkers, New York, has fully justified the venture of the editors in seeking the aid of collaborators from beyond the Atlantic. The little book which he has given to us is a very creditable piece of work. The translation is not unworthy of the subject matter, and, when occasion calls, it mounts even to the sublime. It is a pleasure to be able to read ahead without being tripped up constantly by those cumbersome square brackets, for which the former translators of this version have shown such an inordinate predilection: though we are inclined to think that this freedom of movement is allowed us, not because the editors are mending their evil ways, but because the text of the Apocalypse does not present the same temptations as do the Epistles of St. Paul to erect the unsightly obstructions. The introduction and the notes are good and adequate to the needs of the general reader, for whom of course the version is primarily intended. In the matter of interpretation Fr Gigot's attitude is eminently sane. He does not waste time in dogmatizing about the "number of the Beast," nor in affixing the various prophecies to known historical events; he simply lets the reader understand that the Apocalypse is a symbolical presentation of the ceaseless conflict between the power of Christ and the power of the world, which is being waged not merely in any given age or generation, but throughout the whole erratic course of this world's history. Fr Gigot's analysis of the book into a series of seven "Septenaries" is illuminating, for it not only assists us in the reading, but it is also a striking witness to that literary unity of the work which has been assailed by a certain class of modern critics. We sincerely hope that this cheap and helpful edition of the Apocalypse may induce English Catholics, for all their obtuseness to the attractions of Holy Writ, to read, appreciate and love this beautiful and wonderful book.

W.C.S.

Some Thoughts on Catholic Apologetics. By EDWARD INGRAM WATKIN, S.A. (The Catholic Library). Hender, 1s. net.

This little book has met with a general welcome in our Catholic Press, and we are convinced that it deserves this welcome. It is a singularly

Notices of Books

clear and well-ordered account of the present status of Catholicism with regard to modern philosophical and religious tendencies. The writer pleads very earnestly for a recognition by Catholic apologists of their duty so to interpret their faith that it may make its full and irresistible appeal to the modern mind. But he does not make the mistake sometimes made by those who seek understanding and reconciliation of jettisoning any part of the Catholic faith. While persuasive and conciliatory, he is at the same time uncompromising in essentials. It is sufficient to read his chapters on contrary tendencies to appreciate the precision and clearness of his grasp of the questions at issue between Catholicism and the modern world. We look forward to the further fulfilment of the promise which the writer makes "to contribute, if God so grant, his mite of work and thought to the cause of Christian defence."

P.J.McC.

The Service of the Sacred Heart. By REV. J. MACDONNELL, S.J. R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd. 1s. net.

AT first sight perhaps, the "Nine Offices" will seem to many a somewhat fanatic devotion. But we must confess that even the most prejudiced, after perusing this little book, cannot fail to be converted by the simple, practical and touching meditations contained therein. With regard to the Eighth Office we cannot help feeling that it would have been preferable to name the Office rather than invent a name for the person holding it, "Reparator" to the modern ear is suggestive of some new electrical instrument. The author's use of Holy Scripture throughout is frequent and most fitting, but we feel bound to protest against the interpretation of Psalm xxix. 10, "Quae utilitas in sanguine Meo?" as Christ's "touching cry of anguished disappointment (for lost souls), uttered by the Royal Psalmist in prophetic strain" (pages 35 and 97). Fr MacDonnell may of course be following Origen, who so interprets it, but from the context and an examination of other commentaries, we feel that it can be regarded only as an "acomodatio per allusionem," and that indeed quite outside, if not in opposition to the true literal sense.

G.S.

The Education of Character. By W. S. GILLET, O.P. Translated by Benjamin Green. R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd.

THIS book is a study of the growth of character, and the conflict between Will and Passion. Fr Gillet argues convincingly against the mechanical theories which exaggerate the immutability of Disposition, and

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shows how a right use of Reason and Will may make a man the captain of his soul. The style is lively, and the book betrays a shrewd and sympathetic knowledge of human nature. The translation is very readable, though at times it lapses into non-idiomatic English. The Preface by Fr Bernard Vaughan is short but vigorous.

J.B.McE.

Old School Memories. A Jubilee Retrospect. The Abbot of Fort Augustus. 1s.

IN this small book of some thirty pages, Abbot Hunter-Blair records his reminiscences of the time that he spent in the most "select" preparatory school in England, May Place, Malvern—a Victorian establishment if there ever was one—and later at Eton. To most of us, events, seen through the haze of fifty years, are apt to become blurred and lose their outline, but the Abbot gives us clear-cut pictures, with precise detail and a personal note, that make the past live again for us. Some of the young aristocrats who figure in these pages—to be nothing more than second cousin to a duke was considered a "misfortune" at May Place—have become prominent on the larger stage of public life, and they will be interested to see the impression that they made on the "chiel among them takin' notes," the future Benedictine Abbot. But the book is very slight. It has the Abbot's felicity of phrase and his humorous touches, but we should like to see these embodied in a larger medium, which would give us the unique experience and mature reflections of the Abbot on the "many men and many cities" that he has seen.

J.E.M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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

From R. & T. WASHBOURNE, LTD.

A Book of Answered Prayers. By O. K. PAIR. 1s. 6d.

Guide in the Ways of Divine Love. By ABBE GRANGER. 3d.

The Way of the Cross. For War-Time. By MONSEIGNEUR DE GIBERGUES. 2d.

Why Catholics Honour Mary. By Rev. JOSEPH D. STEWART. 3d.

Code abrégé de la Vie Chrétienne. Par D. J. CARDINAL MERCIER. 1d.

Popular Hymns selected from the Westminster Hymnal. ½d.

Cardinal Mercier. His Philo-sophic and Pastoral Work. 6d.

From B. HERDER.

Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms by the Blessed John Fisher, Edited by J. S. PHILLIMORE, M.A. Professor of Latin at Glasgow University. Vol II. (Catholic Library, Vol 16).

From BURNS & OATES, LTD.

The Knights of the Red Cross. A Sermon preached at the Requiem for fallen Catholic Soldiers and Sailors belonging to the Catholic Missions of Birmingham, by WILLIAM BARRY, D.D., Canon of Birmingham, Rector of St. Peter's, Leamington. 3d.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Downside Review*, the *Edmundian*, the *Peterite*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Georgian*, the *Baeda*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Giggleswick Chronicle*.

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*The Right Rev. John Luthbert Hedley, C.S.B., D.D.
Bishop of Newport*

THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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No. II

BISHOP HEDLEY

MANY will be the memories evoked of the late Bishop of Newport as those who knew him look back over the long years of his very full life. My own more intimate acquaintance with him began when in 1897 I was called to attend the meetings of the Bishops. I had indeed had the opportunity of one or two long conversations with him, notably on the occasion of his visit to St Edmund's College in 1893, when I consulted him on certain points affecting the education of ecclesiastical students which arose out of the sermon he then preached on the spirit of St Edmund. The closer intercourse that grew up between us as brother Bishops deepened as the years went on, and became doubly precious when helped by his kindly confidence,—more, perhaps, than by any other human influence,—I came to bear the burden of the Metropolitan See. During the many years since then, he was, each year I think without exception, my ever welcome guest during the Low Week Meeting, and on many other occasions as well. I could also rely upon his kind but outspoken counsel: he was ever ready to aid me by any assistance in his power: his presence was a source of strength, and in many an anxious moment his timely word removed a difficulty or opened out a safe and easily accepted course. A true friend, a loyal helper has been taken from us, and it will not be easy to find another with gifts like his which made that affectionate loyalty so precious. May he in God's sight still help and guide us.

FRANCIS CARDINAL BOURNE.

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BISHOP HEDLEY AND AMPLEFORTH.

It is remarkable that in almost every notice, appreciation, even every sermon, treating of Bishop Hedley, reference has been made to Ampleforth and his devotion to it—"the Ampleforth he loved so well," the "Alma Mater to which he was always so devoted." It is remarkable as coming from outsiders, who, naturally, would not be supposed to notice that side of his character. Bishop Hedley was not a man who wore his heart on his sleeve. He was the last to make any parade of such feelings. He was a man of singularly wide outlook and broad sympathies. Those who have heard his speeches and lectures and sermons at Downside, at Douai, or Ushaw, or Oscott, will search them in vain for any, even the remotest, reference to his own Alma Mater, and so deep was his interest in, so warm his appreciation of genuine effort, wherever found, that they might be pardoned if on occasion they imagined that he rather identified himself with their respective institutions. Even among Amplefordians he was singularly reticent on this point which strangers seem to have noticed. We question whether any of them, dead or living, ever heard him say he loved Ampleforth. That he did so we never doubted, but who ever heard him say so? Interested he was always in all that concerned her, eager to hear all about her, willing to listen to the smallest details in anything that affected her welfare, but never effusive himself. Even at the annual meetings, the family gatherings, where filial devotion and youthful enthusiasm may, without any fear of offence to others, lawfully run riot, even here he was always most restrained in his language. "To praise is useless, to flatter is disagreeable" he once said, and certainly he seldom deviated from the maxim.

But still the fact remains that what Amplefordians might themselves have overlooked has been universally observed and noted by strangers. Needless to say it is very gratifying to us thus to have his identity with us recognised without our being obliged to claim it. We have always loved him, we have always been proud of him, but since his name and fame have become the possession of the universal church

Bishop Hedley

we have perhaps been diffident in asserting those claims. It is all the more pleasing then to us when kind friends recognise that Bishop Hedley was after all a typical Laurentian, that he belonged to us and loved his Alma Mater, and that some of the light of his renown is reflected on her hallowed walls, that like the sun in the glory of its setting

"A lingering light he fondly throws
On those dear hills where first he rose."

Hence we are moved to reproduce in the JOURNAL some of his more notable utterances regarding Ampleforth. It is obvious that we can only offer a very small selection. A connection which began in the forties of last century and has only just ceased embraces nearly seventy years. When we remember that his first public utterance was when he read his own poem at the Jubilee of 1852, that he composed the Ode, our unrivalled private classic, for the Opening of 1861, and that from then onwards till 1913 he only missed at most two "Exhibitions" and that at each for the last forty years he was called upon to speak, and when we add the Silver Jubilee and other celebrations which he graced with his eloquence, and remember his articles in nearly every volume of the JOURNAL, we shall see how impossible it would be to give a representative selection within the limits of one number. We have chosen the Ode because though it is familiar to all Laurentians they will welcome a reproduction of the full text. It still holds its place as our local anthem and, if we may judge by the past, bids fair to remain such for many years to come. In the three Addresses the immediate reference is to Ampleforth and to various phases of its fortunes. We make no apology indeed for that; were their interest wholly local this JOURNAL would still be their proper shrine. But we believe too that those who are less intimately acquainted with Ampleforth, who will perhaps not understand the Bishop's allusions to our history, will nevertheless read with interest the criticisms and warnings he uttered, and the ideals he suggested for the life of a monastic house and for the conduct of a Catholic School. Perhaps, too, they will not wholly fail

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to share our interest in reading in his own words what the Bishop thought of Ampleforth, what he thought he owed to it, and, in part, what Ampleforth owes to him.

The Address on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the College in 1886 has never appeared in the JOURNAL. It was published in *Merrie England Magazine* in 1887, and as that is out of print, it is inaccessible to our readers. It was delivered at a time of stress, when counsels were divided and prospects were not bright. The Bishop never did Ampleforth a better service than when he stood chivalrously by her side in that dark hour and boldly proclaimed his confidence in her. "I honestly confess that unless I had some satisfaction in the thought of the position in which my monastery stands at this moment, I should not have been here to-day." The Address at the Centenary Celebrations, nearly twenty years later, is a fitting complement to this, and both together are a worthy profession of Faith, of Love, and of Hope, in the House to which he was so devotedly attached. His analysis of the qualities which he conceived to be most characteristic of Amplefordians, and particularly of the men who in troublesome times laid the foundations of her fortunes, "Tenacity, Sincerity and Hard work" is valuable as coming from such a source. Some may be tempted to trace in his own character the influence of these qualities, and they should be a watchword, a source of inspiration for ages to come, to all who, like himself, have at heart the interests of their Mother House. Very significant too is his reminder, repeated more than once, that "St Lawrence's had generally to depend—too much, perhaps—upon herself"; and his warning to remember where her power lies and "beware of depending chiefly on anything but her own fibre and muscle."

The third Address was delivered in July 1912, at the celebration of the Jubilee of the opening of the main School buildings, and was printed in the Jubilee Number of the JOURNAL. That was a very few years ago, but we would not omit this chance of giving further publicity to such a description of the fundamental qualities of true education.

We cannot refrain from pointing out one or two characteristics of these Addresses. In the first place they are the

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utterances of one who had lived the life of the place, who understood and loved its traditions, and who was intimately associated with its history. To him its very walls and their environment were something hallowed and something very dear which spoke of happy days and of early years of strenuous labour and devotion. "Our sweet vale," "the gentle brook," "the purple moors from yonder west," he ever carried with him a mental picture of them all, of their history and of its meaning. He noted with affectionate regard the smallest details, which were associated with memories of the past. "We are what the past has made us. As you wander through this house, and round these terraces and woods, you can trace the works of your fathers, the stones they have laid, the roofs they have reared, the paths their hands have shaped," "the walls where their faces may be seen," "the cemetery on the hill where many have left their mortal remains." Nothing escapes him, he is alive to minutest details. He had entered fully into the life and he forgets nothing.

Another is the affectionate reverence he always shows to those who have gone before and his generous recognition of the debt he owes to them. No one was less of a blind "*laudator temporis acti*" than the Bishop and no one was so alive to the needs of altered conditions or had less patience with "methods that are antiquated and ways that are easy." But that did not prevent him recognising that there would have been no Ampleforth of the present if there had not been one of the past, built up with much labour and many hardships and sacrifices. This breathes from almost every sentence in these Addresses. "You cannot see, unless you solemnly reflect, the share they had under God in making you what you are." "There are some who have shortened their lives to serve this house and family whose holiness and sacrifice are the very foundations of your success, and the pillars of our divine protection." "The good Priors of the olden time were figures that I like to think about." How he loved to linger over such pictures and point out "how softening and sanctifying are the memories of the past."

Feelings as strong as these could not be hidden, and it is

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after all not to be wondered that even strangers discovered them. As for us, who always loved him and revered him, we feel that, great Bishop, powerful preacher, world-renowned writer as he was, separated from us by fifty years of time and by the whole length of England, Ampleforth lost her truest friend, her most devoted and most loyal son when John Cuthbert Hedley passed away to his fathers and left us all the poorer for his passing.

* * *

ODE TO ALMA MATER

COMPOSED FOR THE OPENING OF THE
COLLEGE, NOV. 13TH, 1861

Introduction. Chorus.

Many homes are lov'd and bless'd
By grateful heart and tongue,
The home we love the first and best
Shall it not, too, be sung?
We have no bard with sacred right
To strike the votive lyre;
But many brands may oft unite
To make one festal fire.
Then thus we Alma Mater sing,
And trust that in our strain,
Whate'er our voices single fail,
United they may gain.

Solo.

I.

It looks upon a vale, a vale
And green fields lie spread out below;
High hills defend it from the gale,
When Northern storms do use to blow;
O'er yon green hill the sun's first beams
Come up to wake it from its rest,
At eve its rays in sweetness stream
O'er purple moors from yonder West;
And fields, and hill, and moor we hail!
For they belong to our sweet vale.

Bishop Hedley

II.

Adown our vale a gentle brook
Winds on its way, past lea and grove;
'Tis wee and humble, yet we look
Upon that gentle stream with love.
Beyond, a dark hill pine-clad stays
Our eyes as they to southward roam;
It shuts the world out from our gaze
And makes us turn again to home;
And stream, and wood, and hill, all hail;
For ye belong to our sweet vale.

III.

I saw the silent winter lay
Upon our vale his robes of white,
I saw it on an April day,
Carol singing with delight.
I saw the summer's garland thrown
O'er all its fields and flowery land;
And then the leaves and flowers went down
One by one, 'neath autumn's hand;
And seasons every one, all hail;
For fair in all is our sweet vale.

Finale. Chorus.

Hail the home of early years,
So full of joys, so free of fears,
We celebrate thy cherished fame
With deep heart music to thy name.
Of all the scenes in mem'ry's track,
Of all the thoughts that aye come back,
There is no scene so bright and clear,
There is no thought so loved and dear
As boyhood's thoughts and boyhood's scenes,
The heart's unfading evergreens.
We sing to mem'ry, power that gives
A joy to man that ever lives;
For young grow old, and old grow wise,
But Alma Mater never dies.
Fortune scatters o'er the land
The once united student band,

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But Fortune's chance may never break!
The bonds that links of love do make:
And from the wreath that youth hath made,
No leaf shall fall, no flower fade.

J.C.H.

* * *

AN ADDRESS, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1886¹

This meeting, and its occasion, no doubt call for a few words of speech. And if I have been invited to attempt to put them together, I may say, on behalf of those who invited me, that it is not the first time that I have spoken within these walls on the theme of a Jubilee of St Lawrence's. My first, and, I believe, my only attempt, was in 1852, when we kept the Golden Jubilee of the House's foundation. But on that occasion I had to speak in verse; on the present, I hasten to assure my apprehensive hearers, that I intend to use the very plainest of prose. In 1852—and the date recalls many a name that we hear no longer, except each on its own day of the year before the morning *De Profundis* in the Church—three of us (we were students in Rhetoric or Poetry), were appointed to treat respectively in the past, the present, and the future, of Alma Mater. The gentlemen who had to discuss the past and the future were allowed to employ prose; I believe their orations are still extant in a back number of the "Student." For some inscrutable reason, the fates—which, in a College, is equivalent to saying, the Masters—arranged that the "present" was to be honoured in what we fondly, in those early days, called "poetry." I am not sure that I could not see here present, if I presumed to look at him, the

¹ The twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the New College was celebrated at St. Lawrence's, Ampleforth, on the 17th of November, 1886. The Bishop of Leeds, whose silver jubilee of Episcopal consecration occurred on November the 10th, pontificated at High Mass, in the presence of the Bishop of Middlesborough. A "Te Deum" followed the Mass. Afterwards, in the Study Hall, the Very Rev. T. A. Barge, Prior of St. Lawrence's and the community, received a numerous party of *convivores* and friends, including the Bishops already mentioned, and the Bishop of Newport and Menevia, the whole of the School being also present. After the "Ode to Alma Mater" had been sung by the choir, the Bishop of Newport delivered the accompanying Address.

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revered and now venerable master who "coached" me through that poetry. I have sometimes wondered since why the "present" was supposed to be a fitting theme for verse, whilst the "past" and the "future" were left to the more humble glories of a prose speech. To look at the matter on its merits, one would think that you might possibly write some fair poetry on the "past." The "past" of a House which has lasted over fifty years in one spot—it has now lasted eighty-four—is sure to be full of memories and inspiration. In fifty years, much more in eighty-four, a place begins to possess an heroic age—to boast of heroic traditions. When so many years have passed away, small details have been obliterated and bigger events have begun to stand out, as York Minster stands out when we have left the city's streets behind us, and travelled twenty miles away over the plain of York. After fifty years, we have begun to believe—all but the cynics and the philosophers—in a time when men were bigger and sinews stouter, when achievements were grander, privations greater, distances wider, seasons more correct to the almanac, days far brighter, and life altogether more full of living. There is certainly the raw material of poetry in the "brave days of old." And even those who would pass by the school-boy themes of traditional prowess and mythical wonder, might surely find themselves inspired by the memory of the joys and sorrows, the friendships and the partings, in their own brief career. It needs not fifty years, and hardly twenty-five, to fill the page of a man's memory with names and dates which are sweeter to him than the present is or the future can ever be. Where is the Prior¹ who sat in that chair in 1861, when the Ode we have heard was sung for the first time? There were five honoured Bishops here on that day.² Where are four out of those five? Where is the venerable Prelate³ who stood in this very room and delivered a Jubilee Address, as it is my turn to do to-day? How many of the community—I could name names dear to myself—how many of the students, how many

¹ Dom Wilfrid Cooper, O.S.B.

² Bishop Morris, O.S.B., Bishop Cornthwaite, then Bishop of Beverley, Bishop Roskell, Bishop Goss, and Bishop Ambrose.

³ Bishop Morris.

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of the guests who gathered then, now rest, let us hope, with God? And I recall, what affection will never allow me to forget, that at least two of the little choristers who, on that day, sang that "Alma Mater never dies," have died themselves in their vows and their early priesthood. It is not that these are memories wholly sad. They are pathetic and touching; but they are sweet, because they bring back to us our bygone years, our early hopes, the lessons we have learned, the kindnesses which have made our hearts grow, the sorrows which have softened us, and the whole of that varied experience, which, like the pressure of a gentle, guiding hand, has brought us—may we not say it?—nearer to God.

As to the future, it is not my theme to-day. No doubt, a "poet" might find some matter for poetic form in the anticipation and the vision of what is to come; and probably some of our young friends, with that capacity for hope, and that power of seeing God's angels which youth and happiness confer, have tried to sing the future of St Lawrence's. They have seen it growing, extending, strengthening. They have seen it, first of all, a new monastery for the poor monks; they have seen twice a hundred boys; they have beheld stones and mortar encroaching on garden and terrace, orchard and fields; they have transformed Father Prior into a mitred abbot; they have foreseen harder studies, more frequent academic honours—the abolition of Latin and Greek?—the odouriferous reign of science?—the stoppage of asking for play?—a wider cricket ground and shorter midsummer holidays. To these visions, the wisest of us can only answer, "We shall see." For my own part, I, in my prose, venture only on that very safe species of prophecy—a prophecy with a condition. There are certain things that build up and increase a house: piety, learning, self-denial, and brotherly love. If these grow, the boundaries will enlarge, and the roof-tree will never fail. This might be expressed in verse; but it is also a very plain and useful fact.

Leaving the future, then, I address myself to the present. And I have now to speak with more direct reference to this monastic house and college. It is not my place, or any one's place to-day, to criticise or find fault. And it would be childish

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to praise, and very disagreeable to flatter. I wish to keep to one or two plain considerations of fact.

This is a domestic festival. We have friends here connected with other and grander establishments. They will please to forget the magnificence of Ushaw, Oscott, Stonyhurst, or Downside, and to think to-day of Ampleforth alone.

There was once a time when St Lawrence's seemed to be bidding for the highest place among the Catholic educational institutions of this country. That was about the year 1829. But our situation, as it has always been against us, was against us then. Some of the best men in the country were tempted to leave us,—with the hope of setting up in a more favoured spot a second Ampleforth—monastery and school. I say, advisedly, *monastery* and school, for it was many years after they left that at last the leaders of that emigration accepted the secularisation which, against their will, had been procured for them from the Holy See. It is a mere matter of history that St Lawrence's has never recovered the ground she lost then. We cannot, and we do not, compare ourselves with other houses in numbers, in wealth or in influence. But we hold a domestic festival, and we are pleased, and we think we may find it profitable, to formulate our sensations at the end of a period of time, which the impatience of modern manners—which cannot wait for a full and rounded fifty years—has come to call a Silver Jubilee.

The religious orders in this country during the last three hundred and fifty years have had a varied and romantic history. But no quarter of a century during that period has had such a deep and remarkable influence upon them as the twenty-five years which ended in 1882. Of the Orders and Congregations now established in England, the Anglo-Benedictines alone, I suppose, can claim a strict continuity with the period before the great religious revolution. The others have renewed themselves from abroad, or they have come into the country in the freshness of their youth. But the old English Benedictine Congregation has never altogether died out. Next Sunday (November 21st), is with us a "dies memorabilis"—the anniversary of the days in 1607 when the last monk of Westminster Abbey passed on the religious habit

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to those who founded the present Congregation. And the English Benedictines have, in many respects, gone through the hardest times of any. Other Orders had been outcasts from their native land, and had suffered and bled for the faith; other Orders had struggled to keep up their nurseries upon the Continent. But the Benedictines were peculiar in this, that, having been driven to establish their homes abroad because they were Catholics, they were also driven back to England because they were Englishmen. The great French Revolution, which destroyed so much, uprooted the English Benedictine mother homes in France and Lorraine, and eventually in Prussia; the members of St Gregory's, St Lawrence's, St Edmund's, and Lamspring had to flee for protection to the very land which had exiled them. It will be readily understood that they fled in disorder. For many years the two communities of St Gregory's and St Lawrence's lived together under the roof of a Catholic baronet in Shropshire. Then St Lawrence's wandered from spot to spot in Lancashire, until at last they settled—now eighty-four years ago—here in Yorkshire, in the small presbytery or lodge which forms the centre of the present monastery. Community life in its essentials has been carried on from that day to this. The Divine Office has never ceased; the succession of Priors has been kept up; discipline has been maintained; the holy Rule and the Constitution have been observed. But the country was very Protestant; it was impossible at first even to wear the habit. The resources of the community were small; church, chapterhouse, refectory, cloister, existed only in name, and the complete monastic circle of observance, on which so much of the monk's happiness and progress depend, necessarily remained for many years very incomplete. Then those members who were labouring in missions throughout the country were naturally a good deal left to themselves. The English Benedictines naturally cling to that missionary charge and responsibility which the Holy See, first by the mouth of Pope St Gregory the Great, and since by other Popes down to Urban VIII, has laid upon them for the benefit of their native land. They take, in addition to their monastic vows, a missionary oath. The monk who has to live on the mission,

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sometimes solitary, sometimes amid the solitudes of a great town, carries with him to his mission-house, not the walls of his cell or the lines of his enclosure, but the union with God, the asceticism and the self-sacrifice, which are the spirit and essence of the monastic profession. And I know of many missions in England and Wales where the priest, be he religious or be he secular, is living in a poverty and a self-denial which need raise no scruples in the strictest Franciscan or Trappist. Up to the establishment of the Hierarchy in 1850, the whole country was, in some sense, one vast mission, in which, as to many things, the missionaries followed their own devices; in which a thousand questions were unsettled, because they had never arisen, and where true zeal was more important than Canon Law. But the time quickly came when Canon Law had to be taken into account. The English Church held its four Synods. As regards the regulars, it was of course the Holy See alone which could decide the questions which the increasing numbers of that Church brought to the surface. It is now thirty-two years since the decree "Regulari Disciplina" made important changes in the mode of admission to habit and vows, and established a triennium of simple vows. And it is only four years since the Constitution, "Romanos Pontifices," traversed the whole ground of the relations between the regular bodies and the possessors of the ordinary jurisdiction of the country. These two dates are the beginning and the end of a series of quiet and progressive changes, both in the interior of each institute and in its relations with the hierarchy. And it may be claimed for the English Benedictines that they have initiated most of these changes or improvements themselves, and accepted every one with unflinching loyalty. It is now just twenty-five years since the foundation of St Michael's at Hereford—a house which was established on a mere hint from the Holy See, in order to introduce unity of spirit and discipline, and to promote good studies; a house which has been kept up at very great sacrifice, as I know well, on the part of the other houses of the two provinces, and of individuals. The fruits of that establishment can now be seen. Mere eulogy I have already disclaimed. But I make bold to claim, as the outcome of twenty-five years of lively

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self-questioning on the part of the Congregation, and of the action of the Holy See, that things are now in such a state that any soul whom God may call to the monastic vows and the missionary life, may here live, and live a perfect life, if he please, by the grace of God. The temple is rebuilt, the altars await the victims.

Next, I may justly claim for our congregation that the regulations of the "Romanos Pontifices" were on the whole acted upon before they were formed into a Constitution. I know this myself by the experience of the nine years of diocesan administration which I went through before the Constitution was issued. Here again, then, the last twenty-five years have set up a practical system of missionary work, which the Holy See has stamped with its approval, and in virtue of which the English Benedictine finds himself able to spend all his energies in co-operating with the Bishop for the saving of souls and the conversion of the country. Twenty-five years ago there were one or two grave doubts before the English Church. We might have doubted—men did doubt whether the missionary life would break up the monastic life altogether. The answer of this Silver Jubilee is that the monastic life is more solid, more firm, more deep than ever. It was doubted whether the monks ought not to be driven within their cloisters and their missionary life put an end to. The Holy See has decided, and the Silver Jubilee records it, that the country is still a missionary country, and that religious men are laudably employed in the mission. And it might also have been doubted whether the privileges of the regulars would not hamper and obstruct the ordinary jurisdiction of the hierarchy, as though two independent armies were in the field. This Silver Jubilee finds the principle of order thoroughly recognised, the details clearly worked out, and the system in the most admirable operation. Thus, after nearly a century—for it will be a hundred years in a year or two since St Lawrence fled from Dieulward, and became a wanderer in England—after nearly a century of trials, weakness, opposition, and uncertainty, we stand, on this memorable day, in a definite and legitimate position, resting upon the old traditions, in touch with the Holy See and the hierarchy, with our way straight before us,

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to do what is in us for the monastic ideal and the carrying to our countrymen of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

When, therefore, I meet, as I am happy and proud to meet, this religious community at the end of a quarter of a century like that which is just ended, I think I may assure them that we all—I mean the guests and visitors—congratulate them, not only on the years their House has seen, and the men who have built it up, but also on their own position, so solid in its strength, so promising in its hope. I have heard that the Abbot President General starts this week—perhaps this very day—for Rome, to lay before the Holy See the new and revised Constitutions which embody the changes and advances of the last twenty-five years. No one prays more earnestly than myself that that journey may be blessed by God—and that this house, to which I am bound by so many ties, may, during the quarter-century to come, grow and flourish by rule and by observance, gathering to itself, as each year comes, the young hearts whom Our Lord draws, to learn in the ancient fold of St Benedict the life-secrets which so great a Master continues to teach to every generation.

In a Benedictine house the students are always part of the community. They have not made vows, and they do not wear the habit; but they are the children of the family. During all the vicissitudes of St Lawrence's, she has always had her school. Her school has been her own nursery; and who can calculate the widespread influence her community has had throughout the country by its dealing with the students, and the families of the students who have passed through her school? This is not the moment to enlarge on the ideal of monastic education. But there is one remark suggested to me by the thought of this Silver Jubilee. During the past twenty-five years, educational institutions for boys have been on their trial; and two things have especially tried them: first, the immense fluctuations of middle-class prosperity; and secondly, the development of modern theories of education. It has seemed, at times, as if our existing colleges were too many for the number of possible students; and various plans have been proposed, entailing either the abolition of one or more schools, or the change of some of our complete colleges into preparatory

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schools, science schools, or commercial schools. Many colleges, and St Lawrence's among the rest, have found it difficult to keep up the full and traditional curriculum; and no doubt it might in some cases pay better if a school dedicated itself entirely to little boys, or otherwise specialized its work. But it is the characteristic of hardy organization to hold on under difficulties. St Lawrence's had never laid aside the full academic programme or curtailed the classical lines which her founders traced for her. Her staff can from time to time, as waves of economic distress pass over the country, see with patience the upper schools thinly attended; they can wait, for they never die out or resign. And if we take the good omens which have attended this festival, we may hope that the School will never again fall below the hundred boys which fairly fill it. And I remember it is just twenty-five years ago that a great authority said that Greek and Latin, as branches of education, were doomed. The Catholic Colleges have held to their traditional syllabus in spite, as I can testify, of many doubts as to whether it would not be wise to make considerable alterations to meet modern views. And now, as I remember I said in this room in July, it is quite evident from the careful and long continued experiments made in Prussia, and detailed in the Report presented to the Prussian Government in 1880, that the Catholic Colleges were right all the time, and that the classical languages are not only the best training for a cultivated mind, but also the most useful preparation for the law, medicine and finance, for the clerk, the trader and the banker. We may, then, congratulate this school, not simply for brilliancy of results, or striking worldly success; but because it has trained many scores of useful and God-fearing men during the past twenty-five years, and because, whilst so doing, it has held on, under much discouragement, to true methods and sound educational principles, and stands ready, at this moment, with all the prestige of its tried Catholic insight, to carry its students, whether many or few, honestly through that training and that teaching which alone will be found equal to resisting the evil tendencies of a utilitarian age.

Father Prior, and my Lords, I find that after all my remarks

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have verged upon praise. I honestly confess that unless I had some satisfaction in the thought of the position in which my monastery at this moment stands, I should not have been here to-day. When a body of men profess to be a religious community, and bear the great name of Benedictine, and when further, they undertake the most difficult of all arts, the forming of the minds and hearts of boys and young men, one cannot afford to say anything about them which is not deliberate and sincere. I speak of the present, and as to the future I have no fears; because it is the essential quality of all true principle and work to succeed; not always to succeed in the limited circle of our own observation, but to succeed, perhaps beyond that horizon which hides so much that would astonish us could we guess what there is.

I have spoken of good traditions and honourable perseverance in the right; and if I want to point the moral of twenty-five years of goodness and rectitude, I have not far to seek to-day. The Lord Bishop of Leeds, who is your guest, blessed this college twenty-five years ago. It was his first Episcopal act, I think, after his enthronization. Therefore he, as a high-priest and administrator of the mysteries of God, is associated with the past twenty-five years, with their work, their struggles, and their results as we have been considering them. To this community, he represents the divinely constituted hierarchy, with which they must always be in harmony, under penalty of barrenness and unfruitfulness. To many of us, he is far more; for he has laid on us the hands of priestly consecration, he has guided us in pastoral duty, and has encouraged us by his clear insight and his wide experience. It is not my place to express, or to comment upon, the greeting you have already given him in the fittest of all places, the sanctuary, which you will here repeat. I say no more than this—that, as he saw and blessed the beginning of this quarter-century, so it is fitting he should consecrate the end of it; that as he has lived and laboured never very far from St Lawrence's, never uninterested in your concerns whether as monks or as teachers, always feeling and expressing for this house the kindly affection of one who is at home here, so when you keep this domestic festival of domestic memories, and of

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your own hopes and fears, he should have a part in it, and you should crown him with the crown of the ancient, and give him the staff of the jubilarian, even as you would to a member of your own community.

To me, and to you, a day of jubilee, be it a jubilee of fifty years or of twenty-five, is not a mere ordinary light-hearted festival. It is rather a day of gratitude, a day of humility, a day for realizing the Communion of Saints. Almighty God is called by the Wise Man, the " beholder of all ages." *Tu es Deus Conspector saeculorum* (*Ecclesi.* xxxvi. 19). All time is one time to God—and to those who believe in God the past, the present, and the future are one series, as the river is one, which begins in the hills, flows through the valleys, and falls into the sea. We are what the past has made us. As you wander through this house, and round those terraces and woods, you can trace the works of your fathers—the stones they have laid, the roofs they have reared, the paths their hands have shaped. In the church you find the altar where they have sacrificed, and the choir where they have stood in the sight of the angels; in cloister and in hall you tread where they trod, and where they hastened to and fro with burdened hearts, carrying the solitudes of their own day and hour. On the walls you see some of their faces; in the cemetery on the hill many have left their mortal remains; and their spirits cannot be far off. But you cannot see,—unless you solemnly reflect, on such a day as this—the share they have had under God in making you what you are—the invisible work they began which is carried on, and which has formed, by faith, by learning, by the awakening of the soul, and the discipline of the heart, and the striving of the mind, that Christian character which is your inheritance. We do well to be thankful and grateful; and also to be humble. A man, apart from his future lot in heaven, lives only by what he has done. Our fathers have gone, and left little trace of themselves; the faces and the forms are forgotten, the voices are still, the presence which filled so goodly a part on the stage of life has utterly passed away. But the good they have done has not been interred with their bones. To have taught the Catechism to a child, to have sown the seeds of prayer, self-denial, and good learning, to have

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organised the means of good discipline and lasting peace—these are the works in and by which they live. And we? have we done anything to last after us? And what shall our children say of us? For they will speak of us, urged by that same holy feeling which urges ourselves. Nothing can be more appropriate to a jubilee than to look back with reverential affection to the past. It was only last Saturday, November 13th, that you kept the memory of the Benedictine Saints, and the day before yesterday you prayed for all your departed brethren. Glorious traditions are a grand possession, but the more humble memories of those who have passed away, and, except in the necrology, have hardly left a name, are an inheritance not to be despised. Among these men, your own immediate predecessors, are some whose holiness and sacrifice are the very foundations of your success, and the pillars of your divine protection; there are some who have shortened their lives to serve and help this house and family; and there are others, who, if they have been permitted to fail in part, have a claim on our kinder recollection, not only for what they went through, but for the ancient and primitive spirit in which they took what came, and the simple patience by which they have made present trouble, as we may hope, the pledge of future prosperity.

And thus, my brethren, and my dear friends, we keep this quiet jubilee—thanking God—trusting in God—and thinking of the mystery of time and the coming-on of eternity, but most, of the Father in Heaven, Who seeth from age to age, and loveth everything that He hath made.

* * *

AN ADDRESS, JULY 23RD, 1903.¹

It is the prince of Philosophers who says that "Memory" is a function of the great cardinal virtue of Prudence. For it is the office of Prudence to formulate the teachings of experience; and experience could never be made articulate without Memory. From which it is clear that the Philosopher is not speaking merely of that dumb and passive memory

¹ Delivered by the Bishop of Newport at the Centenary celebrations.

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which is like the imagination made more or less permanent; a kind of memory which is possessed even by the non-intelligent creatures. He means, rather, that power whose work it is not merely *meminisse*, but *reminisci*; to call up, contemplate, and co-ordinate the past. It is a precious gift, and those who possess it in its fulness and who use it well are among the best teachers of the human race.

I do not pretend, in the brief address which it is my privilege to make to the sons and friends of St Lawrence's on this hundredth anniversary of her establishment at Ampleforth, to touch upon all the points of interest connected with her vicissitudes and those of her children, during that long stretch of years. But filial piety, gratitude to God, a modest pride, and a genuine interest in a little corner of history which has its teachings and its touching memories, justify and demand a few words, as part of the celebration of this festival time.

A hundred years is a long time for the imagination to make a complete and continuous picture of. Of that which has passed away, like that which is out of sight, it is difficult to see mentally at one glance more than a very little—more than the few years or the few miles that are nearest to us. You look out over the western ocean, and you say to yourself that between the shore on which you stand and the coast of the new world there stretch so many thousand miles of tumbling water; but you cannot make an image or picture of more than three or four. Standing in 1903 and looking back to 1802, we try to realize the years of Ampleforth. But the picture, as a whole, is dim and undefined. It is severely foreshortened. A few points of light stand prominently out, but the dips and hollows between, and the innumerable details of each particular mile, are only a smooth and grey outline on which the mists of twilight have gathered. This is true even of that portion of the record which you yourself have lived in, or contributed to make. What we want is one of those new scientific toys, with a film that will take in a hundred years, and yet roll out in half an hour the living and breathing story, day by day, of the House we love.

That House, as one of its sons, once very familiar with it, approaches it from the valley below, seems to hold all the

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history of those hundred years in its silent stones. There is the old and original centre—the presbytery of Father Anselm Bolton. It was that front door which opened to admit Prior Appleton and Father Alexius Chew—"to begin the new convent," in December, 1802. It was in one of those rooms, on one side or other of the hall, that the sorely-tried community, very few in number, ate their first meals, and held their first councils. Other remains, that still emerge here and there, like fragments of the wall of Servius Tullius in the streets of Rome, indicate the oratory where Matins and Mass and Vespers first began to sanctify the old hill-side. The west wing of the old House, now nearly hidden behind the church—that is to say, the venerated Chapel which served for 50 years—could speak of the daily Divine Office, the festival days, the Sundays, of that half century; of the men who by turns stood in the Prior's stall, of the generations of novices and monks and boys; of the old organ, the music and the ceremonies; and of the prayer of human hearts that rose to heaven every day. The eastern wing, that was built about the same time as the Chapel, saw, about the date of Waterloo, the young Augustine Baines, organizing the school and John Bede Polding, of Downside, for a brief time among the masters; and after that, in the old study, all the boys who toiled at learning, all the good monks who taught classics, history and mathematics, till the Crimean war and the Indian Mutiny were well over. The added top-story that finished off Father Bolton's Presbytery would be too discreet to reveal the crowded state of the College dormitory in the days before the hegira of '30, or its mournful emptiness for ten years after that. The Refectory block could describe Dr Bede Brewer—the man who really founded Ampleforth. In his old age, whilst the versatile Burgess was Prior, the venerable Father, who had been through everything, from the Sorbonne to the Revolution, from the early Laurentian wanderings in England to the quiet mission of Woolton, used to watch the walls go up of that Refectory, with dormitory over it, where so many generations have eaten and slept, held their Exhibitions, and packed up for the holidays. The Church comes next. The Prior and Council who planned it, begged for it, and

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built it, the monks and novices who laboured in it and round it, as it went up, the long series of benefactors who helped to adorn it, the office, the ritual, the music, the sermons—the ordinations, the professions—the boys who said their first night prayers at College before its altar, and went on from step to step till they left for the Apostolic mission, and the others who, although they went into the world, so often came back with softened hearts—the Church knows them all. The College, again—the new College, as we called it forty years ago—holds the record of a time comparatively modern. There, for forty years, the modern Prefect, serious and exact, the modern Master, with his methods and *subsidia*, and the modern boy with expensive school-books and hard examinations before his eyes, have impressed their subliminal selves on the walls and the rafters—had we as yet the secret of spiritualistic reproduction to make them visible to the sympathetic audience of to-day. Even the new Monastery holds some history. Some nine years have passed away since the trenches were cut—and its story has begun to build itself up, its material and human associations have begun to accumulate—as they will do, let us pray, for a hundred years still, and more—to be recalled and admired by a company which will include not one of those present here to-day, but which will still carry on the unbroken continuity of St Lawrence's.

When we meditate on this range of buildings, the material embodiment of the annals of Ampleforth, standing along the hill, with the crest of the hill above, and the wide valley beneath, we must remember, first of all, that for a hundred years it has been the home of a Brotherhood; the home of that illustrious and unique type of human Brotherhood which rests upon the vows of the cenobitical state. Here is the home of men who have not only put up strong spiritual barriers of renunciation between themselves and the dangers of this life, but who have joined hands in order to re-inforce the spiritual by the physical and the social; in order to find obedience, personal help, common prayer, and that play of mutual give and take which not only holds men up, but disciplines the spirit like no other thing. Here men have dwelt together in order and unity. Here there has been the choir,

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the cloister, the calefactory, the refectory, the dormitory. All these years they have prayed together, read together, worked together, sat round the same board, slept under the same holy invocations, and taken their recreation by the same fireside and in the same walks and labours. In all the world there is nothing more delightful to the purified sense than religious Brotherhood. That is the reason why the ancient Hebrew Psalmist describes it by that favourite Oriental image of what is pleasant and good, the lavish out-pouring of precious balsam. This House has been to this Brotherhood a true and real home. Not a man who has worn the holy habit here but has felt that it was his own house; that he could freely occupy and use it in all things reasonable; that there was no other place in the world where he could do the same; that within those precincts he was at ease, free to live in his state, not answerable to any man for his observance, not indebted to any man's courtesy for his frugal living. From this house no one had the right to turn him out, and he could safely spend himself in cherishing it, adding to it, adorning it and helping it on. And when he went out—it might be for long spaces—to labour for souls, it always remained his own house, and he could come back to it, use it, rest in it, and, if God willed, die under its roof, and be laid in the cemetery within its enclosure.

A Brotherhood which has lived in the same house for a hundred years must have some fairly marked characteristics. I do not go back to Dieulouard. The men of this house of Ampleforth should be distinguishable among other men, and even other Brotherhoods. They have been children of the Catholic Church, monks, priests, teachers of youth, missionaries. In these respects they resemble others of their countrymen. St Lawrence's would never presume to say or think that it was better than any other house, secular or regular. It would rather, at an anniversary like this, contemplate its littleness, confess its shortcomings, and if it looked abroad at all, acknowledge with gratitude to God the achievements of other communities.

But still, among ourselves, without making any comparison, it is tempting to analyse what the Laurentian quality has been.

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I find first of all, therefore, that as a Brotherhood, these walls testify that the Laurentians have been tenacious and tough. There is nothing in the annals of British Church-history to me so touching as the story of how the English Benedictines saved their corporate existence after the French Revolution. St Lawrence's, for example, was reduced to half-a-dozen men and boys, practically without money, having no home or house, hardly a friend, and with no prospect except dissolution. There were Laurentian Fathers on some of the missions; but the question was, whether the handful of wanderers could re-found conventual life. Unless that could be done, the house must perish. It was done. Declining to give in, or to merge themselves in any other organization, the Laurentians, after two or three stumbles, found their feet on this spot where we stand, and began conventual life, with a community consisting of the Prior, one priest, one professed junior, three novices, and a laybrother. Again, after 1830, when the "break-up" had left St Lawrence's stripped of her best men, crippled in her resources, her community demoralized and her flourishing school of 80 boys reduced to 30, it was the dogged and tenacious determination of half-a-dozen Laurentians that saved the House. You may read the struggles of the twenty years, from 1830 to 1850, in the History; and you may see how men, neither very clever nor very enthusiastic, bent their backs to do the thing that ought to be done, as well as they could see how. When the Church had to be built, and then the College, it was again in each case a crisis of great moment—a question of swimming or sinking—and there were equally inadequate means, and a similar spirit of determination. When, from time to time, in the monastery or in the school, studies have had to be re-organized, or other changes made, St Lawrence's had generally to depend—too much perhaps—upon herself. Her out-of-the-way position, far from London, in a district with few Catholics, has not only helped to keep her comparatively unknown, but has prevented even the friends who knew her from paying her visits. Hence it is not wonderful if at times she has been behindhand in ideas, in information, in fashions. But for whole-hearted steady and thorough practice and exercise of

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all the ways and means she had, those who look back at the last half-century are inclined to say that the spirit of the house was admirable. Toughness and tenacity are powerful forces. They are apt to be most strongly displayed in an uphill game and a losing race. But let St Lawrence's, in her present prosperity, remember where her power lies, and beware of depending chiefly on anything but her own fibre and muscle.

I would set down, as a second characteristic of our fathers in their generation, a certain simplicity of aim and practice, which, although not always strikingly successful as this world goes, is very pleasing to look back to. By simplicity, however, I do not mean the liability to be taken in. Our historian, it is true, has enlarged with meritorious candour, on the numerous mistakes of early Amplefordian Priors and others; and perhaps the "break-up" itself may be set down to an excessive readiness to listen to the voice of the charmer. But I should not admit that the last fifty years have been characterized by folly or stupidity; quite the contrary. By simplicity I mean a devotion to plain duty, accompanied, to a certain extent, by a more or less ostentatious distrust of the ornaments and accessories of duty. The Laurentian has known that he had to observe his rule and constitutions, to make good and sufficient studies, to teach boys and to be an efficient missionary priest. This, with few exceptions, he has striven to carry out, during one hundred years. He has done more. He has had what may be described as a loyal devotion to all these things. Unless he devoted himself to them, he would be a pretender and an imposter; and that he could not brook. It was his pride not to be a humbug. But, in his own phrase, he aspired to the reality, and not to the outward show. If he dutifully kept up his Divine Office at five o'clock in the morning, he might object to an elaborate ceremonial in choir. If he knew he was a real monk, he might think it a trivial matter to trouble about small details of the monk's habit. If he prayed, and accepted his mortifications, he might fret at long services or at formal silences. If he knew his theology, what matter if he could not talk Latin like a Roman student? He might not be acquainted with the niceties of scholarship, but he could give his pupils a very real knowledge of Virgil, Horace

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and Homer. Perhaps he could not handle a science like philology with certainty, but he had a sound and extensive knowledge of English literature. A temper and disposition like this has its admirable side, and it has its drawbacks. I am far from even hinting that the present Laurentian generation, whilst retaining what is so admirable, has not altogether cleared itself of the attendant weaknesses I have described. I speak of the past.

I should be inclined, finally, to claim for Amplefordians the praise of industry and hard work. This may not seem a very specific distinction; probably every Catholic community in the country would assert it, with greater or less truth. But what I have in my mind is this. From the moment that the Revolution threw our communities, secular or regular, upon this country, up to the present day, it has been more or less an unvarying feature in their arrangements that the students of philosophy and theology, whilst studying themselves, should also teach grammar and other things to the boys. I except the Jesuit communities, who have a different system. It is evident that, in our College system as here described, the danger will be very great that a young master will neglect his own studies in order to devote himself to his boys. What I believe is that at Ampleforth, the vast majority of the monks have neglected neither themselves nor their boys. As all who have any experience in the matter know, it requires the most strenuous industry not to fail on one side or the other. A man must be both hard working and a good manager to carry out well this double work. Those of different generations—and various generations are now here present—can testify that, in their day, there was a feeling for work, an appreciation of study, and a sense of responsibility, in the rank and file of the house—to say nothing of the higher professors—which made them understand the value of time and the claim of duty. And I know of no better training, provided the pressure be not too great.

The foremost place in the memories awakened by this anniversary must, as all will admit, be taken by the monks who have lived within these walls. But in passing from reminiscence to reflection, I have the right to take in a wide

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circle, and to speak of every man who calls himself a Laurentian. The connection of a school with the monastery furnishes a feature of this centennial commemoration which I am certainly the last to overlook. Of the history of the school itself I am going to say nothing. But I recognize very willingly that when we speak of the hundred years gone by, the men who have passed through that school, in its various generations, may love and venerate their Alma Mater—and I trust have always done so—as sincerely as her own monks.

We find ourselves to-day, then, gathered together to honour this House as if we stood round a shrine, or on earth made sacred by antiquity, heroism and prodigy.

Is this empty sentiment? Or is it useful, praiseworthy, and even inevitable?

It is certain that this feeling of interest, joy and reverence is very natural. Few men can visit Iona or Marathon, without being moved. And the wisest part of mankind will always think that a man who is not moved under such circumstances is not to be envied or admired. For the admiration of what is great or beautiful, and at the same time hallowed by age, and consecrated by human sympathy—this is no mere flutter of the aesthetic sense; it touches emotions which, if not the highest and the deepest in our spiritual nature, are those without whose concurrence even intelligence and intellectual will are not easily set in motion.

For example, as it seems to me, when we honour or interest ourselves in a good old House that has the honours of a hundred years, we recognize the enormous advantage which all good progress gains from the existence of strong centres of physical and moral stability like the English Catholic Colleges and monasteries. Every one knows that much that is good, and noble, and useful to the world in the action and lives of men, perishes because so many men have no following, no backing, no successors. The flower blooms, but when the seed is ripe, there is no kindly earth to receive it, to hold it, and to make it possible for it to wait for the rains and the sunshine. It is not fancy, but sobriety, to look upon St Lawrence's at Ampleforth, and other houses like her, as a castle, a post, an entrenchment, with banners ever flying, in the interests of most of the

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things that we value in this world—faith, conduct, letters. She came into being to maintain them. She has struggled, more or less, all along, against the influences that aimed at destroying them. She kept up her Brotherhood and strengthened and extended her material walls, for their sake. When a good cause was in jeopardy, she threw her influence into the fight. As a home, and a community, with a responsible roof-tree and a respectable foot-hold, she gave her countenance to what was right and good, and frowned upon what was bad and wrong. She was not obliged to be for a cause or against a cause, or else to perish; caution and mature reflection found a home within her gates, merely because she was solid, actual and rooted in the ground, and because she could not alter or disappear without a certain lapse of time. In each generation a great deal of what was sound and profitable found its way within her courts, and was absorbed by her and became part of her substance, not again to be easily got out of her. Let it not seem high-flown and unreal thus to set up Ampleforth as a power in the world. It is not intended to make any special claim for her in this behalf. What she is, many other houses and communities are—and they may, or may not, be her superiors. But in honouring her, her sons recognize in her that she stands, and that she has stood, and they honour her for that. Many of them would go further, and would rejoice, not merely in this essential and substantial stability, but in every tradition and custom that has clustered round her observance. There is much that is picturesque and sentimental in old customs; but there is nearly always something that is valuable as well. St Anselm used to say that even if the customs of a monastery seemed useless, provided they are not contrary to God's law, a man should "refuse to pass judgment on them." Thus, a little enthusiastically, a little blindly, a little obstinately, but still with sound reasons to give to any man, we honour the old House for standing so long.

There is, I think, another feeling that is moved to express itself to-day, and that is, aspiration. There has been something of the heroic in our history. There have been some good names, and some good things, done. But even if this were less true than it is, she is with us, and she is old and venerable—

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and no son of hers but wants to do her credit and not to disgrace her. The annals of the hundred years gone by are, as I have said, dim and grey. Even the pages of the History only record facts and words here and there. The old House veils and hides, forever let us hope, what was imperfectly done or unwisely uttered; but a great deal of the good work, the persevering struggle, the success, the efficacy, of the past, is felt by all of us to express itself in her features, now that we are face-to-face with her this week. We think we have in St Lawrence's of Ampleforth an Alma Mater to whom we may look up; a mother honourable, noble and pleasant. Among the motives that incline men to good, and induce them to lead useful and creditable lives, there are few (outside of those directly religious) which are more powerful than one's hold on an inspiring tradition. To most of us our Alma Mater has been a blessing, in our education and our training. But these things one might perhaps have had in any school or seminary. What she has done for us that nothing else could do, is to associate us definitely with her own venerable past, to make us members of an honourable family, to infuse into our veins the blood of a worthy and even noble lineage, that ought to oblige, and does oblige, every man to act, speak and think on a level that will not be below her own history. This, I cannot doubt, is a living emotion made more actual by this centenary.

This family festival will also, unless I am mistaken, deepen another feeling—that of loyalty towards the old place. Loyalty means, first, affection, and secondly, service. Of our love, I will say no more, except this—that St Lawrence's does not want either gushing protestations or inept flattery. The filial affection of a man who foolishly praises her, may, in some cases, be pardonable, and even touching. But it does her no good. Those who love her should do her service. She stands now on the threshold of a second century of life. May she prosper through every year of it! It bids fair to be a stirring and exacting century. The old questions are always with us, and the old contests, with fresh combatants, will have to be fought over again. But the machinery of human life seems now to have been quickened; as if, among our discoveries, there

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were some universal force which made every wheel go round faster and faster. To meet these altered conditions, all the faculties a man possesses have to be altered to a new adjustment, and disciplined to a greater acuteness and staying power. St Lawrence's cannot afford to plod on with methods that are antiquated and ways that are easy. To do her bare justice, her history shows that she has over and over again refused to be tied down to what seemed out of date. Now, more than ever, her loyal sons must bestir themselves. What I ventured to prophesy eighteen years ago has come about—and St Lawrence's is an Abbey. The good Priors of the olden time were figures that I like to think about—homely, many of them, hardworking, bound up in Ampleforth, and some of them very successful. But an Abbot! I picture an Abbot as a very great man indeed. If we have any loyalty, we will make him a great man. A mitre, like a king's crown, is only a phantom, and a ridiculous phantom, unless it is raised aloft on a solid and substantial commonwealth. Unless St Lawrence's has amplitude, numbers, men who can conduct departmental work, men of initiative though subordinate, men of goodwill, concord and efficiency, her Abbot's throne will not be more than the Prior's chair used to be—and it would be honest and more dignified not to call it a throne. An Abbot need not be a mere figure-head, sitting with hands on knee like an Egyptian god. But the Abbot's activity should be among the *causa majores*—the things of higher import. He must have time to think out the relations of his House with the Church, with the Order, with the Catholic condition of this country, with studies, and with education. As for the materials on which he must depend for his views and his statesmanship—finance, order, observance, study, College work, missionary labour—these things should be handled by the loyal men in charge of them, each in his respective grade, with a completeness and a single-mindedness that will never show either a break-down in efficiency or a trace of ambition. And there should not be a son of St Lawrence's, in any part of the world, who should not be solicitous to add to her prestige and to advance her prosperity. It is only by strenuous loyalty of this kind that we can prove the sincerity of our love

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and our reverence. And I feel sure that as we separate, after this triduum of memories, it will be with feelings charged with the gravity of the present moment. There are three branches of Education which, as we speak, are being especially pressed forward by those who may, in this sense, be called rivals of St Lawrence's; ecclesiastical education, university education, and secondary or College education. To fall behind in either branch would be calamitous and ruinous. Every son and friend of Ampleforth must get rid of illusions, and take in the situation as it is. That is what our best men would have done. To be content with anything that is not first-rate, would be unworthy of the hundred years that are now completed.

Thus Memory formulates experience, and what has been forms a lesson for what is, and is to come. The past comes back—now clearly, now faintly, like the trembling vibrations of the lyre that the wind sweeps over. Those assembled here to-day have each their own recollections, emotions, associations, on an anniversary which thus recalls the varied past, with its lights and shadows, its sorrows and its joys. There are some of us who can go back beyond the Jubilee of 1852—and we remember how we looked forward then to another 50 years not realizing that God would grant us to see them. There are some who have worked for Ampleforth during the last generation, and who are vigorous still and strong. There are younger men who live perhaps too strenuously in the present to understand adequately how softening and sanctifying are the memories of the past. There are friends here who come from other *Almæ Matres*, and who will deeply sympathise with all our filial demonstrations. It is good to have come together—and to thank God for all His goodness and His grace, whilst we humbly pray that in the dark and hidden future He still may watch over St Lawrence's.

*J.C.H.

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AN ADDRESS, JUNE 12TH, 1912

There are many reasons why I feel it a consolation, and at the same time somewhat of a trial, to be allowed to address you on this fiftieth anniversary of the main building of this

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College of Ampleforth. A jubilee is primarily a festival of thanksgiving; but to those who have lived through the period that it includes, it brings back the memory of many hard lessons learnt, and the admonition of the lapse of years that have gone by for ever. Nevertheless it is good to recall the past. The oldest of all canticles exhorts the chosen people of God: "Remember the days of old; bring to mind each generation that is past; question thy father and he shall recount to thee, thy elders and they shall tell thee." (Deut. xxxii, 7.) In all history the Christian heart may trace the working of the Spirit of God for the instruction and the saving of men—even in the short half century of Christian history that has elapsed since we opened what, in 1861, we lovingly called "the New College."

As all may see this very day, that building seems almost as fresh to-day as it was fifty-one years ago, and as fitted for its work. It is true, there was one disastrous time, fraught with apprehension, when this treacherous hill-side nearly wrecked it. But it has survived that danger, and it seems likely, with fair play, to last, not only fifty years longer, but for a reasonable number of centuries; re-inforced, no doubt, as it has been, and will be, with other scholastic buildings, but always a good and substantial citadel of a scholastic life and activity which we pray may be prolonged far into the days to come.

Those, however, who, like you and myself, have been to-day looking up to its walls and walking about its spaces are really interested, not so much in its architecture and its material history, as in the human story that has wrought itself out under its roof and that has affected this school and this Benedictine monastery—a limited sphere, no doubt, but one which contains much that is dear to us in memory, in actuality, and in aspiration.

The Catholic colleges of this country are, and have been for over a century, a very striking illustration of the seriousness and tenacity with which, by God's blessing, Catholics have clung to their faith. It would be impossible to compare them one with another. They differ from one another so much in character, in history, in resources, and in their individual

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appeal to the Catholic community, that to reckon up their achievements or to explain their present effectiveness would involve too many considerations to give any profitable result. What we have to deal with to-day, then, is your own college—your own Alma Mater, and no other. You may claim on its behalf certain good results—a certain tradition—a certain success. You do not say that others were not, and are not, as good, or better; that question is, for the moment, out of the sphere of discussion.

Half a century is a long time in human lives. Those who, in 1861, were boys in this school, say from ten to twenty years of age, will now be from sixty to seventy—if they are alive. The monks who were twenty-five to thirty-five—very few remain—will be seventy-five to eighty-five. As a fact there is one who is eighty-one and three who are between seventy-three and seventy-eight. But for the most of them you have to go up on the hill to see their names, or to search in various corners of the land where, one after another, with pious rites and prayers, their mortal remains, have been laid to rest. Meanwhile the community has kept on renewing itself, and the school, changing insensibly every year by departures and accessions, has now, no doubt, in its flourishing ranks not a few who are the grandsons of those who first slept in that dormitory—or who certainly might be. Thus there are in the world at this moment, so far as death has spared them, not less than two generations of Catholic men—priests and laymen—who have passed through that college. If, on a rough calculation, we reckon that ten names left the college every year, we find that there would be five hundred altogether—five hundred individuals who have gone through a certain career in the world, long or short, and have besides influenced in ways we cannot calculate, spiritually, morally, and socially, very many more in every sphere of life. This may not be a very noteworthy or a very powerful element in the world's destiny during the last fifty years. But the part played by this school is real, as far as it goes, and for you who now represent the school, it is well worthy of your examination and reflections.

Things educational change very slowly in a settled and civilized country. But they do change. In fifty years, to borrow

an astronomical illustration, one can set up a parallax. The base is sufficiently wide to enable us to note and measure movement—just as it takes the whole breadth of the earth's orbit, sometimes, to get a difference of angle whereby to measure the distance of a star. Most people would say that the educational level had arisen, in fifty years. It would be very lamentable if it had not—after all the theories, schemes, acts of Parliament, and propagandism that has been going on during the whole of that period. You can see in your own school—or at least you know—that the level has risen. I think that a little philosophic reflection is capable of establishing that. But it is not very easy to say. For education is a many-sided process—and it sometimes happens that one or more of its essential elements are dropped or weakened during the same period that others are re-inforced and enhanced. To form the whole man—which is what education is—you have to form his mind, his will, his heart, his imagination, his sensible nature, and his organs and his limbs; nothing less. Everyone knows that, as a fact, one or other of these formative processes has in various countries and at various dates been overdone, on the one hand, and neglected, on the other; the result being to the philosophic mind, a man, let us admit, but a man with a touch of the monster; just as if he had too big a head, or only the rudiments of arms.

For myself—and I think all here will agree with me—I put down as the first and most powerful of educative forces what we call by the old-fashioned name of Piety. It is that acquaintance and friendship with God as our heavenly Father, which Christianity alone can prompt or produce. But the word itself was familiar to the world long before the New Testament; for example it is found in every few pages of Cicero—*Pietas*. To the Romans it did not mean what it means to us, because to them God meant sometimes one thing and sometimes another, but never what He means to us. But nevertheless it was an elementary and a fundamental human idea, pointing to something in man's nature that had to be reckoned with. That being so, it had to be an element of education. The philosophers of Greece and Rome were wiser than that by no means inconsiderable company of wise men

of the present day, who will not admit that piety has any share in education properly so called. They tell you that Catholic education labours under this disadvantage—that the attention to piety both takes up precious time, and destroys the balance by diverting attention from the training of the intellect and the character. But, on the contrary, the truth is that piety in education is absolutely necessary for any true and rational balance—for without it there is no possible principle that will co-ordinate all the human faculties, will put them each in its place, or give each its real culture. You see this when you come to study the theories of education in ancient Greece. In Plato, Xenophon, and Aristotle we find these theories described in many immortal pages, full of wisdom and interesting detail. But there is everywhere the absence of any complete idea of what a man really is; what the perfect man is. When history begins, the Greeks are worshipping gods, who are rather heroes than gods, but still are, as it were, fathers and friends to the multitude. By degrees, as the acute Greek intellect develops, the stories of these Gods, their immoral actions, and their absurd attributes, more and more disgust thinking and philosophic minds, and the opinion of the learned becomes divided between unbelief in the histories and unbelief in the gods themselves. In Plato's view, the gods must be served, but the stories or myths which are so important for teaching the young what the gods are, must be rewritten or completely expurgated. But where were they to find a new Homer or a second Hesiod for that? All that the philosophers, therefore, could say of the gods, as far as education went, was that the young might, with care and proper selection, under the guidance of the wise, learn a certain morality and attain an idea of virtue from their histories; a morality that was at best very uncertain, very vague, and very likely to be objectionable. During all the great age of Greece, therefore, no training could really be given in piety, because there was no standard. Still, I will not say there was no piety. If a mind worships, it also clings and reveres. If a Greek did not become a rationalist and a free-thinker, and if he was not utterly corrupt, the great ideas of the Homeric poems, for example—ideas that are at least a splendid wreck of truth

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given to the world by God in nature and revelation—could not help touching and swaying the heart, and lifting it to the reverence, and even to the love, of august powers above this world. But as a standard, as an end to be aimed at in education, piety was of little use in ancient Greece. As a fact, long before Plato lectured in the Academy, the failure or vagueness of the idea of God had led to the substitution of another standard altogether. This was the idea of the State, of one's country, one's native land (*patria*). In the pre-Socratic days—which Aristophanes would call the good old times—a boy was taught that his fatherland—generally a very small one—had a right to his whole service, to his soul and his body, his life and his death. In some states, this view led to the training of the young almost exclusively for war. So it was in Sparta. But in every state there was war-training; the solemn dedication of arms and their presentation to the youth at a suitable age; set lectures on the exploits of heroes and ancestors, impressive pilgrimages to the great shrines and temples, and long practice in warlike methods. To show cowardice, or to lose one's arms in battle was not only disgraceful—it was impious. Boys had to learn the laws and the constitution of the State; they learnt this generally to a tune, in the music school. Every means was taken of impressing upon them that they were members of a community, and that they must always think of the community first and themselves afterwards. There is something fine in this patriotism. We cannot doubt that, like all the really noble ideas of the heathen world, it is derived from a divine source. For it was in the primitive patriarchate that the families, tribes, and states of the ancient world originated; and from the beginning, whenever there was a family or tribe, it was blessed by God, and, as we gather from the book of Daniel, an angel was charged with its protection. But with Christians there is a perfect and complete realization of the idea of the family or fatherland which God blesses. This is found in the universal Church to which we all belong. The Church has been set up by Christ to teach, explain and insist upon—Himself. And therefore we owe our devotion to the Church as the divine dispensation which embodies piety. So that with us, patriotism is commendable and laudable—

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but it is secondary. No boy can be profitably taught to love and serve his country as a final end or purpose of life. There must always be reserves and conditions which arise out of a nobler end and a higher standard.

It is not only that Christian piety is the measure and the standard of morality and of the perfect man. A great and chief part of what a man is, is his religious faculty. Hence, religious education, or piety, so far from destroying the balance—from producing a one-sided man—is absolutely needed if the true balance is to be maintained. It can only be those who disbelieve in religion, in faith and in God, who would interfere with piety in education. For no one can be a man, in any perfect sense, unless he is in a more or less intimate relation and communion with God as his father and his friend. The idea of a personal loving God more than any other stimulates human nature, makes the faculties grow, causes the receptive powers to expand and mature, and produces the transforming effect which is the immediate result of all true education. And education in piety has the advantage that it can never be wasted, but is the best of preparations for the inevitable future.

If we ask whether the level of piety has risen during the last fifty years—has risen in this school since the first prayers were said in that college, and the first prefectorial exhortation given from the old "master's desk"—I should not like to answer "Yes." For it is one advantage of having the Church to watch over education, that Catholic education is, and has always been, religious and pious. The children of the earliest centuries, the children of the martyrs, like the great Origen, the young savages whom an Augustine or a Boniface gathered round the altars, the children of the Middle Ages who used the cathedral schools, the monastic schools and the grammar schools of this land, the children who thronged the great Catholic schools of the seventeenth century, your own countrymen who were taught at Douai, and your own immediate predecessors who first used this college—they were, as a rule, as pious and as well grounded in piety, as yourselves—not more or better, perhaps, but not less or worse. No doubt there are changes. Customs alter, fresh situations arise, devotions

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develop, temperament is modified. For instance, this generation of Ampleforth boys has admirably and touchingly responded to the impulse recently given by the Holy See to the use of the most holy Sacrament of the Altar. But when you think of this college of yours, as it stands here to-day, with fifty years of history invisibly written on its stones, and when you recall the generations of young hearts that have passed through it, and are gone, you may be grateful to God and proud that there has never been a time—never been a day—when it has not been hallowed by prayer and by exhortation to divine and eternal ideals, and by the practice of a piety which has been the best and most powerful formative force of their minds and souls.

Piety, however, is not everything. It is well recognized, that they who use this college have to attend to many matters, which indeed receive all their significance from piety, but which can concern piety only indirectly. I venture to call this other side of education *Honestas*.

Honestas—a much wider word than our English honesty—is the quality in a man's character of rectitude, uprightness, loftiness, nobility, and beauty—not in one direction only, but all through. No one can be *honestus* unless he has a fairly wide knowledge of the past and the present, unless he is taught to overcome selfishness, meanness, grossness, baseness, and narrowness. We call a man educated when he knows a fair amount, when his views and principles are lofty and noble, when his ends and motives are intellectual rather than sensual, when his behaviour shows refinement, and when his hands and his limbs are to some extent trained.

This ideal of education raises many practical questions, which it has been the business of this college to solve during the last fifty years. First of all, there arises the difficulty of combining a liberal education with the special training and preparation required for making a living in the world. The theory of the Greeks, at all times and in all the States, was that the education of the young must not be special or professional. The view was that education was a general training of mind, body, and taste, to fit a man, not directly to earn money or a living, but to be a warrior, a judge, a governor, an arbiter of

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taste in beauty, and a cultured man. But it must be remembered that in the states of Greece education was only for what we may call a small upper class. It was only for citizens. The middle and lower classes in a Hellenic state were either foreign immigrants who possessed no civil rights, or serfs and slaves. It was only the free citizens who were elaborately educated. They were not all rich—far from it; but they formed a kind of aristocracy, who ran the commonwealth—who voted on every law and appointment, who discussed every question and crisis, who furnished the magistrates and office-holders of every kind, who were the main strength of the army and the fleet, and from whom commanders, governors, and legislators were always taken. We have a grand theory here—the theory of a class of men fitted by a liberal education of character to lead and govern the world. The theory has been carried into practice during long periods of history. But the aristocracy—if we may use this general phrase—have so often and so widely lost prestige by their shortcomings—by corruption, unjust dealing, oppression, luxury, and ignorance—that there is hardly at this moment in the world anywhere a liberally educated class that can guide or control a state. Still, in spite of the democratic conditions of the age, it is well that as many men as possible should be liberally educated. And this is the idea of a college like yours. For that, three things are required—the avoidance of premature specialization, the pursuit of mental training of a wide and fundamental kind, and six or seven calm and peaceful years, say from ten to seventeen. I please myself by thinking that, on the whole, the last fifty years in that building have followed out these principles. I know it has always been difficult to get a boy to stay long enough to be properly educated. I know also that there are apt to be what I venture to call weak condescensions to short-sighted demands, in cutting down the classics, in giving up Greek, in pursuing the merely mechanical acquisition of modern languages, &c. I do not venture to blame or even to advise. But it is certain that we can learn a good deal in liberal education from Hellenic principles.

One feature in the Hellenic liberal education was the training of the taste, or feeling, or imagination—we have no single

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word for ~~itself~~—by poetry and music. They considered—and it is absolutely true—that a refined sensibility is a great help to wide and noble thought. A gross and boorish character can never take in the higher and more exquisite conception of wisdom, justice and purity, until it has got rid of its boorishness and its coarseness. That is as true now as it was in the age of Pericles. But we cannot, I fear, trust to the purifying effect of poetry and music with the same confidence as the Greeks. We have no Homer; that is, we have no poetry which is at once heroic and supremely expressed. Moreover, our boys have not the Greek temperament—sensitive, excitable, eager, and hero-worshipping. In their earliest years the boys of Greece learnt Homer by heart, and sang and danced him—just as their fathers crowded in their thousands to hear him recited, and to assist at tragedy and comedy, and to listen to great orations. As for music, it is certainly true that our music is a long way in advance of anything known to the Greeks. Music in Greece was elementary. It was meant to accompany words. The lyre and the flute produced a few broad effects, which was indeed all that the undeveloped musical sense of that early people could respond to. For modern music, more than any other art, is a product of twenty centuries of scientific experiment. And yet it is most curious to read how powerfully the Greek musical sensitiveness, such as it was, was moved and swayed by what we should call the rude and primitive melodies thrummed on the lyre and blown with slow effort on their poor flutes. Great men, like Plato, Aristotle, and Pindar, ascribed powerful emotions to this childlike music, varying according to different scales or modes. It was only necessary to bring children under the influence of the right sort of harmony, they thought, and the right tone of character would be produced. Philosophers had recourse to the lyre to calm themselves. Lycurgus, when he wanted to prepare for his reforms, sent a lyric poet from Crete, who softened and subdued the stern and stark Spartans. The Dorian mode was reputed the most effective for purposes of education. Plato preferred the Phrygian; Aristotle the Lydian; there were many others, all differing in their character. I am far from saying that there is nothing in this. No one who is acquainted with the liturgical

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music of the Church can doubt that there is a wide class of musical effect that has disappeared from modern music. But anyhow, the principle that poetry, art, and music are powerful means to refine, and therefore powerful aids in education, is as true now as it was in ancient Greece. As for poetry, and literature generally, I know that there has always been at Ampleforth a good tradition of reading, study, recitation, and composition. Art, also, has always entered into the curriculum and into daily life—and that College has shown on its walls every year artistic work of great excellence, whilst it has seen in its classes students whose brilliance in after life is widely recognized. For the refining effect of music, I would not look to the laborious practice on the piano or the violin or the clarionet, which occupies so much time in modern school life. Neither should I consider that the concerts—vocal or instrumental—have much effect on character. Still, even so, music at Ampleforth has trained the hands, the ear, and the fancy. But the elevating effect sought for by the Greeks, I should most certainly find in the music of the Church—of the Mass and the Vespers, and the hymns. There we have what comes nearest to broad, elementary, striking effects. The Church music at Ampleforth has been at times, and is now, very artistic and finished. But I do not know that elaborate art is necessary; it is enough for education in the highest sense that it should not be poor or vulgar and should correspond to its sacred purposes, and that it should be well presented. The recent instructions of the Holy See have all tended in the direction of simplicity and directness—and of the restoration of the liturgical chant. That chant, when it becomes familiar, has an extraordinary power of moving, a power far exceeding that of modern music; and that chant, and the other Church music of a college, combined and informed as it is with impressive words and acts, is calculated to produce upon a boy's nature a "purification," as Aristotle would call it, a refinement, an elevation, happy memories, and an abiding attachment to holy things, which are a most powerful means of forming character. I do not think there is any Ampleforth man who can look back to the days when he knelt as a boy in the church without an emotion that lingers in his fancy all through

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life, like incense, softening him, refining him and lifting him up.

There was another side of education, considered by the Greeks as needed for the perfect man—and that was athletics. At Ampleforth I believe that the training of the body is well attended to. The Greeks, in the earliest times, trained their bodies for the purposes of war; later on, for health as well. At Ampleforth, we have never really trained for war. The drilling which has passed through many phases in fifty years cannot be said to have any intimate connection with war, and even the cadets, who occasionally betake themselves to the tented field, are not at all sure they will have to fight. But there has always been a reasonable feeling in this school, even before that college was built, that you must carefully and even scientifically exercise your body. Hence we have always fostered the games. There are people in these days who would substitute shooting, marching, and manoeuvres for cricket and football. It is ancient Greece over again. Athletics began to be used to excess, and the wise men railed against them. In very early times, we have Xenophanes complaining: "If a man wins a victory at Olympia by speed of foot, or in the pentathlon, or in wrestling, or boxing, people will look up to him with admiration, he has a front seat in the theatre, and he has a presentation. Yet he is not as worthy as I; my wisdom is better than his strength." Euripides agreed: "Who ever helped his country by winning a crown for wrestling or running a race, or breaking another man's jaw! Garlands should be kept for the wise and good." But Aristophanes in the *Clouds* laments the good old times when real and sound athletics were the boast of Greece. Then, he says, children were seen and not heard; boys were hardy, despised the weather; there was no lounging; they stood up with square shoulders whilst the master taught them the good old songs of their country; they behaved modestly at meals; they frequented the gymnasium, rather than the baths or the agora; they ran races under the sacred olives. "This education," he said, "produces a good chest, sound complexion, broad shoulders, small tongue"; this was the education that "produced the heroes of Marathon." I have no doubt that

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Ampleforth athletics, now as during the past fifty years, have been as sensible and as moderate and as affective as a Greek philosopher would have wished. I do not see any signs of the pale-faced, stunted, and over-educated youth that seem, according to the poets, to have been a feature of Greece in the closing decades of the fifth century before Christ. The college of 1861 has never had to reproach itself with boys like that.

Taking everything into consideration, I think I may confidently ask the good friends who have assembled for this Jubilee, to join with us in thanksgiving to Almighty God for fifty years use of the good collegiate buildings which Prior Wilfrid Cooper put up; which Bishop Cornthwaite blessed; and which some of us here present helped to dedicate. For the boys of the present school it must be an impressive reflection that they have behind them a good deal more than fifty years of academic ancestry, and of venerable memories and traditions. "Spartam anctus es," said the Greek lawgiver, "hanc exorna"; "your country is Sparta; do your best to glorify it." So I may say to them: "Your school is Ampleforth; try to do it credit." It is a venerable school, with many years over its head, and many achievements to its history; it is a good school, an efficient school, and a lovable school; thank God for it.

On looking back in reflective mood into the past, I have more and more clearly come to the conclusion that at Ampleforth a boy has all through been, rather distinctively, taught to educate himself. I do not mean that he has not had good teaching and good masters; but unless a boy brings his own mind to bear on his education—unless he comes to use reflection—to say "I made a mistake there"—"I must do better there"—"I must aim at this—I must avoid that"—he may learn languages and mathematics, but he will never be really educated. A boy may be brilliant, and a prize-winner, but may still fail in real education. Masters are aware of that; they know that they may be able to force and to cram, but that that is not education. All wise men know that the real worth of a school as a nursery of character and *bonestas* cannot be gathered from its competitive success in distinctions. For

real education there must be that continuous skilful guiding and piloting, without pushing or forcing, which makes a boy turn his acquirements into mental growth, and discipline his own mind and heart and soul. To achieve such a result in a school, first, the boys must be left judiciously to themselves; secondly, the masters must forbear from taking too much notice of them; thirdly, the brilliant boys must not be made too much of, and the average ones must never be neglected; and lastly, cramming and feverish work for examinations should be carefully kept down, for work of that kind runs off mind and character like a shower of rain from the roof. I ask the forgiveness of the academic staff of this college for venturing to say such things in their presence. The excuse for it is that I think it is the effects of an education of this kind for which many of us have to thank Ampleforth and the College of 1861.

*J.C.H.



BISHOP HEDLEY'S LITERARY WORK

I am at a loss to know to what I owe the honour,—for as such I very sincerely regard it,—of being invited to contribute some words on the late Bishop John Cuthbert Hedley to the pages of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL, which have so often been enriched by articles of such value from his own gifted pen. But I have at least one qualification,—I fear only one,—for undertaking the task: I may safely claim that no one has cherished a deeper veneration, I will venture to say affection, than myself for the great Bishop, the great Monk, and the great Scholar, by whose death the Catholic Church in England is so immeasurably the poorer, and its Hierarchy has lost its chiefest ornament.

So much has already been spoken and written, and that so excellently well, concerning Bishop Hedley, that almost any remarks I should have been tempted to set down would have been but little better than a repetition of what has been said by others.

The Editor invites me to send a few pages of appreciation of the late Bishop's literary work.

But, once more, to attempt to do so would be little more than rewriting the appreciations of others. As a tiny tribute, therefore, to his revered memory, I will but venture on one or two remarks concerning the impressions which have been left upon me by what I have known and read of this great son of Ampleforth.

It cannot be said that Bishop Hedley was *homo unius libri*, but at least he was a man of few books. I believe I am correct in saying that exactly seven volumes represent his entire literary output in book form, but each one of these occupies a notable, and in many respects a unique position in the library of modern Catholic literature. What priest but has found a new inspiration, a new outlook on the spiritual life, in *Bishop Hedley's Retreat*? Speaking for myself, I must say it came to me, when I first made acquaintance with it, as something of a spiritual revelation. And what a priceless gift not only to the students in our seminaries, but also to us priests, is that wonderful *Lex Levitarum*, that joint gift of the Benedictine Bishop and the great Benedictine Pope, St Gregory, on whom, as we have been so truly reminded, so much of the former's character and work seems unconsciously to have been formed! I have often envied those theological students of Ushaw, who, long years after my own College days, enjoyed the privilege of listening to the lectures given to them by the late Bishop as a commentary upon the Treatise of Gregory the Great, which now form the first portion of the volume I am referring to. *The Holy Eucharist*, one of the volumes of the admirable Westminster Library, has always appeared to me a perfectly ideal treatise whether for priest or layman, and as a model of what a popular handbook in a series of this kind ought to be. By collecting in *A Bishop and His Flock* a large number of his pastoral letters, Dr. Hedley has preserved for a far wider circle of the faithful many treasures of spiritual instruction that otherwise might have been limited to his own small diocesan flock.

But the Bishop's books by no means exhaust the tale of his literary activity. In some respects he has been best known by the very large number of articles of great scientific and literary value, contributed to many periodicals. Especially

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must his name be mentioned in connection with the *Dublin Review*. I do not know whether there be any complete list of his contributions to the "historic *Dublin*," nor am I aware when he first wrote in its pages. But in January 1879, he himself began his career as Editor, in succession to Dr. W. G. Ward, and, as I happen to know, opened the third series of the Review with the striking anonymous article "Catholicism and Culture." During his occupancy of the editorship, which lasted till October 1884, he doubtless wrote many of the articles, though, unlike most other contributors, anonymously. It was at this time that I first had the privilege of being brought into correspondence with the learned Bishop, as, from my acquaintance with Louvain, I was able to act as an intermediary between the Bishop-Editor and some of the Professors of that University in obtaining from them and translating articles for the Review, notably from Lamy, de Harlez and Alberdingk Thijm. At the end of 1884 he resigned the editorship, which was then assumed personally by Dr. Herbert Vaughan, the proprietor of the Review, who, amidst the manifold activities connected with both his diocese and his missionary society, appointed me to act as what the French call "secrétaire de rédaction," and this brought me still further into correspondence with Dr. Hedley. To this series and subsequent ones he was a fairly frequent contributor, as may be seen from the list of articles published in the Jubilee Number of the Review in April 1896. I am inclined to think that his last article in the *Dublin* pages was, appropriately enough, that on Bishop Hay in 1911.

I have no idea of the number of articles contributed by him to other reviews, especially Benedictine ones, but I presume it is fairly large. I should like to re-echo a hope that all these, or at least the more important ones, might be collected and published as soon as possible; and I should like also to propose that all those fine "sermons d'occasion," to which we have so often listened with delight,—sermons marking and illuminating certain great events or anniversaries in our ecclesiastical history,—might similarly be preserved in such collected form.

Fine as was the work of Bishop Hedley's pen, whether

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from the point of view of theological and philosophical erudition, of incisive diction, of literary style, or of spiritual unction, it had always a note of true humility. This was most noticeable whenever he had occasion to speak of any of his own compositions. He referred to them in a half deprecatory manner which almost seemed to say: "I have been asked to write on this subject, and here it is,—you may take it for what it is worth."

It is well known also that his wonderful sermons on great occasions often suffered, in spite of the fineness of their composition, by being read, and that in a somewhat off-hand style, which by no means did justice to the composition. Hence the frequent remark that his sermons read better than they sounded: another reason, one would think, why they should be collected and re-published.¹

Apart from his literary gifts, there was one trait of Bishop Hedley's intellectual character which I have not seen noted elsewhere, but which has often impressed me very much. For over a dozen years it has been my privilege to sit with him at deliberative gatherings, whether at the various official meetings of the English Hierarchy, or on one or other board or commission. I have frequently noticed on these occasions how, after a subject had been apparently fully and exhaustively discussed and a conclusion was on the point of being arrived at, he would suddenly throw out quite a new objection, or introduce an entirely new point of view,—either reactionary or revolutionary it appeared, as the case might be,—which would seem likely to upset or greatly modify the decision about to be formulated. Fresh discussion would ensue, and then after a very short time, the Bishop would quietly withdraw his opposition. What was his motive? Simply I believe his extreme intellectual honesty in wishing that every question should be fairly looked at from every possible side, that every objection should be squarely faced and thought over, even though the view suggested or the objection stated should not by any means represent his own conviction. It seemed the method of a careful and conscientious judge, determined that

¹ Many of these sermons may be found in the Bishop's three volumes *Our Divine Sacraments*, *The Christian Inheritance* and *The Light of Life*.

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every argument on both sides of a case should be duly stated and weighed in court. And no doubt the same method was pursued by him in his own study of any subject, theological, philosophical or historical.

Speaking of such discussions, I think just one word ought to be added of the good work he did in presiding over both the Universities Catholic Education Board and the Bishops' Commission on Hymns. At the latter he worked hard, and he would come up to Westminster or elsewhere, laden with a small portmanteau packed with hymn-books and MSS. to be submitted to the wearisome process of discussion and criticism—often an ungrateful task, in which none was more patient than our long-suffering Chairman.

✦ LOUIS CHARLES,
Bishop of Salford.

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CANON HEDLEY AT BELMONT

It was a day of gloom and general sadness when F. Cuthbert Hedley left Ampleforth for Belmont in November, 1862, and the lamentation of the School at least was loud and sincere. He had only just become prefect. As sub-prefect for some years under F. Wilfrid Brown he was a great favourite with the boys, justly popular for his kindly care of us youngsters, for musical and dramatic gifts which we could appreciate and for other talents that we took on faith, not least for the thrilling tales he told us in the "ring" round the "flue" on winter evenings. No doubt this popularity was enhanced by contrast with the stern aspect and severe discipline of the prefect. B. Cuthbert could be severe when needful and chastise roughly. The writer recalls being put in the corner with a smart box on the ear for refusing to eat some rice pudding which recked, as he had unwisely remarked, of tallow! But the sub-prefect was affectionate in his manner towards the small boys, was interested in their studies and welfare; we enjoyed his banter, and loved the choir practices or the preparation for his plays and operettas. I could still recite, or even sing, long extracts from "The Forty Thieves," a musical

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retour with topical allusions and swinging choruses (though without a *ballet*) in which the rank and file of altos and trebles composed the chorus of Robbers, whilst the solo parts were taken by such distinguished players as John Pippet, Joe Watmore or Thomas Burge. We were all very proud of B. Cuthbert. Hadn't he composed those devotional canticles which decorated the Feasts as they came round in church? Hadn't he written those wonderful operettas in which we took an enthusiastic part,—humble beginnings of a series of musical dramas that distinguished our College stage, and, as we fondly imagined, were later imitated by the music halls? Wasn't he our Poet Laureate too? The Ode to Alma Mater, first sung so enthusiastically at the opening of the New College, has been a kind of local "national anthem" ever since. Imagine then the undisguised delight of those who had groaned under the iron yoke of Fr. Wilfrid when returning one autumn we found B. Cuthbert installed in his place. A short-lived happiness, alas! After a few weeks he was selected for Belmont—a new name of strange portent! and we fell back again, possibly to our great benefit, beneath the Spartan discipline of the former prefect.

Ampleforth's loss was Belmont's gain! It was a providential choice that called the young priest to the wider field and ampler prospects of the House of Studies where his diligence and rare talents profited by fuller opportunities for serious reading. Within a few years the present writer came again under F. Cuthbert's influence. 1865 marked a new epoch at Belmont, for Prior Bede Vaughan, youthful and enthusiastic himself, was at last able to realise his ideas with a new novice master, a new novitiate-quarter and a round dozen of fervent novices easily kindled by the prospects of a new era. The novice master, F. Anselm Gillett, was a devoted admirer of the Prior, prepared to enter into his views to the fullest; but being in delicate health and somewhat diffident of his powers, Canon Hedley was given him as a helpmate. It fell to the latter, then, together with the Prior, to give the novices frequent conferences; he wrote for us useful tractates on the Vows, Religious Perfection, Plain Chant, &c.; he was our companion on the long walks through the countryside which

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in those graver days were a monk's sole or chief relaxation. How we talked and theorised on these occasions, of history, antiquities, philosophy, politics as well as less solemn themes; and the influence of our leader's mature, instructed mind was most helpful, bringing out and developing tastes, kindling interests, correcting extravagance or eccentricity. It wasn't always a joy to be among F. Cuthbert's special companions on these walks, for he could be silent sometimes and brusque and would indulge at our expense in banter and a caustic wit; but he was never really unkind; we learnt not to be super-sensitive, and to give and take in equal converse, for he liked people to hold their own views and argue with him freely.

Our enthusiasm for both religious and literary subjects grew apace and took other direction when, the novitiate safely passed, we came to the study of philosophy and theology. Of the latter Canon Hedley was professor, as he was choir master and organist also, as well as prefect of the Seminarists, for whom he used to write little Latin plays. His influence in the community ever made for culture and ecclesiastical tastes, not always without opposition, though always with the Prior's full approval. To the survivors of that fortunate generation the names of the *Liber Albus*, the Glee Club, even the *Belmont Punch* will recall memories, songs or poesy, sometimes the reverse of grave, but at least suggesting the variety of Canon Hedley's interests!

The circumstances of the time were very stimulating to enthusiastic minds at a susceptible age. They were years of strenuous controversy in Catholic circles directly leading up to the Vatican Council; and Belmont had its own literary atmosphere of a modest kind. Traditions in the Congregation had not been favourable to literary efforts; that any one should write for the press was a portent such as no reader of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL can possibly conceive. A favourite story of Father Romuald Woods illustrates the situation. He had once sent a few lines to a Catholic periodical describing a tea-party in the village schoolroom, and when the paper was due he went to the Prior's room to see if the paragraph had appeared. "I wonder who wrote that," remarked the Prior, after reading it through. "I did," shyly answered the

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budding author. "Did you really," was the surprised reply, "did you really? it reads all right." But at Belmont Prior Vaughan had published some pamphlets on University education, or against it, which made some little stir. F. Cuthbert wrote some slight papers for the *Catholic Workman* (a long defunct magazine familiarly known as the *Catholic Dustman*); and about this time he began that wonderful series of Patristic essays in the *Dublin Review* that first brought his gifts into general notice. The *Dublin* articles when read in the refectory formed subjects of discussion, of admiration, some times of criticism in the calefactory or class-rooms. Origen was regarded by the professor of history as a heretic banned by General Councils, and his brother professor's views on such subjects were suspected to be slightly unsound and "liberal!"

It was my lot to continue longer than others under Canon Hedley's influence and teaching, and to find in them a substitute for the University course at Rome or Louvain that dangled unrealized for years before one's youthful ambition. As time went by one grew to closer intimacy with him in hours of recreation or of work. I became his sub-prefect in the Little Seminary, and frequently his companion in the long rambles through Herefordshire lanes that he always enjoyed. On the Prior's promotion to the episcopate in 1873 Canon Hedley was the popular, but unsuccessful, candidate for the Cathedral-priorship; and I can remember as though but yesterday our walk to a Dinedor picnic with the small boys a few months afterwards when he first told me of his own appointment as Auxiliary to Bishop Brown.

In chronicling Canon Hedley's influence at Belmont allowance will no doubt be made for one who was said to have copied all the Bishop's failings and none of his virtues; yet the following summary of his life during these years will be endorsed, I fancy, by other's experience as well. A deeply read and original thinker himself F. Cuthbert was a stimulating professor to others, interested in his class individually, ready to discuss points with them freely, always at their service, though perhaps a little too chary of the encouragement of praise. He was an inspiring example of literary toil and achievement, as well as of the employment of natural gifts exclusively in the

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Church's service. An edifying and observant member of the community, reverent of authority, cheerful in recreation, he was moreover a sympathetic and intelligent director who held up very high ideals of religious life, yet could be tolerant of youthful weakness or indiscretion. To the young he was ever a kindly friend and counsellor, ready to listen though quick to comprehend, somewhat undemonstrative, never expansive, but with judgment and sympathy on which we could confidently count. These Belmont years were for him full of fruitful toil and rich in reward; they led up directly to the attainment of his own high vocation; and they laid the foundation, among several generations of juniors, of that reverent affection and enduring gratitude which was felt by all who came under his care.

* * *

J.I.C.

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When on St Martin's Day Bishop Hedley died, full of years and merits, there passed away the latest of the great monk-bishops, of whom the "Wonder-worker of Gaul" was one of the earliest; and the *Non recuss labore* of the Saint might well serve as label for the Bishop's whole life, as indeed it occurs in the last letter which he wrote on the morning of his death. Strenuousness, indefatigable toil with sweat of brain if not of brow marked Bishop Hedley's career. He never shirked work. The talents that the Lord had lent him were not buried, but put out to interest in the Church's service; yet was it rather his industry in their employment that most of all impressed one who has sympathetically followed his career for over half a century.

The Bishop's great gifts, or many of them, are generally recognized. His bright and lucid style, ever a pleasure to follow, reflected a poetic mind well-stored by wide reading and a retentive memory. The silent studious days at Ampleforth were of great profit to him, and the fruitful years of Belmont and his early episcopate. He wrote rapidly and

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apparently with ease, the result of early diligence and constant exercise; if voracious he was not a shallow reader, for to extensive study he joined a very sane judgment as well as much originality of thought, or at least a fresh presentment of ancient wisdom that seemed both original and fascinating. Perhaps his special gift was a power of lucid exposition of deep and difficult themes which he could wonderfully illustrate by apt phrases and poetic imagery; for he possessed a poet's vivid imagination, in which the ingots of his lore, theological, mystical, historical, were fused as in a crucible to flow forth again luminous and living, brilliant yet substantial. Though in a very true sense a distinguished preacher Bishop Hedley was not a popular orator, his literary taste being too fastidious and his pulpit manner not sufficiently rhetorical for general acceptance. His delivery was often slow and halting; one could feel him following out a close train of thought and pausing for the precise phrase in which to express it; the hesitance annoyed those who prefer a careless fluency which accepts the first word that offers; but when it came the bishop's was the *just word*, illuminating and satisfying, and to thoughtful hearers the fitness of the phrase or the exquisitely turned figure more than compensated for the hesitation. It was better in later years when on state occasions the familiar manuscript relieved the strain on his memory and helped the flow of his well-chosen words; still the appeal of his style was too exclusively to the intelligence and not enough to the emotions for him ever to be popular with the crowd. His ideal of pulpit instruction was very high; to him a bishop's formal utterances were very sacred and responsible; he wrote and spoke like a Father of the Church, in the name of the *Ecclena docens*, with an eye to wider audiences than ever gathered in any cathedral.

Regrets have been heard that Bishop Hedley has left no *monumental* work, that from a mind so well stored and a pen so graceful no *magnum opus* was produced of literature, theology or history. The loss is due to his episcopal office, for all his writings grew out of his daily duties, and had they been different the legacy of his writings might have been richer. Taken from a professor's chair and made bishop at

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a very early age, it was only at death that he laid down the pastoral staff and pen; he never found time for the research or exclusive study required for monumental work, and he was too conscientious a pastor to secure such leisure by neglecting more pressing duties. An exception should be made under this head for his *Retreat*, probably the most finished work of his pen, and one truly monumental, representing as it does the results of a lifetime of meditation, of conference, of personal experience. The bishop himself regarded this as the quintessence of his thought on the spiritual life; and once gave that as his reason for never following it up by a supplemental volume. He had put into it the very best he knew and felt. Cardinal Vaughan, on its first appearance, wrote to him that it would do more for the conversion of England than anything that had been written since the Reformation.

Dr. Hedley had considerable talent for music, both as executant and composer, though it was never cultivated except as a recreation or for its professional utility. As organist and choir-master at Ampleforth and Belmont he composed various motetts of some value, not to mention the *Ode to Alma Mater*; and even when Bishop he loved to play the organ in his cathedral church at Vespers or Compline. But he never used time or energy in developing such talents or suffered them to interfere with higher claims. It was the same with all his natural gifts. Cultivated and widely interested as he was in many subjects, with a keen out-look on literature and science, he was before all things a monk and churchman, whose predominant interests were ecclesiastical, who had neither hobbies nor tastes apart from his high vocation.

A gift of humour, sometimes a bit sardonic, lent a sparkle to Dr. Hedley's conversation and a certain zest to his intercourse which, though a delight to his friends, was not infrequently a terror to strangers. A dangerous accomplishment in a bishop, for the latter could not make the same allowance as friends did for his origin and early training! The bishop inherited a certain northern directness or brusqueness, and had grown up in monastic communities where

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the give-and-take of fraternal intercourse is very free, where good-humoured banter is an ordinary form of recreation never misunderstood, and shared in by all, even superiors. In such surroundings the wit or pleasantry of a remark is usually justification enough for its utterance; no malice lurks in the sly jest of which the point, if sharp, is never poisoned. The victim bides his turn to score in the quick rapter-play, and all have learnt to take a cut without wincing and give one back without anger. The calefactory is neither common-room, nor club, still less a drawing-room; perhaps it is more like an arena! Brought up in such a manly school, the bishop, like others, may sometimes have forgotten his surroundings and have confused a drawing-room with the calefactory, or mistaken some sensitive layman or grave clergyman for the seasoned monk. It was a compliment had they only known it! But men used to the stiff courtesies of society were not so tolerant as his monastic brethren, and in earlier years the bishop earned in some quarters a repute for being boorish and disagreeable. He certainly did not suffer fools gladly, nor bore with uncomplaining patience. He employed banter to convey lessons more gently and effectively than by direct reproof, whilst pretentiousness and affectation were quite likely to be snubbed at his hands. Nor did he always realize how heavy was his hand or how hard it struck; shy spirits were overawed by teasing however kindly meant, and light jests dropping from episcopal heights occasionally hurt more than he suspected. He was a man of moods, too, silent at times or disinclined for converse, possibly pre-occupied by cares or in later years by physical pain. Such asperities of character ate a tribute to humanity which the best of men must pay. With age and self-discipline they were greatly softened; they were never inconsistent with genuine kindness and the most ample charity, they never forfeited his friends' love or lessened his influence; and he has been known to make ample, even humble, amends to those whom he had unwittingly hurt. If Dr. Hedley were in some respects an episcopal Dr. Johnson, with ponderous wit and elephantine gambols, it should be said of him also that he had 'nothing of the bear but his skin!'

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The lofty ideals of the Priesthood and Religious Life which the bishop's writings display were equally conspicuous in his own life ; together with his repute for solid learning they justify the profound reverence in which he was regarded by both laity and clergy, and account for the deep influence he wielded on the spiritual thought of his day. In the simplicity of his tastes and habits, in unworldliness, in love of retirement, in freedom from ambition, he was always a monk. When in 1895 his diocese was divided in the supposed interests of religion he made no protest against a scheme which, as it was altered within three years, might at least be judged hasty and ill-considered. When the chance came to him on Cardinal Vaughan's death of succeeding to the archbishopric he declined it firmly and sincerely. He never talked about himself, his aims or his ailments, bearing with exemplary fortitude the grievous disability of his lameness, never showing resentment for the slights and injuries to which even bishops are occasionally exposed ! Perhaps in some of these matters he set a standard too lofty for ordinary men ; some thought him too slow to praise, and hardly ready enough to afford the encouragement which comes from a superior's judicious approval.

To conclude with what appears to us the most prominent characteristic of Bishop Hedley's life—his untiring industry. He was an indefatigable worker almost to the very end. Day by day he sat at his desk the long morning hours, and often late into the night, pen in hand, busy with correspondence which he never neglected, or preparing sermons, articles, pastorals, lectures. Work never made him inaccessible to his clergy, or less sympathetic in their troubles ; he knew them well, was always at their service ; and he dispensed to them the modest hospitality that one associates with bishops and monks. Almost the only holiday he took was an occasional visit to a friend's house, though the mornings even then were usually given over to writing. He never travelled for recreation or sightseeing, or visited Rome except when duty required it. In the early days of his episcopate he himself held the annual religious examination of every school in his diocese, and almost to the last presided over

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the conferences of each deanery. Frequent requests to give retreats or to preach outside his diocese were seldom refused. For several years at Cardinal Manning's desire he edited the *Dublin Review*, maintaining the theological standard set by Dr. Ward and raising its literary tone, contributing moreover to each number thoughtful and interesting articles on a great variety of subjects. With a small and well-organised diocese, where half the clergy are regulars, he was not overwhelmed by administration ; consequently he had little use for a secretary, and for years dispensed with a vicar-general. He would never ask for an Auxiliary, even when failing under the infirmities of age, and the election for his Coadjutor took place two days before his own death ! Independent, self-reliant, sure of his own judgment, the bishop never seemed to want either counsel or help, though he was glad of sympathy, particularly in later years, and grateful for intelligent appreciation from his friends. He was never one to share responsibility or delegate his powers ; and with all his broad-mindedness and accessibility there was no more autocratically governed diocese than his in England. Altogether a strong man, an unwearied worker ; a faithful servant set over the Lord's household to give them food in due season,—one of the line of strenuous monk-bishops whose spirit St Martin's dying word sums up as "never shirking toil."

J.I.C.



BISHOP HEDLEY AND THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

Mark Twain has put on record his private conviction that "the progress made in the great art of ship-building since Noah's time is quite noticeable." If the great patriarch had kept a log of his voyage, we could with equal assurance have asserted our conviction that the progress made in the great art of journalism since Noah's time is also quite noticeable. Very likely the earliest diary or journal was one impressed, in the short-hand of the period, upon sun-baked bricks and published, to all concerned, the Imperial births and deaths ; the great deeds of certain Eastern barbarians who were

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wishful to propagate their particular culture and to win a place in the sun; all the winners in the Autumn chariot-races; and the day-by-day chronicle of some big-game sportsman, like Nimrod: your mighty hunter has always liked to cut a brave figure in the public eye, and is rarely content with such meagre "epitaphs" as the horns and skins and skulls that decorate the walls of his house. We do not, however, feel curious to learn who was the genius who first hit upon the notion of posting up his daily doings. Like all things under the sun, the art of diary-keeping or journal-making began life young, and since then has made progress noticeable enough for us, who live in an advanced age, to think of its first essays as curious and amusing—like a child's first clumsy attempts to stand on its legs. Even in our small corner of the world, now that we have a full-fledged, up-to-date Magazine of our own, we, Laurentians, cannot turn over the pages of older Laurentian diaries and journals—not even τὸ ἡἷον or *The Student*—without a smile.

Sometime in the early months of 1895 Bishop Hedley went word to Prior Burge that he purposed coming up to Ampleforth to discuss whether it was not now time to "break-out"—a favourite phrase of his—and start a new adventure, the publishing of a superior front-rank Ampleforth Magazine. A College Diary had been coming out half-yearly;—a sturdy fast-growing youngster of good metal and excellent promise, who seemed to need little more than a change of dress and a better conceit of himself to play the part of a man. The good Bishop brought with him a very clear conception of what he wanted. We, who sat in council with him, presented ourselves with no defined clear-cut scheme of our own, and were very properly disposed to listen to his Lordship's proposals, accept them, and carry them out as well and fully as seemed possible or desirable under existing circumstances. Undoubtedly, we had a sentimental affection for the Diary, and, left to ourselves, might have continued it, desiring no more than to improve it out of all knowledge—re-christening it, perhaps; re-modelling its *format*; and giving the literary and artistic portion of it undisputed pride of place. The Bishop, however, had planned to do away with it altogether.

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He admitted that the Diary had become a good thing—very well indeed in its way; but we ought, he said, to be able, among us, to bring out a Magazine which would have a value of its own apart from its connection with the College, which would appeal to a wider public, and be worth reading and preserving wholly because of its literary and artistic merit. He was prepared to admit in an editorial retrospect of Laurentian doings; school notes, mission notes, personal notes were desirable—in some such form as the *Odds and Ends* of the *Downside Review*; we could not have too many such "Notes"; but he did not desire the proposed magazine to be scholastic in any direct form or intent. However, for the sake of retaining the interest of the boys and their friends, and of encouraging literary aspirations in the school, he agreed to include a College Diary—as an adjunct. Afterwards he remarked that Ampleforth would do well to keep up the devotion to English literature which had distinguished it in older days. One of the most valuable assets a boy could bring away with him from College was what his old tutor and director in English (Fr Aidan Hickey) used to speak of as "a literary conscience."

It was his Lordship himself who proposed that the Magazine should be named THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL. The word "Journal," he said, fitted in with its origin as a development of the Diary and the retention of it in its pages; also, the word included the concept of a store of essays on subjects of the day, on local historic places, on art work, and on literary criticism—the sort of matter dealt with by journalists. It could not be thought misleading even if we dropped into poetry at times. Then, after talk of subjects and contributors, an editor and financial manager were chosen, and it was resolved that the first number of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL should make its bow to the public at the following Midsummer Exhibition. It was also decided that it should be issued thrice a year, each number making punctual appearance at the end of the term. In his original scheme Bishop Hedley had planned a quarterly issue; but, as he admitted, it is not easy to distribute, without partiality, four bites among three apples.

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To the editor the Bishop afterwards gave some personal advice. Speaking of the *format* to be adopted, he said: "I leave that entirely with you; do as you think best; choose good paper, good type and a fair-sized page; but—here he was emphatic—don't *copy* anything; an imitation makes a present of half its merit to the original copied. Next, he said: "Don't let the JOURNAL be *parochial*; to be parochial means to be little and insignificant, even if it brings you a cheap popularity." Lastly, he said, "Above all avoid self-laudation as far as possible; a little of it is unavoidable; as a rule self-praise is the commonest and ugliest fault of a College Magazine; any excess of it is never less than bad taste; it is my opinion that the JOURNAL will help the College better by its high standing and value than by making it a show-window for our goods."

These are not the Bishop's exact words. So much was said, and the side-issues discussed were so many, and the meeting took place so long ago, that the writer can only profess to have given a faithful version of the impression—a very vivid one—retained in his memory. The meeting was an event which not only was of interest to him, but greatly influenced his after-life. Naturally, he is best sure of his memory when reporting his Lordship's warnings to the editor: they were spoken directly to himself. He believes that, in the main, he has reproduced them very exactly, both in emphasis and expression.

When the JOURNAL stood on its legs, our good Bishop was ever reader with help and encouragement than with criticism. Not once, to our recollection, did he repeat his caution about the evil of self-laudation; though we have heard him reprobate an instance furnished by another Magazine. He said nothing further about parochialism, except to write, on occasion, of the want in the JOURNAL of more literary papers and of a wider range of subjects. Once he characterised a certain report of a football match as "slangy," but when the editor answered to the effect that football, like all sciences, had a patter of its own, and that the boy-reporter was only copying rather crudely the mannerisms of classic authorities on that subject, he let the matter

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drop. He rarely commented on the school section of the JOURNAL. Not that we supposed him displeased with it or that he took no heed of it—we believe he read each number from the first line to last and, for the most part, with pleasure—but that he did not expect from boys more than they could give him, knew their ways, and was big-minded enough to sympathise with their candid unadorned directness of speech, when telling of their victories or making excuse for their ill-success. He was gentle in his criticism of undeserved failure. Just as he sat out with kindly patience, and his invariable smile of encouragement, the tragic dulness and farcical tragedy of many a dramatic representation on our stage, he passed over much in the JOURNAL that we feared would bring a letter of strident reproach for our editorial amiability in admitting it. Most often he kindly volunteered advice how we might have amended or improved such articles, and only rarely did he show that impatience with incompetence and intolerance of foolishness which he was himself humbly conscious of, yet could not always keep under control. Once he condemned an article utterly and abusively; but it had been sent in by a contributor who, most certainly, had the ability and should have had the good sense to do better. Even then he tempered the storm to the editor by the manner of its coming; it came as an explosion of literary fireworks, which he knew would give more amusement than pain. At no time during the twenty years will the JOURNAL have realised his hopes. A few numbers he marked as "excellent" (many of them were "good" and the rest "fair" or "moderate"), but in the best of them he found matter for criticism. Very likely he never really expected much more from us than we found ourselves able to give him. Perhaps, if the JOURNAL had been more perfect he would have liked it less. His fondness of it was that of a parent, very conscious of the imperfections of his offspring, but feeling all the more drawn towards it because of them. Anyway, he never tired of it. From first to last, for better and for worse, he was its staunch friend.

The good Bishop made a solemn promise to its first editor: "Every time you ask me I will always write for the JOURNAL." He kept this rather big promise faithfully. The editor asked

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often—at first, for nearly every number—and was never directly refused. A grumbling letter was received by him in answer to a timid desire for copy—it was dictated by an attack of gout—but his anxiety was relieved by a post-card received a few days later, saying: "Will send you an article (about 10 pages). How long can you give me? Best wishes.—* J.C.H." Most often his Lordship did not wait to be asked. A letter came about the middle of the Term—only an editor can know how welcome was the sight of the handwriting—asking news of the next number: "Who are writing for it? Have you plenty of illustrations? See that it is out in good time, &c., &c.," with perhaps a word or two of advice and the glad news, "I have an article nearly ready for you." Oftentimes the editor wondered if he ought not to ask the Bishop to take the JOURNAL into his own hands and offer to do service under him as assistant. Only the knowledge that his Lordship had been compelled reluctantly to resign the editorship of the *Dublin Review* deterred him. He once heard Bishop Hedley say that the happiest time of his life was when he was bringing out the *Dublin Review*. He added the unexpected words: "I believe I am better qualified to be an editor than a bishop." He was an admirable editor, no doubt; but he was a great Bishop.

J.C.A.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE School officials for the term have been as follows:

Head Monitor	H. M. J. Gerrard
Captain of the Games	H. A. Martin
Monitors	H. A. Martin, R. Lynch, D. T. Long, F. L. Le Fevre, C. F. Macpherson, C. Knowles, Viscount Encombe
Librarians of the Upper Library	J. Barton, A. L. Milburn
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	C. H. Robinson, P. Blackledge
Librarians of the Lower Middle Library G. P. Cronk, C. J. Porri	
Librarian of the Lower Library	C. E. G. Cary-Elwes
Journal Committee	H. M. J. Gerrard, G. Simpson
Football Committee	H. M. J. Gerrard, H. A. Martin, C. F. Macpherson

Captains of the Football Sets—

- 1st Set—H. M. J. Gerrard, H. A. Martin.
- 2nd Set—C. J. Field, G. Newsham.
- 3rd Set—C. H. Robinson, L. Knowles.
- 4th Set—J. F. Ainscough, C. S. D. George.
- 5th Set—C. E. G. Cary-Elwes, W. J. Roach.
- 6th Set—A. Ainscough, R. Lancaster.

* * *

C. B. J. Collison, C. W. F. Leese, M. L. Ainscough, B. Martin, G. A. Lintner, J. P. Douglas, R. S. Douglas, D. Collison, T. F. H. Kelly, B. Martin, J. Cravos, A. Corballis, A. Cooper

left at the end of the Summer Term. A. J. McDonald and J. Barton left in the course of the term to join the Inns of Court O.T.C. To one and all we wish every good wish for their future.

* * *

THE following are the names of the new boys:

J. Leese, R. Lawson, A. M. de Zulueta, P. J. D. Cullinan, E. M. Vanheems, T. A. Caffrey, F. de Guingand, J. E. S. Smith, D. C. Lazenby, H. d'Ursel, J. D. Kevill, R. Kevill, W. J. Comolly, L. Newton, H. Douglas.

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CONGRATULATIONS to C. F. W. Leese, who passed into the newly founded Cadet College, Wellington, Madras, at the June Army Entrance Examination. He sailed for India in September.



In these times the horrible thought is with us that games after all are of small account. However that may be the Rugby XV are to be congratulated on some phenomenal scoring this term. They are undoubtedly a good attacking side. This is the more remarkable because they are of course the youngest side Ampleforth can ever have put into the field. There is not one player over seventeen years of age in the team. The forwards were, of course, absurdly light and were outweighed in all their matches, but they made up for this by good low and firm packing and quick heeling. Morrogh-Bernard has turned out a good hooker and has the right style generally. He was a real find for the XV. Martin, who captained the team, played invariably at the top of his form and has the makings of a great forward, for which position he has, too, unusual pace. Massey and Gerrard are a capable pair of halves but the strength of the team is in the pace and dash of the centre "threes." Where Gerrard had failed to make an opening Knowles and Macpherson could always be relied upon to delude and draw the defence, F. S. Cravos on the wing did many good things and his labyrinthian movements and inter-play with Macpherson suggested the dithyramb, but it would have been sounder play and have paid better to have "gone for the corner-flag."



Since the "Bounds" became a building site and thus did away with the old "Bounds" games, the problem of exercise for the many on "short" afternoons has defied various attempts at solution. There has always been a majority who were not playing Squash Rackets or Fives or Golf, or were not occupied on the Shooting Range. The extension of the new Cricket Ground has at last rendered possible a "Bounds" game of "Soccer" on the eastern side of it, whither those who are free repair on short afternoons for a "Bounds" game

School Notes

quite in the old style. The game had not been interrupted long enough to cause an absolute break with tradition, the old spirit lingered on, and "*Upper Library*" versus *The Rest* still provides all the old opportunities for adventure and distinction and—dare we say?—shirking.



The introduction of Squash Rackets has not had the adverse effect on Fives that might have been and was suspected. The covered Fives Courts have been well used and were indeed a boon during the last month's wet and clammy weather.



R. P. St L. LISTON headed the Cricket Averages last summer, H. M. J. Gerrard the bowling. The "Wyse" bat, for the best all-round cricketer, was awarded to D. Collison.



THE success of the entertainment in aid of our wounded soldiers given last June prompted to make a second effort on their behalf on November 17th. An account of it will be found in the JOURNAL. About three hundred visitors were present. This was not quite up to the numbers of June, but it was a financial success. After all expenses had been met we were able to send to the local Red Cross Hospital at Hovingham £15 8s. 8d., and to the Public Schools Hospital, Dorchester House, £10 10s. An "old boy" who heard of our efforts sent us £5 to help. This generous contribution arrived too late for inclusion in the above total and will be forwarded to the Public Schools Hospital. We have to thank all, who helped to make this entertainment a success whether by selling tickets or by motoring soldiers from Hovingham and from Helmsley on the night of November 17th. We would like to mention in particular Mr and Mrs Slingsby Hunter of Gilling Castle.



On the night of the entertainment someone with the best of intentions acceded to the request of a wounded soldier for the loan of a Winchester Rifle in his possession. The sequel shall

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be told in the words of one of the Hospital authorities: "I am writing in the first place to thank you and all the performers at Ampleforth both for a most enjoyable evening and also for the games paid for by the money you so kindly sent. Secondly, may I suggest that you should recall the loan of a rifle, lent, I hear, to the men. The bag so far is as follows: 4 rabbits—stalked, 2 hen pheasants—(*horribile dictu*) stalked and shot sitting, one squirrel, one starling (which fell down the police constable's chimney and so died), one wild duck (hit by a fluke on the wing). I should describe this a varied but too extensive bag." A second letter, following rapidly upon the above, announced that the same sporting gentleman had also been found guilty of "attempted vulpicide." So ended a well intentioned indiscretion.



THE building of the Preparatory School, though much delayed by certain inevitable difficulties caused by the war, has made steady progress. In our next number we hope to be able to give some illustrations of it externally and internally. The fulfilment of a suggestion that the "top boys" should take up their quarters within its walls would be welcomed by them by reason of its prospective comforts. We wonder what "authority" would say to this. But we set it down as our opinion that a graduated scale of comfort should be introduced into the School, beginning with some really Spartan training for the Preparatory School. On this principle the New Preparatory School would become the *habitat* of the Sixth and Fifth Forms.



A HARD frost lasting for some days in November caught us unawares and we missed some good skating by not having our field flooded in time. In December nature flooded it for us. The rainfall in that month passed any record of rain we possess for the last sixteen years. Rain fell on twenty-eight days of December and reached the handsome maximum of 5.64 inches! It has certainly "done its bit." Next term, perhaps, it will give us a chance.

School Notes

DOM RAYMUND LYTHGOE left for the Mission in October. He carries with him the best wishes of the School. He will be particularly missed by the small boys, whose games for some years he has superintended with unremitting attention and energy.



THE Retreat this term was preached by Dom Clement Standish, who will forgive us if we appear patronising and say that we found him both refreshing and original. We tender him our thanks for a retreat which we can honestly say the School enjoyed.



WE offer to A. F. MacDonnell and to P. MacDonnell our sincerest sympathies on the death of their father, Major F. MacDonnell, who died of enteric contracted in the Dardanelles. R.I.P.



ON "All Monks" the School took advantage of a whole day to visit places of interest in the district. The Lower Third, by the invitation of Lady Feversham, were most hospitably entertained at Duncombe Park. The Hunt Dinner at the Worsley Arms, Hovingham, which was a welcome finish to a run with the Beagles, was a very great success, and, we hope, will often be repeated. The traditional domestic festivities on "All Monks" were held on the following day, Sunday November 14th. On St Cecilia's the choir went to Goremire. The day was enjoyed by all, but Goremire is not at its best in the winter and we heard whispers that the choir were worthy of a more original form of entertainment. At the musical festivities in the evening, as also on "the Punch" at the end of the term, Dom Benedict, who has an inveterate but most diverting habit of producing original and topical verses for such occasions, scored great successes. At a "Sing-Song" in the Theatre held towards the end of term, all enjoyed Dom Cyril Maddox's "Wild Man from Borneo."

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The following boys are heads of their forms:

Upper Sixth, D. T. Long	Higher Third, R. J. Browne
Sixth, F. L. Le Fèvre	Lower Third, R. G. Hague
Fifth, T. V. Welsh	Second, A. M. de Zulueta
Fourth, L. Bévenot	First, R. Lancaster

* * *

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 Iltyd 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 Cyril Maddox
Dom Adrian Mawson	Dom Raphael Williams
Dom Ambrose Byrne, M.A.	Dom Gregory Swann, B.A.

J. Eddy, Esq. (*Music*)

J. Knowles, Esq. (*Drawing*)

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

Nurse Costello (*Matron*)

Miss Till (*Assistant Matron*)

* * *

THE EXAMINATIONS

THE following boys passed the Oxford and Cambridge Higher and Lower Certificate, 1915:

HIGHER CERTIFICATE

Ainscough, M. L.
Collison, C. B. J.
Kelly, T. F. H.
Le Fèvre, F. L.
Long, D. T.
Welsh, T. V.

School Notes

LOWER CERTIFICATE

Name.	Subjects in which First classes were obtained.
Barton, J.	.. Greek
Bévenot, L.	.. French
Browne, R. J.	.. Elementary Mathematics and English
Cravos, F.	.. Greek, Elementary Mathematics, History and English
Cravos, V. G.	.. Elementary Mathematics
Encombe, Viscount	.. Additional Mathematics
Knowles, C.	.. History
Liston, R. P. St. L.	.. Greek
Macpherson, C. F.	.. Latin, Greek and French
Milburn, A. L.	.. History
Mills, P.	.. Latin and Greek
Morrough-Bernard, J.	.. Latin and Greek
Rochford, C.	.. English
Rochford, D. M.	.. Greek, Additional Mathematics, History and English
Simpson, G.	.. English
Smith, W.	.. Greek, Additional Mathematics, History and English
Unsworth, I. A.	.. Greek, Additional Mathematics, History and English

AMPLEFORTH AND THE WAR

Roll of Honour

KILLED

- AINSCOUGH, C., *Lieutenant*, Manchester Regiment.
BARNETT, REGINALD, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.
CLAPHAM, A. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, East Yorkshire Regiment.
HEFFERNAN, WILLIAM PATRICK, *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Irish Regiment, attached to the Gloucestershire Regiment.
HINES, A. *2nd Lieutenant*, Durham Light Infantry.
HINES, CHARLES W., *Major*, Durham Light Infantry.
NEVILL, JOHN HENRY GAYTHORNE, *2nd Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards
SHARP, W. S., Northern Signal Company, Royal Engineers.
TEELING, AMBROSE M. A. T. DE L., *Lieutenant*, Norfolk Regiment.
WILLIAMS, L. *Lieutenant*, South Wales Borderers.
WILLIAMS, O. M., *Major*, Monmouthshire Regiment.

MISSING, UNOFFICIALLY REPORTED KILLED

- HALL, G. F. M., *Lieutenant*, Royal Berkshire Regiment.

DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

- WOOD, B. L., British South African Police.

WOUNDED

- ALLANSON, H. P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.
BOOCOCK, W. N., *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
CRAWLEY, C. P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.
CREAN, G. J., *Lieutenant*, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.
DAWES, W. S., *Rev.*, *Chaplain to the Forces*.
DENT-YOUNG, W., Australian Contingent.



WILLIAM STOWE SHARP, Northern Signal Company, R.E.

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Ampleforth and the War

- DOBSON, J. I., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.
 FORSYTH, J., Scots Guards.
 GREAVE, T. E., HUMBERS
 HONAN, M. B., *Captain*, South Lancashire Regiment.
 JOHNSTONE, J., Australian Contingent.
 LINDSAY, G. W., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.
 MACKAY, C., *Lieutenant*, Leinster Regiment.
 MCCABE, H. R., *Lieutenant*, The Black Watch.
 MCKENNA, J. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MILLERS, P., Australian Contingent.
 ROCHFORD, C. E., *Captain*, The London Regiment.
 SMITH, J. K., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 STOURTON, E. P. J., *Major* The Honble, K.O.Y.L.I.
 WALSH, M. P., *Captain*, A.V.C.
 TEELING, L. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G., *Captain*, Royal Engineers.

PRISONER OF WAR

TEELING, T. F. P. B. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, K.O.S.B.



WILLIAM STOWE SHARP.

It was in JANUARY, 1901, that a frail delicate boy, William Stowe Sharp, aged thirteen, first came to Ampleforth. But his companions soon found out that in spite of his not unfrequent visits to the sick room he was possessed of a keen and able mind. Smart at his studies his interests were never really in his class books. He looked at all things in a most practical way and was never happier than when occupied with some mechanical art. But it was during his last year here that Sharp, a member of the Fifth Form, began to play a prominent part in the school world. His class-mates will remember his ever ready wit which so enlivened the

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table conversation. But it was the Debating Society and the Natural History Society which gave Sharp scope for his energy. A regular speaker, bubbling over with useful information, he took a leading part in a successful debating year. Some will remember how at short notice he read a most interesting paper on "Rajah Brooks" enterprise at "Sarawak" and came through the question ordeal with flying colours. On another night he astonished the Society by the wealth of information he had to offer it on motor cars, when a dull debate threatened to close prematurely. A prize had been offered for the debates that year and Sharp received it by the votes of the Society. Games were to him amusements for boys. As such he enjoyed them, but he was obviously amused at the importance attached to them by some of his contemporaries. His knowledge of birds, of insect life and natural history in general went much deeper than does that of the average boy, who has such interests.

Leaving in July, 1904, he adopted engineering as a profession, but was compelled to relinquish it on account of his health. For some years his practical sense had scope in part management of his father's business.

In August, 1913, he was elected a member of the Motor Cyclists Reserve Committee for the West Riding of Yorkshire Northern Signal Company, Royal Engineers. Called upon on August 5th, 1914, he acted as inspecting officer for motor cycles—testing motor cycles and passing recruits for the Motor Cycle Corps at Chatham and Biggleswade, and visiting most of the large towns as far north as Liverpool. Being made a sergeant he took out a corps of motor cyclists to the Dardanelles on April 13th, having previously refused a commission in an infantry regiment, as he was reluctant to abandon the "motor cyclists." He was wounded in the head on Sunday, June 6th, at Achi Baba, during a heavy shelling to which the camp was subjected on that day. He was at the time ascending

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the steps on the cliff side, and issuing orders respecting two dispatches. He died on June 9th and was buried at Mudros.

Sharp, living in York, had opportunities for visiting Ampleforth—opportunities he frequently took we are glad to say. While offering all sympathy to Mr Sharp and his family, we sorrow, too, over the loss of one, who lived so actively and died so well. R.I.P.

BAIL LEO WOOD.

Basil Wood came to Ampleforth in September, 1902, and remained in the School for four years. Broad and well built he was intended by nature for an active and outdoor life. He was of average mental ability, but his studies, with the exception of English, made no strong appeal to him. During his last winter in the School he won his place in the Football XI, and during all his stay at Ampleforth he was a leading spirit in the inter-class matches which were at that time an outstanding feature of the games. On the football field he was indefatigable and a dangerous opponent. After leaving Ampleforth he abandoned "Soccer" for "Rugger" and became a well known member of the Harrogate Club XV, until 1908, when he went out to Rhodesia and joined the British South Africa Police. He passed through the training and examination for N.C.O. with particular distinction in gunnery. He was always an exceptionally good shot. When the Duke of Connaught visited South Africa as the representative of the King he was one of the twelve chosen to be the Guard of Honour. His experiences in the performance of his official duty were many and varied, and he was always proud of the fact that he was singled out for the more difficult tasks. After the war broke out he found himself on outpost duty at West Nicholson, Matabeleland, and it was there that he was seized with an attack of blackwater fever. He was removed to the hospital at Gwanda but all efforts to save his life were fruitless, and he died on

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July 9th, 1915. The matron of the Gwanda Hospital reports that he was unconscious from the beginning of the relapse from which he died, and that his last intelligible words were a prayer. From his letters home it is clear that he lost no opportunity of practising his religion, and his worn rosary-beads that have been returned are a striking testimony to his faithfulness in a country where he had few opportunities of receiving the Sacraments. One of his friends in South Africa wrote: "All who knew him fully realise that we have lost a genuine comrade, a sportsman, a smart soldier."

Though he spent most of his after-school years so far from Ampleforth he always remembered his old School, and among the important personal effects that he particularly desired to be sent home were some Ampleforth photographs and his Ampleforth colours. We offer our sincere sympathy to his family in their sad loss, and trust that all who read this and especially those who remember his bright and cheerful disposition in the School will remember in their prayers one, who through the vicissitudes and dangers of varied experiences, never forgot Ampleforth. He died in his 25th year. R.I.P.

LIEUTENANT CYRIL AINSCOUGH.

Cyril Ainscough, who was killed in an attack in Gallipoli, intended to cover the Suvla Bay landing, came to Ampleforth in September, 1904, at the age of eleven. By nature he was a retiring and shy boy, but this quiet disposition never concealed a strength of character which grew steadily throughout his school career, nor did it deprive him of a quiet sense of humour which made him the friend of many whose characters were of a more uproarious nature. He passed through the School without making an enemy, and in his last two years his delightful cricket style and a few good scores for the First XI gave him a more prominent position in the School than he would ever have sought for



LIEUT. CYRIL AINSCOUGH, Manchester Regiment

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himself. But once in that position he showed that he had a high sense of what a leader should be in all the essentials of school life. He left the School in July, 1910. After that he became one of the most promising amateur batsmen in Lancashire, and just before the war broke out had every chance of being tried for his county, being chosen to play in the Lancashire Colts match. He joined the 5th Manchester Regiment in 1912 and was a keen and ever cheerful officer. With age he lost his shyness, and his last few visits here revealed him to us in a new light as a man of ideas and many interests.

On the outbreak of war his battalion of the Manchesters was ordered to Egypt where he took part in the early fighting, and was promoted Lieutenant. The last number of the JOURNAL contained his own cheery account of the three wounds he received in the early fighting in the Dardanelles. After recuperating in Alexandria he returned thither on the 27th of July, and sent this characteristic cable home: "Very cheery—going back." He was given charge of a company, and though not actually gazetted his name was sent up for promotion to captain on the day before he was killed on August 6th. In his last attack only Ainscough, a corporal and two privates reached the Turkish trenches. Colonel Darlington says that he gave orders for the company commanders not to go with the men as he was short of officers, but Ainscough, remarking in his laconic fashion, "Where my men go, I go," led the charge. We offer our sincerest sympathy to Mr and Mrs James Ainscough, of Fairhurst Hall, on the death of their gallant son.

Below is printed the first letter they received from Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Darlington, commanding the 5th Manchester Regiment:

Dear Mr Ainscough,—I write to tell you what I can about poor Cyril (Lieut. Cyril Ainscough), as I am afraid there is little doubt that he was killed. On August 6th we were ordered to

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take some Turkish trenches. Cyril was in command of "A" Company, having just returned from hospital. I was so short of experienced officers that I ordered Cyril and three other Company Commanders not to go with the charge, but to follow it with some more men, in order that I might have these officers in the Turkish trenches when they had been captured in order to take charge. The assault took place, but it was difficult to see whether it had succeeded owing to the dust raised by the shells. Cyril, with some more men, went after his Company, but never came back. The assault failed owing to the artillery not being successful in smashing the Turkish trenches, and very few officers or men came back. One of the wounded men who came back said Cyril had been killed leading his men, and that he knew he was dead. I could not return him as "killed," but as "missing, believed killed," but I am afraid there can be no doubt about it at all. I can't tell you what a blow it has been to me personally, as I was so fond of him, and I can't tell you how much I feel for you and Mrs Ainscough. You have the consolation, such as it is, of knowing he was killed very gallantly, leading his men, and that they would follow him anywhere. He was one of the very best officers I ever had, thoroughly reliable, absolutely fearless, and always calm and collected, and certain to do the right thing. His men would do anything for him, and their care, their food, and their well-being he put before everything. He is a very great loss to the Battalion, and I would give anything to have him back again, both as C.O. and as a friend. I trust this will give you both consolation. I will let you know as soon as I can get any more details, but I feel sure poor Cyril was killed. He was a very brave fellow, and an officer one cannot replace.

LEONARD WILLIAMS, *Lieutenant*, 1st South Wales Borderers.

Leonard Williams was killed in Northern France about midnight, September 11-12th. He was out with a working party of the South Wales Borderers, and was shot through the head. He only lived about three-quarters of an hour after being hit. He was in charge of a party digging a new communication trench, and having to supervise the work and men had necessarily to get up out of the trench and walk from one part to



LIEUT. LEONARD WILLIAMS, South Wales Borderers

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another. It was while thus walking in the open that a stray bullet caught him. It penetrated the lower part of the jaw and entered his skull. He was at once placed upon a stretcher and borne to the advanced ambulance station. This took about half an hour or forty minutes. A motor ambulance arrived and just as he was being placed in it he died. Fr Gleeson, Chaplain to the 3rd Brigade, wrote: "Everybody is so sorry for him. He was intensely loved by his battalion. He was as innocent as a child and was so true and loyal to the Church. He often served my Mass, very often was at daily Mass and always received Holy Communion. I had a long chat with him a few hours before his death. His last words to a Catholic N.C.O. when leaving for the trench area were: 'Sergeant-Major, see that all your men attend Mass in the morning.' His last words to me were: 'Good-bye, father, I'll see you at Mass in the morning.'"

It is not easy to realise here at Ampleforth, even in this year of death, that Leonard Williams is dead. His nature and presence were so significant of life and of all that is best in life. He came to Ampleforth quite a small boy in January, 1905; and left in July, 1914, when Head of the School. He will be remembered by those who knew him at Ampleforth as a light-hearted boy with a fine, even noble, presence and an exceptional power of command over his fellows. He distinguished himself as an athlete, played three-quarter in the Fifteen, went in first for the Eleven, and at his last "Sports" here in a competition that was exceptionally keen, became the champion athlete of his year and won the "Biggood" Challenge Cup. And yet his success in games and sports did not seem to connote natural proficiency so much as determination and character. It was the same in his studies. He had little interest in imaginative work and probably a lack of talent in this direction. Literature never seemed to him a part of life and made no intense appeal to him, and the purely romantic for him had no

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lure. But once he decided to go up to New College and a definite goal was presented to him he worked hard and with his invariable success, for failure found no place in this short life. He was Head Monitor during his last year at School and the responsibility rapidly matured his character. For during this year he passed from a state of boyhood, wholly delightful and careless and impulsive, to that of a man sensible, conscientious and firm. Superficial popularity he despised, but he won the respect and admiration of all who knew him. He saw sooner than most boys what were the claims of duty, and he developed in his character the fear of God that has in it no trace of servility, but is the beginning of wisdom. When the war broke out he was with the O.T.C. in the Public Schools Camp. He had always looked rather longingly towards the Army as a career, but the apparent idleness of an officer's life in peace time had put him off. But when war broke out he at once went to Sandhurst and passed out in three months to a commission in the South Wales Borderers. He went to the front in March, 1915. He was home on short leave in July. For "Tommy" as a fighter he had conceived an unbounded admiration but he deplored the lack of religion and almost complete absence of spirituality in the army, and always asked for prayers for them. But what he chiefly loved to talk of was of Ampleforth, of which he was passionately fond, and he spoke of being a priest should he be alive after the war. He was confident of England's success, but had only occasional bursts of his old impulsive hope that he would live to see it. He returned to France in the beginning of August, where he devoted himself punctiliously to his duties and to helping his fellows until he was killed in September. He was "so gentle, dutiful and loyal," wrote one who knew him at the Front. He died in his 21st year—a life so short but yet so complete. "No one who has come out here was more prepared to die," is the entry Major Williams made in his



LIEUT. G. F. M. HALL, Royal Berkshire Regiment

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diary on hearing of the death of his brother. Those who knew Leonard Williams at home or at School or with his regiment know that the testimony is true.

GEORGE FERRIER MANSFIELD HALL, *Lieutenant*, Royal Berkshire Regiment.

George Hall was reported seriously wounded and missing on September 28th. He had been in France since the end of June. His Commanding Officer, in writing of the action in which he was wounded, says, "We had an advance and attacked a very strong German position about 2 a.m. on the morning of the 28th of September, and after getting so far we had to return about a hundred yards. As we advanced he was seen badly wounded in the body by two men, who dressed his wounds and then had to continue their advance, as it was impossible to remove him. He was lying on the ground from which we had to retire. During the next two nights we had large search parties under officers looking for our wounded and missing. . . . Our Medical Officer — went to the very place described by the men, but although they were searching about for hours they could not find him." A few weeks later Lance-Corporal — who had been wounded at the same time, and was in England, gave the following account of what took place: "Mr Hall was in command of C Company when he fell, and we were both wounded at the same time. He was wounded in two places, the leg and thigh, and he said that it was the second wound that knocked him over. Our wounds were dressed where we fell, and they tried to carry us to the dressing station, but the fighting was too severe. So they put us in an empty German dug-out, where we lay for twenty-four hours. He talked a little, but in the night his mind wandered, and in the morning when I looked at him he was dead. He had turned over a little and had a beautiful smile on his face. I dragged myself out, when I heard the Germans coming, and

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was carried by an officer to the dressing station. I told them about Mr. Hall, but by that time the Germans had returned." No further news of him has reached us, and although not officially reported as killed, from the above account of what happened there seems little hope that he is still alive.

He was the only child of the late Lieutenant-Colonel George William Monk Hall, Royal Berkshire Regiment, and of Mrs Hall, of Gloucester, and came to Ampleforth in September, 1907. In January, 1914, he passed into Sandhurst, and received his commission in the Royal Berkshire Regiment a few weeks after the declaration of war. From that time until the end of June, 1915, he remained in England owing mainly to an attack of appendicitis, which necessitated an operation. This was a great disappointment to him. His one desire was to be sent to the front. In the early days of the war he writes: "I am still in England, and every day become less sanguine of seeing active service at an early date, but I think finally we shall all have our share of fighting. . . . I shall be very glad to go, as I should hate to be able to do nothing." And again, on the death of some of his friends, "Sandhurst has suffered terribly, and many faces that I knew and liked I shall never see again in this world; and the fact that one is not sharing their dangers makes it sometimes hard to bear; but I suppose it is God's will." With this desire there was always present that distrust of himself which was so characteristic. "If I die as well as he did," he says of another friend, "I shall not be very sorry, but I am always afraid that I may fail, which God forbid."

The summons came towards the end of June, and during the few months that he was fighting he won the respect and love of his men. In announcing the news that he was wounded and missing, one of his fellow officers wrote: "We are all so sorry, and myself particularly so. He was a gallant officer and a good boy. He went to his duties regularly." And in

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the letter already quoted his commanding officer wrote: "He was suddenly put in command of C Company when Captain — went sick. Nobody could have commanded a company better in action than he did, and he fell bravely leading his men to the attack."

By his contemporaries at Ampleforth George Hall will be remembered as a singular type of the healthy-minded schoolboy. His outlook on life was only complicated by a certain diffidence in himself which, when it is remembered that he was naturally full of enthusiasms and some laudable ambitions, it is not surprising to find, caused him some moments of depression. His manly, courteous and generous nature made him intolerant of any meanness in social life, and his eagerness and zest for sport gave him much greater proficiency in the athletic life of the school than one of his physique normally gains. He played for both the Cricket XI and the "Rugger" XV. He had some literary abilities and a very considerable insight into the characters of history, about whom he wrote with a certain natural and unaffected eloquence. He was a good debater, and spoke well and fluently, seldom pausing for a word, while his native honesty never allowed room for fear in the defence of any unpopular cause. He left the school with the same diffidence in his own powers, but with a refreshing simplicity of faith in the power of honesty and purity to carry him through life's complications, and a devotedness to duty and to religion which manifested itself in that regular attendance to the Sacraments which his own parish priest, at the Requiem Mass for his soul, singled out for special praise. We at Ampleforth mourn his loss, not only as one of those whom the world can ill afford to lose, but also as a most devoted and loyal son. Here are some extracts from one of his letters written shortly before he left England: "It is a beautiful evening, and it makes me think of summer and all sorts of beautiful things, and sometimes I wonder

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whether I shall live to see another evening like those beautiful ones at Ampleforth. If I do I shall thank God for His goodness, if I don't I hope I shall die well, and after all it is a case of Thy will, not mine. . . . How I love Ampleforth very few know . . . I did not do brilliantly there, but I have tried since I left that all that I do shall redound to the good of Alma Mater, and in some things I hope I have done well . . . I hope you will think of me in those long summer evenings that are coming, and those lovely mornings when Fairfax's looks like a corner of paradise itself. God grant that I may see it again, but sometimes I think I may not, but who knows? If I do all will be well, but when one's life is in one's hand out on the lonely Belgian frontier, to know that Ampleforth's prayers, both masters' and boys', are behind one will prove a tremendous help, and if I fall, which God grant may be well and bravely, then Ampleforth will pray that God in His goodness may give me happiness for that last great sacrifice."

To his mother, Mrs Hall, we offer our deepest sympathy in her great sorrow.

OSWALD M. WILLIAMS, *Major*, 1st Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment.

Major Williams was killed on October 13th, in the Hohenzollern Redoubt. The fighting there on that day was so severe and confused that we have not been able to obtain a clear and undoubted account of what happened. It seems, however, that early in the day he was supervising the reconstruction of newly captured trenches, while an attempt was made to push the advance further. That attempt failed. Major Williams saw the attackers retreating, learnt that they were without officers, and went forward to steady them and lead them himself. In the fighting that followed he was killed.

Of the honour in which he was held in his regiment many letters to his relatives and to the Press have given



MAJOR OSWALD M. WILLIAMS, Monmouthshire Regiment

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testimony. The following is a portion of a letter to the *South Wales Argus*, not the most eloquent tribute, nor the most laudatory, but typical: "It was my great honour and pleasure to serve under so distinguished an officer, and I can endorse your remarks that he was undoubtedly one of the best and most efficient officers that the battalion has ever had. He was sympathetic and took an interest in each individual. . . . During the bombardment which preceded the attack, Major Williams went along the trenches speaking words of encouragement to the men, seeing that each lacked nothing. The mere fact that he was to lead our company gave us extra confidence, and to a certain extent the success of the Mons on that terrible day was due entirely to him. He died as he lived, a gentleman of the highest type, and his loss to the battalion is great." In our last issue we recorded that when on May 8th his regiment was partially surrounded and almost destroyed, he was one of the two officers who remained unscathed. He secured the safe retreat of a handful of survivors and won warm praise for his gallantry and skill.

Oswald Williams came to Ampleforth in 1896 and left in 1902. He had the chief qualities of a leader, but he also suffered from a certain excess of sensitiveness which caused him to shun prominence, so that until near the end of his school life he was little noticed by any but his close companions. But they had for him a particular liking and respect. For he had the peculiar charm of the unselfish; his delicate appearance, quiet ways, superficial timidity even, veiled uncommon courage; he had a natural refinement which showed itself, intellectually in an appreciative fondness for literature, practically in a seemingly instinctive choice of the nobler of alternative courses; he had, too, a power of judgment mature beyond his years, and even as a small boy could coolly consider and impartially decide, where others of his age would unhesitatingly yield to bias. Consequently his friends felt him to

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be one whose judgment was more sure than theirs, one whose opinion they were particularly pleased to find in agreement with their own. He had a natural aptitude for games and developed it with characteristic courage and thoroughness, despite an early lack of weight and muscle. During his last winter here he was a regular member of the Football XI and in the following summer he had, if our memory serves us rightly, the best bowling average and the second highest batting average in the School matches. He owed his success in studies to the same tenacity, for though he had ability of a high order he had a weak memory and little of that superficial sharpness which often helps quite commonplace minds in examinations; yet he was always one of the first three in his class. So, too, in work of other kinds; he had to fight a long battle against a too great sensitiveness, but he won at last, and was then seen to be well endowed with capacity for enterprise and organization. For this he found scope when he left School in work with the Boy Scouts (he was their Organizing Secretary for Wales), and with the Territorials, and it seemed likely that he would soon wield a wide-spread influence. But we are disposed now to think rather of the qualities that underlay these activities,—his gentle unselfish disposition, his nobility—there is no other word for it—and the deep piety that animated him. We have been privileged to see the letter which he wrote to be sent in the event of his death. We would not, of course, print it, but it must ever be a consolation to those who mourn him as a son or a brother. To them we offer our sincere sympathy and for him we pray that he may rest in peace.

AUSTIN HINES, 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Battalion Durham Light Infantry

Austin Hines came to Ampleforth in September, 1900, and left three years later. He was a quiet boy and left before he was old enough to take a leading part in the



2nd LIEUT. AUSTIN HINES, Durham Light Infantry

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School. But his companions had a high estimate of his intellectual abilities, an estimate amply borne out by the fact that he was consistently head boy in his form, and passed through the Lower and Higher Third Forms in one year. Though gifted he could hardly be called a scholar, his mind being of a practical bent. He was fond of both cricket and football, and played for the Second XI in the winter of 1903. A genial companion he had many friends. As an "Old Boy" he several times visited the college for the "annual retreat," and many will recall his genuine happiness on these occasions and his enthusiasm for his old School.

When the war broke out he was practising as a solicitor in Sunderland and East Boldon, where he had passed most of his life with his mother. Last April he joined the Artists Rifles and went shortly after to the Front to train with that corps. He was given a commission in the 10th Durham Light Infantry at the beginning of December. He was home on short furlough till December 2nd, when he joined his regiment at the Front and was fatally wounded and died on December 15th. He was a brother of Major Charles Hines, whose death was recorded in the last JOURNAL. With the death of these two brothers Ampleforth has lost two loyal friends who were ever ready to give practical demonstration of their affection for their old School. We offer to Mrs Hines and her family the assurances of our heartfelt sympathy in this double calamity and in the sorrow which we share with them.

After the above was written we received a copy of the following letters written by brother officers of A. Hines to members of his family:

21/12/15.

I was in charge of the defences of a village just behind the trenches about 5 p.m. An artillery officer friend of mine called on me in my dug-out and acquainted me with the fact that one of our officers was lying in his house and seemed very badly wounded. I went down to him immediately. He had been

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taken into this house on account of the shelling on the road. That he was being carried down the road at such an early hour indicated that his case was serious. My artillery friend grasped the situation at a glance, and phoned for a special ambulance to come to his place for Austin. This was at 6 p.m. The ambulances do not go within $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the firing line until 9.30 p.m. While waiting for this ambulance I had a chat with Austin. He was in great pain, and also under the influence of morphia, but talked to me quite freely, although weakly. We gave him a drink of hot tea, but he did not want to smoke. He dictated a short letter. I saw his case was serious, but I did not think he would die. The ambulance arrived at 6.30, and we placed him in it carefully, and well wrapped round with blankets. When I next heard of him he was reported dead.

I must tell you that he was very brave, simply wonderful! Legs all shattered, a wound in the right fore-arm, and also under the chin, and he talked to me off and on for half an hour. No groaning, just a sigh or two, and a request now and then to re-adjust his pillow on the stretcher. Austin died bravely as you would have had him.

22/12/15.

At 1.15 p.m. on the 14th the Germans started bombarding our trenches with everything they had, and we had a bad time. Tremendous shells were landing and exploding right in our trenches.

Lieutenant Hines, with his Platoon, held the part of the trench next to that held by me. At about 2 p.m. I heard he had been badly hit, so I went down to see him. I found him on a stretcher in the trench, having just been bound up. He was still conscious, but was terribly white, and, poor chap, had both legs practically blown off by a shell which exploded right in front of him.

I spoke to him and shook his hand, and he told me where I could get a flask in his dug-out, which I sent for. I asked him if he were suffering pain, and he said, "Yes, it's terrible," but he said it so that none but I could hear it, and during all the time that he was conscious he made no complaint whatever. He was so plucky. All he asked for was to be taken out and away from it all.

The shells were still falling very thickly all round, and owing to part of the trench being blown in, the only way to

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get him away was straight out across the open. There were plenty of volunteers, as there always are for a dangerous job, and he was taken out by our stretcher bearer, his servant and two other volunteers.

That was the last I saw of him. He was seen shortly after by Lieutenant Butland, and was then still conscious, and able to speak to him. He was subsequently taken to the hospital where he died.

This is all I can say, but, rest assured, I mourn the loss of a friend and the Battalion of an officer of whom they were justly proud, one who knew no fear, and whose qualities would have brought him at the very top of the tree had he been spared.



By the kindness of correspondents we have been enabled to make some corrections and additions to the following list of Old Boys known to be serving in His Majesty's forces. Rumours of others have reached us, but they are not based on sufficient evidence to justify inclusion. Although some of these names on a *priori* grounds might without hesitation be included, we have refrained from adding them. Need we repeat that we shall be glad to hear of any whose names are not in this list.

The number of boys who leave the school each year is about 15, and as there are 250 names in this list it must cover most of our 'old boys' for many years.

ADAMSON, C., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.

ADAMSON, R., Captain, 10th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

AINSCOUGH, C. (killed), Lieutenant (gazetted Captain after he was killed), 5th Battalion Manchester Regiment.

ALLANSON, F., H.A.C.

ALLANSON, H. P. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, Suffolk Regiment.

ANDERTON, C., R.A.M.C.

AUSTIN, SER W. M. B., Bt., 2nd Lieutenant, Yorkshire Dragoons (Yeomanry).

BARNETT, G. S., Surgeon Probationer, H.M.S. "Seal"

BARNETT, REV. H. A., Chaplain to the Forces, 2nd Cheshire Regiment, 54th Brigade, 28th Division.

BARNETT, R. (killed), 1st (Royal) Dragoons.

BARNETT, W. R. S., Sharpshooters (City of London Yeomanry).

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- BARNEWALL, THE HONBLE. R. N. F. M., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment.
- BARTON, J., Inns of Court O.T.C.
- BARTON, O., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Alexandra Princess of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
- BEECH, G., Manchester Regiment.
- BEGG, J., Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Reserve.
- BLACKLEDGE, E., 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- BLACKLEDGE, R. H., 2nd Lieutenant, 13th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- BODENHAM, J. (Queen's Westminster Rifles), 16th Battalion London Regiment.
- BLACKMORE, A., 2nd Lieutenant, A.S.C.
- BOODOCK, B., Canadian Expeditionary Force.
- BOODOCK, W. N. (wounded), Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- BRADLEY, B. R. D., 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.
- BUCKLEY, J., 2nd Lieutenant.
- BUCKNALL, E. D., Captain, Canadian Contingent.
- BUCKNALL, J. A., Canadian Contingent.
- BULLOCK-WEBSTER, L., Lieutenant, Prince Rupert Horse.
- BURGE, B. E. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).
- BYRNE, A. J., Lieutenant, 1st Lovat's Scouts.
- CADIC, B. F., Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
- CADIC, L., Captain, Royal Engineers.
- CALDER-SMITH, R. A., 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).
- CALDWELL, J. B., 2nd Lieutenant, R.G.A.
- CARTER, H., 2nd Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.
- CAWELL, E., H.A.C.
- CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., Captain, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- CHAMBERLAIN, N. J., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
- CHAMBERLAIN, W. G., 2nd Lieutenant, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- CHENEY, H. J., Captain, 5th Battalion The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).
- CLAPHAM, A. C. (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.
- CLAPHAM, W. V., Inns of Court O.T.C.
- CLARKE, C., 2nd Lieutenant, The King's (Liverpool Regiment)

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- CLOLAN, G., Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Reserve.
- CLOLAN, M., 2nd Lieutenant, R.G.A.
- COLLINGWOOD, B., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Ordnance Corps.
- COLLISON, B. R., Captain, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- COLLISON, C. B. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- COLLISON, O., 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- CONNOR, E. A., Lieutenant, 8th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.
- COOKE, W. C., Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
- COONAN, P., Lancashire and Cheshire R.G.A.
- CORRY, E. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 13th Battalion Prince of Wales Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
- COURTNEY, V., Royal Flying Corps.
- CRAYOS, C., 2nd Lieutenant, 20th Battalion Royal Welsh Regiment.
- CRAWLEY, C. P., (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment.
- CREAN, G. J. (wounded), Lieutenant, 2nd Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (attached to 4th Battalion).
- CROSKELL, A. C., 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment.
- DAWES, E. P., Captain, R.A.M.C.
- DAWES, REV. W. S., (wounded), Chaplain to the Forces.
- DANIEL, P., R.A.M.C.
- DEES, A., Royal Naval Air Service.
- DEES, H., Western Australian Light Horse.
- DEES, V., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal West Surrey Regiment.
- DEES, W.
- DE NORMANVILLE, REV. C. W., Chaplain to the Forces.
- DOBSON, J. I., (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.
- DOBSON, W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Flying Corps.
- DOHERTY, F., Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
- DUNBAR, T. O' C., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.
- DUNN, REV. E., Chaplain to the Forces at Le Havre.
- DWYER, G., Captain, 40th Canadians.
- EMERSON, G., 2nd Lieutenant, Newfoundland Contingent.
- EMERY, H. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.
- FARMER, C., Army Ordnance Corps.
- FARRELL, G. E. J., Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment.
- FARRELL, G. W., Canadian Contingent.
- FEENEY, F. J. E., Flight Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Air Service.
- FISCH, R., Captain, A.V.C.

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FISHWICK, L., 10th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 FOOTF, W. ST. G., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 FORSHAW, J., 2nd Lieutenant, 8th (Irish) The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 FORSTER, W., R.A.M.C.
 FORTSYTH, J. (wounded), 2nd Battalion Scots Guards.
 GATELEY, A. J., Captain, 16th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 GAYNOR, G., Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
 GOSS, F. H., Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
 GREAVES, T. E. (wounded), Hussars.
 HALL, G. F. M., (unofficially reported killed), Lieutenant, 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment.
 HANSOM, V. J. R., 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Battalion West Riding Regiment.
 HARDMAN, B. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 13th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 HARDMAN, E., Flight Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Air Service.
 HARRISON, R., 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.
 HAWESWELL, W., 6th Battalion Prince of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
 HAYES, G. A. M., Army Service Corps.
 HAYNES, R., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 HEFFERNAN, W. P. (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment.
 HESLOP, J., 5th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
 HEYES, F. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.
 HEYES, T. F., Royal Engineers.
 HICKEY, H., 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 HINES, ARTHUR, Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.
 HINES, AUSTIN (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
 HINES, C. W., (killed), Major, 7th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
 HONAN, M. B. (wounded and mentioned in dispatches), Captain, 10th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.
 HOPE, L., 30th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.
 HUDDLESTON, R. M. C., Captain, R.F.A.
 HUNTINGTON, R. H., Captain, D.S.O., 8th Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry.
 HUNTINGTON, T., 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.
 JACKSON, J., Royal Engineers.
 JOHNSTONE, B., Major (mentioned in dispatches), 1st Battalion Queen's Own (West Kent Regiment), (Adjutant of 7th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment).

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JOHNSTONE, J., (wounded) Australian Contingent.
 KELLY, A. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.
 KELLY, J. O., Edinburgh University O.T.C.
 KEOGH, E., Motor Transport.
 KEVILL, J. B., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 KILLEA, P. J., Lanarkshire Yeomanry.
 KNOWLES, V., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 LANCASTER, C. B. J., Lieutenant, 8th Battalion Highland Light Infantry (attached to 7th Battalion Royal Scots).
 LANCASTER, S. M., 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
 LEE, J. E., Highland Light Infantry.
 LINDSAY, G. W. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 LISTON, W. P., St L., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion 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.
 LOVELL, H., British Red Cross Motor Ambulance.
 LOWTHER, C., 5th Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.
 MCCABE, F. L., 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Battalion Black Watch.
 MCCABE, H. R. (wounded), Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Black Watch.
 MCCORMACK, G., 15th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment.
 MACDERMOTT, G., 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
 McDONALD, A. J., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 McDONALD, D. P., 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Lovat's Scouts.
 McEVROY, P., King Edward's Horse.
 MACKAY, C. (wounded), Captain, 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment (attached No. 12 Squadron R.F.C.)
 MACKAY, G., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 McKENNA, J. J. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 McKILLOP, J., Highland Light Infantry.
 MACPHERSON, J., 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Battalion Gordon Highlanders.
 MANLEY, M.
 MARTIN, C., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, E. J., Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, H. A., 2nd Lieutenant, 13th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
 MARTIN, M., 2nd Lieutenant, 16th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, O., 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.

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MARTIN, W., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, W. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARWOOD, B., *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 MARWOOD, C., *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 MARWOOD, G., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 MILES, L.
 MILLERS, P. (*wounded*), Australian Contingent.
 MORICE, G. F., Royal Engineers.
 MORICE, R., Welsh Guards
 MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers.
 MURPHY, P. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Hampshire Regiment.
 NAREY, P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Prince of Wales Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
 NAREY, V. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, 11th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment.
 NEAL, A., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 NEVILL, G. W. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, South African Forces.
 NEVILL, J. H. G. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards.
 NEVILLE, M. M., *Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Worcestershire Regiment.
 OBERHOFFER, G., 18th Battalion (Public Schools) Royal Fusiliers.
 O'CONNOR, W., 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 O'DOWD, H., *Fleet Paymaster*, H.M.S. "Devonshire."
 OWEN, H. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 PAREY, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 17th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 PIKE, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 7th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 PIKE, S., 1st Assam Light Horse.
 POLDING, H., King Edward's Horse.
 POLDING, J. B., *Captain*, 4th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment.
 POWER, A., Motor Transport.
 POWER, D., *Surgeon Probationer*, H.M.S. "St. George."
 POWER, R. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 46th Punjab Regiment.
 PRESTON, E.
 PRIMAVESI, C., 11th Battalion South Wales Borderers.
 QUINN, J., R.A.M.C.
 RANKIN, A., Army Service Corps.
 READMAN, W., East Yorkshire Regiment.
 REARDON, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 RIGBY, L., *2nd Lieutenant*, 14th Battalion Manchester Regiment.
 RILEY, J., The King's (Liverpool Regiment)

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ROBERTSON, E. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, 4th Battalion The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.
 ROBERTSON, J., *Surgeon Probationer*, R.N.
 ROCHFORD, C., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion London Regiment.
 ROCHFORD, C. E. (*wounded*), *Captain*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment.
 ROCHFORD, E., Army Service Corps.
 ROCHFORD, H., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.
 ROCHFORD, L., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 ROCHFORD, W., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 ROCHFORD, R., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 RUDDIN, L. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion The Cheshire Regiment.
 SHARP, W. S. (*killed*), Northern Signal Company Royal Engineers.
 SIMPSON, C. R., *2nd Lieutenant*, 11th Hussars.
 SINNOTT, R., Yorkshire Regiment.
 SMITH, J. K. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 SMITH, P., South African Forces.
 SMITH, W., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 STOURTON, Honble. E. P. J., (*wounded*), *Major*, Staff Officer, K.O.Y.L.I.
 SWALE, W. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C.
 SWARBRECK, C., South African Forces.
 TEELING, A. M. A. T. DE L. (*killed*), *Lieutenant*, Norfolk Regiment.
 TEELING, L. J. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 TEELING, T. F. P. B. J. (*Prisoner*) *2nd Lieutenant*, 1st Battalion K.O.S.B.
 TEMPLE, J. A. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sussex Yeomanry.
 TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G. (*wounded*), *Captain*, Royal Engineers.
 VETCH, G., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 WALKER, D., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 WALKER, V., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 WALSH, M. P. (*wounded*), *Captain*, A.V.C.
 WEIGHILL, E. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Alexandra Princess of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
 WEISSENBURG, H., 6th Battalion Liverpool Regiment.
 WESTHEAD, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment).
 WHITAM, F. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Lancashire Fusiliers.
 WILLIAMS, L. (*killed*), *Lieutenant*, 1st Battalion South Wales Borderers.
 WILLIAMS, O. M. (*killed*), *Major*, 1st Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment.
 WOOD, B. (*died of blackwater fever*), British South African Police.

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WOOD, W., 30th Reserve Canadian Contingent.

WORSLEY-WORSWICK, R., *Dispatch Rider*.

WRIGHT, A. F. M., *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.

WRIGHT, H. D. M., *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.

WRIGHT, M. F. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, 10th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.

YORKE, F. St. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, 18th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.

YOUNG, A. DENT, Somersetshire Light Infantry.

YOUNG, W. DENT (*wounded*), Australian Contingent.

Wellington (Madras).

LEESE, C. F. W.

LONG, D. T.

Osborne.

BISGOOD, J. W.

Note.—PIERRE VUYLSTEKE is serving in the Belgian Army, and JOHN D. TELFENER in the Italian Army.

* * *

Our heartiest congratulations to Captain R. Huntington, of the Somersetshire Light Infantry, who has twice been recommended for the D.S.O., and on the second occasion has been awarded it. He distinguished himself first at the battle of Loos, when he had the good fortune to be the only officer of his battalion not returned as a casualty. The second occasion was on December 15th, when, with a handful of men, and without a casualty, he bombed a German trench, killing seventy of the enemy, taking several prisoners, and gaining important information. Captain Huntington enlisted in the ranks almost immediately on the outbreak of war, and was soon given a commission and promoted captain before leaving England. We hope he will long be spared to do some more "useful work."

* * *

We offer our sincerest congratulations to Captain M. Honan on being 'mentioned' in Sir Ian Hamilton's 'Dispatches.' The following is the official reason sent by the War Office to Captain Honan:

"For great initiative and resource during the advance up Gully Ravine, and subsequently when in charge of one of

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our barricades which was being frequently bombed, and for conspicuous bravery and devotion on many occasions. Date and place of action, 28/6/15, Gallipoli Peninsula."

The 28th of June was the day on which the 29th Division took five rows of trenches and advanced 900 yards. Captain Honan joined the Army a little more than a year ago, and received a commission in the 10th Service Battalion South Lancashire Regiment. He received rapid promotion, being gazetted Captain last April. In October last he transferred into the regular army with a commission as Temporary Captain in the First Battalion South Lancashire Regiment. While in Gallipoli he was attached to 1st Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers. He saw a good deal of fighting in front of Krithia, taking part in three attacks in nine weeks. On the 6th of August he was hit on the head by shrapnel, and was invalided home suffering from concussion. Later he developed enteric, and had to return to hospital. We are all glad to hear that he has made a wonderful recovery, and trust he will shortly be able once again to give his valuable services to his country.

Before his departure on active service Captain Honan had been a zealous 'Recruiter' and his speeches were instrumental in securing a large number of recruits from among Lancashire Catholics.

* * *

We offer also our sincerest congratulations to Major B. Johnstone of the West Kent Regiment, and attached to the 7th Battalion Warwickshire Regiment, who was 'mentioned' in Sir John French's last despatch.

* * *

2ND-LIEUTENANT DONALD P. McDONALD, who took part in the German South-West African Campaign, has returned home, and is now serving in the 1st Lovats Scouts, having been transferred from the 79th Cameron Highlanders.

* * *

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mr J. Johnstone (now a Sergeant in the Australian Contingent), who was in the great landing at Anzac. He was wounded some weeks after.

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He has been in England on leave, recovering from pneumonia, and on rejoining he is to receive a commission for some good work which he accomplished after the landing when left in command of a company, which was officerless.

* * *

OTHER "old boys" who are serving have visited us this term. Captain G. H. Chamberlain came hither straight from the trenches, and spent a whole day of his short leave with us. We have to thank him for some interesting trophies from the battle-field. Captain Huddleston, who has been invalided home from Egypt with sunstroke, but who is now happily recovered, spent a week here, and on one or two occasions hunted the beagles. 2nd-Lieutenant Simpson was with us at the same time. Captain Travers paid us a visit this term—the second, we are glad to record, since he was wounded. Captain C. E. Rochford also spent a few days here. The Germans have certainly left their mark upon his arm, but we trust they paid dearly for it. He had much of interest to say about Neuve Chapelle. The brothers Lieutenant H. and C. Rochford, and their cousin Flight Sub-Lieutenant L. Rochford, were also among our visitors. 2nd-Lieutenant P. Narey, who has had many months at the front, and who was at home suffering from the effects of exposure in a water-logged trench, paid us a visit with his brother, 2nd Lieutenant V. G. Narey.

* * *

LIEUTENANT H. R. McCABE, of the Black Watch, who was so badly wounded about eight months ago, is making a good recovery, and hopes soon to be doing light duty.

* * *

2ND-LIEUTENANT G. W. LINDSAY has also recovered from his wound. He writes: "Although I was at Ypres during the three months I was 'out,' I never came across Father Antony. Our brigade was on the right of the 28th Division. We occupied trenches from Hill 60, a short distance down to the South. Our Battalion had the trenches on the slope for 1 time while the mining was proceeding, and it was quite

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interesting. However, it was rather a 'good job' we were on the right of the hill when it went up. It was a sight I shall never forget . . . On May 5th we had to re-take trench 47, out of which the ——— had been gassed. Our company lost rather heavily in the 'open order' part of the business, but the Germans did not wait for the charge. It was quite an experience—nearly a mile of short rushes against rifle and machine gun fire."

* * *

HERE is a lengthy extract from a letter of 2nd-Lieutenant B. E. J. Burge, which speaks for itself:

HOSPITAL, GIBRALTAR,

14th December, 1915.

I arrived here on Sunday, the 12th, via H.M. ship "Massilla," having left Suvla beach on December 3rd. On Friday night, November 26th, it started to rain about 5 p.m., and at 6.30 p.m. a terrible storm started, and it rained as I have never seen it rain before (not even in Khartoum). Thunder and lightning never stopped. At first we thought it would soon be over, but instead of diminishing its force it increased. The water started to pour along the trench, and putting on my overcoat I left my dug-out to see what was happening. Our trenches were in the valley, and on our left they ran up the side of a steep hill, and the ground in front of our trenches sloped slightly upwards towards the Turkey man, and in the middle of the line the Battalion were holding there was a ditch that ran straight towards the enemy's trenches. It continued to pour down until the parapet was holding back an enormous amount of water. Suddenly that gave way, and also the water started to pour in from the ditch and also from the hillside, and the water rose about the top of the trenches. Just before this, however, we got the men out of the trenches (it was pitch dark now, except for the continuous lightning), and had them standing on the parapet. Then the parapet was washed away, and as we were standing up to our knees in water we thought it better to withdraw to some high ground behind. We had "an awful job" to get across the trenches. The water in them was running like a mill-stream and seven feet deep, so that if a man fell in, there was very little chance of saving him. We got back with great difficulty to a place a quarter of a mile behind the lines, where it was only over your boots. So far I had been completely immersed in the water three

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times, but felt no worse for it. The water in the trenches was a sight. It rushed through at a terrible speed, carrying all kinds of things with it—haversacks, sand-bags, rifles, planks, equipment, ammunition boxes, bombs and bomb-boxes. The rain stopped about 1 a.m., and at 3 a.m. we thought we might get back (we had saved the two machine guns with great difficulty, for one was dropped in a trench full of water, but somehow we got it out). We got back to the trenches, and the water was then about four feet deep, and the men started to dig themselves in behind the *parados* (i.e., the back part of the trench). I had to wander along the trenches to try and rescue belt boxes, spare part boxes, and hundreds of other things belonging to machine guns. A bitter cold wind had now spruag up, and it was pleasant walking about in sopping clothes! However, we started to try and make one of the guns right, but although we worked two hours at it we could only get it to fire single shots. Our fingers were so cold that we were all thumbs. We gave it up, but as we had rescued a good many things from the trenches we weren't so downhearted. The men dug themselves in about two feet and sat down and waited for daybreak. Daybreak found many of our men wandering about in the open, and also a large number of Turks, and no shots were fired for quite a long time. Then suddenly the Turks started sniping and got a lot of our men. Of course, that settled it, and we retaliated and settled down to the old trench warfare. There was no food to be obtained, as the roads were impassable, and no rum or spirits could be got hold of. About 12 a.m. it started to rain again, and poured all day and night. About 1 a.m. next morning a blizzard started, and at 6 a.m. the order was given that we were to evacuate our line and to leave thirty men and an officer to hold the blockhouse on the left of our Battalion line, and I was to stay there with them with a machine gun. The Battalion re-lined, and then were picked off by the snipers continually, and our Adjutant was killed. Men were so weak and cold that they lay in heaps to get warm, and were frozen stiff, and even fell into the trenches, and were so weak that they were drowned. However, they got back to the reserve Nullah, and a large majority went to hospital and were sent off on hospital ships. That was Sunday morning, November 28th. Another officer and myself were in the blockhouse with thirty men, and three hundred yards to our right was another blockhouse held by the Royal Fusiliers, and not a soul in the trenches in between. On the left of us we were all right, as the brigade there were on higher ground, and so came off much better than we did. The Turks were again moving about in the open, and with great difficulty we managed to fire at them. The men's rifles

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were in a terrible state, and there was a blizzard going on. However, we dispersed the Turks. In the afternoon they got some food up to us, and also a brazier. We collected all the wood we could lay hands on and kept the fire going. Around where we were there were about fifteen dead (twelve from exposure), and we had to get them brought in and take their pay books away from them. It was a trying time. Our Medical Officer, who was rather an old man, died of exposure. On Monday night, November 29th, we were relieved, and crawled back to the Nullah, where the Battalion was resting. On Sunday night, when the blizzard stopped, it froze very hard, and by that time I had no feeling in my feet at all. The sight of the trenches was just like a nightmare—rifles, equipment, food, wood, ammunition boxes frozen into the three feet of sludge that remained in the trenches. Traverses washed away, parapets broken down. It was too awful for words, and it remained on my brain for many nights. I rested at the Nullah on Tuesday and Wednesday, and on Thursday I was sent down to the Casualty Clearing Station and then on to a hospital ship. We stopped at Malta and dropped some of the worst cases and then came on here. The hospital ship was carrying 750 sick, etc., when the proper complement was 350, and when I came away the rush had nearly subsided, so that will give you some idea of what that storm did. On Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday the hospitals were crowded out—nothing could be done to relieve the sufferers.

Hospital ships, however, soon came up and relieved the pressure. The casualty list for those few days will be very heavy. Our Battalion, which was 450 strong on December 2nd, was sixty strong with six officers (i.e., allowing for dead, wounded, missing and on hospital ships). I suppose the dead and missing will number between forty to sixty. Our Brigade, which consisted of five Battalions, were about 2,100 before the flood, and was 800 after it. It is quite comfortable here. My feet are getting on splendidly. The swelling has all disappeared for some time now. I can hobble about fairly well. There are about twenty-six of us here, mostly "frostbites." Of course, I have not got a particle of kit except what I got away in. . . . The dug-out collapsed, and so there are about fifty sandbags on top of it. . . . I am on the waiting list for the next ship.



2ND-LIEUTENANT R. CALDER SMITH was at Suvla Bay in the same Battalion, and no doubt experienced much the same unhappy fate. A rumour reached us that he, too, is in hospital.

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LIEUTENANT CYRIL LANCASTER is in the Dardanelles attached to the Royal Scots. He had not to wait long to experience "the real thing," for on the third day after his arrival there he was in an attacking force, which took three lines of trenches.

* * *

2ND-LIEUTENANT FRANCIS MORROGH-BERNARD, of the Munster Fusiliers, writes from the East on December 4th: "Two enemies here, nature being worse than the Bulgars—at present at any rate. And the cold lasts to the end of February! We have no chaplain at present, and have not had Mass for five weeks."

* * *

2ND-LIEUTENANT J. I. DOBSON, who rapidly recovered from the wounds he received last July, has been invalided home sick. We are glad to hear he is now much better.

* * *

R. J. POWER has passed from Quetta to a commission in 46th Punjabis, and is now with his regiment on active service—somewhere in the East.

* * *

LIEUTENANT A. J. BYRNE is in the Imtarfa Hospital, Malta, with enteric, which he caught at Suvla Bay in October. We are glad to say that he is making good progress, but we hear that he has been really very seriously ill.

* * *

OUR "old" sergeant, Company-Sergeant Major Wright, of the 6th Battalion Yorkshire Regiment, was killed in action on August 7th at Suvla Bay. "His regiment was the first to land on August 5th, and behaved most gallantly, losing in killed and wounded all its officers but one, and 900 men." We shall always remember Sergeant Wright as a military enthusiast who gave out O.T.C. an excellent start and as a serious minded and upright man.

* * *

2ND-LIEUTENANT R. H. BLACKLEDGE has been invalided home, but good progress is reported. His brother, E. Blackledge,

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has passed out of Sandhurst into the 1st Battalion of the Liverpool Regiment.

* * *

FLIGHT SUB-LIEUTENANT F. J. E. FEENEY was one of the five airmen who paid such a successful visit to the Huns at Zeebrugge in the middle of October, and we are happy to record was one of the four who returned in safety.

* * *

WE cannot vouch for the following story, but it is told by one of our "old boys" who was at Mons, and was wounded in the course of the retreat: A party of Catholic soldiers of "the Warwicks," finding themselves near an Irish regiment went in search of a priest. But in those days "a padre" of the right sort was a luxury, in many cases denied even to the sons of Erin. Undaunted and now joined by some Irishmen, they decided to capture one for themselves, and ended by stalking a French curé, who, struggling and loudly vociferating, was triumphantly carried off into the presence of the retailer of this story. Having deposited their burden upon the ground they made a formal request that the officer would be good enough to explain to the affrighted curé that they had no designs on his life, but wanted absolution. Absolution followed, and the curé recovering from his rough handling marched and ministered to his captors for many a long mile of the retreat.

* * *

As we write we hear that 2nd-Lieutenant C. B. J. COLLISON, last term's Head-monitor, has already gone to join his regiment, which is in France. May the best of luck go with him.

* * *

LIEUTENANT O. BARTON, who has been at the front for nine months, is well, although he has been wounded and been in hospital "with a bad eye" the result of a Hockey match behind the lines!

* * *

DOM ANTONY BARNETT, one of the Chaplains to the 28th Division, was in an advanced dressing station at the battle

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of Loos. His division has since moved to the East. He is at present near Salonika. Here are a few extracts from his letters. In the first place, referring to the great fighting of September and October. "A Jack Johnson dropped on top of a party of our bearers going along the communication trench. Two were killed, one wounded, and the fourth buried. The last named was a plucky chap! After being dug out by the officer in charge he put the wounded man on to the stretcher and brought him back, assisted by the officer, and went on at the same job for forty-eight hours without relief! When 'a coal-box bumps' something happens I can tell you. My horse was hit and put out of action a good two hundred yards from the explosion. There's *some* smoke, too!" Here follows a fine tribute to the memory of Colonel Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart: "The man I miss most is Lord Ninian. You have no idea what a fine fellow he was—with a wonderful personality that drew everyone to him. His religion was the first thing in his life. To him nothing seemed too great a trouble and he was so cheery that it was quite a rest and pleasure to look him up in his 'dug-out,' headquarters or billet. On the morning of the day he went up to the trenches he came to serve my Mass. The church had been turned into a kind of hospital. The nave was covered with straw, and the sick and slightly wounded of the Guards' division lay all round. The chairs were piled up in the little sanctuary, but the altar was as it had been left the last time the curé had said Mass. The Colonel put my vestments out, served and went to his last Holy Communion. I had lunch with him that day, and he was full of a little incident that had amused and touched him very much. The morning before, about 6.30, he had been to the church to see whether there was any chance of Mass. While he was waiting in the porch someone at his elbow said, 'Do you want to go to Communion this morning, sir?' Turning round he saw a French soldier was speaking. In his surprise he mumbled something, and wondered what it had to do with a French Tommy. 'I am just going to say Mass. If you would care to serve me I should be greatly obliged,' said the *piou-piou*—and so followed a scene which 'gives one to think' an English Colonel and the scion of a noble

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house ministers to a French 'Tommy.' . . . When my brigade went up I marched at the head of the 6th Welsh beside the Colonel. His regiment remained in reserve. I went round the other regiments and gathered the R.C.'s into little groups, spoke a few words to them, and gave them a general abolution. When I had finished I returned to the 6th Welsh and told the Colonel I was going up behind the two other regiments in case they were sent up to the front line. After hearing his confession I said good-bye, and left him. It was the last time I saw him, if I can speak of seeing, for it was a pitch dark night, with a drizzling cold rain blowing across the plain."

In the course of a long and interesting description of his dressing station during eight days of heavy fighting, Dom Antony says: "One morning after daybreak I was stumbling about among the sick and wounded, when I heard a voice at my elbow, 'Excuse me, sir, but are you not from Ampleforth?' and turning round I saw the young fellow from the College Post-office who used to bring the letters every morning."

"Who do you think stopped me in the streets of Bethune? C. Farmer. I was surprised. He is a sergeant in the Army Ordnance Corps of the 9th Division."



From somewhere in the vicinity of Salonika Dom Antony writes: "We have been trekking all over the country and doing some real campaigning lately. On the whole I preferred Ypres last year to Macedonia. There is nothing in the billeting line here. It's tents or nothing—chiefly the latter where we are. We have had, too, the cold cutting rain of January on the Moors or in the Highlands. For two nights we tried to sleep under boulders in the hills, and in consequence I am lying in my tent on the hills with 'flu.' On Sunday I got up and said Mass in my tent, and then got back to bed again with a temperature of over 101. I am the only R.C. Chaplain to the division at present, as the others have been in hospital since we landed. We must have some more priests for the men. . . ." "Well, we've got a top-hole

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position our side of the line, and will give the Boche some trouble here, I know." "The eagles come within eight hundred yards of the camp here. The gruesome vulture also abounds. Shooting is quite good—geese, ducks, partridge, quail, woodcock, snipe, hares, etc., in fact I can't help feeling at times that we are in Scotland."



WHILE in the Press the sad news reaches us that 2nd-Lieutenant Alan Clapham has been killed. We have no details saving the date, January 3rd, and the fact that he was killed by a shell. In our next number we hope to be able to give some account of his record and his death. R.I.P.



OUR death toll has, we are sorry to say, greatly increased, and death-notices of seven "old boys" will be found in this JOURNAL. All their relatives must know full well how we lament their loss. For one and all of these seven were more than merely boys who had passed through the school, they were loyal friends, and four of them constant visitors ever since they left. Leonard Williams and G. F. M. Hall of course were in the school until quite recently. The death of 2nd-Lieutenant A. Hines, brother of Major C. Hines, was the second instance of two brothers falling, the first being Major O. Williams and his brother Leonard Williams. With these two families and with the families of all our fallen we most sincerely condole and sympathise.



2ND LIEUTENANT F. C. WHITTAM, who was reported killed, is alive and well. He had the singular experience of being present when a telegram announcing his death arrived.

A RED CROSS ENTERTAINMENT

FOR the second time we essayed a variety entertainment in aid of the Red Cross funds. As on the former occasion the programme opened with a farce. This time "Chiselling" was chosen and proved one of the most successful items. All the characters were well played, and Trotter kept the audience in so good a humour that the soberer part which followed fell a little flat.

The Choir had some important voices at the beginning of term and seemed a little timid. Some of its members had colds and were occasionally out of tune. This was disappointing, for in practice they had often sung better than they did on this evening. But they undoubtedly gave proof of talent by their beautiful rendering of Russia's Prayer, which, although the most difficult part song, was quite perfectly sung. For the audience the music was a little serious and possibly something simpler might have been better for a choir as yet untried.

We congratulate Gerrard on the French Ambassador's speech. It was clearly and impressively spoken. For the rest Macbeth's witches were good, despite the fact that some of the audience found them humorous. The "skit" upon them, which followed, was clever—perhaps a little too clever—and its "jokes" a little elusive, saving those which were purely topical. The Kronprinz was too noisy and we regretted his falsetto voice. Appended is the programme:

PART I

1. A FARCE IN ONE ACT. "Chiselling" *Joseph Dilley*
CAST: LARKSPUR (a sculptor) .. G. J. Simpson
TROTTER (his servant) .. J. B. Allanson
DR. STONECROP .. T. V. Welsh
MRS. PIPER (a landlady) .. G. Harro-Barry
KATE (Stonecrop's niece) .. L. B. Lancaster
2. PART SONG. "In Praise of Neptune" ..
(Words by Thos. Campion : Music by J. Ireland).
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3. SONG. .. "Sorrow and Song" ..
(Words by J. Hedderwick ; Music by Dr. Parry)
L. KNOWLES.
4. RECITATION. The French Ambassador's speech at the Guildhall
Banquet, Nov. 9th, 1915.
H. M. J. GERRARD.
5. UNISON SONG. "To the School at War" ..
(Words by C. Allington ; Music by A. M. Goodhart).
THE COLLEGE CHOIR.
6. SCHOOL SONG. "Munitions" ..
(Words from 'Punch' ; Music by R. W. Oberhoffer).

INTERVAL

PART 2

1. SCENE FROM MACBETH. "The Witches" *Shakspeare*
Cast : MACBETH .. L. A. Unsworth
1ST WITCH .. D. T. Long
2ND WITCH .. A. B. Gibbons
3RD WITCH .. Honble. C. Barnewall
HECATE .. H. W. Greenwood
LENNOX .. C. J. Field
APPARITIONS :—Honble. M. Scott ; E. H. George ; C. Unsworth ;
A. Marsden ; E. D. Baines ; G. Cuddon ;
A. Pollack ; P. D. Cullinan ; J. W. Hawkswell ;
A. F. MacDonnell ; P. F. Moran ; R. G. McArdle ;
T. A. McGhee.
2. PART SONG. "Russia's Prayer" ..
(Words by K. Grozdov ; Music by P. Tchaikovsky).
THE COLLEGE CHOIR.
3. RECITATION. "The Vulgar Little Boy" *R. H. Barham*
C. E. G. Cary-Elwes ; R. T. Sykes ; E. Forster ;
E. Kelly ; R. H. L. Lawson ; W. J. Roach.
4. PART SONG. "The Lee Shore" ..
(Words by Thos. Hood ; Music by S. C. Taylor).
THE COLLEGE CHOIR.

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5. FARCE. "The Witches of Europe" ..
(In which is described the sad fate of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, who, together with the Sultan, plot to bring Bulgaria into the War without the knowledge of the Emperor of Austria, who, they fear, will object to having a strong neighbour on the South. Austria, however, making a virtue of necessity, joins them in their nefarious scheme).
- Cast : THE KAISER C. P. Power
THE KRONPRINZ R. J. Browne
THE SULTAN T. B. Fishwick
EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA P. W. Mills
KING OF BULGARIA F. Le Févre
KING OF GREECE Viscount Encombe
WIND IMP W. V. D. Hague
LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR B. J. D. Gerrard
APPARITIONS L. Spiller, C. H. Gilbert
6. SCHOOL SONG. War Version of "Cock Robin"
(Words from the "Saturday Westminster" ; Music traditional).

GOD SAVE THE KING.

MUSIC

MR R. W. OBERHOFFER and Miss Oberhoffer's Pianoforte Recital on October 10th was most enjoyable, and Mr Oberhoffer's remarks introductory to each number were a most excellent variation of the meandering "analytical notes" that most large concert halls feel obliged to provide. We were glad of the opportunity of listening to Miss Oberhoffer for the first time, and the beauty and delicacy of her phrasing, combined with some really excellent pedal-work, went far towards making the evening a memorable one. To Mr Oberhoffer himself we were indebted for a brilliant performance of some of Chopin's most refractory studies which his exquisite tense of rhythm made a pure delight. Perhaps the outstanding feature of the evening was Mr Oberhoffer's performance of the *Grande Polonaise Brillante* which ended the concert. We offer Mr and Miss Oberhoffer our best thanks. Appended is the programme :

PLAYED BY MISS OBERHOFFER :

SEA-PIECES : BREER BARBIT (from Fireside Tales)	McDowell
LIEBSTRAU	Listz
FILEUSE	Raff

PLAYED BY MR OBERHOFFER :

STUDIES : 1. No. 5, Op 10 (Black Key Study)	
2. No. 1, Op 25	
3. No. 2, Op 25	Chopin
4. No. 7, Op 25	
5. No. 9, Op 25	
ANDANTE SPANATO AND GRANDE POLONAISE BRILLANTE, Op 22	Chopin

* * *

MR JOHN DUNN'S VIOLIN RECITAL

December 13th.

If there were any doubt as to the power of music to enthral the wayward spirit of youth, it would have been dispelled by Mr Dunn's visit. The brilliance of his technique and the

A Lecture

remarkable purity of his notes captured the audience from the start, and the concert closed amidst a scene of enthusiasm that has rarely, if ever, been paralleled in the Theatre. To praise Mr Dunn's playing would be quite superfluous. His concert has undoubtedly given a new vista of musical excellence to our instrumentalists, and we hope that we have said only a short farewell to Mr Dunn. Our best thanks are due to him for a most delightful evening. Appended is the programme :

VIOLIN CONCERTO IN E MINOR	Mendelssohn
AIRS RUSSES	Wieniawski
NOCTURNE IN E FLAT	Chopin
ZAPATIADO (SPANISH DANCE)	Sarasate
DANCE OF THE IMPS	Bazzini

During the evening Mr Oberhoffer, who accompanied, played a charming "Romance" of his own composition.

A LECTURE

Abbot Janssens, who has held high office in the Roman Curia, and is a monk of Maredsous Abbey—now, alas! in German hands—paid us a visit in November and gave a most interesting lecture on the Holy Land. The lecture was illustrated by photographic slides which the abbot had himself taken. Throughout the lecture we all felt that we were listening to one who knew his subject thoroughly and had gained his knowledge not merely from books, but from the minutest personal observation. We gratefully record our thanks to Abbot Janssens for this learned and entertaining lecture.

SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term was held on Sunday, September 16th, at 8 p.m., in the Upper Library. In private business Mr Welsh was elected Secretary, and Mr Long, Mr Le Fevre, and Mr Lynch were chosen to form the Committee. After some discussion about thirty new members were admitted.

In public business Br Louis D'Andria read a paper to the Society entitled "Constantinople and its Significance." The success of the Dardanelles Expedition, he said, would be an important step towards the final victory, and the capture of Constantinople would be accelerated by the aid of the Balkan States, which their best interests urged them to give. Their hesitation was due to the fear of disturbing the local balance of power, a political theory which had caused the war and offered no promise of final peace after its conclusion. The story of Constantinople recalled a later settlement of national rivalries—the universal state of the later Roman Empire. For many centuries Constantinople had preserved such relics of this ideal as had survived the barbarian invasion. It conferred more practical benefits on Europe by its antagonism to successive waves of Asiatic aggression. Constantinople had withstood over twenty sieges, and succumbed only when European supremacy was assured. Memories of its imperial power still lived in the lands whose ideals it represented, and its reconquest for civilization would have a deeper meaning than a mere military victory.

The second meeting was held on Sunday, October 3rd. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and passed, Mr Agnew rose to speak on the motion, "That it is the duty of the present Government to adopt Conscription at once." The motion, he said, was timely since the Government had just adjourned to discuss Conscription. Conscription meant not only compulsory service in the army, but in every other department of national life and industry. England was

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passing through the greatest crisis she had ever known, and at this moment Conscription, besides preventing strikes, would enable the State to organize all her resources for victory. Complete organization was essential, and with a Coalition Government this was possible. Mr Ffield, in reply, said that the necessity of Conscription had not yet been proved, since those in possession of the facts and numbers of recruits had not yet declared for it. Public opinion was still strongly against it. Individual liberty was the greatest privilege of the British subject, and it would be folly to infringe upon that liberty and cause disunion by introducing Conscription, unless it were necessary from a military point of view. In this struggle against Prussian Militarism the spirit of the British Army was a most important element, and this spirit would be destroyed by compulsory military service.

Mr Lynch proposed, as an amendment, "That Conscription should not be discussed at the present time." The Government and Kitchener should be trusted, and a judgment be made only after their final decision. Public discussion of this matter stirred up party feelings, and was fatal to a successful prosecution of the war.

After some discussion the amendment was rejected, and the debate on the original motion was resumed by Mr Lancaster, who opposed it on economic grounds.

Mr Liston spoke in favour of Conscription. It was plainly necessary, and the argument that men who were compelled to fight would fight badly was, he said, contradicted by facts. The debate was continued by Messrs Macpherson, Gerrard, Simpson, Pollack, and Le Fevre, and on being put to the vote it was lost by 18 votes to 23.

On Sunday, October 10th, the third meeting of the term was held. In public business Mr Rochford read a paper on "Aeroplanes," in which, after giving a short historical account of the various attempts at aerial navigation, he described the construction and mechanism of the modern aeroplane. The reading of the paper was followed by an interesting discussion, in which Messrs Long, Gibbons, Liston, Greenwood, Lynch, Lancaster, Ffield, and Davey took part. The usual vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the meeting.

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On Sunday, October 24th, the fourth meeting was held. In public business Mr Unsworth moved, "That the commercial supremacy of England is not likely to continue after the war." He pointed out how America was taking advantage of the war to capture our over-sea trade, which would enable her in the crippled state of English finances after the war to undersell us. Our trade was suffering, and was not likely to recover for a generation.

Mr Lancaster opposed. Germany, he said, had opened our eyes to the fact that our supremacy was threatened, but it was not yet too late to recover it. The war had given us the opportunity of consolidating our foreign trade. He denied that America had the power to affect our trade permanently. Victory in the great war would mean increase of our commercial superiority. The present crisis had proved to us the extent of our resources, and increased our credit and reputation, both at home and abroad.

Mr Gerrard pointed out that the secret and safeguard of British commercial supremacy was our Colonial system. So long as our Colonies were loyal we could never lose the carrying trade of the world.

Mr Agnew contended that our position after the war would depend upon the way in which we tried to solve the problems of unemployment and of the other social evils with which we would then be faced. He believed that England had within her the power to become prominent again.

There also spoke Messrs Le Fevre, Rochford, Pollack, Simpson, Lynch, and Field, after which Mr Martin proposed the adjournment of the motion, which was seconded by Mr Lynch, and carried by 29 votes to 25.

At the fifth meeting, held on Sunday, November 7th, Mr Lynch, continuing the adjourned motion on the "Commercial supremacy of England," pointed out that, although our position appeared unassailable, yet British power would be threatened by the opening of new trade routes by any rival power, unless we were fully alive to the dangers that lay ahead of us. The Americans would probably make the Panama Canal a rival trade route to the East. Our policy of ceding strategic points on our trade routes for the sake of

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other interests was dangerous and a sure sign of decay. He took a gloomy view of our future. A democracy was never willing to pay for a large Navy.

Mr Martin said that the position of England with regard to trade routes was better than that of any of our rivals, and this gave him grounds for hope since it explained our wonderful superiority. Germany, our most dangerous rival, had already ruined her prospects. He was hopeful of the future. If the manhood of England would use their power, England's commercial supremacy could never fail.

Mr Knowles thought that the war had saved our trade from stagnation. The American loan was a guarantee of our good reputation, and the Colonies would always be our greatest safeguard.

Mr Agnew said that the German occupation of Constantinople would menace our trade, and pointed out the necessity of Tariff Reform.

Mr Cuddon said that he still believed in the existence of the "Yellow Peril."

Messrs Long, Le Fevre, Gerrard, Liston, Unsworth, Simpson, Allanson, Morice, Pollack, Greenwood, and Gibbons also spoke. The motion was lost by 25 votes to 29.

The sixth meeting of the term was held on Sunday, November 21st. In public business Mr Welsh read a paper on "Shelley and his Poetry." He gave a brief account of the life of Shelley, and spoke of his early years and education which, he thought, were partly responsible for many of his eccentricities. He contrasted his view of nature with that of his contemporaries. Inspiration was the keynote of all that he wrote.

The seventh meeting was held on Sunday, November 28th. In public business Mr Milburn moved, "That the present Coalition Government is unworthy of the confidence of the nation." The ministry, he said, were not equal to the unique crisis in which they found themselves. Their past history did not lead us to suppose that they would rise to the occasion. Their acts during the past year had not inspired the country with confidence in their ability to bring the war to a successful conclusion.

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Mr Welsh opposed. He reminded the house of the suddenness of the war and the unexampled crisis which had faced the country at its opening, in which little or nothing could be learned from past experience. There were faults in all the Coalitions, from that of Pitt and Newcastle to Aberdeen, but most of these shortcomings were conspicuous by their absence from our present Government. In this greatest of all wars our only hope was in perfect unity which a coalition alone could secure, and which the present Coalition had already gone far towards achieving.

Mr Lynch defended the Coalition against some of the charges that were made against it. No reasonable alternative had yet been suggested.

Messrs Agnew, Bévenot, Gibbons, Milburn, Rochford, Pollack, Ffield, Cuddon, and Le Fevre also spoke. The motion was lost by 16 votes to 32.

At the eighth meeting, held on Sunday, December 5th, Mr Gerrard read a paper on "Samuel Taylor Coleridge." Beginning with a brief sketch of his early years, he passed to an account of relations with his friends, the chief of whom was Wordsworth. From this point he described the growth of his reputation as a poet and philosopher. He then quoted several poems in illustration of his observations upon Coleridge's poetic qualities.

A discussion followed, in which the Messrs Lynch, Rochford and Pollack took part.

On Sunday, December 12th, the ninth and last meeting of the term took place. In public business Mr Gibbons moved, "That this house is of the opinion that Mr Winston Churchill should have been included in the War Council in recognition of his services to the State." After a brief reference to Mr Churchill's career, he turned to the part which he had taken in the present war. His first act, the mobilization of the Fleet, had won for him popularity and the gratitude of the nation. The Antwerp expedition was next discussed. It had been, the speaker maintained, the means of saving the Belgian Army from disaster. The conception of the Dardanelles expedition had been a brilliant stroke, for the failure of which Churchill had been in no way responsible.

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Mr Smith attempted to examine dispassionately all that had been said in defence of Mr Churchill, but he was, he said, unable to see the wisdom of his policy. He discussed the incidents which had been referred to by Mr Gibbons, and ended by saying that exclusion from the War Council was the only possible course open to the Prime Minister.

Mr Liston then spoke. Churchill was not the man to direct the policy of a State in these difficult times. His speech in his own defence had omitted all his blunders, and had laid the blame of his mistakes on the shoulders of his colleagues.

Mr Agnew spoke strongly in defence of Churchill. He was a man with sound views of the country's needs, who never sacrificed his country's interests to his own advantage. His naval policy had made him one of the foremost men in England.

Messrs Allanson, Simpson, Emery, Welsh, and Ffield also spoke. The motion was carried by 29 votes to 25.

T. V. WELSH, Hon Sec.

THE JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

THE 263rd meeting of the Society on September 26th was occupied with private business. First Messrs. P. Gibbons, Newton and Leese, and then the Lower Third, were elected members of the Society. The voting for the officials resulted in Mr R. Browne being elected Secretary, and Messrs L. Knowles, P. Blackledge and Porri members of the committee.

At the 27th meeting Mr Poskitt, Mr Farrar and Br Cyril were visitors. In public business Mr Browne moved "That compulsory military service is necessary for this country in the present crisis." He laid stress on the necessity of being ready for any complications that might arise at the conclusion of the war, and urged the advantage of having the munition workers under military control. The danger of violent opposition from the non-conscriptionists could be despised, as they were very scattered, and could easily be dealt with.

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Mr Crawford said they wanted the word of those in authority before believing in the need for such a drastic step. He warned the Society that conscription would mean deterioration in magnificent spirit of our army and the beginning of that militarism which we are "out" to destroy.

Mr Hawkswell showed what Prussian dominion would mean. The danger of such a calamity ought to sweep aside traditions which stood in the way of quick and decisive victory.

Mr Blackledge said compulsory service would relieve the position of those who, willing to serve, were hindered by their employers.

Seventeen other members spoke. Mr Poskitt and Br Cyril addressed the House. The motion was put to the vote and won by 24 votes to 25.

At the 265th meeting Mr H. Dillon moved "That this House approves of Mr McKenna's Budget." He saw a just distribution of burden in the new income tax, welcomed the taxation of the imports as likely to stimulate English trade, and approved of the inclusion of luxuries, for this would teach economy.

Mr L. Knowles opposed. He found much to correct in the Budget, which he said showed signs of being composed in a hurry. He would not have the smaller incomes subjected to taxation, and blamed the increase on the small luxuries of the poor.

Mr Ruddin pleaded the cause of the printers and the writers of postcards.

Mr Fitzgerald saw in the taxation of tramway travellers and in the nationalization of the railways profitable sources of revenue.

There also spoke Messrs C. Robinson, Hodge, Hague, H. George, E. Robinson, Hawkswell, G. Bagshawe, Blackledge, P. Gibbons, G. Ainscough, Chamberlain, Crawford, Ffield, F. Ainscough, C. Gilbert and T. Wright.

The motion being put to the vote was lost by 20 votes to 24.

The 266th meeting considered the motion, "That the construction of a Channel Tunnel is necessary for the welfare of this country." Mr. E. Bagshawe, the mover, pointed out the

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value of such a tunnel during war time, as facilitating the transport of troops. It would increase our commerce and foster a friendly spirit with France.

Mr F. Ainscough opposed. He objected to the proposal as the expense would be so great that the tunnel could never repay its cost. He thought the sea breezes more conducive to the good health of the travellers, and foretold serious injury to British shipping if the tunnel were constructed.

Mr P. Gibbons dwelt on the military objections to such an undertaking, but the next speaker, Mr H. Dillon, expressed a feeling of confidence in our ability to defend ourselves.

When twenty-two other members had spoken, Mr Hawkswell proposed an adjournment. Mr. E. Robinson seconded. The adjournment was carried, and at the 267th meeting these two members re-opened the debate which was carried on vigorously. When the motion was put to the vote 24 members supported it, and 24 opposed. The Chairman gave the casting-vote in favour of the motion.

At the 268th meeting Mr S. Cravos moved "That the present crisis will subject England to greater losses than those of any other nation involved." He showed the territorial gains likely to fall to our allies, and thought England would benefit very little, if at all in this way. Our country has already the supremacy of the seas, and hence the naval warfare can only leave her at a loss. No gain we could possibly obtain would compensate the vast expenditure of human life and of money.

Mr P. Ffield, the opposer, being indisposed, Mr Browne read his speech. He struck a very optimistic note on the financial question, prophesied a bright future free from the social unrest of recent times, and saw a regeneration of the spirit of the nation.

The debate, which showed a tendency to wander from the motion, was continued by eight other members. The motion was lost; 18 voted for the motion, 29 against.

In private business at the 269th meeting, Mr A. de Zulueta was elected a member of the Society. Mr P. Blackledge gave notice of a proposal to amend Rule 4.

In public business Mr W. Lee moved "That a classical education is better than a scientific." He said true education

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does not aim at producing mere machines, but at the development of the mind so that it has a genuine view of life. The classics open the ancient world of Greece and Rome, with all the wisdom of the ancients. We see the beauties of their literature which is the foundation of all eloquence. By the classics we are raised to a higher sphere and inevitably become noble ourselves. He would admit the superiority of the scientific education, if lust for gold and for material comfort is to be the standard of life.

Mr John Loughran, the opposer, argued that no success could be attained without a scientific education, and that this education gave freer scope for discussion, and hence afforded a splendid training for the mind.

Mr Gerald Ainscough quoted the "cinema" as one of the useful and entertaining products of science.

Mr P. Blackledge held that the Romans were not wise men, and a study of their writings would teach us to avoid their mistakes.

Many other members spoke and when the motion was put to the vote, 20 members supported it, and 14 were for the opposition.

At the 270th meeting Mr O. Chamberlain, Br Bernard and Br Raphael were visitors. Mr Blackledge's amendment to Rule 4, viz. that it should read: "Any member of the Higher or Lower Third duly proposed and elected by a majority of votes shall be declared a member of the Society," was carried.

Mr Dalby moved in public business "That there should be legislation regulating advertisements in this country." Mr C. Robinson opposed.

The following members spoke: Messrs. Emery, E. Bagshawe, Ruddin, de Zulueta, Hawkswell, Crawford, Blackledge, G. Bagshawe, Fitzgerald, Chamberlain, F. Ainscough, C. Gilbert, H. George, Vanheems.

For the motion 14 votes were given, 28 against.

At the 271st meeting Mr Ruddin moved "That the violation of Belgian neutrality was the pretext and not the cause of England's interference in the war." His chief arguments were that we were bound in honour to help France, and also

Science Club

that self-preservation urged such a course of action. He congratulated the Cabinet on finding so convincing a pretext as the violation of Belgian neutrality, for this gained an unanimity of sympathy which would otherwise have been wanting.

Mr Fitzgerald opposed. He showed how we were not absolutely bound to support France, and said the fact of our army being so unprepared proved that we were not desirous of war at that moment. He repudiated, for the sake of England's honour, the suggestion that our diplomats were playing a game of bluff with the nation.

Many members spoke and an adjournment was proposed and carried.

On December 5th Mr H. George re-opened the debate at the 272nd meeting, and Mr G. Bagshawe was the first to speak for the opposition.

There also spoke Messrs. Wallace, P. Gibbons, Ruddin, Emery, Hodge, Crawford, de Zulueta, Knowles, Flint, Newton, Leese, Dillon, Chamberlain and Brown.

For the motion 16 members voted, against 25.

The usual votes of thanks, and mutual good wishes for the festive season concluded the session.

SCIENCE CLUB

CERTAIN alterations in the rules and constitution of the Club had become imperative owing to the increasing demand for membership. Two meetings for private business were therefore held early in the term, and Mr Allanson was elected Secretary with Mr H. M. J. Gerrard and Viscount Encombe on the Committee.

The first public meeting of the winter session was held on October 17th. Twenty-two members and nine visitors were present. Mr Le Fèvre read a paper on "The Colours of Soap Films." He began with an outline of the modern wave theory of light, contrasting it with the Newtonian corpuscular theory. Various optical phenomena were examined and discussed from the point of view of these two theories, and the reasons for

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the adoption of the "wave" theory were explained, more especially what scientists call "interference." It was shown how it should be possible to make "waves" under certain conditions add to and support each other, and at other times interfere or destroy each other. This was demonstrated in the analogous phenomena in "sound" by means of two tuning forks. For optical interference a thin soap film provided the best and simplest object of study. Such a film had two surfaces and, if the thickness of the film were not more than a few wavelengths of light, two streams of light reflected from these surfaces might be made to "interfere." In order to control and vary the thickness of the film it was stretched over a cup-shaped vessel that could be rotated rapidly. This idea had been applied by Professor C. V. Boys in his "Rainbow Cup," and by help of this instrument "interference" rings were shown by the reader with a monochromatic light, and then the beautiful and variegated colour schemes produced with white light.

A long discussion followed the paper.

The second meeting took place on November 19th, when thirty members assembled to hear Mr Agnew's paper on "The Forth Bridge." The history of the construction of this bridge, one of the greatest achievements of engineering science, was given and the progress of the work illustrated by some very clear slides. Many interesting facts about the building of the bridge were given, including an explanation of the cantilever principle, the caisson method of forming the foundations, the quantities of materials used and the allowances made for wind pressure and temperature variations. The Forth Bridge, the greatest in the world, stood to-day an enduring monument of engineering genius, a veritable triumph of the Iron Age.

There were twenty-six members present at the third meeting held on December 5th, to hear Mr Allanson's paper on "Liquid Drops and Globules." He began by pointing out the general characteristics of liquids, and drew attention to the boundary surface a liquid always forms for itself. This surface, though it consisted of nothing other than the liquid itself, formed a kind of "skin," which acted as if it were a stretched elastic membrane. The presence and strength of this "skin" in the case

Monthly Speeches

of water was demonstrated by floating on it various bodies of considerably greater density. Through the tendency of the "skin" to contract, a liquid would, under its influence alone, always gather itself into a perfect sphere. In demonstration of this, large spheres of orthotoluidine in water, and various water drops with aniline "skins" were produced. Passing on to the formation of drops issuing from a jet or pipe the action of surface tension was explained and illustrated by the production of large drops with their "droplets" of aniline in water, and by various other drops which formed or "dived" automatically at the interface between two liquids of nearly equal density. In conclusion he showed a beautiful experiment with combined drops of vapour and liquid formed by chloroform when heated under the surface of water.

An interesting discussion followed, in which nearly all the members present took part.

MONTHLY SPEECHES

NOVEMBER.—This was a good entertainment on the whole, despite a few lapses of memory. We enjoyed "The Patriot" spoken by Crawford, but the success of the evening was the extracts from "Cautionary Tales for Children" in which A. C. Maxwell's part in particular was delightfully spoken. Welsh played Mackenzie's "Benedictus" with feeling, and D. M. Rochford is rapidly developing into a pianist. The following was the programme:

VIOLIN SOLO (BENEDICTUS)	A. C. Mackenzie
T. V. WELSH	
PIANOFORTE SOLO (PASTORAL SONATA)	Beethoven
D. M. ROCHFORD	
HENRY V (SPEECH BEFORE THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT)	Shakespeare
C. J. PFIELD	
THE BATTLE OF MORGARTEN	Mrs. Hemans
C. ST. L. LISTON	

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ULYSSES	H. W. GREENWOOD	<i>Tennyson</i>
THE PATRIOT	J. R. T. CRAWFORD	<i>Browning</i>
VITAE LAMPADA	L. KNOWLES	<i>Newbolt</i>
CARGOES	L. BEVENOT	<i>Maysfield</i>
RECESSIONAL	E. D. BAINES	<i>Kipling</i>
PIANOFORTE SOLO (SONATA)	L. BEVENOT	<i>Beethoven</i>
THE CUMBERLAND	E. FORSTER	<i>Longfellow</i>
FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE	R. G. HAGUE	<i>Kipling</i>
EPITAPH ON ROBERT LEVETT	G. BAGSHAWE	<i>S. Johnson</i>
AGINGCOURT AND AFTER	A. M. DE ZULUETA	
CAUTIONARY TALES FOR CHILDREN (extract)	A. AINSCOUGH	<i>H. Bello</i>
	D. KEVILL	
	C. CRAVOS	
	A. C. MAXWELL	

DECEMBER.—The speeches were below the average, and the subjects selected proved rather a gloomy prelude to a Christmas vacation—even in war time. Happily most of the speakers had realised the value of audibility in public oratory. The selections from *Hiawatha* were well rendered, if with a somewhat sturdy emphasis, and Greenwood's spirited recitation was the best speech of the evening. The music was up to its usual standard—which is high praise. The following was the programme:

THE HAPPY WARRIOR	D. M. ROCHFORD	<i>Wordsworth</i>
WINTER WEATHER	R. G. MARDLE	<i>W. Morris</i>

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THE CRIMES OF ENGLAND (THE TURNING OF THE TIDE AFTER THE RETREAT FROM MONS)	H. W. GREENWOOD	<i>G. K. Chesterton</i>
THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM	R. J. BROWNE	<i>Hood</i>
ENGLAND	J. F. AINSCOUGH	<i>Henley</i>
ARMIES IN THE FIRE	R. LAWSON	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>
THE SAD STORY OF HENRY KING	R. KEVILL	<i>H. Bello</i>
THE CONJUROR	A. AINSCOUGH	<i>E. V. Lucas</i>
THE SONG OF HIAWATHA (extracts from)	R. W. FLINT and L. D. CHAMBERLAIN	<i>Longfellow</i>
PIANOFORTE DUET (HUNGARIAN DANCES 3 and 5)	L. BEVENOT	<i>Brahms</i>
	D. M. ROCHFORD	
PIANOFORTE SOLO	Christmas Song	<i>Grieg</i>
	L. KNOWLES	
PIANOFORTE SOLO	Peer Gynt, Suite I. No. 1	<i>Grieg</i>
	H. M. J. GERRARD	
PIANOFORTE SOLO	String of Pearls	<i>Loez</i>
	J. R. T. J. CRAWFORD	
CAROLS	1. The Coventry Carol	
	2. God rest you merry gentlemen	
	THE CHOIR	

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

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

R. W. Filat, W. J. Connolly, C. E. G. Cary-Elwes, F. de Guinand, T. A. Caffrey, J. Leese, E. M. Vanheems, D. C. Lazenby, J. E. G. Ruddin, A. M. de Zuheta, T. A. M'Ghee, G. Casartelli, H. d'Ursel, W. J. Roach, P. J. D. Cullinan, L. Newton.

These recruits brought the strength of the contingent to 109.

The following promotions were posted soon after the holidays :

To be Platoon Sergeants : Corporals Martin and Knowles.
To be Sergeant : Corporal Gerrard.
To be Corporals : Lance-Corporals Milburn, Long, Liston.
To be Lance-Corporals : Cadets Barton, Welsh, R. G. Emery.

The names of two old members of the contingent have been added to the Roll of Honour. Lieutenant Leonard Williams and Lieutenant Hall. Both joined the contingent at its formation. Leonard Williams was promoted to Colour-Sergeant in September, 1911, and George F. M. Hall received his third stripe in September, 1913. Many of those who are still in the contingent remember them and recognize in their gallant deaths a worthy consummation of the keenness and zeal which they always displayed while members of the contingent.

The corps has again had the benefit of lectures from old boys who have returned from the Front. Early in the term Captain Travers, Royal Engineers, who was wounded on Hill 60, lectured on trench digging and mining, and a few weeks later, Captain Rochford, who was wounded in France last June, lectured on "Modern Methods of Attack," laying particular stress upon the difficulties and the importance of maintaining direction. Sergeant J. Johnstone, in a series of unofficial

Officers Training Corps

"pow-wows," gave us his experiences in the first landing at Anzac and in the fighting in the Gallipoli peninsula. It is impossible to over-estimate the value of these lectures from men who have seen the theories of war put into practice. We take this opportunity of thanking those "Old Boys" who have sacrificed so much of their scanty and hardly won leave to give us the benefit of their experience.

Bad weather and an epidemic of colds has interfered rather with work out of doors. The monotony of small arms drill under cover, was, however, lightened by some lessons in the use of the bayonet, which another "old cadet," 2nd Lieutenant Simpson, was good enough to give us.

The marching has on the whole improved this term, though the old problem, caused by the difference in length of limb between the first and second platoons, is still unsolved. Towards the end of the term some useful practice in marching "through enemy country" was made by the contingent forming an advance guard to "a skeleton battalion." By these means the necessity of having keen and alert men as connecting files was very clearly demonstrated.

The band has had the services of a new instructor, Drum-Major Ayres, of the York and Lancaster Regiment. His influence was quickly perceived in the crisper and more vigorous beating of the side drums, and the increased volume of the bugles. We must congratulate Sergeant Lynch and Cadet Fishwick on their excellent rendering of the "Last Post" at the close of the military funeral of Private Worthy, a local soldier who fell at Loos. The contingent had the honour of carrying out this funeral, together with a contingent from the "Yeoman Rifles," a battalion recently raised by the Earl of Feversham. The ceremonial drill, which Sergeant Grogan of the Irish Guards had taught us before the war, was of great value to us on this occasion.

FIELD DAY

The field day this term took place on November 10th, in the vicinity of Hovingham. The contingent left the College at half-past ten, and led by the band marched down the valley to Cawton. There the command was handed over to Platoon

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Sergeant W. H. Martin, and the ensuing manoeuvres were carried out entirely by the cadets, the officers on both sides acting as umpires. An invading army (St Peter's School, York), advancing westwards from Scarborough, having reached Malton had pushed out its advance guard as far as Barton-le-street, while the advance guard of the defending army (Ampleforth) marching eastwards from Boroughbridge, had reached Gilling. The vanguards got into touch between Cawton and Hovingham, and the skirmish which followed these imagined preliminaries, though presenting many interesting tactical features, must be regarded as a "draw"—a result unknown in real warfare—for both sides partially attained their objects. Early in the day pressure was brought to bear on the Ampleforth left, and an urgent demand for reinforcements on this wing failed to reach the O.C. in time to save disaster. The two sections operating on the Ampleforth left were therefore put out of action. An opportunity was here missed by the N.C.O. in command of St Peter's right, who might have marched straight through and taken his enemy in the rear. He appeared, however, to have lost touch with his main body, and after some hesitation, proceeded to occupy the northern portion of the St Peter's objective. Meanwhile the Ampleforth attack had been developing in the centre where their O.C. had massed every available man. After some hard fighting they succeeded in piercing the enemy's lines and having secured prisoners, marched on and occupied the northern part of Hovingham, where the "stand fast" found them. An enjoyable day concluded with tea at the Worsley Arms and an interesting "pow-wow" from Major Toyne.

MUSKETRY

In September and October we were "put through" a considerable amount of musketry. Some good results were obtained in the Classification Tests and in the Recruits Course, although the number of First Class shots showed a falling off on last year. This was due to the fact that an attempt was made to improve the general standard of shooting by the special instruction of the weaker members. The number of those who

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passed into the second class was satisfactory and the percentage of those who were successful in the Recruits Course gives good promise for next year.

CLASSIFICATION TEST

First Class	13
Second Class	28
Third Class	5

RECRUITS COURSE

Passed	39
Failed	10

RUGBY FOOTBALL

MATCHES were fewer than ever this year. The Second Fifteen were reduced to one which provided them with a run-away victory of eighty points to nothing. The First Fifteen, in spite of extreme youth and lack of stores, commenced the season well and put up some very large totals. Their score of 150 points against St Peter's School, York, is, we believe, a record in Public School football, the previous highest total being 135 points to nothing by Durham School. There were also scores of over a hundred against Ripon School and Pocklington School. But in all these cases it must be admitted the defence was very weak. The XV were unfortunate to lose to Durham School at Durham. They had a good share of the game and were leading by a goal and a try to a dropped goal until the very last minute, when a converted try turned almost assured victory into defeat. The other defeat by Hymer's School did not show up the team so well. The three-quarter line was much weakened by the absence of Knowles and Liston, and altogether the team had an off-day. The following were given their colours: C. F. Macpherson, E. Massey, Viscount Encombe and R. P. Liston.

Appended is a table showing the results of the matches played:

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FIRST FIFTEEN				
Opponent	Ground	Result	Points	
			<i>For Against.</i>	
St Peter's School, York	Home	Won	150	0
Ripon School	Home	Won	214	0
Pocklington School	Home	Won	110	0
Durham School	Away	Lost	8	9
Hymer's College	Home	Lost	22	33
			404	42
SECOND FIFTEEN				
St Peter's School, York	Away	Won	80	0

AMPLEFORTH v. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

This match, the first of the season, was played at Ampleforth on October 27th, and resulted in a win for the home side by sixteen goals, one penalty goal and nine tries (110 points) to nothing. Knowles was unable to take his place in the three-quarter line and so Liston was brought from left-wing to left-centre; Emery was moved from back to left-wing three-quarter; McGhee changed from forward to back, and Le Fèvre was brought into the pack. The game was so one-sided as to make description unnecessary. The Ampleforth forwards packed too high and too loosely, and were sometimes shoved in the tight as they deserved to be. In the loose they were not sufficiently together, and their play generally was individual rather than collective. In spite of this they seemed always in possession of the ball. The opposition to the backs was so slight that they had pretty much their own way—too much so in fact. For though they opened well and indulged in some pretty and effective combination, yet after they had scored half-a-dozen tries in about ten minutes, their play fell off and individual opportunism took the place of method and consistency. An exception should be made of Macpherson and Cravos, who had a good understanding with each other and with the ball. Macpherson played a thoroughly unselfish game and was quite content to make openings for his wing.

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Centres might well remember that their usefulness is in inverse proportion to the number of tries they score. The backs as a whole have speed and a proper sense of direction, and if the forwards get together and the "threes" play more systematically and to the wings, the possibilities undoubtedly inherent in the XV may materialise. The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back, T. McGhee; Threequarters, R. G. Emery, R. P. Liston, C. F. Macpherson and F. S. Cravos; Half-backs, J. M. H. Gerrard and E. Massey; Forwards, J. Morrogh-Bernard, S. Rochford, F. L. Le Fèvre, H. A. Martin (captain), D. T. Long, R. J. Lynch, Viscount Encombe and G. Harte-Barry.

AMPLEFORTH v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK.

This game was played at Ampleforth on November 6th and ended in a win for the home side by twenty-four goals and ten tries (150 points) to nothing. Massey was unable to play and Agnew took his place at scrum-half. Otherwise Ampleforth were at full strength. St Peter's kicked off and for the first five minutes or so the game was even. St Peter's were heavier forward and the Ampleforth pack could only hope to get the ball in the tight by low packing and quick hooking. Throughout the game the packing was low and firm, and Morrogh-Bernard proved quite an excellent hooker, so that Ampleforth were almost always in possession. The backs were in great form. Gerrard nearly always took the ball when well in his stride and the "threes" ran and passed at full speed. The passing was well timed and fast and waist-high, and the fielding of the ball almost faultless. The defence was completely beaten by the pace and combination of the home "threes," but it played pluckily to the end. The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back, R. G. Emery; Three-quarters, R. Liston, C. J. Knowles, C. F. Macpherson, F. S. Cravos; Half-backs, H. M. J. Gerrard and R. G. Agnew; Forwards, H. A. Martin (captain), Viscount Encombe, F. L. Le Fèvre, J. Morrogh-Bernard, G. Harte-Barry, D. T. Long, R. Lynch and S. Rochford.

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AMPLEFORTH v. DURHAM SCHOOL

This match was played at Durham on November 13th and ended in a victory for the home side by one goal and one dropped goal (9 points) to a goal and a try (8 points). The ground was wet and heavy and every footstep brought water to the surface. A biting wind drove down the field and it was very cold. Ampleforth kicked off against the wind and slope of the ground. Durham pressed at the start, and it was only the judicious touch-finding of Knowles and Emery that gave Ampleforth the necessary time to find themselves in their new surroundings. But gradually the forwards settled down to the steady push and clean heeling that tells in forward play, and glimpses of three-quarter movements became apparent, only to fade away before the vigour and excellence of the Durham tackling. Twice in rapid succession the ball flashed down the line from right to left and Liston was in possession with only the back to beat. But each time the obstacle proved insurmountable. The avidity with which the Durham backs pounced on the ball when any tendency "to lob" was shown by the Ampleforth "threes" bore witness to the keenness and alertness exhibited throughout the game. On one of these occasions Ampleforth got a great fright, and only Liston's speed which brought him across the field in time, saved the situation. Towards the middle of the first half Durham again pressed. Gunn found himself with the ball in his hands, unmarked and well situated in front of the goal posts. He dropped a good goal. Ampleforth replied with a vigorous onslaught on the Durham line. These were driven away, but a well conducted passing movement brought them back, and it was only just in time they were checked. A few minutes later, however, after a smart run by F. S. Cravos, Macpherson, who had come round for the reverse pass, scored far out on the right. Massey from the touch line, across a strong wind with a heavy and wet ball, kicked a really good goal.

Ampleforth's second try was due to a great individual effort by Cravos. Durham were attacking and the ball was punted across the field. A moment later the pass that was meant to put the Durham wing "in" was intercepted by

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Cravos. He threw himself promptly into his stride, and the back being away on the left, ran the length of the field, and scored between the posts. The kick failed. Half-time: Ampleforth 1 goal 1 try (8 points), Durham 1 dropped goal (4 points).

The second period was as well contested as the first. For the greater part of it Ampleforth did the attacking. The forwards were heeling smartly, and the backs were constantly attempting to pierce a really fine and untiring defence. Great hopes were raised in the breasts of the visiting side by a united movement, which led to Knowles grounding the ball behind the Durham line. But the try was disallowed for a forward pass. It was only during the last ten minutes that Durham began to make ground. The ball was now coming out on their side of the scrum, and the "threes" were making brave individual efforts to score. Steadily the remaining minutes passed by, and as surely Durham advanced towards the Ampleforth line. It was in the last half minute that the game was won and lost. A mêlée on the goal-line resulted in a try which was promptly converted. The whistle immediately followed the resultant centre kick. There was little to choose between the two packs. Not one of the sixteen knew what "slacking" or "shirking" meant. Perhaps Durham were the better tacklers, while Ampleforth used their feet more skilfully. Martin was a tower of strength in every way. Morrough-Bernard and Encombe were prominent for their constant proximity to the ball. Long did some clever dribbling. The Ampleforth backs seemed on the whole better together than their opponents. The Durham "threes" relied rather on hard running and the short punt. Perhaps the passing was overdone among the visiting three-quarters. Certainly the wings once or twice would have done better to run for the flag than lose a precious moment in a wistful glance for the partner already tackled, and unable to take the possible reverse. Massey was ever vigorous and resourceful behind the scrum. Gerrard, too, played a hard and useful game. The tackling on both sides was vigorous, and effective. Emery was second to none in this important department of the game. His fielding and kicking of the wet ball, particularly in the second half was remarkable. The following was the Ampleforth side:

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Back, R. G. Emery; Three-quarters, F. S. Cravos, C. F. Macpherson, C. J. Knowles and R. P. Liston; Half-backs, H. M. J. Gerrard and E. Massey; Forwards, S. Rochford, J. Morrough-Bernard, T. McGhee, H. A. Martin (captain), R. Lynch, D. T. Long, Viscount Encombe and G. Harte-Barry.

AMPLEFORTH v. HYMER'S COLLEGE

This game was played at Ampleforth on November 27th and ended in a win for the visitors by four goals, one dropped goal and three tries (33 points), to two goals and four tries (22 points). Ampleforth were without Knowles and Liston, who were unwell. Massey was played centre-quarter and McGhee took Liston's place on the wing. Agnew was brought into the side at scrum-half and Le Févre played forward instead of McGhee. This rather wholesale shuffling of the side was probably not a good plan. In any case Knowles and Liston were badly missed in the three-quarter line and Massey is a good half and only a very moderate three-quarter. The ground was hard on the surface from the recent frost, and the side with the ball had a great advantage. Hymer's were stonier heavier than the home side and owe their victory to this and a certain amount of clever opportunism on the part of their half-backs and centre-thirds. Ampleforth were, broadly speaking, without the ball except for some twenty minutes about the middle of the game when they put in some terrific hard work, and achieved a measure of success. Shortly after the kick-off Martin scored a fine try for Ampleforth behind the posts. Massey converted. Hymer's at once replied with a vigorous attack and scored three times in close succession on the right. A fourth try a little later gave them the commanding lead of 16-5. It was now—after about twenty-five minutes play—that Ampleforth made their effort. The forwards though much lighter than the opposing pack played with extraordinary energy, and began to give the backs some opportunities. Gerrard scored a brilliant try far out on the right, and shortly afterwards F. Cravos ended a fine effort under the posts. Half-time arrived with the score, Ampleforth 13 points; Hymer's College 16 points. On resuming, as the result of some pretty passing between the backs, Macpherson scored far out

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and made the scores level. Ampleforth kept up the pressure and Martin added another try after an Homeric run from the centre of the field, apparently surrounded all the way by the other side. This was the end of the Ampleforth effort. Weight began to tell forward and the visitors nearly always got the ball. One of their centres dropped a near goal and three tries were quickly added, two of which were converted. Just before "no-side" Ampleforth rallied and Morrough-Bernard went over as the result of a combined forward rush. The try was not converted and Hymer's College won as stated. The following played for Ampleforth:

Back, R. G. Emery; Three-quarter backs, T. McGhee, E. Massey, C. F. Macpherson and F. S. Cravos; Half-backs, H. M. J. Gerrard and R. G. Agnew; Forwards, F. L. Le Févre, S. Rochford, J. Morrough-Bernard, Viscount Encombe, G. Harte-Barry, H. A. Martin (captain), R. Lynch and D. T. Long.

SECOND FIFTEEN

AMPLEFORTH v. ST PETER'S SCHOOL, YORK

This match was played at York on November 6th and resulted in a victory for Ampleforth by eighty points to nothing. Ampleforth had much the better of the game forward and were attacking nearly all the time. The forwards almost invariably got the ball and heeled it out fairly quickly. Of the backs Simpson, Gerrard II and Power had most of the opportunities and passed and repassed well, but it would have been better to have let the ball more frequently out to the wings. Mills, at back, had nothing whatever to do. The following played for Ampleforth:

Back, P. Mills; Three-quarters, J. S. F. Morice, C. Power, J. B. D. Gerrard and G. Newsham; Half-backs, J. G. Simpson and T. V. Welsh; Forwards, V. Cravos, C. Rochford, P. Vuylsteke, V. Bradley, C. Liston, J. Barton, H. A. Marsden and Hon. M. S. Scott.

THE BEAGLES

HITHERTO the recreative activities available for the corporate enjoyment and benefit of the School have been divers sorts of games. Sport has not been obtainable during term except by the Fishing Club which jealously restricts its numbers. We owe the removal of this deficiency to Mrs Cullinan, Carrollstown, Co. Meath, who with kindly perspicacity discerned our need, and with prompt munificence supplied it by the gift of a pack of beagles. And here, as in duty bound, though without hope of adequate expression, we declare our gratitude for so handsome a present.

Next to the donor of the hounds in the order of our indebtedness are our neighbours, both landowners and tenant-farmers, who out of the goodwill of which we have many proofs, and the love of sport traditional in this county, have readily, even enthusiastically, placed their fields at our disposal. We hope that they will often attend our meets and share in the pleasure to which they have contributed.

Kennels for the hounds have been provided near the foot of Bolton Bank, whence the sound of their nightly "singing," and the less soothing noises of their frequent differences, add new notes to the rural harmony of the valley. P. Cullinan very appropriately hunts them, Viscount Encombe is second huntsman, and the Hon. C. Barnewall is an indefatigable whipper-in. Authority in other matters is wielded by two field-masters, H. M. J. Gerrard and H. Martin, who also see that prudence shares with eagerness the guidance of the field. Membership of the Club is open to the Upper School, of whom over sixty have joined.

There are many coverts around us and far too many hares, but in spite of this, in spite, too, of the abnormal rainfall of last month and the prevalence of high winds which made the scent difficult, we have had several glorious runs, and days are accumulating which may be recalled and described with ever-welcome repetition; the hunt, though not more than six weeks old, is already securely established among our institutions. Next term we hope on holidays to take advantage of

The Beagles

kind invitations to meet on Lady Julia Wombwell's estate, and on Nawton Moor, the property of the Earl of Feversham; about such days it is difficult to have sober anticipations. Up to the present, chiefly owing to lack of time, we have generally remained in our own valley and its surrounding hills;

"Where the well-breath'd beagle climbs
With matchless speed the green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind."

Indeed the steep hills about here, and still more the ploughed fields—

"When like a foaming torrent pouring down,
Precipitant we smoke along the vale,"

have proved a test of "condition" for which even Rugby is an insufficient preparation, and the keenest players have at times suggested the plight of the ancient navigator when "vento intermisso cursum non tenuit." But muscles are hardening, short-cuts have risen in estimation, and the discrepancy between the numbers that start and that finish near the hounds is diminishing. But the finish has not yet been a kill. Whether by escaping, often by a hair's breadth, into well-stocked coverts, or by weaving "maze within maze" in water-logged fields, or by apparently vanishing from roads into empty space, the hares have regularly eluded us. Perhaps it is as well that the hunt should fare so at first; it shows all that brute strength alone does not decide the contest. Yet we hope that when we have added three or four couples to our pack, whose appearance and performances arouse the admiration of experts, and when we ourselves bring greater cunning to their assistance, the fitting consummation will, with proper frequency, crown our efforts.

SWIMMING

THE Swimming Competition took place on the last day of the Summer Term after our last issue had gone to press. There was no life-saving competition this year, in the continued absence at Aldershot of our instructor. The entries for the diving were fair in quantity and good in quality. G. Simpson, last year's winner, again won the Diving Medal, but following a somewhat recent tradition did not take the medal, which therefore fell to Le Févre, who was second, and a very good second. The Open Swimming Race provided a great struggle between G. Emery and L. Jungmann. For two and a half lengths both swimmers were equal, but Jungmann had just the extra stamina for the necessary spurt at the end, whereas Emery rather slowed off. The time was not very good.

<i>Diving Medal</i>	. . .	F. L. Le Févre
<i>Swimming Cup</i> (3 lengths)	. . .	L. J. S. Jungmann (104 sec.)
<i>School Race</i>	. . .	E. Raddin
<i>Learners' Race</i>	. . .	C. J. Porri

Swimming colours were awarded to:

C. B. J. Collison, P. Vuylsteke, D. M. Rochford, T. A. McGhee and L. J. S. Jungmann.

OLD BOYS

WE offer our congratulations to Mr Herbert Crean, son of Colonel and Mrs Crean, of 25, Abercromby Square, Liverpool, who was married on October 26th to Miss Helen Nicholson, daughter of Colonel and Mrs William Nicholson, of Fort Sheridan, Illinois.

* * *

MR ROBERT ROBERTSON has been seriously ill for several months. We hope soon to hear better news of him.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr John Johnstone, son of the late Mr and Mrs John Johnstone, of Gloucester, who was married to Miss Beatrice Limpenny, eldest daughter of the late Mr Charles Limpenny and of Mrs Limpenny, Carlisle Terrace, Plymouth, in December, by the Bishop of Plymouth.

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MR WILFRID V. CLAPHAM, who is now in the Inns of Court O.T.C., has passed his Law Finals.

NOTES

WE offer no apology for the present number of the JOURNAL, which we consecrate to the memory of Bishop Hedley, whose work and career will ever be to us at Ampleforth one of our most treasured possessions. In parts we fear the number will be found to be redundant. Writers have necessarily touched upon kindred and even identical topics, but we trust our readers will find in it, with all its obvious editorial faults, a worthy though inadequate memorial of one who has many claims upon us, not least the fact that he was the founder of the JOURNAL. No chronological record of his life is given. Most of our readers will be well acquainted with its main outlines, but a few dates—here set down—will serve as a guide to the matter contained in these pages.

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THE Bishop was the son of Edward Hedley, M.D., and was born at Morpeth on April 15th, 1837. He came to Ampleforth in 1848, where his younger brother, Brigade-Surgeon Hedley, was also educated. The Benedictine habit was given to him on October 17th, 1854, and his solemn vows were pronounced on November 10th, 1855. The late Abbot Bury was his guide and teacher during the period of his ecclesiastical studies, and the Bishop always spoke with feeling of his great indebtedness to the Abbot. "Had he been able to keep up a systematic study and a wider reading I do not know any eminent service he could not have performed for the church and for the science of divinity." Such words seldom fell from the Bishop, and are a fair measure of his appreciation. Br Cuthbert Hedley was ordained priest on October 19th, 1862, by Bishop Cornthwaite. In the same year he went to Belmont, where he became Professor of Philosophy and of Sacred Eloquence, and Canon Theologian of the diocese. In 1873 he was chosen Auxiliary Bishop to Bishop Brown, and was consecrated at Belmont on September 29th of that year with the title of Bishop of Caesariopolis. As Auxiliary he lived at Hereford. From 1878 to 1884 he was

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Editor of the *Dublin Review*. In 1881 he was appointed to the see of Newport and Menevia in succession to Bishop Brown, and with a view to the better government of his diocese went to live at Llanishen in a house given to him by the late Marquess of Bute. In 1891 Pope Leo XIII named him an Assistant at the Pontifical Throne. It is generally known that he was one of those proposed as successor to the Archbishopric on the death of Cardinal Manning in 1892, and again on the death of Cardinal Vaughan in 1903. His chief works were published in the following order: *Our Divine Saviour* (1887), *A Retreat* (1894), *The Christian Inheritance* (1896), *The Light of Life* (1899), *A Bishop and His Flock* (1903), *Lex Levitarum* (1905), *The Holy Eucharist* (1907).

* * *

OUR readers will pardon a few more words upon the Bishop as a writer and a theologian. Bishop Hedley excelled in the exposition of dogmatic or ascetical principles. He had been for many years a professor of theology, both in his own community at Ampleforth and then in the nascent *Domus Studiorum* at Belmont, and it was in this period, doubtless, that he gained that familiarity with the deep principles of theological doctrine which is so plain a fact in his writings. We might hesitate to call him a profound theologian. The lines of his life were so cast as to render that hardly possible. He was no Suarez or De Lugo. If we were to compare him with any of our later theologians it would be rather with the practical genius of the Bishop of St Agatha of the Goths, the untiring St Alphonsus de Liguori, not at all concerned to win a theological reputation, but determined to drive home the truth and to gain the souls of men. But perhaps his real analogue is to be found in one of those great bishops of the early centuries, upon whom the church has bestowed the title of Doctor, in a St Gregory, whose words he delighted to comment, or in St Ambrose, the thorough Roman administrator.

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THERE is, in St Augustine's *Confessions*, a vignette of St Ambrose, not perhaps without its gentle humour. The young

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professor of rhetoric, doubtless holding some opinion of his own importance, found Ambrose inexplicably inattentive. "Often when we attended we saw him reading silently, but never otherwise, and after sitting for some time without speaking (for who would presume to trouble one so occupied?) we went away again." The busy bishop did not make any advances, and St Augustine clearly found it unaccountable. Evidently Ambrose was a realist, a believer in objective values, a sturdy, clear-sighted, common-sense nature, four square. He had little truck with fine shades, the "personal equation," or temperamental eccentricities, nor cared to deal with those delicate forces, which though they be rather on the surface of the spirit, yet may so strongly influence personality and sway the whole life. "You have my sermons," he would say, "strong, clear, forcible; what more do you want." Was there not something of this in the character of Bishop Hedley? There was the same sturdy common-sense, doubtless a North Country heritage, the same bluntness of manner, the same reliance on the objective power of clear and forcible teaching. "Yet I heard Ambrose rightly handling the word of truth before the people every Lord's day, and I became more and more certain that it was possible to unravel all the webs of wily sophistry woven by our deceivers against the divine books." So says St Augustine, and the regimen that Ambrose silently prescribed for the self-important professor worked unerringly.

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NOR is it only on this point of character that we should find a likeness to St Ambrose. Style issues from character, and we find the same clearness and power in the writings of both. Bishop Hedley was no stylist in the common acceptance of the term. He did not aim at any special grace of diction or larger artistic effect; there are no distinctly "purple passages" in his writings. But there is careful selection of word and phrase, a sensitive choice of pure modes of expression, that give to the whole a classic evenness and serenity. Ever and again the thought is illumined with a well-chosen simile, never startling, but always apt, always quietly and

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patiently exposed. So that the whole style is eminently suited for the work for which it is used, the careful and thorough elucidation of divine truth. There was no place here for tricks. And if success, real success, is to be measured in terms of self-sacrifice, there could scarcely be a style of a more simple objectivity, a more unselfish restraint.

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THIS chastity of style came naturally to an Ambrose or a Gregory. The Roman, when he was not led astray by a false literary standard, expressed himself naturally with the same clearness and simple strength that is manifest in his law, his roads, and his buildings. There is nothing about St Ambrose either of the prettinesses of a Seneca or of the debased exuberance of a Fulgentius. Nor is he a Ciceronian. But he expounds his message in plain, clear, forcible Latin, and illustrates it with aptness and precision. With Bishop Hedley the same result, while largely the natural expression of his character, was evidently as well an ideal consciously aimed at. There is often plain in his writings a studied quietness of phrase, a deliberate economy of expression. And the whole combined effect is as of a strong and deep stream of doctrine moving quietly forward, gently enveloping and smoothing out all obstacles, never muddied or turbulent, but lucent and clear as a rocky pool on a cloudless day.

* * *

THESE qualities are clear in all his writing. There are some articles of his earlier time in which he effected a more pretentious style. But this was soon dropped, and with the "Retreat," perhaps his greatest work, we have Bishop Hedley at his best and most himself. It is not necessary for us to say anything of this carefully cut gem of some thirty facets. But we wonder how many of our readers know and have studied "Lex Levitarum." In that book we think, where he is speaking directly to young seminarists, he makes the plainest revelation of himself, though still preserving the same impersonality and unselfishness of style to which we have alluded. We could quote many "words that reveal," but will be content with just one, a passage whose doctrine may

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be read at large in the whole story of that straight brusque life. He is talking of sympathy with souls, and stops to deal with the "soft" nature. "Souls are God's most precious possessions and the cherished flowers of God's holy spirit. If you approach a soul with mere human liking, urged by your soft nature, you do as one who handles a delicate flower with hot, moist and clumsy hands; it is never quite the same again. Keep off." Blunt enough, you will say; but what artistry of purpose in the words.



A WRITER of this stamp, whose style is so "subdued to what it works in," may not then attain literary fame, but he does something greater. His writings become part of the life and thought of his generation. Impersonal as the sea or air we breathe, they are as penetrating and as all-pervasive. And we think we may claim for Bishop Hedley's writings that they have thus entered into the very soul of English Catholicism and become a part of its life. Here in this fact is an immortality of spiritual influence, an immortality of which he himself might have recked but little, but which is none the less a fact for us who live, and the enduring proof of his worth. His grave is in the hearts of his people.



"Your case is mine. It is for years beyond numbering that I have been crying out; 'I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength without cause, and in vain, wherefore my judgment is with the Lord and my work with my God.'"

Such was Cardinal Newman's valediction to Bishop Hedley and his two supporters as they started for Rome in 1883 to re-open the question of Catholic attendance at our national universities. But more than a decade of controversy and hesitation was to elapse before the Bishop's advocacy turned the scale in favour of Catholic higher education. It was in 1896 that the Holy See rescinded its prohibition of 1867, and Bishop Hedley was appointed chairman of a "University Catholic Education Board"—a body whose duty it was to cater for the spiritual needs of Catholic undergraduates.

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THE motives which actuated the Bishop in taking the independent line he did on this question are explained in his article entitled "Oxford and Cambridge" in the AMPLFORTH JOURNAL of July, 1896, and we cannot do better than quote one eloquent passage which summarizes his views. After explaining and justifying the reasons which led Propaganda to decide in the first place that residence at the Universities was a grave intrinsic danger to faith of morals, he proceeds: "As years went on, it was seen that there was really a sort of necessity that Catholics of a certain class should be able to send their boys to Oxford or Cambridge. Moreover, during the last quarter of a century the character of the national Universities had, in the opinion of many, considerably changed. There was abundance of scepticism, indifference, agnosticism and immoral theory. But, side by side with all this, there was much religious earnestness, much respect for historic religion, and not a little searching after Catholicism itself. In fact, Oxford and Cambridge, instead of being a more or less homogeneous community moulding men's mind as a stream rolls smooth the pebbles in its bed, had gradually become a kind of delta or sea, with deep places and shallows, currents and backwaters, where there was doubtless plenty of danger, but where faith and Christian life had ample opportunities for flourishing undisturbed."



THAT the Bishop's long-sightedness has been justified by events is acknowledged on all sides; and the debt, which English Catholics must always owe to his memory for his untiring efforts in the cause of their educational interests, was never more explicitly recognised than at the Newman Society Dinner at Oxford in 1912. On that occasion Cardinal Bourne expressed his conviction that the experience of the past sixteen years had endorsed the action of the Holy See in permitting Catholics to reside at the Universities. It was a great gain for Catholics to be able to enter once more into the fuller intellectual life of the land; and he thought it was a gain also to the Universities, for the want of the influence of the faith of those who were the earliest and oldest

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sons of the Universities must surely make something lacking in the great influence which they were undoubtedly called upon to exercise.

A subsequent speaker paid special tribute to Bishop Hedley as the one who had fought the battle for the University undergraduates in the past, and in the present time cared for their spiritual needs. He asked the Bishop to look at those present and see if there was any sign of moral decadence. On the contrary he hoped he would discover them to be loyal to both church and country. The Bishop's reply was a memorable one, but the space at our disposal allows of no more than the briefest *résumé* of his words. He spoke with great feeling and eloquence of the longing of Catholics in the olden days to come up to Oxford, of the glamour of it, and how it stood for them as the metropolis of learning, unsurpassed in all the world, and how the desire to come to Oxford was in us by heredity. At the present time Catholics are received by the University authorities with kindness and courtesy and encouragement. If anyone took harm now it would be his own fault.



LASTLY, reference must be made to the constant interest the Bishop evinced in the Ampleforth hall founded at Oxford in 1897. Whenever he had occasion to visit Oxford, he never failed to call on his brethren, and always expressed his appreciation of the work on which they were engaged. In more than one of his "Exhibition Day" speeches at Ampleforth he indicated the influence for good which the hall at Oxford was exerting on the college.



As a musician, Bishop Hedley will be best known to present Amplefordians by the Ode to Alma Mater—perennial and fresh as the evergreens of which it sings—and to the past generations by the "Pascha Nostrum" and the original version of "Cantantibus Organis." Bishop Hedley was an admirer of the classical form, and though the technical faults which appear in some of these compositions must be conceded, there is manifest in them a vigour of expression

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and an undoubted gift of melody. We cannot fancy Bishop Hedley writing "programme" music or listening with satisfaction to Debussy or Scriabine. His taste was perhaps more in the direction of pure form than most of us would care to own to; and it is no doubt owing to his own gift of melody that after the sterner measures of Bach and the depths of Beethoven, he felt most sympathy with the limpid streams of Scarlatti, Corelli, and Mozart. However, it was not only as a composer that Ampleforth music is indebted to Bishop Hedley. His ready sympathy and interest in all musical details was a constant source of encouragement and inspiration, and his deep belief in the value of the truest music could never be for long concealed when he spoke to an Ampleforth audience. We cannot forget in this connection his address at the Jubilee Exhibition of 1912, in which he insisted on the necessity of the training in "Moussik"—the welding together and orientation of the soul under the influence of rhythm and harmony. Indeed, in this great matter Bishop Hedley went far with Plato. He would have the more romantic and Ionian colour of modern modulation take second place beside the stately march of the Doric—or Gregorian. And, again like Plato, through his very love of art, he viewed with some apprehension all but its most consecrated forms. Herein perhaps lies his comparative non-success as a composer. The work of a composer he felt to be so absorbing that he chose not to enter upon the incessant technical study which it involved. But if musical celebrity was merged in the life-work of a great bishop, no one can doubt Bishop Hedley's deep interest in the musical achievements of his old school, and no one has done more than he to keep alight the lamp of Benedictine art and to foster the tradition of that art at Ampleforth.



ELSEWHERE Dom Cuthbert Almond has spoken of Bishop Hedley's fatherly interest in the JOURNAL. That interest died only with him. During the short period of the present Editorship—one year—the Bishop has both written to the Editor and sent messages about all three numbers. Always upholding ideals, but always kind, he showed an extraordinary

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interest in every detail. We were more than surprised to find that he read even the School Notes, and not only read them but actually asked for more. "Write more School Notes" he demanded on one occasion. But this was only consonant with his great interest in our welfare and in all our work. Who shall say what our astonishment was on learning from the Bishop that he knew what subjects almost every member of the present community was teaching in the school? Such interest speaks for itself, and none of us could ever resent criticism from the Bishop, because we knew that it was made with knowledge. The experience of most of us, however, has ever been that the Bishop was always more encouraging than critical, not least in private conversation. Many members of the present community have to thank him for a few kind words, urging them on to work hard and well for ends, which to them seemed difficult of attainment.



We proffer to His Eminence Cardinal Bourne our best thanks for the introductory words with which our number opens, as also to His Lordship the Bishop of Salford, who has most generously written for it. In both cases we are very sensible of an honour conferred upon us.



By a strange and unpardonable oversight, for which the present Editor wishes to take his full share of the blame, no mention has hitherto been made of Dom Cuthbert Almond's long editorship of the JOURNAL. For all practical purposes Dom Cuthbert ceased to be Editor two years ago, and this is only the seventh number of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL—published three times a year since 1895—for which he has not been responsible. Such a period of editorship speaks for itself. Only one who has experienced the difficulties of producing an amateur magazine of the kind described by Dom Cuthbert in this number can realise the anxiety and the work entailed. But all during this period not only has he maintained his ideals and been the very life and soul of the JOURNAL, writing notes on every topic in his own inimitable and happy way, but he has also given to its readers at least one article in every

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number—articles which prove him to be a man of wide reading, of many interests, and not least of acute judgment. We wonder how many there are who can write with equal fluency and grace upon the early History of the English Benedictines, upon Art, upon Literature, upon Ascetical Theology, upon Holiday Rambles and upon Geology. Dom Cuthbert Almond has done this, as is well known to our readers. Ampleforth owes to him a very real debt of gratitude.



SIX views of the New Preparatory School—the work of Dom Maurus Powell—have been published. Readers of the JOURNAL who are familiar with his work will not require to hear them commended. We hope to be allowed to reproduce them in some future number. The present number is too full of photograph reproductions which, under present sad circumstances, we believe our readers will be glad to possess. This policy does not represent an abandonment of the familiar pen and ink illustrations, which our artists—now almost all serving in the army—have hitherto given the JOURNAL. But so long as the war lasts our readers we hope will be indulgent and rest content with the assurance of their immediate resumption on their former scale after the war.



MR HENRY POSKITT, M.A., late senior curate of St Hilda's, Leeds, and Mr Cecil FARRAR, S.A., late 2nd curate at St Saviour's, Leeds, who were both staying with us in September, were received into the church on September 25th by Dom Wilfrid Wilson. Mr Poskitt and Mr Farrar are now in Rome studying for the priesthood, and they have the assurance of the prayers of all at Ampleforth.



A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have been puzzled by the note which appears in your contemporary, the *Benedictine Almanac*, under the date October 12th. I am sure you still enjoy the cordial relations with your contemporary that were portrayed in the verses beginning:

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The Journal and the Almanack
Were walking hand in hand ;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities on hand :—

and I hope it will not disturb those relations if I seek your help in settling my difficulty. The matter is as follows. The *Almanack* mentioning the practice of saying the Penitential Psalms at Ampleforth annually on the Feast of St Wilfrid, adds: "A practice instituted by Prior Marsh, 1806," and says it is "for protection against fire." Now I submit that this is not a correct account of the practice. The old Council Book contains the minutes of the Council held by Prior Marsh on October 11th, 1806. In these minutes we have the following interesting account of the matter, of which you will perhaps allow me to give a full translation :

Lastly, since the anniversary (October 12th) was at hand of the day on which this community was robbed of its monastery of Dieulouard and all belonging to it by the French infidels, while every monk those impious men could take was shamefully cast into prison, and since such calamities, as they are certainly uncommon, seem to be signs of the divine anger, to appease this it was decreed that the penitential psalms should be recited publicly on this day every year before evening prayers.

"You will perhaps think that this passage is decisive, but it seems that the case is not so easy. For there certainly exists a long-standing tradition, which if it does not support the 'fire' thesis exclusively, certainly makes for a double or manifold event and connects St Wilfrid's Feast with various happenings, both fortunate and the opposite, in the history of St Lawrence's. There is one of these, a fortunate and happy event, which is indubitably authentic: the Jubilee of Ampleforth was held on St Wilfrid's Day, 1852, and it was a day, as the *Student* tells us, of immense rejoicing and happiness. From one of the addresses then delivered we may select a sentence that touches our matter. "There were trials for them (the monks of Dieulouard) in the land of their exile; for twice on this day of St Wilfrid was their monastery of St Lawrence burnt down by fire. Wherefore do we of St Lawrence's

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recite, on this day, the Seven Penitential Psalms, to avert a like disaster.' There is the tradition in 1852. But it goes back further still, and we have found what may be its germ in such a place as the Diary of Prior Marsh himself. 'Many of our original deeds,' he writes, 'had been lost in a fire that consumed our house totally in the year 1717, 13th of October, the very day on which we were turned out of it in 1793.' Now the Great Fire at Dieulouard certainly took place on October 13th, 1717, and so much is beyond doubt, but it is not St Wilfrid's Feast. And the sack of Dieulouard, if we may call it that, as certainly took place on October 12th, 1793, which is St Wilfrid's Feast. Prior Marsh in the same account gives us the means of correcting him, for he writes: 'On the 12th of October, at about half-past nine or ten at night, I heard the drums of the village beating the General.' And he proceeds to tell how within an hour or so, from his hiding place in the fields near by, he heard the breaking of the monastery doors. So far then as this evidence goes I am inclined, as between the Expulsion and the Fire, to decide in favour of the former, and to suppose that tradition, with Prior Marsh's words inspiring it, has desired to connect both events with the Feast of St Wilfrid and has been completely successful. But, sir, while giving it as my opinion that the original purpose of the Penitential Psalms is beyond doubt and that there has been some confusion of facts and dates, I would not be taken to assert any of this too positively."

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DOM VINCENT WILSON, after a long period of fruitful labour and responsibility as rector of St Mary's, Warrington, has gone to St Mary's, Brownedge. His place has been taken by Dom Austin Hind. Dom Theodore Rylance is now at St Benedict's, Warrington, where Dom Cuthbert Jackson is the new rector. Dom Philip Wilson and Dom Basil Primavesi have exchanged their curacies at St Anne's, Liverpool, and at St Mary's, Warrington, and finally Dom Leo Hayes has been moved from St Mary's, Cardiff, to St Peter's, Liverpool—his place being taken by Dom Raymond Lythgoe. This is quite the most noteworthy shuffle our mission fathers have undergone for many years.

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WE hear of much activity at St Anne's, Liverpool—material improvements in the church, a fruitful bazaar in aid of the schools, and the preaching of a great mission extending over three weeks. Some extensive renovations to the church fabric are also taking place at Brownedge.

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We are glad to be able to tell our readers that Prior Burge, who underwent a serious operation in September, is now making steady progress towards recovery. *Ad multos annos.*

* * *

THE new church at St Benedict's, Warrington, was opened by Cardinal Bourne on Sunday, July 11th, while our last number was in the press. The visit of the Cardinal was the occasion of a great Catholic demonstration in that town. All the arrangements for the civic reception of the Cardinal—the opening ceremonies and the hospitality dispensed—were on that grand scale which one associates with the indomitable spirit of energy and of enthusiasm of the late Dom Oswald Swarbrick. For it is hardly too much to say of him that he wore himself to death by the way he worked for his beloved St Benedict's. In the afternoon the Cardinal made one of those striking social addresses which we have learnt to look for from him, and in the evening His Eminence preached. On the day of opening Father Abbot sang Mass in the presence of the Cardinal. On Monday the Archbishop of Liverpool was the celebrant at High Mass and the Bishop of Menevia the preacher. The Bishop of Shrewsbury was also present and gave Benediction on Sunday evening. It was a notable occasion, and we trust that God has seen well to reward speedily him who bore the burden of it all.

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THE design of the new church is a free rendering of the Byzantine style. The exterior is impressive, and with the Presbytery makes a striking group of buildings. But the interior is rather marred by the want of another bay. It is too short—a fault easily explained by the demands of economy. The problem was the usual one with which Catholic priests

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and Catholic architects are familiar—how to build a church which will be both beautiful and at the same time spacious enough for a large congregation out of funds which are very limited. The architect in this case has not quite solved the problem, but he has gone a long way towards doing it. Some interesting features of the church are the vaulting of the nave, the flat ceilings of the side chapels and the use of artificial stone for the lower part of the walls. The architect of this most useful church is one of our "old boys," Mr Matthew Honan, whom our readers will recognise as Captain Honan, whose bravery and services to his country are elsewhere recorded in the JOURNAL.

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THE Librarian wishes to acknowledge very gratefully gifts of books from Fr Abbot, Dom Vincent Wilson and Dom Basil Primavesi. Dom Bede Polding has presented two autograph letters of Cardinal Newman written to Dom Gregory Brierley, one in 1877, the other in 1879. For these also earnest thanks.

* * *

THE Library owes a special debt to Mr William Dunn, of Lilystone Hall, Stock, Essex, for the gift of a magnificent oak book-case. Some idea of the dimensions of the case may be gained by readers familiar with the library if we mention that it completely fills one side of the Codices Room. The lower portion consists of cupboards of great depth; above these and lying a little further back is the book-case proper with interchangeable shelves and glazed doors. The whole is a strong and beautiful structure, so constructed as to betray the most careful and accurate workmanship. The Librarian has already transferred to its shelves the main portion of our *incunabula* and other valuable books, and they certainly show to great advantage in their new environment. We must thank the generous donor very warmly for this sumptuous gift.

OBITUARY

DOM PAULINUS WILSON

ALFRED WILSON was born in York, in 1830. His father was Mr George Wilson, a builder and contractor of that city. They were Catholics—and Alfred would often mention how, for some period of time, he used to serve the daily Mass, at Fulford, of Bishop Briggs, Vicar Apostolic of the district of York, and afterwards first Bishop of Beverley. He came to Ampleforth in 1847, as a boy of seventeen—clever, inquisitive, with a considerable amount of formed opinion, and very handy in all manual arts. He formed part of a class in which he had as companions the late Fathers Wilfrid Brown and Romuald Woods. He made good studies; his Latin was above the average, and his proficiency in Natural Science was remarkable. Even before he entered college he had been accustomed to literary effort. When *The Lamp* was founded, at York, in 1850, by Thomas Earnshaw Bradley, Alfred Wilson, then a youth at Ampleforth, was not only one of the original subscribers, but contributed to its early numbers a series of papers which he entitled *Monks and Monasteries*. He was also a musician—but although he had a violin, and played the flute and the organ, he never made much progress as an executant. He was also fond of cricket. As a good Yorkshireman and admirer of George Lillywhite, he took up the round-arm bowling—and he and Romuald Woods, who had a swift underhand delivery, were often opponents of each other on the primitive Ampleforth cricket ground of 1849-50. He was a promoter of the College MS. magazine of his day; the pages of the *Union* contain some of his writing; and one of his essays had the distinction of being torn out and destroyed by the Prefect, as being tainted with Chartist teachings.

He took the monastic habit at Ampleforth in 1851, together with Wilfrid Brown and Romuald Woods. As a young Religious, he went through the usual philosophical and theological studies, chiefly under Father Augustine Bury. Although a well-informed theologian, Father Paulinus Wilson had many views

Obituary

of his own which were somewhat at variance with those commonly held. These views he was very cautious in putting forward, and he never set up as an innovator. He was ordained at York, by Bishop Briggs, at Christmas, 1857, and almost immediately afterwards was sent upon the Mission. His first Mission was Weobley, in Herefordshire. He was transferred to St John's, Bath, in 1861, as assistant to D. Clement Worsley. In 1862 he left Bath to take charge of Abergavenny. He became incumbent of Rhydney in 1868, and remained in that position for nine years. At Rhydney, besides enlarging the church, he built an excellent school at Pontlottyn, in the lower part of the Mission. In 1876 he was appointed to the important Mission of St David's, Swansea, where he spent seventeen years of strenuous pastoral work. He was a good preacher and catechist, with a forcible, homely style. He organised his various Missions with care and regularity. In money matters, he was trustworthy, capable and exact. He never rested until his church, school and presbytery were as comfortable as they could be made, and he kept them in most careful repair. He was a member of the Swansea School Board for several years. He built a commodious school in the Dan-y-graig district of the Mission of St David, and after a long and spirited contest forced the authorities to place it on the grant list. He had a great fondness for promoting musical and dramatic entertainments in his flock. In superintending these, he not only found an outlet for his own remarkable practical talent, but by intercourse with his people so endeared himself to them that wherever he laboured, but especially at Swansea, he has left affectionate memories.

He became a Canon of the diocese of Newport and Menevia in 1875. From 1887 to 1896 he was Diocesan Inspector of Schools, and represented the diocese on the Catholic Poor School Committee. He was Vicar-General of the diocese from 1882 to 1884. He was given the dignity of Cathedral Prior of Worcester in 1901.

When the new organisation of the English Benedictine Congregation came into force, the mission of St David's, Swansea, fell to the charge of St Edmund's Abbey, and Canon Wilson left the flock with which so many years of his life had been spent,

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and to whom his chief missionary work had been dedicated. He went for a year or two to the chaplaincy of Rotherwas, a few miles from the Cathedral Monastery of St Michael. When the Rotherwas mission was given up, in 1896, he was sent to Knaresbro'. Here he laboured for another seventeen years. He enlarged the school and the presbytery. Advancing age and failing powers caused him to leave Knaresbro' in 1913. He spent some time at Brownege, in retirement. At the beginning of 1915 he went back to Ampleforth, and there, without any serious malady except that of old age, he died on September 18th. He was at the time of his death the oldest living Laurentian and English Benedictine; his fellow novices Fathers Wilfrid Brown and Romuald Woods had already been called to their reward. Having spent so many of the best years of his life in the diocese of Newport, he was warmly attached to the clergy and flock of that diocese; and, on their part, the clergy—not only his own brethren, but also the secular priests of the diocese—deeply appreciated his abilities, his sterling work, and the genial spirit which he showed to all in the various relations in which they were brought together during so long a time.—R.I.P.

✠J.C.H.

This short account of the life of Father Paulinus was written by Bishop Hedley for the *Benedictine Almanac*, and is reprinted here by the kind permission of the editor. No more worthy obituary could be given than this. The Bishop and Father Paulinus came to Ampleforth within a year of each other, and as brethren in religion, and Bishop and priest their friendship was life-long. It is probable that this was the last piece of writing that came from the Bishop's pen, and it is fitting that it should appear in this issue of THE JOURNAL which offers some small record of his life and work.

We are grateful to be allowed to add some quotations from the very kind letter, so highly appreciative of Father Paulinus, written to Father Abbot by the Very Rev. Father Wulstan Richards of Downside. After offering his condolence on the loss of the venerable Dom Paulinus, the patriarch of the familia, and of the English Benedictine Congregation, the writer

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continues: "Probably few men knew him more intimately than myself, for I was his colleague for nearly twenty years on the Swansea Mission, and the friendship cemented there we have both preserved and renewed from time to time till the end. Like his Ampleforth contemporaries he was one of marked individuality of character, and solidity of attainments. He was essentially a strong man, a straight man, and a fearless man; of great kindness and warmth of heart, but with an entire absence of emotion or gush. For near twenty years he was a strong bulwark of Catholicity in Swansea, and a redoubtable champion of the rights and claims of Catholic schools and children. I never knew a man who could hold his own so strongly against opponents without giving offence, or work out a purpose more persistently, or one who was more modest in his bearing, when success crowned his efforts. His people loved him and were proud of him, so entirely did he devote himself to them in the work of the ministry, and as their representative in public life. His gifts were varied, but all of a practical kind. To his priestly endowments he united a keen love of music and of the drama. His choir was a joy to him, and the most efficient in the town. The performances of his children owed their attractiveness to his careful training. But he was first and foremost a true monk and a holy priest,—one aspect of his character always struck me, his tranquility of mind and soul. He had fewer of those littlenesses which sometimes mar a fine nature. May God rest his soul. I hope on Thursday to sing the Requiem Mass for him in our Church Choir. Upon me falls for a little time the patriarchal place he held in the Congregation. May we meet again as colleagues in God's good time and place."

DOM OSWALD SWARBRECK

FATHER OSWALD SWARBRECK was born at Sowerby, Thirsk, on April 16th, 1865. At an early age he came to Ampleforth and after several years spent in the School he gave himself to the study of Law and became a fully qualified solicitor. Not long afterwards, however, he relinquished all his worldly prospects and returned to Ampleforth to become a monk. In due course he was professed at Belmont in September,

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1893, and ordained at Ampleforth in March, 1899. Whilst in the Community at Ampleforth he combined with indefatigable zeal the arduous duties of Procurator and Village Missioner. His solicitude for his small flock was so great that he won the hearts of his people who greatly lamented his departure for Warrington in 1902.

He worked at St Alban's, as assistant to Father Whittle, till 1906, when he was moved to St Benedict's as assistant to Father Baines. Early in 1907 Fr Baines was transferred to Aberford, and Fr Oswald succeeded to the charge of St Benedict's parish.

A serviceable iron church had been erected by Fr Baines near the school. It was impossible for the priest to find a house near this, so he was compelled to live at some distance from it. Only those who have experienced it can realize the inconveniences of such a situation. It says much for Father Oswald's enthusiasm and powers of endurance that in spite of inconveniences and drawbacks he persevered for nine long years most cheerfully and ungrudgingly. He was constantly faced with the problem of finding a permanent home for the Blessed Sacrament, a serviceable abode for the clergy, and a satisfactory solution of the difficulties that were associated with the school accommodation. With characteristic energy he set himself to the task. His enthusiasm was infectious, his many friends rallied round him and encouraged his efforts, and before long the school difficulty had been removed by its skilful re-buildings to the designs of Mr Matthew Honan. This work was so satisfactory as to receive the public approbation of the Chairman of the Education Committee. The temporary house in Orford Lane was so inadequate to the needs of a Presbytery, the accommodation so scanty and unhealthy, that it was necessary without delay to provide a permanent home for the clergy. A plot of ground was obtained in a central position large enough for a church and Presbytery, and here a house for the clergy was built.

The church difficulty still remained. By dint of hard work in drawing together the members of the parish, in convincing them of their duty and the possibilities that might be reached by continuous and united efforts it was at last

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found possible to begin the task of building a permanent church.

All the years of Father Oswald's Rectorship were years of uphill work without much prospect of successful result, yet he persevered with courage mindful of all the needs of a young and growing parish. He loved the beauty of God's House, and according to the means at his disposal loved to furnish and adorn the altar and the church. He desired that all should share in this spirit of piety, and the coldness and neglect of any of his people was a source of the greatest disappointment and grief to him.

For a little more than eight years he strove to improve the conditions both spiritual and temporal of this new parish, and it would hardly be possible to exaggerate the amount of good he performed in both directions.

The crowning work of his life was the opening with the greatest possible splendour and solemnity of St Benedict's new church. Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, presided at all the functions, and the Archbishop of Liverpool, the Bishops of Menevia and Shrewsbury supported Father Abbot in the opening ceremonies. The preparations were a source of the greatest anxiety to Fr Oswald, and those who knew him can picture his radiant happiness when the result exceeded all his expectations.

He had a great capacity for making in a very short time firm friends. Many men were attracted by his winning disposition, while his kindness of heart, his thoughtfulness for and sympathy with others endeared him permanently to them. He was respected and admired by high and low and when the news of his death after a very short illness became known, it came as a shock to everyone. One felt as though everyone in the town experienced a sense of personal loss. Certainly his funeral was the occasion of a wonderful manifestation of sympathy and respect.

In addition to these arduous labours in the parish and in face of an ever increasing debt, he still found time for another work that was laid on his willing shoulders. Practically from the beginning of the large County Asylum at Winwick Fr Oswald acted as Chaplain to the Catholics there. This duty

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required constant willingness to sacrifice, even at unreasonable hours, and was a duty always most punctually and scrupulously fulfilled. After the outbreak of the war the Asylum patients were removed, and the institution became a War Hospital for wounded soliders. Father Oswald's solicitude for these was most marked and he was tireless in his kindness and his ministrations to them and when he was removed by death each felt a personal loss. To mark the esteem in which he was held by the staff a memorial brass tablet has been erected to his memory in the chapel.

We feel sure that the memory of one who spent himself so generously in the service of others will be long held in benediction, and that those whom he has helped will be very slow to forget him in their prayers. R.I.P.

G.C.J.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

The Memory of our Dead. By the REV. HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.
Burns & Oates, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little work contains a most interesting historical outline of, and collection of facts, theories and customs in connection with the development of prayers, Masses, etc., for the departed from the earliest Christian times. Our only regret is that Father Thurston has confined himself to the very narrow limits of this small volume on a subject which, as he himself confesses, is so vast and so fascinating. Every chapter is full of interesting points, but it is with a real sense of disappointment that one is hustled on so remorselessly from one to another without a full satisfaction of one's curiosity. Nevertheless, though the book opens up far more questions than could possibly be solved in its narrow compass, it is by no means incomplete, and we hope that it will have a wide circulation among both Catholics and non-Catholics. The former cannot fail to be touched by the piety and devotion of their forefathers towards those who had gone before. The latter will be almost surprised to find authorities for Prayers and Masses for the Dead, reaching back so far into the past and, indeed, into the very beginnings of Christianity. G.S.

The Summa Theologica of St Thomas Aquinas, literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. Prima Secundae. 3rd number. R. & T. Washbourne, 6s. net.

We desire to congratulate the Dominican Fathers on this further instalment of their great work. It is no mean task that has been undertaken, and already it is half achieved. Such steady progress is a proof of sterling worth, and we can only wish that we may soon see its completion.

On the Papacy. A Pastoral Letter by CARDINAL MERCIER. Official translation. Burns & Oates, Ltd.

THIS letter, dated February 2nd, 1915, is worthy to rank with the great Pastoral of the preceding Christmas. It sets forth with high eloquence the position and power of the Vicar of Christ, and the need of such a power in the world. The Cardinal begins with some moving pages concerning the present Holy Father and his saintly predecessor. It is well in view of all that has been said about the good done by priest-soldiers to remember that "one thought overwhelmed the dying Pope beyond all others,—it was that priests, the ministers of peace, would have to sacrifice human lives, and perhaps the lives

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of their brethren in the priesthood." The good wrought by French and Italian soldier-priests is surely one brought by Providence out of a great and manifest evil, and the dispensations given to priests who must fight are no proof that the Church has changed her attitude in this matter.

Another lesson, touched on more than once in the Pastoral, is contained in these fine words: "The most beautiful homage we can pay to God in these troublous days is serenity. Whatever may befall us outwardly, our divine Lord wishes us to be always glad and young."

It is to be hoped that this Letter will be widely known in England. The translation reads excellently. R.W.W.

The Benedictine Almanac and Guide to Abbeys, Missions, and Monks of the English Congregation, 1916. Price 2d. Copies may be obtained at 1s. 4d. per dozen from the Editor at St Anne's Priory, Edge Hill, Liverpool; or from Ampleforth Abbey, Malton, Yorkshire.

THE Benedictine Almanac this year has all the excellence of its predecessor of last year. It abounds in information, and contains some good illustrations. All who are interested in the English Benedictine Congregation will be glad to have a copy.

BOOKS RECEIVED

From R. & T. WASHBOURNE.

Maxims and Sayings of Father Guinac, S.J. Nett 1s. Angelus Series.

The Catholic Diary, 1916. Edited by a priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. Angelus Series.

The Catholic Block Calendar.

From BURNS & OATES, LTD.

The Catholic Almanac, 1916. By the Editor of *The Catholic Directory*. 1d.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, *The Raven*, *The Edmundian*, *The Peterite*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Giggleswick Chronicle*, *The Georgian*, *The Baeda*, *The Katslifian*, the *Magazine of St Augustine's College, Ramsgate*, *The Belmont Review*.



Ampleforth,
Preparatory School,
View from
The Terrace.

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No. III

OUR LADY'S CHAPLAIN

ST ILDEFONSUS (607-669)

PART I

THAT God has deigned from time to time to show Himself to men in human form is a mysterious fact attested by many passages in Holy Writ, such epiphanies foreshadowing the supreme mystery of the Incarnation; and that His saints also have been permitted to visit earth visibly is a well-attested marvel of His providence. Catholic story tells of many such apparitions, particularly of the great Archangel Michael, and of the Blessed Queen of angels, Christ's Mother. Nor is it strange that when such manifestations occur they should be signalled by outbursts of heavenly benediction, that deserts should blossom where holy feet have trodden. When Blessed Mary deigns to visit earth fruits of grace drop from her hands, flowers of faith spring up beneath her feet, and her words move men to repentance or devotion. The winter is past when the turtle dove's voice is heard in our land, the fig-tree puts forth its buds and the vines their fragrance; and men cry out in ecstasy—"How fair thou art, beloved one, with thy dovelike eyes, how beautiful, yet terrible as an army arrayed for victory!"

Of such gracious visitations Lourdes is but the latest, Lourdes that hallows the land of France, Lourdes with its magnetic attraction for all Christendom, its myriad marvels of physical cures and still more wonderful record of spiritual healing. Loreto is another such memorial, for ages the goal of countless pilgrims, singular in its story of miraculous translation, unique in its glory as the earthly home of Mary and Jesus. But ages before Italy was favoured by Loreto or France by Lourdes,

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the soil of Spain had enjoyed perhaps more than once like privilege, with similar outpourings of faith and grace. Once at Toledo our dear Lady appeared in person to a favoured client, bringing him a gift from the treasure-house of heaven, and since he had been her champion had named him as her Chaplain. Is it fantastic to believe that from the day of that high favour dates the special devotion to our Blessed Lady which has been a glory of the Spanish Church and the shield of its Catholic faith?

In the opening years of the seventh century Spain was beginning to rest from the turmoil of a long twofold conflict, one political, the other religious. Successive waves of barbarian invasion had swept over Spain as over the rest of Europe, though no province suffered less in the general ruin, for the people bowing beneath the passing storms continued their old life with little change under each fresh race of foreign rulers. Pressed on by new nations ever driving towards the south the Vandals passed through the peninsula into Africa leaving little but their name on its southerly province. Of the tribes that followed in their wake the chief were Visigoths and Suevi; the former of whom after pushing out the Vandals and occupying their capital at Seville turned upon their own successors and held them back in the mountains of the north. A long struggle ended in the defeat of the Suevi and the union of the whole country under Visigothic monarchs, who forsaking the luxuriant plains and enervating climate of Seville fixed their capital in a more central position at Toledo (567). Unhappily all these Gothic tribes had been early infected by Arianism; their kingdoms in Gaul, Spain, Italy and Africa were strenuous adherents of the heresy, the long contest for the spiritual allegiance of the western Goths ending, however, in the triumph of Orthodoxy. Closely associated with the last phases of this struggle were the two cities of Seville and Toledo, the bishops Leander and Isidore, and the martyred prince Hermenegild. When Leovigild transferred his capital to Toledo he left his son as a viceroy at Seville. Through the influence of St Leander the young prince, whose mother and wife were Catholics, became a convert himself; perhaps under the same influence and in defence of the persecuted faithful,

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he dared to take up arms against his Arian father. Defeated and made prisoner Hermenegild refused, when Easter came, to communicate at the hands of Arian bishops; and being thereupon put to death by his exasperated father won for himself the martyr's fame. Too late the stern old king repented of his cruelty; he was reconciled to St Leander, and though he never became Catholic himself, on his deathbed commended his son Reccareo to that prelate's care.

Shortly after this time, in the reign of King Witteric and the year 607, a child was born to a noble house of Toledo to whom was given the name of Hildefonus. His mother, Lucia, was sister to Eugenius archbishop of Toledo; later story ascribes his birth to the intercession of our Blessed Lady and December 8th as his birthday, and describes his father Stephen as allied to the royal house. The parents' names might suggest an old Iberian and Catholic stock, between whom and the Goths marriage had been discountenanced; but the child's name is clearly Gothic and the family was more probably of the new conquering race. The name, cognate with Hildebert, Hildebrand and others formed from the root Hild, recalls the heroes of Scandinavian mythology who after dying in battle were translated to Odin's halls. Whilst still a child Hildefonus was entrusted to the care of his uncle, Eugenius, from whom he learnt the elements of piety and letters; and was then sent to Seville to be brought up by St Isidore with whom he remained twelve years. Isidore of Seville, younger brother of St Leander and successor in his see, was one of the literary wonders of a not very brilliant age. An indefatigable and zealous bishop distinguished by eminent sanctity, he was rather an encyclopaedic genius than an original thinker,—something like our own Venerable Bede, a man of extensive reading with a retentive memory and a fluent pen. His writings were highly valued theological text-books in the Middle Ages and are still constantly quoted in testimony of early teaching; and as a compiler of ancient lore who handed on the torch of sacred science during difficult times he has merited to rank among the Doctors of the Church. Isidore's school was the chief and most orthodox seminary of the age. Seville, still redolent of Roman civilisation, with living traditions of law and culture

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little deflected by barbarian influence, was moreover in close touch with the Roman see, whose legate St Leander had been under Gregory the Great. Fulgentius of Carthage and Braulio of Saragossa, are fruits of this seminary of saints, as well as its most distinguished disciple, St Ildefonsus; through its influence and theirs Spain in the seventh century became the Light of the Western world.

In this school of holiness and learning our saint dwelt during the formative years of youth. How he profited by its opportunities his after life best displays. With such examples and companions it is not surprising that on his return to Toledo he declared his wish to become a monk; and in spite of his father's rough opposition he carried out his pious purpose. The father is said to have "pursued him with rabid fury," searching through the monastery precincts whilst the youth hid in a wayside ruin, "only a wall's thickness intervening between the deluded search of the furious father and the rescued devotion of the fugitive son!"¹

Toledo, one of the oldest cities in Spain, was originally the capital of a brave Iberian tribe that after a long resistance yielded to the Romans some two hundred years before Christ. Its central and most defensible position account for its selection and history. Built on a rocky promontory shaped in a rough parallelogram, with a swift river running through deep gorges on three sides, it reminds one a little of Durham, except that its site is more extensive, and its rock steeper and more barren. The Tagus gets its name from the cleft (Tajo, a cutting), through which it here forces its way. A grey stern city, Toledo looks very impressive and gloomy from the opposite bank, with its steep scarred cliffs, and the ruined walls of King Wamba little later than our saint's day, and two glorious bridges that span the stream swirling in a red flood through piles of masonry and broken piers. Above a confused mass of tiled roofs huddled close over narrow and tortuous streets rise some tall campanili and the cathedral towers, the square pile of the Alcázar crowning the highest point and dominating the whole. The city has altered little since the Middle Ages. When Philip II transferred the capital to Madrid, Toledo lost

¹Ex Elogio Sancti Iuliani.

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its importance and its population; it retains instead, almost unchanged, the aspect of a mediæval city.

By one of the gates of Toledo, probably in the fertile Vega towards the west, there stood in the seventh century the Abbey of Agale dedicated to SS. Cosmas and Damian, and already renowned as a training place for bishops and saints. Here Ildefonsus became a monk, receiving the habit at the hands of the abbot St Helladius. The breviary describes Agale as Benedictine, though doubts have been raised whether St Benedict's Rule had penetrated into Spain in Visigothic times at all, some supposing that it was not introduced there until the Christian conquerors from the north brought with them the Cluniac observance. It is difficult to accept so late a date. There may have been in St Ildefonsus' time no fully organised Order with St Benedict's as an exclusive Rule; but the Rule itself can hardly have been unknown. Relations between Spain and Rome were close and frequent; it is hard to believe that St Gregory who dedicated his "Moralia" to St Leander had never sent him his "Dialogues" or introduced to him the discreet monastic rule which he commended so highly and followed himself. St Ildefonsus knew the "Dialogues" which contain St Benedict's life, for he mentions them amongst St Gregory's writings. The point is not of much importance. St Ildefonsus was a monk, like most of the great bishops of his time, a member of the old monastic order, if not of any more distinctive organisation; and being a true monk his quiet prayerful years of religious observance have left little to record. About 631 he was ordained deacon by St Helladius, his old abbot and spiritual father now become archbishop. Of both monastery and abbot our Saint writes with affectionate veneration in his book "De Viris illustribus." Agale is "everywhere renowned for the splendour of its continual holy observance." Helladius, whilst still a Court official, "bore the heart of a monk under a layman's habit; and loved to join the monks in their labour and prayer even before he forsook the world. When he finally joined the community they made him his Father, and he continued to rule them with holy care until forced in his old age to accept the pontificate in which his virtues were still more conspicuous."

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In course of time Ildefonsus was chosen abbot of Agale himself. Early "Lives" tell of his even-mind and charm of manner, of his prudence and fairness, which admirable qualities, together with a repute for sanctity, had led his brethren to their choice. He was not elected, however, for his easy manners only. As abbot he showed zeal for strict discipline; his controversial writings display enthusiasm and courage, whilst of an element of firmness or even severity in his character a record remains in a popular verse that has been handed down:

"Ensis offensis erat abbas Agaliensis."

A sword to evil-doers was the abbot of Agale!

The old saying enshrines some forgotten incident of his rule, or sums up a reputation. It suggests the sterner side to be found in every noble soul, a capacity for righteous anger and readiness to avenge wrongdoing. The good shepherd needs to be prepared not only to give his life for his sheep, but to defend them and drive away wolves. Any man in office, whether priest or prelate, may gain cheap popularity by fulfilling the pleasant and neglecting the disagreeable part of his duties; but he incurs the fate of which St Alphonsus Liguori was once warned by an old bishop—"A priest who does half his duty will be canonised by his people, and condemned by Almighty God."

As abbot and archdeacon St Ildefonsus took part in the Councils of Toledo VIII (653) and IX (656), and subscribed their decrees. With the fortune that came to him on his parents' death he founded a convent for holy virgins at Deilfa, a suburb of the city of which the exact site has been lost; and during these years composed most of the writings, historical, theological and poetical that have come down as well as others that have been lost or were left unfinished.

On the death of Eugenius II in November, 659, the voice of clergy and people enforced by royal authority summoned Ildefonsus to fill the vacant see. It was a remarkable line of prelates in which he now took his place; many of them are venerated as saints; upon them mainly fell the task of moulding the Catholic character of the people, and the best record of their activity is found in the Councils of Toledo over which

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they presided. These form a long and distinguished series, that ranks high among provincial synods and is still frequently cited for wise provisions and clear witness to the nation's faith and discipline. The Spanish Church was singularly favoured during the century preceding the Moorish conquest. Free from barbarian inroads, from civil war and from imperial interference, the three plagues of other Christian countries, Spain enjoyed an unexampled period of peace; though to judge by the ease and rapidity of the conquest, prosperity must have sapped the vitality of the Gothic race and weakened Catholic fervour. Still the Church is never wholly without difficulties; and one exception to the prevailing tranquillity was a brief but bitter controversy that broke out in Spain as to the Virginity of our Blessed Lady. There was a recrudescence about the middle of this century of certain mean errors associated with the names of Jovinian and Helvidius, two misguided priests with whom St Jerome had held vigorous polemic. The controversy may have been an echo of a discussion amongst the Orientals, for a Council at Constantinople had lately defined that Blessed Mary was "ever a Virgin"; and Martin I had promulgated the decree in a Lateran Council (642). The trouble began in Spain through an attack made by rabbins on the miraculous character of Our Lord's conception, and was a skirmish in the never-ending battle with Judaism, that was ever a turbulent element in the peninsula.

Catholic orthodoxy has always been sensitive as to the privileges of Blessed Mary, rightly regarding them as outposts of the fortress of the Incarnation. Its earliest formulas from primitive times professed that Jesus was "conceived by the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary," and tradition gave to these terms the fullest significance. In her child's conception, at his birth, and afterwards Blessed Mary was ever a Virgin; her miraculous privileges are seemly consequences of God's Incarnation, her Virginity forms a bulwark of Christ's Divinity. On the other hand those who deny or doubt the supreme fact of the mystery instinctively dislike its supernatural circumstances, raking up difficulties about Our Lord's brethren, twisting simple phrases of the Evangelists into objections. They did so in St Jerome's day and provoked his bitter polemic

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with Jovinian and Helvidius; they do so in these days when Modernists in defiance of the Creeds openly question the Virgin-birth and our Lord's bodily resurrection; and it was similar blasphemies that roused San Ildefonso to filial anger against the impugners of his Mother's fame. "Permit me to praise thee, O Sacred Virgin, give me strength against thy foes." The aspiration sums up his life, but on his lips it sounds like a war-cry, as he rushes eagerly to the combat, a Spanish cavalier glad of the chance of breaking a lance for the honour of his maiden Queen.

It is in this aspect then, as a very early example of devotional zeal rather than as theology or literature, that lies the main interest of the book, "De Virginitate perpetua B.V. Mariae" which is the chief work of our Saint's pen. One does not look to Spain or the seventh century for either the pure taste of the Augustan age or the orthodox originality of the fourth-century doctors. In St Ildefonso's, or at least in this particular treatise, we find less argument than declamation, more meditation than dialectic, more prayer than proof. The work is rather a rhetorical and popular exposition than a solid dogmatic treatise; though it makes a strong appeal to the Church's constant teaching, advances traditional arguments and refutes old objections. Its language might be less florid and redundant, the repetition of parallel ideas in similar phrases tends to grow tedious, as though the opponents were being pelted with synonyms. There is no mistaking, however, the earnestness and sincere piety of its most bombastic periods; and its distinction remains as perhaps the very earliest example that Patrology affords of tender personal devotion to the Mother of our Blessed Lord.

The book invites comparison with St Jerome's treatise on the same subject which has obviously influenced both its matter and style. It has some of St Jerome's fire and more than his piety; but it lacks his latinity, for St Jerome's own style was never impaired by his repentance for undue devotion to the classics. There is a good deal of rhetoric even in the elder saint's treatise, some of which his imitator has caught as well as his indignation, though not his personalities. St Jerome, who was bad to beat at personal abuse and enjoyed employing it in

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a good cause, evidently despised Helvidius and treated him with ridicule. "We are rhetoricians ourselves," he says, "let us play awhile then at declamation," so he lets himself go with a will; though knowing his opponent's rough tongue, he concludes, "I shall glory in your curses when you tear me with the same teeth as you do Blessed Mary; the Lord's servant may well put up with the same dog's howling as the Lord's Mother!"

Solid arguments are to be found in St Ildefonso's and sound learning, as well as an over florid rhetorical style; and after all, the fervid manner comports fittingly with the occasion. If his words pour forth all hot with passion, tumbling over one another impetuously, it is because the writer is stirred by horror of heresy, by love for his heavenly Queen, by zeal for her outraged honour. A loyal son may smite the man who assails his mother's fame, and when he hears her name blasphemed will not pause to measure words; so the Saint hardly stops to argue, but attacks fiercely, overwhelming his opponent with anger. His pent-up indignation pours out in a torrent of words that sweep away impious objections, like the Tagus in a flood rushing through the Toledan gorge. The figure is not exactly original. Contemporaries knew our Saint as "linguae flumine copiosus"; and his earliest biographer, St Julian, speaks of his "enriching his times with fertilising rivers of eloquence" (*irriguis eloquentiae fluminibus*).

The following extract from Chapter I may serve as an example of our Saint's style. It opens with the soliloquy, half rhapsody, half prayer, in honour of Our Lady's Annunciation which still forms the Second Nocturn lesson for the feast of the Expectation.

"Lady and Queen, parent of my Lord, handmaid of thine own Son, mother of the Maker of the world! I beg and beseech of thee, and pray to be filled with the spirit of thy Lord, the spirit of thy Son, the spirit of my Redeemer, that I may know and love and tell of thee all things that be true and worthy. For thou art chosen and called of God, drawn close to God, united with God; visited and hailed by an Angel, blessed and made happy by an Angel; troubled at his word, astonished in mind, silenced by his salutation, marvelling at the tidings he

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tells. That thou hast found favour with God thou hearest, and art bidden not to be afraid. Wherefore art thou strengthened in faith, instructed in wonders, uplifted to unheard-of glory. The angel tells of a babe after whose birth thou remainest a maiden. Thine own spotlessness, thine offspring's divine sonship, and the might of an infant king are alike wonderfully proclaimed. But how shall this be? thou askest, demanding to know the cause and motive, the possibility and purpose of the marvel. Hear the unheard-of oracle, ponder the novel work, behold the hidden secret, wait for the unseen wonder. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High overshadow thee. Father, Son and Holy Spirit shall accomplish this conception mysteriously, yet only the person of the Son take flesh of thee. Therefore the Holy One that shall be conceived and borne and brought forth by thee, the flower that shall blossom from thee, shall be called the Son of God. He shall be great, the God of hosts, the King of ages, the Maker of all things. Blessed art thou among women, maiden amongst mothers, mistress amongst handmaids, lady of all mankind. Lo from henceforth all generations shall call thee blessed; all heavenly powers shall acknowledge, all prophets proclaim, and all nations celebrate thy happiness. Blessed art thou in the faith and love of my heart, blessed in my praise and preaching; for I will preach of thee so long as there is aught to tell of thee, love thee as long as thou art loveable, praise thee as long as thou art praiseworthy, and serve thee so long as thou canst be glorified."

J.I.C.

TO BE CONTINUED

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE BISHOP HEDLEY, *by* BISHOP VAUGHAN

THE late Bishop Hedley has been known by me ever since I was a small boy, puzzling over my first Latin theme at Downside College, considerably more than forty years ago. I have a distinct recollection of his coming to preach the Annual Retreat, somewhere in the 'sixties, and of the impression it produced on the delighted students. Then, while still a schoolboy, I used to see him, during my holidays, at the monastery of Belmont, over whose destinies my brother Roger (afterwards Archbishop of Sydney) presided as Prior.

When, at an early age, the mitre dropped on his own head, he used often to come to Courtfield, firstly as Auxiliary, and then more frequently, when he became the Ordinary of the diocese. The "Bishop's Room" was always ready for him, and he did not hesitate to make use of it, for he knew he was more than welcome. Indeed, he used to say that he felt "quite at home at Courtfield, and free to do just what he liked, when he liked, without restraint or formality." The truth is, he was much more like one of the family than a guest; addressed us all by our christian names; and asked for what he wanted, without any apology; and criticised and found fault and meted out his measured praise or blame, with a frankness and a charming tenderness, that suggested nothing so forcibly, as Blessed Thomas More, seated among his own family at Chelsea.

He was always playful and kind, for however much he might act the Bishop when the occasion demanded it, he relaxed when he was with us, and made himself thoroughly at home and just as one of ourselves. He was always outspoken, and, for that reason, sometimes inclined to overawe those who had not actually tested and experienced his thorough kindness of heart. I well remember one of his clergy coming over from a neighbouring town to see him. After kneeling for his blessing, he said "I hope your Lordship enjoys good health?" The poor man looked more than disconcerted when the Bishop, who was suffering from an attack of the gout at the time, replied with some gruffness "Who doesn't?" adding, in a softer key, "When he is fortunate enough to get it."

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He was devoted to music, and would often ask to be played or sung to. One evening, after dinner, one of my nieces coming up to him in a little flutter of excitement said "Oh! my Lord, I have a new song. Such a nice one. Would you like to hear it?" Upon which, the Bishop putting on a weary look of mournful resignation, met her with the chilling enquiry "Is it long?" She knew him too well to be vexed, and acquitted herself very well. I forget the name of the song, but it was one which at one time used to be very popular in Australia. At its conclusion one of the company, who had recently been in Sydney, was delighted and exclaimed "That is delightful! Why, Miss Vaughan, that song quite takes me back to Australia!" "Oh!" chimed in Bishop Hedley, looking straight across at the speaker, as if he really wished him far away at the Antipodes. "In that case, please sing it again." He would ask for any particular composition that he liked, and was not averse to sitting down himself at the piano and delighting us by his really clever performance.

His quaint remarks were often a source of amusement. One morning, when we were beginning breakfast, some one said to L—— "Oh! L——, you have not said your grace!" "Yes, she did," interposed the Bishop "for I was watching, and I saw her make the sign of the cross, with a *seraphic look at the bacon.*" On another occasion the Colonel persuaded his Lordship to take a little whisky after an unusually hard day's work. When he had drunk some the profferer asked "Is it all right? Do you find it good?" "I do not know," answered the Bishop "I will tell you to-morrow morning." No doubt he wished to wait and see how he felt after it.

One lady whom he used to meet was an excellent raconteuse, but she had one fault. She had the habit of repeating the same story or anecdote *usque ad nauseam*. However, the Bishop pretty well cured her of this in the following manner. On the occasion referred to she had rattled off rather a good story to the Bishop, and he had seemingly enjoyed it, for he paid it the tribute of a hearty laugh. But unfortunately, on two or three others coming into the room, she laddled out the same story a second time. The Bishop allowed her to finish it; then pretending he had not been listening, said "What is that you

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were saying, Lady D——?" "Oh!" replied the lady "I was only just saying—" (Here she recapitulated the story.) Upon which his Lordship exclaimed with considerable energy "Thank goodness. We have heard that story *three times*. I trust we shall not hear it again." We notice that she has not repeated herself so much since!

One bright summer's day, when my uncle, Father Edmund Vaughan, C.S.A., and the Bishop were both spending a few days at Courtfield, we made an expedition to Symond's Yat. It was during the year in which the famous Land Bill was being so much discussed in the newspapers, and was in everybody's mouth. Having arrived at our journey's end we all sat down to rest, while we feasted our eyes on the exquisite prospect that lay stretched before us in all its wealth of summer luxuriance, and through which the river Wye wound in and out among woods and meadows like a gigantic silver snake. All at once my uncle, with the fate of the Land Bill uppermost in his mind, turned towards the Bishop and said "By the way, what do you think of the Land Bill?" But the Bishop's face clouded over. He drew himself up, and in a tone of well-feigned indignation turned upon the Redemptorist, saying "Really, Father Edmund, I am astonished at your speaking to me like that! I have never been so addressed before. I will not allow it. Besides, *my name is not William.*"

Of course we immediately saw through the Bishop's fun, and the hills around re-echoed with our laughter.

Thus, he was always gay and amusing and ready to beguile the tedious day with a joke or an anecdote. For, though a learned man, he was not "always lost in reverie," nor yet so occupied with important affairs of Church or State as to think of nothing else. No. He could come down to the level of his surroundings, whatever they might be, and enter into the interests of the young and the ingenious, as though to the manner born.

We all enjoyed his visits, and even looked forward to them with sincere pleasure as both interesting and stimulating. By us, at least, he will be long remembered as a most genial and lovable friend and superior.

✠ J.S.V.

A LATIN PILGRIMAGE (1913)

(TO J.C.H., E.B.H.)

IN Subiaco once the maze we threaded
Of climbing lane and cloudy wynd and stair,
While far below the brawling Anio eddied
And from the castle pinnacled in air
We watcht the falling veils of rain o'ersweep
Sad shimmering olive slope and vineyard steep.

And then the morrow light in triumph splendid
Reveal'd an endless kingdom flusht with sun,
And by the inmost mountain roads we wended
By stream and scaur and ridge, until we won
Craggy Bellegra, blithe Olevano,
Genzano harbourage at afterglow.

Against the liquid blue of even falling
Do you remember, friends, how stood defin'd
Close ranks of lichen'd roof and massive walling,
And how we enter'd friendly gates to find
Warm welcome from Our Lady's clientry,
And living faith and olden courtesy?

Or how from lofty Palestrina chamber
We watcht the gleaming sunlight oversweep
The mighty Volscian hills and overclamber
The little townlets clinging to the steep,
And with its gold and purple radiance
From buttress up to buttress swift advance?

Do you remember how we fared together
On Latin roads returning from Praenest,
Long since in crisp and joyous Shrovetide weather,
Our faces to the deep rose-hearted west,
And how the long horizon glow'd unspent
When all the stars had pitcht their nightly tent.

A Latin Pilgrimage (1913)

Outstood the branches bare against the heaven,
And keen and cool the springtide air swept by.
As side by side we pac'd it thro' the even
The thrilling steepness of the thronging sky
With thought-unsounded majesty o'erspann'd
The lonely spaces of the wild wide land.

Two years have pass'd since then, yet still, meseemeth
We wander on the self same pilgrimage;
The magic air upon the mountains streameth
Over the realm of memory's heritage,
And still conversing, still we march abreast,
Our faces to the afterglowing west.

H. E. G. ROPE.

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IN Catholic bookshelves devoted to Church history there is room by the side of the voluminous Fleury, and the familiar green volumes of Alzog (that cemetery of facts), and the customary half dozen seminary "manuals," for a popular and untechnical summary. Father Stebbing has supplied one, and a good one. He says in his preface that he has no secrets to reveal and no fresh theories to bring forward, and that his book makes no claim to be a work of research. It is, though he does not say so, something more useful,—a clear and readable presentation of the conclusions accepted by scholars. Indeed, one of its many excellent features, surprising in a book of so wide a range, is the absence of the discredited anecdotes which betray the hasty compiler.

Another welcome characteristic which lends it distinction among Church histories, Birkhauser for example, is the generous tone in which heresiarchs and other opponents of the Church are dealt with, a fairness of judgment which gives the reader confidence in the final condemnation. It is a book which Catholics may read with strengthening faith and non-Catholics without justifiable irritation.

Perhaps the best method of showing our appreciation will be by indicating its contents in a brief sketch which may be of service to prospective readers. So widespread have been the Church's labours in time and space, so many have been the races that have passed before her—

"Taking all shapes from Mah to Mahi, and
They change and perish all, but she remains."

—that a conception of the main outlines is necessary for following without bewilderment the multitudinous details of the gorgeous pageant; the more so in this instance as Father Stebbing's "story" rightly gives as much prominence to the external relations of the Church as to its internal development.¹

¹ *The Story of the Catholic Church*, by the Rev. George Stebbing, c.66.s. (Sands & Co.)

² Of course it is not meant that its secular work is the most important aspect of the Church's history.

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For the historian of the Church must, more than any other, be a "spectator of all time and all existence." The Church has seen the march of Goth and Vandal, Kings of Bohemia ruling the seacoast, and Franks sitting on the throne of Caesar

Où sont tous ces preux chevaliers? Buried in histories but alive in the Church's breviary and martyrology.

It is difficult in this connection to resist quoting Macaulay's rather hackneyed phrases:

"There is not and there never was on the earth a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilisation. . . ."

The essayist then investigated the causes of this long duration. His conclusions are of course false, being based on false premises—that the Church is a work of human policy, and, that apart from revelation no progress can be made in the knowledge of life's deeper mysteries.¹ One recalls Mr Chesterton's remark that there are two Macaulays—the rational Macaulay who is nearly always wrong and the romantic Macaulay who is almost always right.²

Even from a materialistic standpoint the subject is greater than Macaulay thought. The Church did more than join together two great periods of civilisation. Macaulay, in common with his times, forgot that there was another civilisation between,—a social system which judged in the light of Christianity, was higher than the other two,—a period in which the Church was civilisation and civilisation the Church.

Macaulay's first great age of civilisation was already decaying when the Church came forward with a divine mission to transform it. Outwardly the Græco-Latin society of the Mediterranean world was flourishing, and we have its great historian's judgment that the age of the Antonines is the happiest the world has known. Yet the peoples which saw the prosperous

¹ Cf. A. E. Poe's acute criticism of the second fallacy in his *Marginalia*.

² There is a story told of Talleyrand which is worth quoting, in spite of a tinge of Voltairianism. A reformer sought his advice. He had, he explained, constructed a new and perfect religion—Theophilanthropy, or some such name—but could not think of a method of convincing people of its truth. "Have you tried," enquired Talleyrand, "being crucified, and rising again on the third day?"

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years of the Pax Romana, whose restful shadow spread from the Tweed to the Tigris and the Carpathians to the ranges of Mauretania, could not live by bread alone. The peace produced by the obliteration of nationalities through their fusion in the empire, when the province of Gaul was, in Pliny's words, "Italia verius quam provincia," and Spain supplied the poets of the Silver Age, and the emperors came from a varying succession of provinces, had been bought at a heavy price. The merging of national polities had produced a universal, orderly peace; the accompanying fusion of the national faiths which had supported those polities produced only confusion and weakness. Notwithstanding revivals whose material traces still astonish the traveller even in the deserts of Syria and Tunis, religion as a motive force was dead. The European peoples with all their intellectual and material triumphs have never risen spontaneously to any high degree of speculation or knowledge in things divine. Neither Kelt nor Teuton, Latin nor Iberian rose above polytheism. All the great and all the minor religious systems have come from the East. Thence also came Christianity. The Mediterranean world refused to receive it. The Church's demands were too great. Slavery, the economic basis of society, was, at least implicitly, to be eradicated; the religious unity, such as it was, maintained by the worship of the emperor, was to be destroyed; the highest triumphs of the heathen mind were to yield to the writings of Galilean fishermen and a Judean tentmaker; and hardest of all, the human passions which had built up the world of Caesar were to be trodden underfoot.

Entrenched in the memories and practices of nearly one thousand years the world resisted strongly. Against it the Church could only set "not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble . . ."

Truly did St Augustine reply, to those who denied the miracles, that the spread of Christianity without miracles would be the greatest miracle of all.

When with unexampled splendour the Arabian emperor Philip celebrated the thousandth anniversary of Rome, the Church had permeated the empire, and the Emperor himself was suspected of belonging to the new faith. The next

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fifty years, though Christianity had become a "religio licita," saw the 8th, 9th and 10th persecutions¹ and then with the opening of the new century the empire surrendered.

In 325, at the appropriately named Nicaea, the first ecumenical council was held, to which the three hundred and eighteen² Bishops were speeded by special governmental facilities from all parts of the empire, to be received with reverence by the Emperor in person.

For a time the Church triumphed and in the minds of men the City of God supplanted the city of Kekrops, just as in the material sphere the city of Our Lady on the Bosphorus replaced "Jove's ancient keep." At her bidding Theodosius did public penance for the repetition of a civil crime which in former days Caracalla committed with impunity.

The poison in the veins of the old world was ineradicable. It broke out again in Erastianism and heresy. The first session of Nicaea had been held in a church; the last in the imperial palace, an omen of the fourth-century attempts of Caesarism to rule the Church. Julian's attempt to revive paganism by reinforcing the mythology of Hellas with the mysteries of the Orient indeed failed and the despairing cry of the "last oracle"³ was shortly to be answered by the triumphant strains of Fortunatus in his "Vexilla Regis." Great Pan was dead, as the mysterious voice cried over the waves to the affrighted sailor, but his evil lived after him. St Augustine's judgment on his contemporary world as a "massa damnata" may be too sweeping, but all through the fourth century the Fathers and Doctors had to withstand innumerable dangers and corruptions.

New blood was required; and new blood was provided by

¹The numbering of the Persecutions is, like that of the Crusades, somewhat artificial, marking special moments in a continuous effort.

²The number varies in different accounts. Three hundred and eighteen became the most popular by reason of its correspondence with the 318 members of Abraham's household (*Hebels*).

³Found however only in an 11th century MS. Englished thus by Andrew Lang.

Say to the king that the glorious fane hath fallen aunder,
Phoebus no more hath a sheltering roof or a sacred cell
And the holy laurels are broken and wasted; and hushed is the wounder
Of water that spake as it flowed from the deeps of the Delphian well.

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the large designs of Providence. New races burst from the forests and steppes of the North into the Mediterranean world; tribes with bodies unsoftened by centuries of peace, morals untainted by the vices of over refinement, minds unclouded by false philosophy. The year 375 is known as that of "the wandering of the nations." In 376 the Goths crossed the Danube; in 378 the fatal battle of Adrianople—the second Cannae as the chroniclers called it—assured their supremacy. In 406 the Teuton hosts forced the Rhine barriers; four years later they sacked Rome. Even in this crowning disaster St Augustine could point to the sanctuary allowed to Christian churches as a sign of the Church's power.

All through the fifth century the work of devastation continued—

When Caesar's sun fell out of the sky, and whose hearkened right,
Could only hear the plunging of the nations in the night,
When the ends of the world came marching in

To torch and cresset gleam
And the roads of the world that lead to Rome
Were filled with faces that moved like foam
Like faces in a dream.¹

—The old centres of civilisation fell before the barbarian fury—Lyons and Massilia, Carthage and Corinth, Caesaraugusta and Naples;—the city of Constantine alone survived. A further horror was added in an Asiatic invasion—Attila and his Huns swept Roman and German alike before his ferocious advance. Aetius, the "last of the Romans," made a truce with the Visigoths, and together they faced the invader on the Catalonian plain. Attila was checked and turned to Italy, to be confronted by Pope Leo I in that noblest victory of spiritual strength over physical force.

The deluge began to subside. Gallia became France; Britannia England; Baetica Andalusia. The refugees who fled before the horsemen of Attila founded Venice among the Adriatic lagoons, and the son of a Frankish chief who had fought by the side of Aetius obeyed the words of St Remigius, "Bow thy stiff neck, Sigambrian; burn what thou hast adored

¹ "Ballad of the White Horse."

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and adore what thou hast burned," and the Franks began their career as eldest sons of the Church. But "not for dark Rialto's dukedom nor for fair France's kingdom only, are these two years to be remembered above all others in the wild fifth century, but because they are also the birthyears of the great Lady and greater Lord of all future Christendom—St Genevieve and St Benedict."¹

In the sons of St Benedict the Church found the instruments for the work which lay before her; "mediaeval Christendom" (which was the result)² was born on the same day as St Gregory the Great. His was the mind cast in antique Roman mould which saw the possibility of restoring order, and his was the will which, to adapt a later phrase, called on the new world to replace the ruins of the old. The work was no easy one, the missionaries, Irish and English, Frankish and Roman, could not cry in exultation to those who sent them—

"Behold!

Dawn skims the sea with flying feet of gold."

All through the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries they laboured perseveringly.—

"Silent men were observed about the country, or discovered in the forest, digging, clearing, and building; and other silent men not seen, were sitting in the cold cloister, tiring their eyes, and keeping their attention on the stretch, while they painfully deciphered and copied and recopied the manuscripts which they had saved. There was no one that 'contended, or cried out,' or drew attention to what was going on; but by degrees the woody swamp became a hermitage, a religious house, a farm, an abbey, a village, a seminary, a school of learning, and a city. Roads and bridges connected it with other abbeys and cities, which had similarly grown up; and what the haughty Alaric or fierce Attila had broken to pieces, these patient meditative men had brought together and made to live again.

"And then, when they had in the course of many years gained their peaceful victories, perhaps some new invader came, and with fire and sword undid their slow and persevering toil in an hour. The Hun succeeded to the Goth, the Lombard to the Hun, the Tartar to the Lombard; the Saxon was reclaimed only that the Dane might take his place. Down in the dust lay the labour and civilisation of

¹ Ruskin. *The Bible of Amiens*.

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centuries.—Churches, Colleges, Cloisters, Libraries,—and nothing was left to them but to begin over again¹⁾

A footnote to the pages of a recent book declares that "one of the first tasks of the serious historian is to get rid of renaissances"—a phrase which has appealed to the university history schools. In other words the Karolingian renaissance, those of the ninth and twelfth centuries as well as that of the more famous fifteenth century revival, were only sudden flarings of a flame which burnt steadily all through the so-called Dark Ages.²⁾

We must leave the growing Christendom of the West and turn to the Churches of St Athanasius and St Chrysostom. Separated from the new order by a dark tract of heathenism, stretching across Germany and Austria from the Baltic to the Aegean, the empire at Constantinople had preserved the forms and traditions of Rome unbroken. Consuls gave their names to the years, a senate gave unregarded counsel to a series of dynastic emperors, whose subjects, though absorbed in commerce and the circus games, "still preserved the key which could unlock the treasures of antiquity." In the sixth century the exertions of Justinian codified "the lawless science of the law: that codeless myriad of precedent" which twelve hundred years of Roman administration had evolved; his magnificence raised the church of Hagia Sophia; the genius of his general Belisarius drove back the Persian successors of the Arsacidae and restored to the empire Italy and Southern Spain and the sees of St Cyprian and St Augustine. But these efforts exhausted the realm and left it unable to withstand the onslaught of the most dangerous enemy Christianity has met.

A seer arose in Arabia, preaching, as Gibbon said, "an essential truth and a necessary fiction—there is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet." Inspired by his fiery faith the wild children of the desert set forth to offer to the world, the Koran, the tribute or the sword. Within seven years of Mohammed's death Palestine, Syria and Egypt were

¹⁾ Newman: *The Mission of the Benedictine Order*.

²⁾ The thesis may be found developed with much recondite knowledge and occasional recondite language in Taylor's *Medieval Mind*; or a more simple and more Catholic treatment in *Christian Schools and Scholars*.

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irretrievably lost to the Church, and the last of his companions died before the walls of Constantinople in the midst of an army of 80,000 Moslems. Constantine V repulsed them from those impregnable ramparts, and a more formidable attack in 717 was routed by Leo the Isaurian. Yet this Greek resistance was their only check; their armies poured over Persia and Central Asia into India and across Africa into Spain and Southern France, their fleets ruled the Mediterranean. While the Byzantine Caesars, whose shrunken dominions were invaded by Serb and Bulgar, involved themselves in the Iconoclastic heresy, the Khalifs recalled in the splendours of

"Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold
High walled gardens green and old—"

the long vanished glories of Babylon and Seleucia.

The most famous of them, Harun al Rashid, known to Europeans as the hero of many "Arabian Nights" corresponded with Charlemagne as an equal. Yet the latter had a position unequalled since the great days of Rome, for a new era had dawned in the West.

On Christmas Day, in the year 800, Pope Leo III in setting the imperial diadem on the brows of Charlemagne, set also the seal on the long work of converting Europe, while the Roman populace that thronged the Lateran acclaimed the Frankish monarch as Emperor and successor of Augustus. His grandfather, Charles Martel, had, on the battlefield of Tours, destroyed the Spanish Saracen's dream of a march overland from Granada to Constantinople. His father had freed the Papacy from Lombard tyranny, acknowledged the temporal power of the Holy See, and received its sanction for his claim to the throne of the Franks. Charlemagne had confirmed the alliance, consolidated his kingdom and enlarged its borders to the Elbe and to Vienna. South Germany had been evangelised by St Rupert and St Boniface, but the stubborn Saxons of the North had yielded only to the sword of Charlemagne.¹⁾ Master of Italy also, he thus governed the central

¹⁾ Mark Pattison when asked why he was not carried to Rome by the Oxford Movement, used to reply with characteristic bitterness, "that he had missed the omnibus." There was no missing it when Charlemagne was driver.

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portions of the old Roman lands and his new dignity was a fitting climax to his career.

Theoretically this empire which stands midway between the ancient and modern worlds was not new. It was a "renovatio," as Charlemagne's mint asserted, of the dominion of the Caesars. For Rome was immortal. By the scriptural interpretations of the Fathers, it was the fourth empire which was to endure till Antichrist. According to the philosophers it had achieved unity and thereby eternity. The coronation of Charlemagne was merely the restoring to Rome as its seat of that authority which Constantine had transferred elsewhere. The heart of the matter is however not always reached by historians. In the Holy Roman Empire of the Middle Ages there was no opposition between Church and State. The regnum and sacerdotium might, and did, quarrel over their respective powers, but they were two aspects of one society and not two societies. Membership of one was membership of the other.

The imposing work of Charlemagne and Leo crumbled during the ninth century. The empire was too large and too recent and its communications too poor for a central control. The disruptive character of Frankish inheritance laws was too strong to be overcome by the nominal head of the royal family. The battle of Fontenay, and the subsequent partition-treaty of Verdun marked the enduring separation of France and Germany, and the opening of the question of the debatable land between. The disruption came at a moment when a firm common policy was needed. A new movement of nations was in progress and the outer world rushed in on the decaying power of the Karolings. The heathen Scandinavian came from the north; the more heathen Hungarian from the east; and a revival of Islam from the south. The nadir of humiliation was touched when Saracens from the Rhone met Hungarians from the Danube and fought one another in the geographical centre of Christendom.

The Church was the greatest sufferer. The paganism of the invaders found its chief opponent in the bishops; their cupidity its chief attraction in the monasteries and their prosperous neighbourhoods. Deprived of the support of the civil arm the Papacy became the prey of local tyrants. Yet among

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the feeble popes of this dark century St Nicholas I stands out as one of the greatest of all time.

Thanks chiefly to the Church, Christian Europe passed at last though with heavy loss, through its darkest age. The heathen, like the dyer's hand, were subdued to what they worked in, and Norseman and Magyar yielded themselves to the faith even as Goth and Vandal had done five centuries before. But besides the spiritual victory, the political revival also was largely if indirectly the work of the Church. She had kept alive the memory of the empire, and when a monarch fitted to receive it stepped forward from the chaos of unregulated feudalism she was ready to acknowledge him. Strangely, the new successor of Charlemagne came from the nation which had so reluctantly been forced by him into the community of civilised countries. The Saxons were in the tenth century the leading power in Germany. When on the extinction of the German branch of the Karolings, the five "dukes" of Germany had chosen one of themselves as overlord, he dying had recommended his chief rival, the Saxon duke, as his successor. So the Saxon house obtained the headship of the Germans and reigning from 918 to 1024 converted the nominal rule into a reality. They overawed the Karolings of France, drove back Hungarian and Slav on the eastern border and reopened relations with Constantinople.

The second of them descended into Italy and freed the Papacy from Roman turbulence, and was rewarded with the Imperial crown. Once more Christendom had a political unity under a head whose actual power indeed did not extend beyond the boundaries of Germany and Italy and a ring of vassal states, but whose office was universally recognised as giving him a pre-eminence over other monarchs and representing in some half-realised fashion the majesty of eternal Rome. After Otto the Great followed his son and grandson and the latter, the son of a Byzantine princess, dreamed of re-uniting the eastern half of the empire with the west. Pope Silvester II, the greatest scholar of his time, and Otto's former tutor, encouraged the dream. Though at the turn of the first millenium their visions died with them, they had welcomed then the subjects of St Stephen of Hungary into the Church

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and sent St Adalbert, the Apostle of Bohemia, to a martyr's death among the heathen Prussians.

The achievements of the Ottonian house were wrought hand in hand with the Church. Her missionaries drew the outer nations—Danes and Poles, Lithuanians and Southern Slavs into the circle; her monasteries taught them arts, letters and agriculture; she secured the weekly respite from private warfare by the *Treuga Dei* and refined the rude valour and honour of the nobles into the graces of chivalry. In respect of literature, Baronius' title of the Age of Iron has found more critics than supporters among students of the tenth century. It was however in the purely secular work of administration that the Saxon emperors leaned most heavily on the Church; and her prelates were the chief magnates and councillors of the state. The opportunities for abuse were manifested under weak or evil rulers. Civil and ecclesiastical duties were confounded and the high places in the Church were given to unworthy courtiers as rewards or bribes, and they in turn distributed the lesser posts on similar principles. The kingly and feudal privileges that had worked well under good rulers, proved a source of unlimited evil under the bad. During the minority of Henry IV the corruption seemed incurable owing to its extent and depth. Then Hildebrand issued his heroic challenge to all worldly powers, denying them any voice whatever in ecclesiastical elections, and the War of Investitures began.

Worldly churchmen and nobles angry at the denial of their privileges ranged themselves with the emperor. Deprived of all mundane power Hildebrand had yet the tremendous spiritual weapon of excommunication. In the mediæval singleness of society expulsion from the Church meant deprivation of all civil rights, and a wondering Europe saw its secular head a suppliant penitent at the door of the defenceless Pope. The scene at Canossa was only the opening; the absolved and perjured emperor continued the struggle. The Papacy had found a spiritual ally in the Cluniac reform which from the parent abbey in Burgundy had radiated a revivifying spirit throughout the Church, and a temporal ally in Robert Guiscard, the southern counterpart and contemporary of William the

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Conqueror. Yet Norman aid was insufficient to save Rome and Gregory died in exile. The thirty-seven years of strife saw Henry IV deposed by his son, that son perjured in his turn, and at war with the Church, Urban II even in exile summoning the chivalry of Christendom to the Crusades, Paschal II surrendering all the worldly possessions of the Church, and Callixtus II gaining the final victory by the Concordat of Worms.

But before the eleventh century closed the attention of Europe had been drawn to the East. The decaying power of the Arab Khalifs had induced them to summon the aid of the Turkish tribes of Central Asia, whose unruly ambition repeated in Mesopotamia the career of the Roman praetorians.

The intolerance of these new converts to Islam made the Holy Places almost inaccessible to pilgrims. It is difficult for an age which regards its material progress as the justification for its existence to realise the disgrace that mediæval Christians felt at seeing Jerusalem and Nazareth in infidel hands. Even the prince of romanticists could speak of the Crusades as "irrational enterprises."¹ The audience of Peter the Hermit felt the truth of the verse—

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet carrying land and wave
Love and life multiplied and pain and bliss
Bears as chief treasure one forsaken grave."²

—Gregory the Great and Nicholas and Silvester had dreamed of a united effort of Christendom; Urban II a fugitive before an implacable emperor saw it realised to the cry of "*Deus id vult.*"

So the twelfth century saw the Holy Sepulchre won, and lost again.

The influence of the Crusades on society is a commonplace of historians, their influence on the Church is less remarked. The holy wars intensified the common faith and increased the power of the Popes. For they had carried out the duty which the emperors had failed to perform.

¹ *Preface to The Tolosman.*

² *From Christ and the Universe, by Mrs Meynell.*

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The first and most successful Crusade was the work of Urban II who directed the overflowing energies of the Normans towards Palestine; and though Conrad II led the next, it was St Bernard, the most commanding personality in Europe, whose voice was raised at the bidding of the Pope to summon Christendom to retrieve the fall of Edessa.

The Papacy appears also in a new light as the defender of democratic liberty. The towns had wrung their freedom for trade and self government from the local nobles, and the communal life which is so attractive a feature of the Middle Ages was beginning its long career. When Frederick Barbarossa, the noblest of mediæval emperors, encouraged by the canonists of Bologna, claimed the full imperial rights over the new-risen Italian republics,—had not Caesar Augustus sent his decree over the whole world?—it was Alexander III whose encouragement held them together through early disaster to the crowning victory of Legnano. Liberty, which according to Shelley had been homeless since Philippi, found a resting place in the quenchless ashes of Milan, and the final reconciliation of the Pope and emperor at Venice is one of the most significant and dramatic episodes of all history.

The early years of the thirteenth century saw the Papacy dominant over Europe politically as well as spiritually. Innocent III during his reign of eighteen years (1198-1216) held a position such as no pope before or since has achieved. In pursuit of his ideal—that the kingship should be holy and the priesthood royal—he made his power felt in every kingdom and principality. By an interdict on France he forced the strongest of the Capetians to respect the sanctity of marriage; he accepted the suzerainty over England from John Lackland. He was the arbiter of the empire during the minority of Barbarossa's grandson; the kings of Bohemia and Hungary, Norway and Denmark, Leon and Aragon, Poland and Portugal, as well as the more distant princes of Bulgaria and Armenia, sought his protection or accepted his rebuke. He saw the Eastern Church re-united to the Holy See and the power of the

¹ Frederick's letter to Saladin, in the style of "Imperator Romanorum," with its reference to the defeat of "our general, Marcus Crassus" is an interesting illustration of this theory of political continuity with earlier days

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Spanish Moors shattered by the Iberian kings at Navas de Tolosa.

His administration of the Church, though less striking, was equally thorough. He centralised its government and encouraged the founders of the Franciscan and Dominican orders. Even in the conversion of Prussia he was partially successful.

The crowning episode was the twelfth Ecumenical Council, which fifteen hundred bishops and abbots attended. At this magnificent assembly, merely to summarise results, the word "Transubstantiation" was consecrated in the Church's usage, yearly reception of the Holy Eucharist decreed, and the primacy of the Holy See over the other three patriarchates reaffirmed.

With the Fourth Lateran Council and the close of Innocent's pontificate we must end this sketch. We have traced rapidly and imperfectly the story of the Church to the apogee of her direct influence in the society of man. It would be a pleasing task to investigate the result of that influence in the wonderful century that followed, to its close in 1300 the year of Boniface VIII's jubilee and the ideal date of Dante's vision—that synthesis of mediæval culture and the swan song of the Middle Ages. Even if admirers of the thirteenth century be too enthusiastic¹ in their claims, if the fresh promise of the fifth century a.c. or the stirring movements of the sixteenth or the developments of the nineteenth dazzle the eyes of any "conceptor saeculorum" with a brighter lustre, yet in the practice of its high ideals, in its sense of solidarity and feeling of community of interests and aspirations, in the realisation of a theory for which individual isolation and international balance of power is a poor substitute, the thirteenth century ranks far above them.

Nor is it lacking in great names or striking careers. Few periods can show so many of the first rank. But even in that century the forces were at work which were to destroy the social unity, that "hierarchy of public service," which the great Popes and statesmen had achieved. The growth of national sentiment, fostered by ambitious princes and expressed in the dawning vernacular literatures, threatened the confederacy of

¹ J. J. Walsh: *The thirteenth, greatest of centuries.*

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Christian states. The character of St Louis and the tragic fall of the Hohenstaufen had set French influence above that of the empire. This blow at the political unity was followed by one at the prestige of the Papacy. The servants of Philip of France seized and dishonoured Boniface in his own palace.

As Dante wrote—

"I see the fleur-de-lys enter Alagna, and in his vicar, Christ made captive. A second time I see him mocked; I see the vinegar and the gall renewed, and Him slain between living thieves."¹

The seventy years "Babylonian Captivity" of Avignon and the disastrous "Schism of the West" which followed shook the papal power; the glory of the Empire passed away in selfish struggles of Luxemburgers and Hapsburgs; the great plague loosened the bonds of society; and the Hundred Years' War sowed a long-enduring enmity between the most hopeful of the new nations. The emperor Sigismund might, in his office of deacon, read with a ring of pride to the assembled dignitaries of church and state, the opening words of the Christmas gospel, "There went forth a decree from Caesar Augustus," but the Council of Constance which his energy had gathered together was the last vain attempt to restore the structure of mediæval Christendom. The legal maxim of Marsilio, "Rex imperium habet in regno suo," was as fatal to the political unity of Europe, as the later and more deadly decree of Augsburg, which it foreshadowed, "cujus regio ejus religio," was to its spiritual unity.

For the great changes were at hand. Though in 1492 "the Catholic Kings" were to restore to the Church the long lost plains of Andalusia, and Columbus was to enrich her with vast Transatlantic territories, only a few years elapsed before Luther opened the gates and led half her older children to perish in the deserts of heresy.

The story of the Church's decline and her marvellous recovery may be read in Father Stebbings' book. Of the years of her success some indication has been given above and though it may be an inadequate summary of the author's

¹ Purgatorio XX

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wide survey, it may perhaps serve to show that the Church has been more than a link joining two ages of civilisation.

From the rejection of her political influence, Europe is suffering to-day a terrible punishment. It may be that the carnage will result in some form of unity.¹

"For who can say by what strange way
God brings His will to light,
Since the barren staff the pilgrim bore,
Bloomed in the great pope's sight.

Catholics should know something of what she has done for civilisation in the days of her power and they will find Father Stebbing an excellent teacher.

In a volume dealing with nineteen centuries and some scores of nations a few errors are inevitable. Those we have noticed are unimportant. There are misprints on pp. 189, 196, 259, 360 and 373. The necessary condensation may deceive some readers, for example, in the account of the Fourth Crusade. On p. 29 "the New Testament" should be substituted for "the Acts." In 960 A.D. Adalbero was Archbishop of Rheims; Gerannus was the archdeacon (p. 259). The Kaaba is not the sacred stone of Mecca, but the temple itself; and the stone did not stand in the centre, but was built into the wall. Hejira is more properly translated "Migration," though the author sins in good company by calling it "Flight." Professor Oman has successfully cleared the Byzantine emperors from the imputations of the Crusaders. Cardinal Roland is assigned a meeker rôle at the famous Diet of Besançon than Otto of Freising warrants. At Canossa Henry IV agreed to attend a Diet in Germany, not a council at Rome. Voltaire's "écrasez l'infâme" referred not especially to the Church but to all forms of privilege.

These are small points, mentioned only to help in that second edition which the book deserves.

¹ The empire even in its theoretical existence dissolved in the Napoleonic convulsions, and though the Church pleaded at the Congress of Vienna for its restoration, the statesmen of Europe refused to revive it. Its sole survival is in the Counts which the Papacy creates and in the prayers for the Emperor which we omit on Holy Saturday.

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An apologue may serve to prevent a fault-finding conclusion.¹ St Athanasius in his large-hearted tolerance of all save heresy spoke of irrelevant anecdotes and inappropriate quotations as flowers gathered on a journey. (This apology might have been offered a few pages before). A Chinese monarch ordered his wise men to prepare for him a history of mankind. When their gigantic labours were ended he was no longer young and demanded a shorter *resumé* more suited to his diminished leisure. Again and again the process was repeated, but their abbreviatory labours ever failed to keep pace with his decreasing years. Finally on his deathbed he received the irreducible minimum of the story of man, "They were born, they were wretched, they died." Such in fact is the teaching of history, as the pages of Thucydides and Tacitus and Gibbon show, if the Church and all she implies, whether in existence or foreshadowed by David and the Sibyl, be abstracted. It is the Church that gives a meaning to history. "The keys of Peter are the keys of the Middle Ages," but they will unlock also for all time,

"the iron years, the centuries brazen-gated."

¹It has a Louis Quinze ring, but I found it fallen on evil days, in that casual-ward of literature, "passages for translation."

SOME NOVEL REFLECTIONS

NOVEL, a rag-covered figure, whose manner was void of artifice, wandered by accident one day into the Temple of Literature. She drew back in confusion on finding herself one of an august assembly, then timidly advanced and stammered an apology for her intrusion.

Poetry, Essay, History and the sisters, *Comedy and Tragedy*, turned and looked down upon this sister of low degree, sneered at the credentials which she bore, and raised their eyebrows at her menial raiment. They disdained to address her. And, as the conversation passed round this exclusive circle, each member glanced aside at her reflection in the glass and gave a smile of self approval, as is the manner of women, the world over, when they deem that they are better dressed than their neighbours.

Poetry looked sweet in a white dress of virginal simplicity. Without embroidery, it verged on the austere. But she gave vent to a petulant sigh, as she thought of the trouble which it entailed, of the exercises which she went through each morning, exercises according to the laws of prosody, exercises without which her figure would lack that symmetry so essential to her station in life.

The twin sisters, *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, acted as a foil, each to the other. But they had this much in common that their manner was emotional and their conversation intellectual. *Tragedy* was of serious mien. *Comedy's* deportment was boisterous. And each boasted of the many suitors who had wooed them in the past.

Essay was of a changeable disposition. Her dress did not conform so strictly to the dictates of fashion. Her manner was superficial and her speech was, sometimes, without point. She could prattle on every conceivable subject and pass, without an effort, from pathos to farce. She was popular among her associates, for she could talk with intelligence to each on that branch of knowledge which they had made their own, yet was forced to admit that in each she was their inferior.

History was indifferent to appearances. Her dress was slovenly, her hands dirty and inkstained, her nails uncareed for.

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She was wont to rummage among the dust-laden manuscripts of bygone ages. She was short sighted and wore spectacles. She was in search of the truth. Her view of it was, occasionally, a distorted one.

So, they stood round in a circle, each somewhat jealous of the other's attainments, but united in their sense of undoubted superiority to the rag-covered figure who cowered in the background.

Of a sudden, the door burst open and a crowd of children, tumbling over each other in their infant frolic, entered and clamoured for a story. Each of these higher intellectuals was eager to satisfy their whim. But, as each in turn made the attempt and failed, the faces of the children lengthened in disappointment, their features crinkled up in dismay and tears of vexation welled from their eyes. They caught sight of *Novel*, a rag-covered figure who stood in the background. They ran up to her and exclaimed, "A story, tell us a story." And she stooped to their level and gathered them up in her arms and, in language simple and unadorned, told them stories to her and to their hearts' content. And the higher intellectuals watched from afar and wondered what was the secret by means of which she was enabled to charm these children, whose brains they despised, but for whose love they yearned.

The novel is the Cinderella of Literature and, like the princess of the fairy tale, is preferred by the public at large to her blue-stocking sisters, Poetry and the Drama. The novel is the lowest form of literary expression. It is the easiest to read. We read it, when we are tired at the end of a hard day's work; we do not read Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, or Sir Thomas Browne on *Urn Burial*. We take it with us to read in the train; we do not take *The Cambridge Modern History* or *Paradise Lost*.

The novel looms large in the mind of the reading public. Those reputed to be great readers often read nothing else. To others it is the prelude to the larger design of which it is but a detail. The novel has its limitations. Its possibilities are great. Smollet and Sterne have prostituted it to their base imaginations. The late Monsignor Benson has demonstrated

Some Novel Reflections

its application as an instrument in a great apostolic work. We must no longer ignore it; no longer make it the object of our derision. The novel has come to stay. The time has arrived when we must take it seriously. The drama is dead. The novel is its legitimate successor.

What is a novel?

To some it is the book which they exchange over the counter at Mudie's, three times a week. To others, nourished on the dry roots of German philosophy of the pre-Kultur era, it is a mild vice, comparable to smoking or card playing, to which the mass of their fellow men are addicted. Most of us read novels with a guilty conscience, with a vague idea that their prohibition was excluded from the Commandments, owing to a clerical error. We feel—perhaps rightly so—that time wasted on Charles Garvice and William Le Queux might be more profitably spent on Thomas Aquinas or Immanuel Kant. Does anyone ask us "What are you reading?" with what a shamefaced air do we reply "Only a novel!" Should it be poetry, with what an air of condescension do we reply "Wordsworth's *Excursion*" or "Browning's *Sordello*!"

The four notes of the novel are plot, description, dialogue and character.

Plot is the motive which actuates a story. This latter may be cast in the form of poetry, drama or prose narrative. Plot may consist of a loosely connected series of adventures which befall the hero, as in the romances of Mr Stanley Weyman. It may consist of a contest of wills, as in the *Antigone*. It may consist of a contest of wills, superimposed upon a mental conflict between opposing passions of the same character, as in *Hamlet*. The plot of the average novel centres round the usual triangle of a man and two women, as in *Joseph Vance*, where we have the relations of "Joseph Vance" with "Lossie Thorpe" and "Jane Spenser"; or between a woman and two men, as in the majority of Mr E. F. Benson's novels.

Plot is more essential to the play than to the novel. In the former, the relations of the characters to one another and the reason of their presence on the stage must be at once apparent to the audience. A play is enacted within the space of a few hours, and there is only time for the treatment of a main

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theme. If a subsidiary issue or sub-plot be introduced, it must be so interwoven with the main texture that it acts as a commentary or throws into relief the main theme. In a theatre, we have many distractions. There are the considerate people who always arrive after the lights have been lowered and the curtain has risen. There is the omniscient critic behind, who has been there before and who keeps up a running commentary for the benefit of his *fiancée*. If to these are added the unnecessary incident and the superfluous character, then we become only too conscious of inadequate stretching room and a too adequately starched collar.

On the other hand, we read a novel with all the necessary concomitants of an easy chair, a pipe and a well-nourished fire. We rarely read one at a sitting. Plot, in this case, need be no more than continuity of action in point of time. In the *Pickwick Papers*—the novel without a plot—the incidents follow one another with bewildering confusion. There is no logical connection between them. It would make no difference to the characterisation, if the committal of the Pickwickians by "Mr Nupkins" preceded "Mr Winkle's" duel with "Dr Slammer." Yet, the incidents, connected by chronological sequence alone, are sufficient to show development of character. This is all that is required. But, in *Macbeth*, each scene is the logical sequence of the preceding one. It would be impossible to transpose the banquet scene and that of the witches greeting "Macbeth," without doing violence to the play.

The classical novelists have not given us a great novel with a good plot, one that would satisfy the canons of dramatic criticism. From this we must not infer that a novel with a good plot will be deficient in the strength of its characters. Mr Hardy has given us admirably worked-out plots. An architect by profession, he has applied to his novels those principles of design and construction which are common to both arts. R. H. Benson has written novels in which the plot is an integral part. In *The Conventionalists*, we have a novel, simple in design, with details in proportion to the whole.

Description is that which distinguishes the novel from the play. It is the incorporation of the stage directions in the text. In the absence of scenery and of actors, the novelist must

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describe his surroundings and the appearance and dress of his characters. He is further enabled to take his readers into his confidence and to discourse of his characters, of himself and, perhaps, of current events. Through this medium also, he shows the working of the minds of his characters. Description thus takes the place of the soliloquy, that most unnatural convention of the drama.

The plot of a novel, properly executed, should be a source of strength to the novelist. Though not so essential as in the play, there is no reason why it should not assume the same importance. But description tends to be a source of weakness to the novelist. The dramatist has to rely on dialogue alone for the development of character. The characters stand or fall by what they say or do. Every word which they speak is suggestive of character. But the novelist, by means of descriptive passages, is enabled to give his own conception of the characters. This does not always tally with the words of the dialogue. The novelist is apt to leave nothing to chance and is often his own commentator. There is no reading between the lines. Shakespeare has his commentators by the score. Thackeray has none. None are necessary. Was "Hamlet" mad, or was his insanity merely assumed? This is a moot point. But there is not the least doubt what manner of woman "Becky Sharpe" was.

These two notes—plot and description—form the mechanism of the novel. They are the steel framework, the scaffolding, by means of which the ornamental parts of the building are supported and erected. No novel which depends upon these two notes alone can be a great one. No detective story, for instance, will ever be a classic.

Dialogue and character, the meanings of which are obvious, are the creative notes of a novel. It is these which distinguish the *Vicar of Wakefield* from—shall we say?—*Three Men in a Boat*; which distinguish *Diana of the Crossways* from—shall we say?—*Nellie's Memories*. Dialogue and character are common to many channels of literature. We have them in *Macbeth*. We have them in Browning's *Dramatic Dialogues*.

The novel, as a means of literary expression, is of comparatively recent growth. Its birth dates back no further than the mid-eighteenth century. For many years previous to this,

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prose fiction had been verging in this direction. In the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and in the "Sir Roger de Coverley" papers of the *Spectator*, may be traced the elements of the novel as we know it to-day. It was the publication of *Pamela*, which effectively diverted this tendency into the new channel of literature. In this sense, Richardson is rightly called the "Father of the English novel."

Richardson, Fielding, Smollet and Sterne carried it to a bound to its full development. The equal of *Tom Jones* and *Tristram Shandy* has yet to be written. The novel, as they conceived it, was domestic in tone. They concerned themselves with the everyday life of the ordinary man and woman. The foibles of human nature rather than the primitive passions were the raw material with which they worked. The name of Goldsmith finds no place in any record of the development of the English novel. The *Vicar of Wakefield*, alone of the early novels, enjoys a wide popularity. Yet, had it never been written, there would have been no change in the continuity of development. Richardson influenced Jane Austen, Fielding was Thackeray's model, as Dickens was the disciple of Smollet; but we can point to no novel which owes its inspiration to the author of the episode of "Moses and the Spectacles."

At the dawn of the nineteenth century, heralded in by the Romantic Movement, Sir Walter Scott endeavoured to restore the age of chivalry. He sought his inspiration in the twilight atmosphere of the Middle Ages and in the legendary lore of the Border Chiefs. He departed from the tradition of domestic environment. The knight, in search of adventure, came into his own again.

While literary England was ringing with praise of the *Waverley Novels*, Jane Austen was passing an uneventful life amid the seclusion of a Hampshire vicarage. Unappreciated, unnoticed, except by this same Sir Walter Scott who, in no extravagant vein, likened her humour to that of Shakespeare; she was writing those tales of country house comedy, tales in which is still preserved the laughter loving mirth of their authoress. She restored the domestic tone, and from this there has since been no material departure.

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The work of Thackeray and Dickens is the next landmark in the development of the novel. They introduced a new feature, which had been faintly adumbrated by Smollet in the previous century. Smollet once served as a ship's surgeon. His novels abound in naval characters. He reflects maritime life. Thackeray and Dickens carried this specialism a step further. In *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes* we get an insight into University life, into the life of the briefless barrister, into that of the free lance journalist; while Dickens has immortalised that part of London, which centres round Lincoln's Inn Fields. In his pages is reflected the atmosphere of the Fleet Prison, of the Court of Chancery, of Doctors' Commons. Only those acquainted with University and legal life, only those who have come under the spell, which London inevitably casts over its inhabitants, can taste the full flavour of these novels. The generation which remembers Bath, as W. S. Landor knew it, the old abuses of the Court of Chancery and the Fleet Prison have passed away. As these special features, which Dickens portrays in his pages, fade beneath the mists of tradition, his novels will interest an ever narrowing circle of readers.

It is difficult to define precisely of what this specialism consists. But we may say that such novelists tend to emphasise man's surroundings rather than the nature of man. They deal with special phases of life rather than with the broad facts of human nature. The most flagrant example of an author who depends upon this "specialism" for arousing interest, is Mr Arnold Bennett. Take away the Five Towns and the Five Towns' atmosphere from his novels and is there anything which is of permanent value in his work? Contrast him with Mr H. G. Wells who in *Kipps* and in *Marriage* deals with the broad comedy of life, as unchangeable now as it was in the days of Aristophanes, of Shakespeare, and of Goldsmith. And to take a more recent instance, is there anyone but an Oxford graduate who can appreciate to the full Mr Compton Mackenzie's picturesque vision of Oxford which he paints with an exquisite choice of words in the second part of *Sinister Street*?

Since the middle of the last century, the novel has declined in quality. Between then and now, but two names are worthy

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of mention—George Meredith and Mr Thomas Hardy. It is difficult to say if either has exercised any influence on the progress of the novel. They have certainly introduced no new feature.

It is too early to predict the exact place which the work of Messrs. De Morgan, H. G. Wells and George Moore will eventually take in the annals of English literature.

To assert that the novel is the only form of art in which a woman has gained pre-eminence is, perhaps, an exaggeration. But who shall deny that it is the only form in which a woman's work fairly challenges comparison with that of man. No student of literature can afford to be ignorant of the work of Jane Austen, George Eliot or Charlotte Brontë. That of Jane Austen is of permanent value, but it is the opinion of competent critics that the novels of Charlotte Brontë will not live.

The novelist, jointly with the journalist, must plead guilty to the charge of debasing the language. Language is the essence of poetry. It is no less essential to the drama, for every word is articulated and a careless word would grate upon the ear. But, in a novel, our sense of language is submerged in our interest in the story. If we were to enumerate the classical novelists, we should be unable to say, offhand, who was a great stylist and who was slovenly in his use of words. It is only when we read *The English Humourists* that we realise what a master of style Thackeray is.

A novel may be cast in three moulds. It may be written in the form of a series of letters. This method was adopted by Richardson in all his novels, but it is the least popular. It has the advantage that we get an extremely vivid presentment of the story, as the characters themselves are the narrators; but the author is prevented—and this is sometimes an advantage rather than a disadvantage—from making his comments upon the story. This convention is also a great strain upon the credulity of the reader. The letters are usually of inordinate length and contain a mass of detail with which the recipient of the letter might be expected to be conversant, details which would never appear in the letters of everyday life.

Or the novel may be written as an autobiography. This has the obvious disadvantage that only those events may be

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narrated which happen within the cognisance of the narrator. In *Joseph Vance*, Mr De Morgan surmounts this difficulty by inserting a bundle of old letters written by "Lottie Thorpe" to her friend, "Sarita Spenser."

The most common form is the ordinary narrative, written in the third person. This seems to be most free from objections. But it is interesting to note that many novels—notably those of Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë and George Eliot—though written in the third person, are really autobiographies. The author visualises events through the eyes of the principal character. *Mansfield Park* is the autobiography of "Fanny Price." We get a subjective analysis of her character, and the other characters are viewed objectively from her standpoint. It is the same with *Pride and Prejudice*, where "Elizabeth Bennet" is the narrator. The same effect may be noticed in *Sbirley*, which might, more correctly, have been called "Caroline Helstone"; and in Mr Compton Mackenzie's *Sinister Street*, which is the biography of "Michael Fane."

We cannot say that the novel has attained to the highest point of excellence in literature. We have no novel to put by the side of *Paradise Lost* or of the *Fairy Queen*, or of any of the Shakespearean tragedies. Of the classical novelists, who shall say that the work of any one of them will be permanent in the sense that we speak of the great English classics—such as *Hamlet* or *The Canterbury Tales*, to name but two—as permanent?

It may be that the novel of its very nature is destined to play but a minor part in Literature.

It is the easiest form of literary expression.

The novelist has not to grapple with the difficulty of surmounting the conventions of his art in the same way as the poet, the dramatist, the painter, the sculptor, the musician, all of whom must undergo a technical training before they can reproduce through the medium of their art the emotion which is their inspiration. A man may have an ear for music, or an eye for colour or form, but he cannot straightway go and compose a sonata or paint a landscape or mould a statue. He must submit to learning the technique of his art. In surmounting these obstacles, he is bound to obtain a better effect than

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the novelist, who—and is this too great an exaggeration?—has merely to express his thoughts in a lucid manner—an attainment which is within the reach of everyone in these days when reading, writing and arithmetic form the foundation of compulsory education. It is true that the novel has its technique. There is the arrangement of conversations, the art of construction, the grouping of the characters, so that each may act as a foil to the others and bring out their strength and weakness. But all this is inherent in those who possess the gift of telling a story and are not lacking in inspiration. And in the case of the novelist, more so than in that of the poet or of the dramatist, his technique, his power of expressing his thoughts in words—in contrast to the power of expressing thought in terms of music or of painting—has already been substantially learnt.

The inspiration of the novelist is seldom a deep one.

Dante meditated upon Death, Judgment, Hell and Heaven. He gave us *The Divine Comedy*. Milton meditated upon "man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe." He gave us *Paradise Lost*. Shakespeare meditated upon the frailty of women and upon the ingratitude of children. He gave us *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. As we have said, the novelist concerns himself with the everyday life of the ordinary man and woman. The foibles of human nature rather than the primitive passions are the raw material with which he works. Oftener than not, he takes, as a typical hero, a weak-kneed insurance clerk who scoffs at Territorials and bets on football matches. Or he takes, as a typical heroine, an anaemic typist, who lunches on tea and cakes and carries about in her satchel a well-thumbed sixpenny edition of Charles Garvice. This is not the stuff of which classics are made.

If the novel is to equal in rank the poem or the tragedy, it will be the novel of the future. Will an English novel attain to this dignity?

If we hark back and examine the circumstances under which the great classics of the past were produced, we observe that they were brought forth under the stress of great national upheavals. The artist reflects the spirit of the age, and the

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masters of literature reflect the spirit of a nation in earnest, a nation triumphant, and, occasionally, sing the dirge of a nation whose glory is past or decaying. Shakespeare received his inspiration amid the atmosphere engendered by "the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth." Milton reflects the spiritual austerity of the Puritan revolution. In a similar manner, the classical novelists mirror the age in which they lived; but these were days when the national life was at its lowest ebb. Richardson, Fielding, Smollet and Sterne depict the gross materialism of their day, the day of Walpole, archetype of the depraved politician and social leader. Dickens and Thackeray depict the abuses of the Victorian Era, that epoch of dull and smug respectability.

The spirit of adventure, of religious fervour, of democratic revolution, each, in turn, has inspired the literature of the past as exemplified in the pages of Shakespeare, of Milton and of Carlyle.

The spirit of liberty and of personal responsibility is now at war with that of repression and of individual subordination to the conscienceless dictates of impersonal autocracy. Nations are being purged by the fire of conflict and are united in pursuit of a common ideal. As in the past, this spirit will inspire the literature of the future, the poem, the essay, the play and the novel. And in the latter, the most popular medium of national expression, we may hope to see the counterpart of what we find in Shakespeare, in Milton, and in Carlyle.

J. L. HOPE.

A LITERARY PREDECESSOR

II

EARLY HISTORY OF AMPLEFORTH THEATRICALS

MR PAN'S awakening, as recorded by himself in No. 13 of his Journal, was not a final one, of the sort that implies no subsequent lapse, for some two months intervene between that number and the succeeding one. But this "dormition," for which he offers no direct apology, gives us in No. 14, dated February 22nd, 1814, a particularly full and interesting number. A carefully written essay on the Psalms and their place in the Church's liturgy is followed by a begging letter in Latin, purporting to be addressed to Mr R. The postscript in particular inclines us to suspect the authenticity of the piece and to see in it some sly topical reference, not now capable of being explained. It is presented to our readers as it appears, without introduction or apology.

A LETTER FROM A POOR IRISHMAN TO MR R.

Reverende Domine.

Humiliter te deprecor, suppliciterque obsecro, ut in plorabilem meam relationem inspicere digneris. Infirmatus quoniam longa, multisque aliis incommodis paupertatem ad maximam redactus sum nihilque me (longe ab amicis) nunc ad sustinendum habeo. Itaque ut me hanc ad necessitatem redactum videas, Te aliquantulum subsidii mihi daturum spero. Tuaque pro Salute nunquam orare desistam.

Datum Anno Domini Millesimo Octingentesimo Tredecimo Augusto Quinto decimo.

GULIELMUS O'NEALE.

N.B. Indusium Femoralive si mihi dare possis abjecta, nihil gratius.

There follows an essay in French, signed Caderoussel, on "Contemplation au clair de la lune." Beginning "Presque rien n'est capable de me faire goûter un plus sensible délice, que la jouissance d'une fraîche et tranquille soirée après l'incommodité d'un brûlant jour," the essay continues in the same peaceful and contemplative strain. The writer is favoured in his garden with a vision of the months and seasons, and

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describes the vision with appropriate mythological fancy. After this contribution comes a long essay on Mystical Theology and then the Editorial. This is long too, but containing as it seems the first pages of the chronicles of the Ampleforth Theatre, should be set in part at least before our readers. The Editor writes:

Though the articles given in our preceding columns will be found not uninteresting, yet I must be excused from offering any remarks upon them, having other matter which I trust will be thought more deserving of a place. I have the satisfaction of announcing that the Theatre at Ampleforth was last night opened with the play of Julius Caesar and an after-piece formed from Molière's comedy of "Mariage forcée." We had not the pleasure of being spectators to the tragedy and therefore shall not venture to say anything of it, though some of the audience with whom we afterwards conversed and upon whose judgment we can rely assure us that the performance was in general deserving of praise, particularly considering the very short time that had been allowed for preparation and the many other inconveniences resulting from the inexperience of most of the actors and the unfinished state of the theatre. . . . But though we had not the satisfaction of witnessing the tragedy, yet we were fortunate enough to be spectators to the farce; and to the admirable manner in which this was performed we can bear ample and honourable testimony. Nothing could possibly be superior to the style in which Mr McDonald supported the character of Mr Longhead. Dr Neverout was admirably performed by Mr D. and Dr Doubty was excellence itself, both in his appearance and delivery. Captain Pinkum was acted by Mr Power, and he surprised the company very agreeably by the accuracy of his dress, no less than he amused them by the propriety of his address. In fine it is impossible to do justice to this first specimen of comic representation. The only thing which in any degree diminished our gratification was the almost constant burst of laughter from the spectators which frequently rendered it impossible to know what the performers said. . . . We congratulate the public on the establishment of a theatre under such auspicious beginnings. There can be no doubt of the best results flowing from it amongst the young members of the college, who will have before their eyes at once copies to imitate and powerful motives to awaken their ardour and raise their emulation. We understand that it is the intention of the managers of the theatre to observe accurately

¹ We leave a space here as it occurs in the original. Doubtless then too they sought for names and could not find them.

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the talents and exertions of individuals in public speaking, and to bring them forward according to their respective merits. Even the youngest students will have reason to exert themselves as they will not be excluded, if they are clever, and care will be taken to provide characters suitable to their age and turn, for them to personate.

Doubtless in the latter part of this notice our readers will detect the hand of a skilful "prefect of studies," bent on improving the occasion. The theatrical movement was at any rate very determined in its beginnings for we find, immediately after this notice, an announcement to the following effect:

This evening will be performed Molière's "Avare." The principal character in this piece is Mr Serapely, which will be supported by Mr Rooker.¹ [Others are] Justice Nosewell, James the cook, Nosewell's clerk, Mr Longscroll, Mr Smoothly, Mr Sagely.

There follows an appeal from the theatre management, begging the audience to distribute their laughter, to "remain silent until some interval from speaking admits of a noise; when they will be at liberty to laugh, applaud or hiss as best pleases them." The Editor concludes the number with an appeal to his contributors to be more regular in their contributions. He points to the great improvement in style which several of the writers had made as a consequence of their efforts in TO IIAN, and profoundly regrets that even a week should pass without an instalment of the journal.

This appeal was eminently successful and inaugurated quite a regular succession of numbers. Thus there are five numbers (No. 15 to No. 19) in March; No. 20 is quite punctual on April 5th; but there is only one more number in April; May has three numbers, June two and July three, and this ends the paper so far as our collection goes.² It was, however,

¹ Mr Rooker. This is, we presume, Br Cuthbert Rooker. The identification raises certain obvious points. We refrain from discussing it from a canonical standpoint, but are forced to reflect that we have yet some way to travel in order to be level with our forefathers.

² Since these lines were written ten more numbers of TO IIAN have come into our hands: eight extending over the months January to April of 1815, and two, after what seems an exorbitant interval, for the year 1820 (January 25th and February 8th).

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apparently quite other with the theatrical revival, unless we are to suppose, which seems hardly likely, that plays were performed but not recorded. And this is especially strange after the great stress Mr Pan, and he a person of influence, laid on the benefits of the new departure. However there must have been many difficulties in the way. There was no special theatre building and a performance would mean some considerable dislocation of ordinary life and everyday activities. It will be in the memory of most of our readers what a business it was before the Theatre came, in spite of the great spaces of the Big Study. What must it have been in 1814 when the College Wing was still in the distant future? But, however this may be, there is no reference to theatrical activity in the succeeding numbers until we come to No. 21 of April 19th, 1814. Easter fell that year on April 10th, Shrove Tuesday February 22nd. Shrovetide then had been properly celebrated, but Easter passed without theatricals.

For this reference is not to an actual performance, but is a vision or dream in which Mr Pan embodies an ardent desire for more theatrical events. He is in a complacent mood and reviewing his journal pronounces it very good. But here is his editorial *in extenso*:

We have never yet published a number of TO IIAN with which we were more pleased than the present. Everything in it excepting the postscript, [a modest allusion to the editorial] the demerit of which we take to ourselves, is quite excellent.—The first article is entitled Botany and it is this title (if we durst at all lay our hands on so sacred a performance) which we should venture to call not well chosen. Botany is a study if not dry and insipid, at least tedious and laborious, but the article in question possesses quite opposite qualities and therefore cannot with propriety be called Botany.¹ "Streona" is a beautiful and feeling piece of poetry. Let the reader say the remainder of its praises.

"Bonitas to Generousus" is a letter on the art of pleasing in conversation. We could wish to offer some remarks upon it, but are eager to lay before our readers an account of a very curious event which

¹ This sentiment deserves severe treatment at the hands of the Natural History Society; but we are afraid that that body is, like some Platonic entities, in the unhappy middle state between being and not-being. It may be that this outrage will, as by galvanic shock, stimulate to certain existence.

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happened to us a night or two ago. Time must determine whether it was a common dream or one of those prophetic visions which have occasionally been presented to individuals of every description, both good and bad. Witness the many instances recorded in Homer, Vergil and other grave authors worthy of credit. Mine deserves however to be more honourably received than any of these visions, both because it regards near and interesting events, and because it is not related by a third person, but by the very Mr Pan himself to whom it was shown.

MR PAN'S VISION OR DREAM

Three days ago I had a long conversation with some of my friends on the wonderful and most fortunate events which have lately taken place upon the continent. Much was said on the state of Europe two years ago, on the subsequent rapid change of events and of the present interesting and happy crisis, to which, under the guidance of an all-wise and bountiful Providence, they are at length conducted. The morose, said I, and the censorious might on former occasions sneer at the public demonstrations of joy eagerly exhibited on account of any considerable victory or temporary advantage gained over the common enemy. But will the most rigid stoic now dare to assert that the most unlimited expressions of exultation are either unreasonable or misplaced? Who, continued I, is so destitute of feeling, as not to acknowledge that there is a magic in this *cochade*,¹ which it derives not so much from the fair hand which bestowed it, as from its being a kind of mnemonic symbol of the deliverance of Europe, the subversion of Tyranny and the future peace of the world? The conversation ended, but my thoughts still continued to dwell upon the subject till the hour of retirement arrived, and I went to sleep. Whether at that moment reason surrendered the empire of my mind to fancy, or some superior being displayed before my intellectual eyes scenes which must hereafter come to pass, time only can discover. To avoid however the smiles it might excite, if after being related as a vision, it should prove to be nothing more than a mere dream, "Inania mentis simulacra," I shall consider it only as a dream and relate it as such, assuring the reader at the same time, that if I could persuade myself that it is of as uninteresting a nature as dreams generally are, I would not tire his patience

¹ The white cockade was, of course, the favour worn by those who fought for the restoration of the Bourbons, and was the royalist anti-symbol to the republican tricolour. As such a symbol it was regarded with the devotion that we see partly expressed by Mr Pan and to French legitimists it was a sacred thing. These were now seeing the fulfilment of their ardent hopes in the restoration of their king in the person of Louis XVIII. But what a poor focus he made for fervid royalist devotion, so obese that to ride on horseback was out of the question!

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with a relation of it.—I thought then that a most wonderful and most fortunate change of affairs had taken place, not indeed upon the continent, but within the walls of the college, and this was that Mr B, Mr R and some of the other principal conductors of the theatre had awaked from their long lethargy and again fitted up the audience room and the stage in a style of considerable neatness. By the great exertions of Mr P and an indefatigable assistant the dresses were all completed, and it was fully determined that Julius Caesar should be performed in grand style some time between the 24th and the end of the month; which by the by I find is sometime next week. A consultation then took place whether it would be proper to admit any strangers. On the one side it was alleged that the performance at so short a notice must necessarily be imperfect and that to make the exhibition public would only be publishing our own discredit; that strangers would undoubtedly judge of our acquirements, in every way, by the manner in which we acquitted ourselves upon the stage, and that some of our cleverest scholars and most polished minds were, from a habit of retirement and sequestration from the world, the worst performers and the most ordinary speakers. On the other hand it was alleged that these objections would only militate against an indiscriminate admission of strangers, which it was acknowledged on all hands would be inadvisable. "But will anyone," said an animated young speaker, pointing to the white cockade he wore on his breast, "will anyone persuade me that the slightest danger can result from indulging the inclination we all feel to make some little acknowledgment to the kind giver of these pleasing decorations? Would not such a mind, even without a suggestion, merely from its own native benevolence, make every allowance that we ourselves could wish and close its eyes to every defect which we ourselves should not be able to overlook?" This animated address had its effect; it was unanimously resolved that a pressing invitation should be sent to a beautiful and venerable old mansion¹ which stood on the opposite side of the valley.—The invitation was obligingly accepted, the evening of the performance arrived, the company came. All things were in full preparation and the play began. Brutus seemed a little frightened, but upon the whole did as well as anybody expected. Cassius performed the first conferences with Brutus, to engage him

¹ We need not say that this refers to Gilling Castle. The estates were then in the possession of Charles Gregory Pigott Fairfax, who succeeded to them on the death of the Hon. Anne Fairfax (Fr Bolton's benefactress) in 1793 and took the name of Fairfax. The "fair hand" alluded to in the text would belong, we presume, to his wife, for the eldest daughter, well-known to a later generation of Ampleforthians as Mrs Barnes, was at this time only twelve years old.

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in his conspiracy, with his accustomed success, and, in the quarrel with his brother general, he softened down all his former affectation and was nature itself. Antony was entirely free from the little monotony he had before been thought to have in his lamentations over Caesar, and his manner was equally free from whining on one hand and a cold indifference of tone on the other. In fine he gave his whole part that true and genuine pathos, so easy to conceive but so extremely difficult to realise in practice. Decius Brutus made his addresses with an ease and gracefulness which he never before displayed, and in fine every character in the play was very respectably sustained, and the company seemed both amused and gratified. When the play was over and the company after partaking of a humble collation were about to depart they were surprised to see the whole house brilliantly illuminated, with a number of appropriate and classical transparencies.¹ A white flag with the united arms of England and France waved from the belfry and a strong blaze of lights below gave it to full view amidst the surrounding darkness of the night. At last the company went, and I full of glee and delighted with the idea of having given some amusement to my friends made them a very profound bow, when I suddenly awaked from sleep and to my great surprise found that I had tumbled over the foot of my bed upon the floor. . . ."

Such is the account of the dream of Mr Pan, a very pragmatic dream, by means of which he contrives to suggest and urge a considerable programme. But it seems to have remained a dream and not taken the character of prophetic vision, which he was inclined to give to it. Yet if it produced no dramatic result it provoked a letter which Mr Pan very generously published in his next number. Containing as it does a contemporary judgment, though doubtless a perverse and ill-tempered one, on the character of the redoubtable Mr Baines, otherwise Mr Pan, it may be interesting to our readers.

Mr Pan.

You would oblige me by inserting in your number of this week the following article, which I found this morning in passing in to the Refectory, where I have no doubt it was dropped designedly by the writer in order that through my medium it might come to your hands. If you know the handwriting do not too hastily conclude that you have

¹ Transparency, "a picture on semi-transparent material seen by means of light shining through." (Dict). These seem to have been as essential to a celebration of those days as Chinese lanterns to a modern "maffick."

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discovered the author. It is an age of tricks and stratagems, Mr Pan, have patience; for it is a necessary virtue. Your great admirer and true friend.

INVENTOR.

This introductory letter would throw at least some suspicion on "Inventor" himself. However this is what he professes to have found:

As to the theatre itself I do not expect it to be a bit improved before the next exhibition. Mr Pan always is the first to admonish others and the last to practise himself. He will meditate ten days on a work which he would execute in as many minutes. He never thinks time short until the last grains of sand are fallen out of the glass. Then he is all bustle, confusion and ill-nature. He assumes on these occasions the sour face of B—t, he will run over you without seeing you like Joseph, he is as desponding as B—e and as bustling as C—t.¹ As to the performers they will know their parts no better than before, and half the play will as usual be omitted. There is nothing provokes me so much as to see those who have it in their power to do good, remain so strangely inactive. Of what use are the best institutions if they fall into such hands?

That is a strong indictment. Mr Pan's serenity is hardly ruffled. He contents himself with the following note:

There the paper ends and well it may. Whoever the writer be Mr Pan begs leave to inform him that he is in great need of assistants in the work he is going to undertake in repairing and re-enting the theatre, and Mr Pan begs leave to express it as his opinion that the above writer would be more useful and more dexterous in mixing up colours and grinding paint than in abusing Mr Pan and Co.

We can only express the hope that Mr Pan succeeded in enlisting the services of his trenchant critic and had the consolation of seeing his elaborate vision bodied forth in all its satisfying detail. But we hear no more about the theatre in the remaining numbers of TO HAN, and must suppose that

¹ We hardly like to make suggestions as to the identity of those here referred to. Can "B—t" be Fr Bennet Glover, "Joseph" Br Joseph Glover, "B—e" Br Bede Polding, and "C—t—" Brother Cuthbert Rooker? The lampoon would seem, in that case, to deal with most of the active spirits of the community.

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other difficulties arose. Were Mr Pan to revisit the scene of his labours we have no doubt that he would consider that his wildest hopes had been realised, and we can imagine the glowing eloquence with which he would have recorded, in his editorial, his "profound gratification" with all that he would see.

We have made some effort to discover the probable scene of these theatricals but have reached no certain results. The period from 1811 to 1824 was one of great building activity. So early as May, 1809, Council was agreeing to new buildings being erected. In April, 1811, the President (Fr Bede Brewer) made a generous gift from his own pocket towards this purpose. In June, 1814, there is a reference to certain buildings as being now finished, and, in December of that year, to the extraordinary expenses of the previous year. In the building period mentioned above, the original "Ampleforth Lodge," consisting of the central hall with a room on each side and two storeys above, was transformed practically into the building that we now know as the Old Monastery, that is so far as the front is concerned. But this was not all done at once. The first portion of the work was to add the west wing for the chapel, the east wing so far as the east wall of the small boy's refectory and the top storey, with some building at the back. The refectory came later, and later still the east portion which now supplies the bathroom and the chemistry room. Last of all, close on the building of the New College, came the rear portion of this, giving the cloister and the physics room above. By the year 1814 it seems that we can at the best only count on the first instalment of this work. As a consequence we are led to suppose that the "college" was, as it had been from the start, in the rear buildings, on the site of the present laundry. Here was a modest establishment consisting of two rooms on the ground floor, one of which served as the study, the other as refectory and playroom; the room above, which was of the nature of an attic, supplied the chapel. It may be then that this study was the scene of these early theatricals, a conclusion which only makes us appreciate the more the difficulties with which the dramatic society of those days had to contend. But we should not like to assert this conclusion

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too dogmatically. Perhaps the "Old Calefactory" was pressed into service.

When the further extension to the east was completed, the "college" migrated to that wing. The playroom, boys' library and boot-room occupied practically the place of the bathroom, Corps room and book room at present. The chemistry room then served as the study. Writing of this period, Abbot Prest in his "Old Recollections," which appeared in an earlier volume of this JOURNAL, says: "At the east end of the study was a portion boarded off and used as a class-room. At Christmas and Midsummer when the study became the theatre, the boards were taken down, and the class-room became the stage, but no attempt was made to raise the floor."

The long extract that has just been given while dealing mainly with the purely local matter of the theatre and Mr Pan's personal activities, reveals an interest of another and wider sort in the conversation which Mr Pan records as pre-luding his dream. In this conversation we have one of the few references in TO HAN to the great events that were taking place in the wider theatre of Europe. The conversation dealt, he tells us, with "the wonderful and most fortunate events" which had lately taken place upon the continent, and "much was said on the state of Europe two years ago." The latter reference would take us to the early part of the year 1812, when Napoleon was making his vast preparations for the invasion of Russia. It was a point, we may venture to say, which marked the zenith of his power. He dominated Europe, though England still stood outside his power, and Russia, which had been submissive, now was turned recalcitrant. The Emperor therefore designed to make short work of the latter state so as to be free to deal finally with England. The Grand Army crossed the Niemen on June 24th, 1812. That day, though the disaster was not yet, marked the crisis of Napoleon's fortunes and the beginning of a rapid change which quickly brought the end.

The "wonderful and most fortunate events which have lately taken place upon the continent" must refer, since this number was issued on April 19th, 1814, to the dramatic occurrences of that spring. On the last day of March the Allied Forces entered Paris and established a provisional government.

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On April 4th Napoleon, after many hesitations, signed the abdication. On April 13th he ratified the treaty of Fontainebleau which banished him to Elba. Here was certainly a striking reversal of fortune and we can well understand the enthusiasm and exaltation of Mr Pan. Did we reflect further and consider the length of the struggle which then reached so fortunate a climax, we should be able to appreciate its depth and fervour. And while we read, we are set wondering when we shall see such a consummation and the day again come for illuminations commemorative of signal triumph to be displayed at Ampleforth.

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THE great metamorphosis undergone by the Diocese of Newport has been pre-eminently the subject of chief ecclesiastical interest to English Benedictines since our January issue, which our readers will remember was devoted to the memory of its last Bishop.



THE Cardiff Archbishopric is an outcome of the Cardiff Congress, which just before the outbreak of war brought into prominence the claims of Welsh Catholicity and the position of Cardiff as its premier city. On that occasion the theme of Cardinal Bourne's address was the development of the Hierarchy as a source of religious progress, and the theme of many papers and speakers was the ancient glories of the British Church; and as we listened it seemed incongruous that a Church of such venerable history should have to look for its Metropolitan to—Birmingham! Caerleon, Llandaff, Menevia, boasted their saints and bishops long before Augustine landed in Kent, it was some six hundred years before they became subject even to Canterbury; the Principality retains the speech and customs of a distinct nationality, the sense of which has been growing even whilst the language is declining. So long as there was but one Archbishopric for England the dependence might be tolerable of Wales upon Westminster; once that arrangement was altered and two new provinces created, the incongruity grew glaring of subjecting the representatives of the British Church to Saxon and modern Birmingham! Catholic Ireland possessed four archbishops, imperial England three, Calvinist Scotland two, surely Wales should have one. Its erection into a separate Province would satisfy the claim of Wales to be an ecclesiastical unit, as it is fast becoming a political one, with its own peculiar traditions and needs. The Principality is too unwieldy to form a single diocese, and too dignified to be the fraction of an English Province.

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CLAIMS so ancient, so urgent and so reasonable only needed to be properly presented to the Holy See to secure sympathetic attention; and it was during his visit here at Ampleforth in November, 1914, that Bishop Hedley adopted the project, which with the advice and support of other authorities he forwarded to Rome in the following spring. Unfortunately he did not live to see it realised; yet the celerity with which it was announced after his death suggests that the scheme had been favourably considered if not decided upon already.



THE new development involves other changes besides the translation of the Benedictine bishopric from Newport to Cardiff. Legitimate aspirations of the diocesan clergy, between whom and the regulars relations have ever been most cordial, have been met by the provision of a double Chapter and two Cathedrals; for which again precedent can be found in mediæval England, where Coventry and Lichfield were respectively the monastic and secular cathedrals of one bishopric. A double title might now fitly accompany the double cathedrals, and ancient Caerleon be revived and joined to modern Cardiff. From historical and ecclesiastical points of view, the idea has much to recommend it, for Caerleon, London and York were the earliest known bishoprics in Britain; and if the two latter are lost, it is not too late to claim the former. The restoration of Caerleon would assert our claim to represent not only the church of St Augustine but the older church of King Lucius and St Alban.



It only remains to offer sincere congratulations to Bishop Bilborrow on his appointment to the new archbishopric. He returns to a diocese in which he once worked, but with some years of episcopal experience and still in the prime of life. A great task lies before him; and we wish him success in commending the claim of the old Church to the spiritual allegiance of the Welsh nation. *Nihil Romani alienum*: nothing Roman can be alien to a Roman-British people, who have but to look to the Rock from which they were hewn and the pit from which they were dug.

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ORIA, Sahagun, Compostella, Valladolid, Montserrat, Najar: a litany of Spanish abbeys, from which, among others, came that numerous body of English monks who did so much to make the revived English Congregation. They were brought to mind by a book for which the library is indebted to the kindness of Mr Walter Carey of Grassendale. It is an answer to his critics written by the well-known Spanish Benedictine, Benito Fejoo, an answer which he dedicates to his superior under this interesting style: "General de la Congregacion de San Benito, de Espana, Inglaterra, etc." And the date of this dedication is 1731.

We need not tell again the history of the union of the three bodies of English monks who were working on the English mission at the beginning of the seventeenth century. There were the monks of the Spanish obedience, who were some eighty in number at the time of the union, the monks of the Casinese obedience, and the representatives of the ancient English Congregation, aggregated to it by Dom Sigebert Buckley. The last two bodies numbered scarcely twenty all told. There was a long and vexatious struggle before the union was accomplished. On the one side, the Spanish monks, in obedience to their profession and in gratitude to the generous body which had nurtured them, were for uniting the separate bodies by merging all in a Spanish Congregation. On the other a small but vigorous band, under the untiring leadership of Dom Anselm Beech (both loved and hated under the quaint title of Anselmus de Mancestria), fought for the ideal of an independent English Benedictine Congregation, heir and representative of the old English abbeys. In the end, to the great sorrow of Dom Anselm Beech who would be no party to it, a compromise was reached. The congregation was to be the English Benedictine Congregation, with its own government, but it would recognise the Spanish General as its General, and give him the power of selecting one of two names proposed for the office of President. This was the Union confirmed by the Brief of Paul V on August 23rd, 1619.



This was not, however, to be the last word on the relations between the English Benedictines and the Spanish Congregation.

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In course of time, when the monks of Spanish training grew fewer and fewer and the whole body came to a clearer consciousness of its unity and its distinctive English character the Spanish connection grew irksome. Neither the Brief of Paul V nor the subsequent Bull of Urban VIII (1633) had made any reference to the dependence on the Spanish Congregation, and it was believed that Rome had all along been in favour of a completely independent English Congregation. It appeared that the privileges of the Spanish General depended upon the English General Chapter, which body by the Bull of Pope Urban had then the power of making or changing the Constitutions that governed the Congregation. So in 1661 the Chapter removed from the Constitutions all reference to the authority of the Spanish General.

We know little of what passed on the Spanish side in consequence of this act, but it would seem that the General did not accept this rejection of his authority. At the Chapter of 1669, "It was declared that our President receives no authority from the General of the Spanish Congregation." Dom Cuthbert Almond records that the Spanish imprints of Constitutions still, in 1706, made use of the title: "Constituciones de la Congregation de nuestro glorioso Padre San Benito de Espana é Inglaterra." The book which gave rise to this note is evidence that this style was retained at a still later date, even seventy years after the English Benedictines had asserted their independence.

It is, we may reflect, a case of dropping the pilot. A Spanish monk might be excused if he said that these Englishmen had kicked away the ladder by which they rose. And, for ourselves, we do not think we are disloyal to our fathers who uncompromisingly vindicated a necessary independence, if we confess to a certain wistful admiration for that generous and noble body to which our English Benedictinism owes so much.

* * *

ALL at Ampleforth learnt with great regret of the death of Mr Wilfrid Ward, which has followed so close upon that of his brother and our benefactor, Mr Edmund Granville Ward. Only last year Mr Wilfrid Ward spent some

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days with us and delivered a series of lectures to the Community and boys which were greatly appreciated and were afterwards delivered in America. The English-speaking Catholic world has lost one of its ablest and most prominent laymen, who was particularly valuable to us, as he had wide influence outside Catholic circles and was a keen thinker, thoroughly abreast of modern problems and thought. Great sympathy will be felt for Mrs Ward and her family. Her eldest son, Lieutenant Herbert Ward, who spent three months here before going to Oxford, is at present in Mesopotamia.

* * *

MR WILFRID WARD was only prevented from writing on Bishop Hedley for the January number of the JOURNAL by his illness, the first signs of which manifested itself at that time. We may be allowed to print the following extract from a letter received from him: "I had the greatest respect for Bishop Hedley, and if you will take a few pages of general observations about him I will send them. I have no detailed knowledge of his philosophical work, though I have a very clear impression from reading his sermons and retreat, of his very remarkable intellectual gifts."

* * *

ALL our Laybrothers, who were of military age, offered themselves for service under the Derby Scheme. Br Philip Jarvis has been accepted for home and foreign garrison duty, and Br John Graham is now in the 30th Battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers. We wish them God speed.

* * *

WE have heard little news from our missions. The much lamented death of Dom Bernard Hutchison left a vacancy at Petersfield which has been filled by Dom Vincent Wilson who was at Brownedge. The latter's place at Brownedge has not yet been filled. A most successful mission was given at St Benedict's, Warrington, by Dom Wilfrid Darby. Our church at St Anne's, Liverpool, is shortly to be consecrated by the Archbishop of Liverpool. In our next issue we hope to be able to give an account of the ceremony. Prior Cummins has

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just finished some additions to the Presbytery at Knaresborough, and is now re-decorating the church. The repairs at Brownedge have been on a more extensive scale than was at first thought necessary, and Dom Anselm Turner has been forced to undertake a very costly scheme to save the church.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It has long been in my mind to suggest that you should regularly record in the "Notes" the literary activities of the brethren. I have come across Fr Celestine Sheppard's or Fr Anselm Parker's work in unexpected places." This we would gladly do, if our literary brethren can overcome their modesty and will undertake to send us copies of their articles. As it is, readers will find Dom Benedict McLaughlin's valuable pamphlet, entitled *Discontinuity*, reviewed in this number. We have also lately seen an excellent article by Dom Anselm Parker on Bishop Hedley in the *Catholic World*. We hope that Dom Benedict McLaughlin will publish a lecture he recently delivered at Preston, on "Small Lenders and Small Holders."

* * *

We have to thank Bishop Vaughan for the singularly charming picture of Bishop Hedley amidst the Vaughan family at Courtfield, which our readers will find in this number. We think that this contribution will explain better than anything what so many writers in our last number were pleased to call his "brusqueness." More than one correspondent has complained that too much was made of the Bishop's brusque manner, which was only assumed in playful humour. This, we think, a very just criticism, and we believe that this truth is amply borne out by Bishop Vaughan. It would be a great pity if future generations thought of the late Bishop as anything but wonderfully sympathetic and kind.

* * *

We are glad to hear that the life of Bishop Hedley has been entrusted by his literary executors to Dom Cuthbert Almond, from whom we may rightly expect an authoritative and judicious estimate of the life and work of the Bishop.

Notes

We have to thank Miss Dawson who has erected in our cemetery, where Dom Aelred Dawson is buried, a very fine crucifix.

* * *

SOME attempt is being made to improve the appearance of the approach to the village church, and it is hoped that soon its environs will be worthy of the little church itself.

* * *

DOM Alexius Chamberlain left for the mission in January. He is now at St Alban's, Warrington.

OBITUARY

DOM BERNARD HUTCHISON

FATHER FRANCIS BERNARD HUTCHISON died on January 31st of this year. His death was one of those that are said to be more frequently the lot of priests, and to be indeed in regard to them a tender mercy of God's Providence. His end was quite tragic in its suddenness, and was entirely unexpected by any, expect perhaps himself. He had been as usual to Midhurst, whither he went every Monday to act as Confessor to a community of nuns. According to his practice he had himself also been to confession to the resident priest. As he was walking back to the station death struck him. He fell by the road side and within a few minutes died of syncope.

He was born February 20th, 1850. His father, William J. M. Hutchison was a clergyman of the Church of England, and was for a time curate of St Endellion in Cornwall. He became a Catholic when Francis was still an infant. Subsequently to his conversion he spent a good deal of time in Rome and was most devoted in his affectionate loyalty to Pope Pius IX and his successor, Leo XIII. To both of them he held the position of private chamberlain. Thus it came about that Francis in his early youth saw a good deal of Rome and of the Pope. I have little doubt that it was here under his father's influence, that there was implanted in him and developed that strong sense of loyal obedience to superiors which was so marked and edifying a characteristic of his whole life. He always openly professed it, and his conduct was always faithfully in keeping with it. I have frequently heard him say that all he wanted was to be told plainly and precisely what the rule was or what the Superior wanted, and he was quite ready to obey. He seemed aggrieved by any vagueness in such matters, and did not appear to appreciate much a liberty that brought with it the burden of personal responsibility.

His father was, I believe, for a time, English tutor to the Prince Imperial of France, and it was during the consequent

frequent sojourns in Paris and elsewhere abroad, that Fr Bernard acquired a facility in speaking French which he preserved to the end. A considerable number of Belgian refugees were settled in Petersfield and the neighbourhood and attended the church there, and Fr Bernard used to address his mixed congregation in French as well as English.

He went to Ampleforth College in 1863, where he proved a plodding, painstaking and industrious scholar rather than a brilliant. His efforts, however, secured him a good place in his class, nearly always first or second.

A result of his early Roman associations was his earnest desire to join the Papal Zouaves at the time when Victor Emmanuel was threatening the Papal States. He did not eventually enlist because it would have seriously interfered with the course of his entrance into the Order.

His simple profession took place in September, 1870, and thence he pursued the beaten track till he was ordained priest on February 24th, 1877, by Bishop Cornthwaite. In October of the same year he left Ampleforth for the Mission, beginning his work at Ormskirk, whence after a few months he was transferred to Seel Street, Liverpool. There under Fr Anderson he laboured for three years. During this time his zeal and his pleasant courteous manner, reinforced no doubt by his fine handsome appearance, attracted many and stimulated their religious devotion. He also made at this time many friends whose esteem and affection he held to the end.

The next three years were divided between Cleator and Workington, where he served as assistant priest. Then in September, 1884, he became incumbent of Harrington. Here he enlarged the schools and built the Presbytery. The parish itself was quite plainly unable to provide the funds for these undertakings. Fr Hutchison therefore set to work with infinite pains and perseverance to raise the money from elsewhere. One of his means for doing this was "Drawings"; another was begging letters, if I may use so coarse a term, for so refined a product. The letters were most characteristic of the man, studied in their kind courtesy and persuasiveness. He would never dream of suggesting a contribution until he had displayed the most touching solicitude for the welfare of the

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person to whom he was writing, his health, his family, and all his affairs. Though he was often joked about these literary efforts, they were, as he used to retort, very effective, and enabled him to pay off the greater part of the debt incurred. Unfortunately his long and close application to this work, carried on mostly after nightfall, permanently injured his sight.

After about seven years' work at Harrington he went to Maryport for a few months, and then at the end of 1891 to Workington. Here, he considered, and quite justly, his chief work was accomplished. In succeeding Abbot Clifton he came to a task of very considerable difficulty. The Abbot had been there forty years and from a young man had become an old one, at the same time that the parish from a very small, almost family affair, had become large. Neither seemed to have consciously realised the changes that had taken place. The people were good and willing enough, but required to be imbued with the importance of regular and organised activity and of parochial economies. Father Hutchison's best characteristics here came into full operation. These were an admirable manliness and freedom from human respect, and a deep-rooted devotion to duty, and love of order. These showed themselves in many ways. If anything had to be said or done by which odium might be incurred, he would always undertake it himself rather than leave it, as sometimes he might have done, to his assistants. Whatever was a rule or regulation had to be enforced and observed, no matter who it might be that was inclined to be recalcitrant. He could not understand and certainly did not appreciate that human weakness that makes some dearly love a little irregularity and regard a certain lack of precision as a luxury so great as to be a necessary of life. The same firmness, always courteous, pervaded all his dealings with his parishioners. This was an excellent thing for Workington in those days, and just what was wanted. The good results were soon visible in the development and progress of the parish affairs both spiritual and temporal. Fr Hutchison had very soon to undertake the enlargement of the existing school. Later on he built fine large schools in another part of the town. These served also as a chapel of ease. He completed

Obituary

the sanctuary of the church by putting up a very beautiful reredos.

Eleven years of strenuous work began to tell upon his strength, and he went back to Ampleforth, where he acted as Guest-Master for about a year. Then after a short period at Leyland, near Preston, he went finally to Petersfield in Hampshire, at the end of 1904. During his eleven years here he endeared himself to many and was esteemed by all who knew him.

He was throughout his life placid in temper and orderly in all his ways. His duties were his first thought. I never knew him to allow the call of recreation or pleasure to supersede them or divert them from their appointed course. His manner, somewhat elaborate for these days, was always courteous and kind. Developed by careful early training it was quite sincere and had its root in consideration for others, and in a desire to give pleasure and diffuse happiness where he could. He had a happy gift of interesting himself in the joys and sorrows and pursuits of others which was very engaging and won for him many attached and admiring friends. His physical advantages, for he was a fine handsome man, no doubt added to his attractiveness. Withal he was genuinely simple and frankly conscious of his own limitations. In his way he was very manly and singularly free from self-indulgence.

From what I have heard I should think that he had some premonition that his death would be sudden, and this is confirmed by his constant practice, so characteristic of him, when I was with him at Workington. Before starting for his holidays or any considerable journey, he would hand me the more important keys, tell me where this, that and the other were to be found, and assure me that his books were all in order and up to date. "So that," he would say, "if I am smashed up or anything happens to me all is in order and there will be no trouble." I have no doubt his own house, the sanctuary of his own soul, was just as well ordered. In his religious practices and his simple piety he seemed just as regular and painstaking and methodical as in other things. If order is, as it is said to be, Heaven's first law, assuredly he will be very much at home there. R.I.P.

N.V.W.

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WILLIAM TAYLOR

WILLIAM TAYLOR, who was born in November 1856, came to Ampleforth in 1866, and left in 1874. From that day he has been one of Ampleforth's best friends. In 1900 he began his second residence here and occupied two rooms in the first gallery of the Old Monastery, which are still known as his rooms. During that time he became a very intimate friend of many of the community, and was the centre of much fun and good fellowship. His chief characteristics were his singular and simple piety, his staunch conservatism in politics, and his marked love of Ampleforth. He was a constant benefactor of the monastery and of the school—offering many prizes both for work and athletics. Among other benefactions we may mention his rebuilding of the organ and the gift of a very beautiful Paschal candlestick. He gave up his rooms after ten years, but has since constantly visited us. On April 3rd he died at Parbold, one of our missions, where he had become well known by reason of his daily attendance at Mass and Holy Communion and the long hours he spent before the Blessed Sacrament. Throughout his life it may truly be said he never offended a soul nor made a single enemy. Of late he had become somewhat depressed by the horrors of the war, and when he fell ill he gave up at once and lay down to die. He received all the last rites of the Church at the hands of Father Wilfrid Darby, and we are told that during his last illness he constantly referred to Ampleforth, where we trust he will always be remembered as one of her loyal sons and one of her most generous benefactors. May he rest in peace.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

A Mediæval Anthology. Collected and modernized by MARY G. SEGAR. Longmans, Green & Co. 2s. 6d.

THIS is a selection of early English poems, some given in their entirety, some being mere excerpts of longer works from which Miss Segar has considerably condensed the most noteworthy passages. The subjects chosen are chiefly of a religious character, the greater number being here rendered into modern English for the first time; and they range in date from the twelfth to the beginning of the fifteenth century, to the poetical riches of which inclusive period they are meant to serve as an introduction. They should serve not only as an introduction but as a stimulus, for this little book of some hundred and thirty pages makes a distinct appeal not only by its own intrinsic merit, but by the strangely suggestive effect it has on the interior ear.

Its merit consists in the fact that the sense of these old writers can be assimilated without difficulty, the original spelling being sufficiently modernised to that end, and that there are ample notes, and a very good explanatory foreword relating to the growth of the English lyric, and its connection with, and divergencies from, its French prototype. But its main charm lies in a suggested musical setting to the printed words. It is as though one were not merely reading more or less harmoniously expressed sentiments, but were also actually *hearing* a rippling accompaniment of thin, clear, bird voices, the voices of our old English versifiers, waking the quiet fields and coverts of poetry while the dew yet pearls the grass, and daisies and lady's smocks and suchlike modest flowers stand a-tiptoe to the sun's rising :

"A bird's voice
Did me rejoice
Singing before the day."

The naïveté, the glad, short cadence, the constantly recurring phrase, the untutored trill of quite humble minstrelsy—content to make its simple praise or petition, to pause awhile, and then to sing it anew with scarce a note changed—all this is suggestive to us of the language of birds, so strongly indeed, that in future actual bird song in wood and meadow, especially when heard in isolated "motifs," is like to recall irresistibly certain of these poems.

As though conscious of this similarity of form, it is noteworthy that these early poets deal largely with bird imagery, are impressed with the sense of some hidden meaning delivered in the "fowl's song":

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" . . . To that turtle I took intent
Touching the text she told that tide
Of it I missed long what it meant."

They know few notes, these dawn songsters; it is enough that they warble their short refrain—their song of "love-longing" in gladness and sincerity of heart. Do not expect to hear the nightingale in this company; he belongs to a different period, much later, more self-conscious. You shall indeed hear the soft falling cadence of doves mourning the Passion of our Lord; the occasional sober discourse of rooks debating moralities; but those singing men are for the most part as the common familiar birds that carol intermittently from the spray; broken rills of melody threading green and flowery pleasures. And naturally enough we find the object of the song agreeing with the spirit of the minstrel, for Poetry in its youth sings chiefly to a Child.

In the guise of a Young Maiden it croons over the nest:

" Lullay mine Liking, my dear Son, my Sweeting,
Lullay my dear Heart, mine own dear Darling."

And again:

" Ah my dear! Ah my dear Son!
Said Lady Mary, Ah my dear,
Kiss thy Mother Jau
With a laughing cheer."

And the brown-coated shepherd at the Nativity, like the brown-feathered songster he resembles, makes consistent offering:

" A Bird have I brought
To my bairn."

M.B.H.

Discontinuity: An Unexplained Tradition. By DOM J. B. McLAUGHLIN.
Published at Ampleforth Abbey. 1d.

We give an unstinted welcome to this little work. Dom Benedict is well known to readers of the JOURNAL as a master of lucid exposition. In this pamphlet we have a clear statement of a new aspect of the historical case against modern Anglican propaganda. We say a "new aspect," for we do not remember to have met this argument before. Dom Benedict points to the consensus of historians, and to the declarations of the reformers themselves, as to there having occurred at the Reformation a decided break with the past. What are we to do with this tradition? Something has been done, as he shows, by re-writing history

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from the Continuity standpoint. There are even signs that a theory is being developed to explain the curiously unanimous testimony of more than three centuries. Yet this testimony remains and the explanation is too absurd for belief.

We believe very strongly in the necessity of such work as that done in this pamphlet. The Anglican propaganda is not a negligible quantity. It has behind it great resources. It is obviously spreading and making its influence felt. And good Catholics are often strangely blind to the issues involved, or are benevolently disposed to smile on the movement under the belief that it is a movement towards the Church. This we suppose is the explanation, to take a fairly recent example, of the printing by a Catholic paper of a full page advertisement of the wares of the "Society of SS. Peter and Paul." But, for our part, we are not at all sure that the movement is towards the Church, though it may of course be the cause of individual conversions. Apart from this, its result will be to confuse the issue, to make heresy wholly comfortable and wholly satisfying to its holders and so to perpetuate Anglicanism.

For this reason then we were glad to read the candid testimonies to "discontinuity" adduced by Dom Benedict. For the same reason we would hold, so long as we are allowed, to the antithesis of "Catholic" and "Protestant" sanctioned by the same candid centuries. But it appears we shall not long be allowed to describe ourselves so. The new history demands the label "Roman Catholic." There are not wanting Catholics who think it a part of their loyalty to the Holy See to accept and glory in the title. Well, let it be so; but we may be permitted to express the opinion that in this they are, all unconsciously, adding their quota to the deceptive pages of "Continuity" history.

P.J.M.

Who Goes There? By the Author of *Aunt Sarah and the War*. Burns & Oates. Price 1s.

The author of this little book might be described in a phrase of Turgenyev's, as "an idealist of realism." The spirit of England is his theme; he sees her soul laid bare by the lance of war; and from the realities of death, wounds, and deformity (physical, moral, and political) he distils the pure essence of aspiration and sacrifice. Over all the loss and wastage there is a gleam of spiritual destiny which his characters understand, and which for them is a beacon of hope in a new England. It is a cheering little book, intimate in expression and broad in outlook, and it contains many pleasing character-studies. Sometimes indeed the phrasing is too involved for the plain meaning which underlies it, and there is discernible in Captain Tudor's papers an odd

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femininity of expression that seems out of character. But we forget such defects in the company of Captain Tudor, Pauline Vandeleur, and Brendan O'Neal.
J.B.M.C.

The Catholic Who's Who and Year Book, 1926. Edited by Sir F. C. BURNARD, Burns & Oates. Price 3s. 6d. net.

This year the *Catholic Who's Who*, in addition to its usual information, gives us the Roll of Honour of Catholic officers, up to December last. It also contains many new names. The *Catholic Who's Who* is so well known to our readers that it needs no recommendation from us. All Catholics will find it a most valuable possession.

Mary's Meadow Papers. By Mrs ARMEL O'CONNOR, Alston Rivers.

Mrs ARMEL O'CONNOR's latest book presents a curious paradox. The ideals held up to us are those of the Primitive Christians; and all who approach social and educational problems from the true religious point of view will find much inspiration in these papers. The style and treatment, on the other hand, belong to this twentieth century; and all who seek in literature the fanciful and bizarre, should derive great pleasure therefrom. Many will feel that lyricism has here surpassed its lawful limits, but all must admire the obvious sincerity and otherworldliness of the writer.
R.S.M.

The Life of Saint Monica. By F. A. FORBES. (*Lives of the Saints for Young and Old.*) R. & T. Washbourne. 1s. net; leather 2s. 6d. net.

A really delightful little book. The story is told with a charming simplicity and a wealth of picturesque detail; but above all is it to be praised for the delicate way in which the sweet domestic virtues of St Monica are exposed for our admiration and imitation.
G.S.

What Shall I Be? By the Rev. FRANCIS CASSILLY, S.J. Washbourne. 3d.

The Roman Church, said some unfriendly critic, may have her head in the clouds, she may teach lofty spiritual doctrine, but certainly her feet are well planted on the earth. We were forcibly reminded of the reasonableness and sanity of the Church by Fr Cassilly's able pamphlet, which he modestly describes as a "chat about vocations." The fact is that the Church, when it comes to important questions, has a positively Greek distrust of emotion and feeling. Non-Catholic writers on mysticism refuse to think it possible that a St Francis or a St Teresa was directed and controlled by Catholic dogma. To them dogma and mysticism are incompatible. Yet the Church will have nothing to do

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with mysticism which is not submissive to theological truth. And the same insistence on reasoned structure marks her every decision in doctrine or practice.

There was, however, until the other day, a region which seemed to have escaped the attention of this obstinate rationality. It was very generally believed that for a vocation to the religious or priestly life something of the nature of a special divine attraction or inspiration was necessarily required, a certain mystical experience not to be challenged by reason or supplanted by rational judgment. And now we have Fr Cassilly, firmly though with all gentleness and reverence, banishing this theory from his republic. Vocation is no longer to remain outside the scope of reason; it must leave the region of mystery and submit in some degree to law.

What then is vocation? The answer may best be given in the words of a recent Papal decree, quoted in the pamphlet. According to this decree vocation to the priesthood "by no means consists, at least necessarily and according to the ordinary law, in a certain interior inclination of the person, or promptings of the Holy Spirit, to enter the priesthood. But, on the contrary, nothing more is required of the person to be ordained, in order that he may be called by the bishop, than that he have a right intention, and such fitness of nature and grace, as evidenced in integrity of life and sufficiency of learning, which will give a well-founded hope of his rightly discharging the office and obligations of the priesthood." That is plain enough and we have given it in full as it is a prominent theme of Fr Cassilly's essay and naturally colours the whole. For the rest we read the several chapters with great interest and are sure that the pamphlet will be of very great service to priests who have to advise on vocation and to the young who are about to make the great choice. It deals only with vocation to the ecclesiastical state, though the title might have led us to expect a wider reference; but in that most important region which he seeks to cover Fr Cassilly has done his work well. The teaching given is supported by reference to the Scripture, to the Fathers and to the great theologians. We cordially recommend it as an able and persuasive tract.
P.J.M.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Downside Review*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Raven*, the *Giggleswick Chronicle*, the *Peterite*, the *Cottonian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Bidmont Review*, *The Magazine*, St Augustine's College, Ramsgate, the *Ushaw Magazine*, *The Georgian*, the *Baeda*, the *Edmundian*.

PART II
THE SCHOOL



Ampleforth Preparatory School.

SCHOOL NOTES

The School officials this term have been :

Head Monitor J. M. H. Gerrard.
 Monitors F. L. Le Févre, C. Rochford, A. B. Gibbons,
 C. F. Macpherson, C. Knowles, Viscount
 Encombe.

Captains of the Games C. F. Macpherson.
 Librarians of the Upper Library A. L. Milburn, C. J. Ffield.
 Librarians of the Upper Middle Library C. H. Robinson,
 P. Blackledge.

Librarians of the Lower Middle Library L. D. Chamberlain,
 B. M. Wright.

Librarians of the Lower Library W. J. Roach, H. Douglas.
 Journal Committee J. M. H. Gerrard, J. G. Simpson.
 Games Committee J. M. H. Gerrard, C. F. Macpherson,
 C. Knowles.

Captains of the Football Sets—

- 1st Set—J. M. H. Gerrard, H. A. Martin.
- 2nd Set—L. B. Lancaster, G. Newsham.
- 3rd Set—T. B. Fishwick, E. D. Baines.
- 4th Set—E. H. George, W. R. Emery.
- 5th Set—W. J. Roach, C. E. G. Cary-Elwes.
- 6th Set—A. Ainscough, R. Lancaster.

Captains of the Hockey Sets—

- 1st—J. M. H. Gerrard, C. F. Macpherson.
- 2nd—L. B. Lancaster, C. P. St L. Liston.
- 3rd—T. B. Fishwick, E. D. Baines.
- 4th—H. Barion, P. d'I. Field.
- 5th—W. J. Roach, C. E. G. Cary-Elwes.
- 6th—A. Ainscough, J. J. L. Haldy.

* * *

The following left the School at Christmas :

W. T. Smith, D. T. Long, A. H. Dillon, J. Dalby, R. G. Agnew,
 W. J. Mawson, H. A. Wallace.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS TO D. T. Long, who passed ninth into
 Quetta. He obtained 8705 marks for Woolwich and 7355

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for Quetta, and elected to take the latter. Congratulations also to R. J. Lynch, who has passed into Woolwich this term. He obtained 8446 marks, and was 87th out of one hundred and thirty-three successful candidates.



THE following boys joined the School at the beginning of term :

J. Foley, S. A. Mannion, P. E. Hodge, N. J. Caffrey.



DOM AMBROSE BYRNE, our late prefect, has gone as Chaplain to the front. He carries with him the good wishes of all. He has been a master here since 1902, and during that period has ever manifested the greatest interest in the life of the School. In the class room he was a true *Heiliger* stimulating because full of interest and of life, and not lacking a certain driving power, which was not less real because it was mingled with a sense of humour and a certain originality of expression. Many Ampleforth boys will owe to him their interest and appreciation of English literature which he taught with peculiar success. During the years of his prefectship he has worked hard for the athletics of the School, more especially for the development of "Rugger" talent, and has reorganised the athletic sports, giving them an interest which formerly they lacked. He has also lavished peculiar care upon the cricket grounds. The School Libraries were rearranged under him, and to the Upper Library he gave a certain stateliness and beauty, which makes it more than ever one of the features of the college. Under his prefectship, too, the monitorial system was introduced and elaborated. In short we have lost a most capable master, who possessed a fund of energy and ideas, coupled with a manifest zest for hard work.



THE Rugby season of 1915-16 was brought to a fitting close by a decisive win against Giggleswick, who have been our most redoubtable and indeed hitherto invincible opponents. We had beaten them even more decisively three weeks previously on their own ground, but in climatic conditions which

School Notes

deterred one from taking the result too seriously. It has been a record season, both in the number of points scored and the overwhelming nature of three of the victories. "Centuries" in the Rugby game are "rarea aves" at any time, but three successive "centuries" in one season surely constitute some sort of record in the history of school Rugby. The XV that achieved so many successes was undoubtedly the best balanced team Ampleforth has ever placed on the field. We have always possessed good forwards, the legacy of Mr Wright's coaching, and this season was no exception in this respect. The pack played well together, and it is hard to mention any individual excellence. They missed the inspiring leadership of Collison, who is playing the nobler game in Flanders, but Martin, though lacking some of the qualities of the ideal leader, set a splendid example of vigour and dash. The play of the back division was really the deciding factor in the school matches. Their speed and strength, their timing of passes and resourcefulness, made them a force to be reckoned with, and several of our opponents, as the scores indicate, were quite unable to withstand their onslaughts. Macpherson and Cravos were perhaps the better wing, each having a complete understanding with the other, but Knowles and Liston were hardly less effective. Massey and Gerrard made an ideal pair of halves, and Emery at full back proved steady and safe on the few occasions when he was called to take a hand in the game.

The following received their Rugby colours:

E. J. Massey, R. P. Liston, Viscount Encombe, S. Rochford, T. A. McGhee, J. Morrough-Bernard, and R. G. Emery.



ATHLETICALLY the Spring term is like an ancient tragedy; for Rugby's collisions, changes of position, reversals of fortune, and other similar stimulants of Hellenic pity and fear, are followed, as though it were a final choral ode, by the meditative calm of hockey. When, as happened this year, the Spring hockey season lasts for six weeks, concessions must be made to the modern dialike of quiet endings. The concession last term was in the familiar form of a hockey league, in which each part of the School had a Division containing four teams.

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The naming of the teams was difficult. Usually national names afford an ample supply, but so many nations are out of favour at present that other sources had to be found. The first Division went to ancient Greece, and rightly rated euphony higher than consistency in their choice. The second Division, aided by a recent study of Addison, found titles in the annals of criminal associations. The Lower School, with hard realism, clung to the present and made their captains eponymous. The league was a great success. Keeness reached the limit of expression, the standard of play rose visibly as the contests proceeded, and it must be a cause of pride to those who arranged the teams that draws were almost usual, and in two of the Divisions the victors won their position only in the last game. C. F. Macpherson, J. R. Crawford, and C. S. D. George were the captains of the successful teams.



The sports began well. The School followed up its decision to do without prizes and devote the entrance fees to the Red Cross, by compiling an unusually large list of entries. Indeed it is believed that a new record was established. The quality, too, of the competitors was such that further records were expected. The weather was fine, and the upper part of the new cricket ground provided a quarter-mile track of smooth surface and gentle curves. But a cloud appeared on the horizon, many more followed it, and the track became wet and then wetter. It was just possible to run off the heats and to decide one or two of the finals, but on Easter Monday it was evident that no satisfactory results could be obtained in the remaining serious events. However as the afternoon was fine and movement on the track was possible, though slow and precarious, the miscellaneous events were used as a pleasant pastime. The smaller boys raced in sacks and on three legs, and the five Divisions in which the higher sets were arranged settled their rivalry by such corporate contests as the steeplechase, relay race, team race, and tug of war. As the sports will be finished at a later date, if time can be found for them in the well-filled Summer term, comment on worthy performances already achieved may be withheld for the present.

School Notes

The orders respecting lighting have resulted in the hanging of many dark blinds and curtains throughout the College, varied in places by large strips of parti-coloured paper. The latter prophylactic is gradually being replaced by a more durable and elegant material, which is difficult to obtain owing to the extraordinary demand made upon the manufacturers of such wares. Our ancestors, if their present manner of existence is consistent with such acts, must be smiling at our enforced return to the Conqueror's curfew and all its inconveniences. For our part we are sure that they had not to endure the persistent tinkling of an annoying little bell, but that they had some device which did its work quickly, not to say sonorously. Along every corridor and outside every room it is our unhappy lot to hear such a petty and vexatious tintinnabulation that on one evening its perpetration was summarily arrested by *force majeure*. As for Zeppelins we have neither seen nor heard one throughout the term. They will surely have to miss their way very badly to find themselves near us. The shelling of a Zeppelin "somewhere on the East Coast" by our anti-aircraft guns—though quite forty miles away—was clearly seen on a particularly fine and clear night. We owed this one and only glimpse of the war to the height at which the college stands.



We have had a clean bill of health this term. The infirmary has not been in use on one occasion. Even our old familiar friend the "flu" failed us, and we all had to be satisfied to "jog" on without the few days of extra comfort which the hospitable walls of the infirmary sometimes afford us in this term. This was not the fault of the weather which, though very mild for three weeks after our return, was execrable during the next five or six weeks. Its saving grace was the fact that the snow was at one time sufficiently deep to give us some excellent sleighing, or as we erroneously call it, "sledding," which was thoroughly appreciated. A new course from the Bathing wood hill was used by some. It afforded splendid sport, although its gradient was such that the sleigh and its team were apt to part company rather earlier on the journey than they anticipated. The great storm which swept over England strangely missed

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us, and the only sign we had of anything unwanted was a high wind and a hailstorm of quite short duration, followed by beautiful sunshine.



THE Preparatory School is now almost completed and a few weeks ought to see the workmen finished. One short delay was caused in January by a strike among certain of the men which proved abortive. Had it not been for the war it would undoubtedly have been finished before this Easter. Two pictures of the exterior appear in this number and we hope to give some views of the interior in our next issue, but at present our artist finds it difficult to work in the inaeesthetic environment of plasterers' scaffolding, and amidst the din of many hammers. Then, too, there is the presence of his fellow artist, the painter! We are asked to announce that the Preparatory School will open in September next.



ON St Benedict's Day the School spread themselves over the countryside. Some went as far as York, others to Easingwold, and many hunted in Duncombe Park, by the kind permission of Lord Feversham.



THE retreat this term was given by Dom Benedict McLaughlin. To whom we offer our sincere thanks. It was attended by the following old boys—many of whom were on military leave—G. Hines, F. Hines, E. Forster, L. H. Rochford, O. Barton, J. Barton, W. Goodall, W. V. Clapham, G. A. Vetch, A. F. M. Wright. On Easter Sunday we had a surprise and welcome visit from Mr G. McLaughlin who was for many years a master here.



AS the result of some correspondence between the Association of Public School Science Masters and the War Office in December, a scheme was drafted by the Director of Military Training suggesting subjects on which it was desirable that instruction should be given to those who hope to get commissions

School Notes

in the army. The subjects are grouped under four headings: Explosives, Telephones, Poison Gases, Range-finding. With the concurrence of the Head Master and the Commanding Officer of the O.T.C. these lectures began this term. A lecture has been given each week, in school hours, by the Science Master to all members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms. Work has also been undertaken in extra time, and many are now fairly proficient in the use of the Morse code for telephoning. Next term it is hoped that sufficient time will be provided to complete the course of lectures. The rest of the School became cognisant of the explosive nature of some of these lectures by loud reports, which proved distinctly diverting even to those at a distance. In connection with this subject we must record a most interesting visit paid by many members of the School to a munition factory "somewhere in the north."



WE have to thank Mrs Cullinan for a very fine wild goat's head, excellently mounted, with which she presented us.



WE hear that the Norman Potter collection for this term was £6 6s. 2d., and since September £12 8s. 10½d. This is quite up to the average. We are glad to record that at a meeting of the School held at the commencement of Sports Practice, the Head Monitor proposed that the entrance fees for the sports should be given to the Public Schools Hospital, Dorchester House. The proposal was accepted unanimously. The sum realised thereby was £13 10s.



A SLY old vixen is rearing a numerous progeny of cubs in our quarry on the hill. Several chickens have lately disappeared in the vicinity, and one of the hounds—Bluebell by name—which has enjoyed a certain measure of freedom of late has been accused of the crime. In view of the undoubted integrity and respectability of Bluebell, the Master of the Hounds, who is nearly the match of the old fox in cunning, is engaged in a dispute as to the criminal. We are afraid, however, that unless

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he can produce better arguments the funds of the Hunt Club will be materially diminished.



THE repertory of the Choir has greatly increased of late. We wish to congratulate them more especially upon their production of Antonio Lotti's *Missa Brevis*, and above all their rendering of Palestrina's Mass, *Aeterna Christi Munera*. During Holy Week the music was largely traditional. But we were particularly delighted by the Tenebrae Responsories "Ecce Vidimus" and "Sicut Ovis," which were sung in the impressive setting of Palestrina. The beautiful versicles of these responsories for three voices were very sweetly rendered, and we hope that the choir-master will find time and opportunity to treat us to some more of this most impressive sixteenth century music. The Choir have certainly attained a softness of tone and a variety of expression which speaks volumes for their training. On the whole we think they sing better unaccompanied by the organ. The position of the organ is such that it forms a "barrage" of sound between the choir and the nave. Altogether, considering the fact that only two of last year's trebles were available, the Choir are to be sincerely congratulated on their achievements.



At the beginning of term we regretted very much to find that Dom Alexis Chamberlain had left the staff. He is now working in Warrington, where we are sure he must gain the confidence and respect of all with whom he is associated. While here he taught English and history, was a frequent visitor and an interesting speaker at our debates, and a vigorous athlete. We wish him every good wish.



The following boys are heads of their forms:

Higher Sixth, R. J. Lynch.	Higher Third, R. T. Brown.
Sixth, C. Rochford.	Lower Third, G. P. Cronk.
Fifth, T. V. Welsh.	Second, A. M. de Zulmeta.
Fourth, L. Bévenot.	First, R. Lancaster.

School Notes

THE School staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (Head Master)

Dom Maurus Powell	Dom Herbert Byrne, M.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 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 Stephen Marwood, B.A.
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Cyril Maddox
Dom Adrian Mawson	Dom Raphael Williams
	Dom Gregory Swann, B.A.

J. Eddy, Esq. (*Music*)

J. Knowles, Esq. (*Drawing*)

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

Nurse Costello (*Matron*)

Miss Till (*Assistant Matron*)

AMPLEFORTH AND THE WAR

Roll of Honour

KILLED

- AINSCOUGH, C., *Lieutenant*, Manchester Regiment.
BARNETT, REGINALD, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.
CLAPHAM, A. C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, East Yorkshire Regiment.
HALL, G. F. M., *Lieutenant*, Royal Berkshire Regiment.
HEFFERNAN, WILLIAM PATRICK, 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Irish Regiment.
HINES, A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Durham Light Infantry.
HINES, CHARLES W., *Major*, Durham Light Infantry.
NEVILL, JOHN HENRY GAYTHORNE, 2nd *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.
OBERHOFFER, G., Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools).
SHARP, W. S., Northern Signal Company, Royal Engineers.
TEELING, AMBROSE M. A. T. DE L., *Lieutenant*, Norfolk Regiment.
WILLIAMS, L., *Lieutenant*, South Wales Borderers.
WILLIAMS, O. M., *Major*, Monmouthshire Regiment.

DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

- WOOD, B. L., South African Rifles.

WOUNDED

- ADAMSON, R., *Captain*, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
ALLANSON, H. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.
BOOCOCK, W. N., *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
CARTER, H. G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.
COURTNEY, F., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Flying Corps.
CRAWLEY, C. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.
CREAN, G. J., *Lieutenant*, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

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- DAWES, W. S., Rev., *Chaplain to the Forces*.
DENT-YOUNG, W., Australian Contingent.
DOBSON, J. L., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.
FORSYTH, J., Scots Guards.
GREAVES, T. E., Hussars.
HONAN, M. B., *Captain*, South Lancashire Regiment.
JOHNSTONE, J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Australian Contingent.
KEOGH, E., Motor Transport.
LINDSAY, G. W., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.G.A.
MACKAY, C., *Captain*, Leinster Regiment.
McCABE, H. R., *Lieutenant*, Black Watch.
McKENNA, J. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
MILLERS, P., Australian Contingent.
ROCHFORD, C. E., *Captain*, London Regiment.
SMITH, J. K., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
STOURTON, E. P. J., *Major* The Honble, K.O.Y.L.I.
TEELING, L. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G., *Captain*, Royal Engineers.
WALSH, M. P., *Captain*, A.V.C.
WEIGHILL, E. H., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Yorkshire Regiment.

PRISONER OF WAR

- TEELING, T. F. P. B. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, K.O.S.B.



The following boys are known to be serving in His Majesty's forces. The Journal Committee will be very grateful to correspondents who can send any corrections or additions. All the information received by them up to date will be found in the following list.

- ADAMSON, C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
ADAMSON, R. (*wounded*), *Captain*, 10th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

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- AINSCOUGH, C. (*killed*), *Lieutenant* (gazetted *Captain* after he was killed), 5th Battalion Manchester Regiment.
- ALLANSON, F., H.A.C.
- ALLANSON, H. P. (*wounded*), 2nd *Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.
- ANDERTON, C., R.A.M.C.
- AUSTIN, SIR W. M. B., *Bt.*, 2nd *Lieutenant*, Yorkshire Dragoons (Yeomanry).
- BARNETT, G. S., *Surgeon Probationer*, H.M.S. "Seal"
- BARNETT, REV. H. A., *Chaplain*, 2nd Cheshire Regiment, 84th Brigade, 28th Division.
- BARNETT, R. (*killed*), 1st (Royal) Dragoons.
- BARNETT, W. R. S., Sharpshooters (City of London Yeomanry).
- BARNWALL, THE HONBLE. R. N. F. M., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment.
- BARTON, J., Inns of Court O.T.C.
- BARTON, O., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Alexandra Princess of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
- BEECH, G., Manchester Regiment.
- BEGG, J., *Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.
- BLACKLEDGE, E., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 1st Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- BLACKLEDGE, R. H., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 13th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- BODENHAM, J. (Queen's Westminster Rifles), 16th Battalion London Regiment.
- BLACKMORE, A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, A.S.C.
- BOOCCOCK, B., Canadian Expeditionary Force.
- BOOCCOCK, W. N. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- BRADLEY, B. R. D., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.
- BRADLEY, W., Inns of Court O.T.C.
- BUCKLEY, J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 9th Battalion Rifle Brigade.
- BUCKNALL, E. D., *Captain*, Canadian Contingent.
- BUCKNALL, J. A., Canadian Contingent.
- BULLOCK-WEBSTER, L., *Lieutenant*, Prince Rupert Horse.
- BURGE, B. E. J., *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).
- BYRNE, A. J., *Lieutenant*, 1st Lovat's Scouts.
- BYRNE, REV. W. A., *Chaplain to the Forces*, 8th East Lancashire Regiment, 112th Brigade.
- CADIC, B. F., *Lieutenant*, R.G.A.
- CADIC, L., *Captain*, Royal Engineers.

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- CALDER-SMITH, R. A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).
- CALDWELL, J. B., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.G.A.
- CARTER, H. G. (*wounded*), 2nd *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.
- CAWKELL, E., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 7th Battalion Rifle Brigade.
- CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., *Captain*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- CHAMBERLAIN, N. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.P.A.
- CHAMBERLAIN, W. G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- CHENEY, H. J., *Captain*, 5th Battalion The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).
- CLANCY, F.
- CLANCY, J., 2nd *Lieutenant*.
- CLAPHAM, A. C. (*killed*), 2nd *Lieutenant*, 4th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.
- CLAPHAM, W. V., Inns of Court O.T.C.
- CLARKE, C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- CLOHAN, G., *Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.
- CLOHAN, M., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.G.A.
- COLLINGWOOD, B., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Army Ordnance Corps.
- COLLISON, B. R., *Captain*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment), Staff Officer.
- COLLISON, C. B. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- COLLISON, O., 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- CONNOR, E. A., *Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.
- COOKE, W. C., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
- COONAN, P., Lancashire and Cheshire R.G.A.
- CORRY, E. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 13th Battalion Prince of Wales Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).
- COURTNEY, F., 2nd *Lieutenant* (*Croix de Guerre*), Royal Flying Corps.
- CRAVOS, C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 21st Battalion Welsh Regiment.
- CRAWLEY, C. P. (*wounded*), 2nd *Lieutenant*, and Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment.
- CREAN, E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
- CREAN, G. J. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (attached to 4th Battalion).
- CREAN, H. C.
- CROSKELL, A. C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment.
- DAWES, E. P., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.
- DAWES, REV. W. S., (*wounded*), *Chaplain to the Forces* at Havre.
- DANIEL, P., R.A.M.C.

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DEES, A., Royal Naval Air Service.
 DEES, H., Western Australian Light Horse.
 DEES, W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal West Surrey Regiment.
 DEES, W.
 DE NORMANVILLE, REV. C. W., *Chaplain to the Forces*, 39th Field Ambulance, 13th Division.
 DOBSON, J. I., (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.
 DOBSON, W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Flying Corps.
 DOHERTY, F., Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
 DUNBAR, T. O'C., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.
 DWYER, G., *Captain*, Royal Canadian Regiment.
 EMERSON, G., 2nd Lieutenant, Newfoundland Contingent.
 EMERY, H. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.
 FARMER, C., Army Ordnance Corps.
 FARRELL, G. E. J., *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment.
 FARRELL, G. W., Canadian Contingent.
 FEENY, F. J. E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 FINCH, R., *Captain*, A.V.C.
 FISHWICK, L., 10th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 FOOTE, W. ST. G., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 FORSHAW, J., 2nd Lieutenant, 8th (Irish) The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 FORSTER, W., R.A.M.C.
 FORSYTH, J. (wounded), 2nd Battalion Scots Guards.
 GATELEY, A. J., *Captain*, 16th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 GAYNOR, G., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 GOSS, F. H., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 GREAVES, T. E. (wounded), Hussars.
 HALL, G. F. M., (killed), *Lieutenant*, 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment.
 HANSON, V. J. R., *Lieutenant*, King's African Rifles.
 HARDMAN, B. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 7th Cavalry Reserve (attached to 21st Lancers).
 HARDMAN, E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 HARRISON, R., 2nd Lieutenant, 11th Battalion East Yorkshire Regiment.
 HAWKSWELL, W., 6th Battalion Prince of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
 HAYES, G. A. M., Army Service Corps.
 HAYNES, R., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.

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HEFFERNAN, W. P. (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment.
 HESLOP, J., 5th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
 HEYES, F. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.
 HEYES, T. F., Royal Engineers.
 HICKEY, H., 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 HINES, ARTHUR, *Captain*, R.A.M.C.
 HINES, AUSTIN (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
 HINES, C. W., (killed), *Major*, 7th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.
 HONAN, M. B. (wounded and mentioned in dispatches), *Captain*, 10th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.
 HOPE, L., 24th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.
 HUDDLESTON, R. M. C., *Captain*, R.F.A.
 HUNTINGTON, R. H., *Major*, D.S.O., 8th Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry.
 HUNTINGTON, T., 2nd Lieutenant, 10th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.
 JACKSON, J., Royal Engineers.
 JOHNSTONE, B., *Major* (mentioned in dispatches), 1st Battalion Queen's Own (West Kent Regiment), Staff Officer 48th Division.
 JOHNSTONE, J., (wounded and mentioned in dispatches) 2nd Lieutenant, Australian Contingent.
 KELLY, A. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps.
 KELLY, J. O., Edinburgh University O.T.C.
 KEOGH, E., (wounded), Motor Transport.
 KEVILL, J. B., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 KILLEA, P. J., Lanarkshire Yeomanry.
 KNOWLES, V., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 LACY, L., 30th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.
 LANCASTER, C. B. J., *Captain*, 8th Battalion Highland Light Infantry (attached to 7th Battalion Royal Scots).
 LANCASTER, S. M., 2nd Lieutenant, 8th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
 LEE, J. E., Highland Light Infantry.
 LINDSAY, G. W. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
 LISTON, W. P., St. L., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment.
 LONG, F. W., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
 LONG, W. C., *Major*, I.R.A.M.C.
 LOVELL, H., British Red Cross Motor Ambulance.
 LOVELL, S. C. A., Ceylon Mounted Rifles.
 LOWTHER, C., 5th Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.
 McCABE, F. L., 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Battalion Black Watch.
 McCABE, H. R. (wounded), *Captain*, 5th Battalion Black Watch.

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McCORMACK, G., 15th Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment.
 MACDERMOTT, G., *Lieutenant*, 4th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
 McDONALD, A. J., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 McDONALD, D. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 1st Lovat's Scouts.
 McEVOY, P., King Edward's Horse.
 MACKAY, C. (*wounded*), *Captain*, 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment
 (attached No. 12 Squadron R.F.C.)
 MACKAY, G., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 MACKAY, L., *Lieutenant-Colonel*, R.A.M.C.
 MCKENNA, J. J. (*wounded*), 2nd *Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion Royal
 Warwickshire Regiment.
 McKILLOP, J., Highland Light Infantry.
 MACPHERSON, J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion Gordon Highlanders.
 MANLEY, M.
 MARTIN, C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, E. J., *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire
 Regiment.
 MARTIN, H. A., *Lieutenant and Adjutant*, 13th Battalion Highland
 Light Infantry.
 MARTIN, M., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 16th Battalion Royal Warwickshire
 Regiment.
 MARTIN, O., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, W., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 MARTIN, W. A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion Royal Warwickshire
 Regiment.
 MARWOOD, B., *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 MARWOOD, C., *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 MARWOOD, G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 MILLS, L.
 MILLERS, P. (*wounded*), Australian Contingent.
 MORICE, G. F., Royal Engineers.
 MORICE, R., Welsh Guards.
 MORROGH-BEINARD, F. A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal
 Munster Fusiliers.
 MURPHY, P. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Hampshire Regiment.
 NAREY, P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Prince of Wales Own (West Yorkshire
 Regiment).
 NAREY, V. G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 11th Battalion Duke of Wellington's
 Regiment.
 NEAL, A., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 NEVILL, J. H. G. (*killed*), 2nd *Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion Grenadier
 Guards.
 NEVILLE, M. M., *Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Worcestershire Regiment.

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ÜBERHOFFER, G., (*killed*), 16th Battalion (Public Schools) Royal
 Fusiliers.
 O'CONNOR, W., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Lancashire Fusiliers.
 O'DOWD, H., *Fleet Paymaster*, H.M.S. "Devonshire."
 OWEN, H. A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 PARLE, J., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 PIKE, J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 7th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
 PIKE, S., 1st Assam Light Horse.
 POLDING, H. B., King Edward's Horse.
 POLDING, J. B., *Captain*, 4th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment.
 POWER, A., Motor Transport.
 POWER, D., *Surgeon Probationer*, H.M.S. "St. George."
 POWER, R. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 46th Punjabis Regiment.
 PRESTON, E.
 PRIMAVESI, C., 11th Battalion South Wales Borderers.
 QUINN, J., R.A.M.C.
 RANKIN, A., Army Service Corps.
 READMAN, W., East Yorkshire Regiment.
 REARDON, J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
 RIGBY, L., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 14th Battalion Manchester Regiment.
 RILEY, J., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
 ROBERTSON, E. A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 4th Battalion The Queen's Own
 Cameron Highlanders.
 ROBERTSON, J., *Surgeon Probationer*, R.N.
 ROCHFORD, C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion London Regiment.
 ROCHFORD, C. E. (*wounded*), *Captain*, 3rd Battalion The London
 Regiment.
 ROCHFORD, E., Army Service Corps.
 ROCHFORD, H., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.
 ROCHFORD, L., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 ROCHFORD, R., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.
 ROCHFORD, W., Inns of Court O.T.C.
 RUDDIN, L. G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion The Cheshire Regiment.
 SHARP, W. S. (*killed*), Northern Signal Company Royal Engineers.
 SIMPSON, C. R., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 11th Hussars.
 SINNOTT, R., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Yorkshire Regiment.
 SMITH, B.
 SMITH, J. K. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.
 SMITH, P., South African Forces.
 SMITH, W. T., No. 5 *Officer Cadet Battalion* (Trinity College, Cam-
 bridge).
 STOURTON, Honble. E. P. J., (*wounded*), *Major*, K.O.Y.L.I. (Brigade
 Major 112th Brigade).

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- SWALE, W. H., 2nd Lieutenant, A.S.C.
SWARBRECK, C., South African Forces.
TEELING, A. M. A. T. DE L. (killed), Lieutenant, Norfolk Regiment.
TEELING, L. J. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.
TEELING, T. F. P. B. J. (Prisoner) 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Battalion K.O.S.B.
TEMPLE, J. A. C., 2nd Lieutenant, Sussex Yeodary.
TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G. (wounded), Captain, Royal Engineers.
VITCH, G., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.
WALKER, D., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
WALKER, V., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
WALSH, M. P. (wounded), Captain, A.V.C.
WEIGHILL, E. H., (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Alexandra Princess of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).
WEISSENBERG, H., 6th Battalion Liverpool Regiment.
WESTHEAD, J., 2nd Lieutenant, 5th Battalion King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment).
WHITAM, F. C., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Lancashire Fusiliers.
WILLIAMS, L. (killed), Lieutenant, 1st Battalion South Wales Borderers.
WILLIAMS, O. M. (killed), Major, 1st Battalion Monmouthshire Regiment.
WOOD, E. (died of blackwater fever), British South African Police.
WOOD, W., 30th Reserve Canadian Contingent.
WORSLEY-WORSWICK, R., Dispatch Rider.
WRIGHT, A. F. M., Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.
WRIGHT, H. D. M., Lieutenant, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.
WRIGHT, M. F. M., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.
YORKE, F. St. G., 2nd Lieutenant, (Military Cross), 18th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.
YOUNG, A. DENT, Somersetshire Light Infantry.
YOUNG, W. DENT (wounded), Australian Contingent.
Wellington (Madras).
LEESE, C. F. W.
LONG, D. T.
Osborne.
BIGOOD, J. W.

Note.—PIERRE VUYLSTEKE is serving in the Belgian Army, and JOHN D. TELFENER in the Italian Army.



2nd LIEUTENANT A. C. CLAPHAM, East Yorkshire Regiment.

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2ND LIEUTENANT ALAN C. CLAPHAM.

Alan Clapham was with us many years. He came at Easter, 1903, at the age of eight, and left in July, 1911. The first four terms he spent in the First Form, and after the first term was always among the first two or three in the form if not actually the top. After the first year he went up a form every Midsummer, till in 1911 he was head of the School. It is not perhaps surprising, that one who was so young for the position he occupied in the School, should at first have been accorded by his fellows scarcely that position of prominence which was his due; for at an age, when games appear to be the work of life, ability and strength of character to turn it to the best advantage are considered in the light rather of a hindrance to athletics,—no doubt because those who are thus gifted are thrown into contact with older boys of greater physical development. However he gradually showed that he could more than hold his own with the best of his form in the matter of all games, though he was perhaps the youngest. In the sports of 1909 he proved himself the best “stayer” in the School, winning the mile, and again in 1910 the mile and half-mile. He played in the first football and cricket elevens during the School year ending 1910, and was twice elected captain of the School in the following year, and had the best batting average—no less than 37.5.

As a boy there was not in him that too rapid development, which at times disappoints great expectations, but he was marked by a steady and gradual acquirement of strength of character and body, which gives the greatest promise for the future, and which continued up till the time of his death. All who knew him came very quickly to realise that he was one in whom to place confidence, and that he could never be anything but thoroughly reliable, upright and honourable. He attacked with energy and vigour whatever he decided to master, whether in games or studies, and as he got towards the top of the School, he gave himself

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over to the study of Mathematics with the greatest zeal, having deliberately decided that this was what he would most need in after life, when he became articled to a firm of chartered accountants. It came naturally to one to learn that he never gave up his intellectual pursuits, and when he left school took a great interest in the study of Catholic philosophy, and was familiar with all the Stonyhurst Manuals. Nor was it surprising to us to hear that he had decided to become a priest, and only gave up the idea for a time at the outbreak of war, in order to join the army. He obtained his commission in the 4th East Yorkshire Regiment on February 15th, 1915, and went to the front on July 11th. He returned home on leave for a week in October. He was killed in action at Ypres on January 3rd. His company had been in the trenches eight days, and were leaving for billets, when the Germans started shelling heavily from three sides. He saw some of his men unnecessarily exposing themselves to danger, and "he rushed out," writes his captain, "without a moment's hesitation, got them into safety and was himself struck by a piece of shell and instantaneously killed. I never hope or expect," the letter goes on, "to meet a man more devoted to duty or more thorough in all his undertakings. He has been in many a severe corner with me, and could always be counted on." His Colonel writes of him that "by constant and painstaking devotion to duty he won the respect of all ranks and was liked by everybody"; while the Chaplain, Fr Wolverstan, S.J., writes: "He was a great comfort to me from his constant attention to his own religion and that of his men."

GEORGE OBERHOFFER, 18th Battalion (Public Schools) Royal Fusiliers.

George Oberhoffer was mortally wounded early in the morning of February 18th while on duty in the trenches near Bethune. The following account was received by Mr R. W. Oberhoffer from one of his son's comrades :



Photo by Johnston & Co., York.

GEORGE OBERHOFFER, 18th Battalion (Public Schools) Royal Fusiliers.

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"I was present when your splendid son fell, and except for the other sentry there was no one else near. On February 17th we had a long fatiguing march to the trenches, from 3.30 to 8.30 p.m. We were in the firing line, and so had to mount guard over the parapet at night. George relieved one of our men at 1 a.m., he being one of the third relief. There were very few dug-outs, so I was dozing on the firestep, when I heard him hit, and with a moan he fell back into the trench. I jumped up and called along the line for the stretcher bearers, and went to poor George. He lay quite still with a bullet-hole in his head. He was quite unconscious from the first. I did what I could to stop the flow of blood, assisted by Mr Hutchinson, one of our officers. The stretcher bearers wore very quietly attending to him, and bound his head, and propped him up on the firestep. He suffered no pain. They got him down to the dressing station where his head was rebandaged, and he was taken by car to the hospital. He died about twenty-four hours afterwards, and is buried in the English cemetery at Bethune. He was firing at the flashes of the enemy's rifles when he was hit. An empty cartridge case was in the breech, and I surmise that he was just about to take it out, and to do so had turned to the right, but before he could eject the empty case the fatal bullet came."

George Oberhoffer was at Ampleforth from January, 1894, to the summer of 1902. He was a boy of unquenchable spirits. Probably he did many things badly, for except in one respect his ability was not above the average, but he never, so it seems in retrospect, did anything half-heartedly. A seemingly inexhaustible well of enthusiasm within him found an outlet in each subject of his studies and in every kind of activity during his free time. The most trivial enterprise called forth his whole energy, and if some *blasé* or phlegmatic child among his companions ridiculed his zest, it left him, after a quick look of disgust, unaffected. It is characteristic of him that he probably never merely walked or ran "down the fields"; he must also have some projectile to kick or hit or throw. With this vitality he combined a lack of assertiveness that perhaps amounted to a fault, and quite extraordinary unselfishness and

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desire to help others. Having a powerful and athletic frame and a good eye he could have taken a prominent part in games if he had given the usual time to them. As it was, he was a good fast bowler and played regularly for the School in 1902. He bowled as he did everything else. He seemed to put his whole heart into each delivery and to enjoy it intensely. On a hard wicket he used to bump in fearsome fashion, though quite benevolently, and how cheery and cordial were his consolations while the batsman tended the bruise!

But his study and his recreation were mainly devoted to that which his name suggests. His early attempts at composition showed that he was fitted to follow his father's profession. During his life here his talent developed under his father's care. When he left school he studied the piano under Karl Voss and Van der Sandt at the Cologne Conservatoire of Music, and Steinbach, the famous conductor, took him as his companion for five years. Refusing an offer of a six months course at the Leipsic Conservatoire under Max Regel, he held the post of Professor of Music at the Dusseldorf Conservatoire for two years. He then returned home, and soon afterwards became organist and choirmaster at Longford Cathedral, and Professor at the Leinster School of Music. In 1912 he went to Uppingham School as Music Master and remained there until he joined the Royal Fusiliers in January, 1915. Uppingham appreciated him, as the following extracts from the *Uppingham School Magazine* show:

"If ever there was a man of peace it was George Oberhoffer. A passionate lover of nature, enthusiastic over his work, he did the small things of this life as if they were of the greatest importance, infusing an atmosphere of cheery optimism wherever he went. His personality carried us away: we felt things were worth doing. . . . He was a thorough, all-round musician,—composer, organist, pianist, and loved teaching for its own sake. He was always a lover of the beautiful in any form. He knew for miles around Uppingham every little peep and vista

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of country which would probably have been passed by unnoticed by most of us. . . . It was with no surprise that we read of him as being 'the life and soul of his regiment.'"

After his return from Germany he visited us several times, and once with Mr R. W. Oberhoffer held the School enthralled by a pianoforte recital. The choir often sing a Benediction Service specially composed for them by him.

We offer our sincere sympathy to his father and mother, and pray for him that he may rest in peace.



SINCE our last issue 2nd Lieutenant F. Courtney has been decorated by the French with the Croix de Guerre, and 2nd Lieutenant F. St George Yorkie has been given the Military Cross. 2nd Lieutenant J. Johnstone has been mentioned in dispatches. Our heartiest congratulations to all.



HERE is an account of the adventure by which F. Courtney gained the Croix de Guerre.

"I was out bomb-dropping in very misty weather when a Fokker monoplane sneaked up behind and opened fire before we knew he was there. The first few shots hit my observer in the two hands and his face, making it impossible for him to use our gun. By a quick turn, however, I managed to get out of the Hun's line of fire, and he, apparently thinking his surprise attack had failed, shot by our tail and started off home as fast as his high speed would take him. When he had got about a mile away, the German anti-aircraft guns resumed business and a shell burst very close, sticking my head and back full of splinters. I turned for home (we were then about six or eight miles behind the German lines) hoping that I wouldn't lose consciousness before I got there, when the Fokker, seeing that we were quite helpless, came up behind again. We were still four miles from our front trenches when he stuck three bullets through my left leg and one in the carburetter and stopped the engine. Thinking that it was all up with us, I dived vertically for fifteen hundred feet, and

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when I flattened out I expected the wings to snap off. They didn't, however, and I just managed to glide over into our own lines, where I finished up against a telegraph post. One of our biplanes had in the meantime driven off the Fokker."

We are glad to say that Courtney's wounds are now healed. He has been lately stationed at Farnborough. He writes: "I should like to go to Ampleforth one day, but it is rather far for our limited spasms of leave. If, however, I am sent to a squadron anywhere near, I could get a chance to fly over." We hope that he will, and we promise him a very hearty reception on the cricket ground.

* * *

2ND LIEUTENANT F. ST GEORGE YORKE, who was in the School from 1892 to 1898, received the Military Cross "for conspicuous gallantry after an explosion which had destroyed a post. He led forward a small reinforcement under heavy fire, and assisted in reorganising the defence." So ran the official account. His own account is more modest and he speaks of a "forenoon's work" on March 14th, near Neuve Chapelle, "when immediately following the reverberation of the explosion the Huns shelled us very hotly for two hours, flinging every kind of hot iron at us. I said my prayers and expected the worst." The *Liverpool Post* thus describes the occasion:

The Germans exploded a mine under a salient in front of main line trenches. Lieutenant Yorke showed conspicuous bravery in working for four hours in digging out and rescuing the wounded. He repeatedly went backwards and forwards in the open (a distance of seventy yards) amidst a hail of bullets, and succeeded in saving many lives. The Germans were only eighty or ninety yards distant, and kept up a constant fire at him.

* * *

We take the following from the *Morning Post* in which an artillery officer describes the deed by which Captain Huntington gained the D.S.O.:

This morning, very early, a company of a West of England regiment was entrusted with the task of harassing the Hun. Without preliminary advertisement of an artillery bombardment, but with warning to the artillery who were to have a share in the good work at its second stage,

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our men, one hundred and twenty strong, slipped silently over the parapet and made for the German trench. They had means to deal with the German wire and these means proved quite efficacious. No German patrols were encountered. The first news the Germans had of our arrival was when an officer appeared over the parapet and shot down a German N.C.O. with his revolver. Then, like a huge Rugby rush on the ball, the English soldiers were over the German parapet, their officer (who, by the way, had been begging not to go with them, but insisted) at their head, shouting gaily, cheering, shooting. The Huns would not make a fight of it. Most of them scurried away like frightened rabbits to the communication trenches. Others threw up their hands shouting *Kamerad*. A German officer, who showed fight, was struck down by a loaded bomb-stick—his skull crushed in. Whilst the prisoners were being secured the English company divided up. Some bombed the communication trenches, others 'made hay' of the German firing trench, cutting the wires, destroying the 'dug outs,' looting the war material.

After twenty minutes, the allotted time, the company started back for their own trench. They had twelve prisoners, a German maxim gun, two bags of German bombs, and some other booty. They had not sustained a single casualty and left, dead in the trench, a number of Germans variously estimated at from twenty to forty-eight. As soon as our infantry had left the German firing trench our artillery opened fire on the German communication trenches where the fugitives had had taken refuge. It was at this time probably that the chief slaughter of the enemy took place. They were rattled and in flight. Presumably the German reserves were being rushed up and we hope that both parties met round about the points where we were raining high explosives and shrapnel from a score of batteries at the rate of one hundred shells a minute.

The Germans at this stage, twenty minutes after our men had crossed the parapet, woke up and their artillery began a heavy bombardment of our firing trench and communication trenches. From this fire we had three killed, mainly because one of the German prisoners became obstreperous, and delayed the passing of our men at a certain point. That was practically the whole cost of the enterprise. The German prisoners when they learnt that they were not to be shot—the German officers tell their men that the British always shoot prisoners—were unfeignedly glad to be captured. Probably they will be usefully communicative when they come to be examined. One prisoner was a youth of seventeen. He had been two days at the front when he was taken prisoner.

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THE following letter from Captain Cyril Lancaster on the evacuation of Gallipoli will interest many of our readers. It is dated January 28th. Since that date Captain Lancaster has been in hospital "somewhere in the East," but we are glad to report is now well :

I suppose you know that we are all off that Peninsula at last. As soon as Kitchener came out here and saw our ridiculous situation, evacuation was ordered to commence, and stores of ammunition and food, &c., commenced to be taken off every night; also barbed wire was put up practically in front of every line of trench across the Peninsula. The Turks must have noticed this for they shelled the beaches night and day.

The beaches were in an awful mess before we left with wreckage of every description, motor cars, cycles, dead mules and men, boxes of jam and bully beef, clothes, ambulance wagons, smashed up all in a heap, wrecked by shell fire. We were kept in the firing line and first support for about fourteen days on end, in which time we were busy helping the engineers to carry out some of their ingenious inventions, as for example in the firing line we had rifles set in clamps with tins hung on to the triggers with a piece of wire on a kind of pulley; there was another tin above filled with water and having a hole in the bottom of it with a wooden plug; on this being pulled out water flowed into the tin connected to the trigger of the rifle, so that when five or seven pounds of water had flowed out into the tin below, the rifle went off, timed according to the size of hole in the water can. We had Very's Light Pistols which send up flares, worked in the same way as the rifles, these being used on the night of the evacuation. Land mines and trip wires were set all over the place.

In preparation for the evacuation no one fired a single shot or put up flare lights, or bombed, from 7 p.m. till about 5 a.m., for about ten days before the evacuation came off. The first night we tried this silence game one Turk got up out of the trench in front of us; after he had been up for a minute or so, his German officer got up with three or four more; then in a second or so the whole lot in the trench (about twenty) started crawling towards us. It was bright moonlight, and we at once opened fire on them and laid out nine of them; the rest managed to crawl back to their trench somehow. The Turkish trench at this point was not more than thirty yards from us. Several instances of a similar nature to this occurred along the line at first, but latterly Johnny Turk took this silence as a matter of course. The day before the evacuation the Turks made a big attack about 3 p.m. away on our left,

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and after a violent bombardment advanced infantry over the open, which under our ordinary circumstances might have proved very successful on their part; but as it was they lost quite three hundred men owing to the Munsters relieving the Dublins at that time, so there was double strength of men and guns in the firing line at the same time, which frustrated their attack very soon. No doubt the Turk could see we were going, but when he saw how strong our firing line was it must have puzzled him. I think the success of the evacuation depended to a great extent on this event. On the night of the evacuation we moved down to a line of trenches called the Ethi Line, which is about one thousand yards from the firing line, and was held by one hundred men from each battalion; the surplus chiefly consisting of the youngest moved on, and embarked about 10.30 p.m. As soon as we were clear of the beach seventy-five per cent. of the strength in every trench came on to the beach, and when they were embarked the remaining twenty-five per cent. embarked. I embarked from V beach, where the "River Clyde" is, and got on to a lighter, which was packed with five hundred men, at 10.30 p.m., and I was taken out to a steamer which sailed about 1.30 a.m. to Mudros, where I have been for the rest of the time up till now. We organised up there. There were about five hundred mules taken out to sea on pontoons and sunk; also about two hundred artillery horses were shot on the beach as there was no available transport for them. Everything was very quiet till the piers, which had been steeped with tar and paraffin, were set alight, and the remaining stores or ammunition were blown up or set on fire; then the Turkish artillery started a violent bombardment which caused some of our land mines to explode.

I do not know where I am going to, except that this ship stops at Alexandria; but anywhere ought to be better than Helles, for since the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac it was an awful place from a military point of view; no doubt your casualty returns will show you that the Royal Scots suffered from our being plastered night and day with high explosive shells from howitzer positions behind "Archie" Baba about four miles away; the line of descent being almost perpendicular, they landed clean into our trenches. The sector of trench we were in was called the "Horse Shoe" and on either flank the trenches were blown in. It was this sector that the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire Yeomanry were in, and where Major Monteith was killed by a high explosive shell.

But we were very lucky there, and out of the many thousands of shells and bombs which fell around us only a few came into our trench. I was twice struck with a high explosive; one fell into one of our cook

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houses and killed four of our cooks, and sent up a lump of earth which landed on the back of my neck; from the other, a piece of a high explosive shell case, about a square inch, struck me on the breast, but fortunately did not penetrate.

Then the sanitary conditions were getting very bad, as might well be expected with about twenty thousand troops, and their complement of horses and mules, on an area of ground not exceeding four square miles. People at home do not realise how little we held; you get some idea of our ground when I tell you our nearest bit of trench was quite two and a half miles from the top of "Archie" Baba. Achi Baba was said to be about 500 to 600 feet high. After July and August every one could see that the Turkish position was rendered impregnable by barbed wire, guns, and their situation; certainly it could have been taken when we first landed, had we been reinforced with men and ammunition, but we had to retire at the point of success for there was no more ammunition, and we needed more men to keep what we had already taken.

An artillery officer told me that his Colonel put them in the trenches along with the infantry, because there were no more shells for their guns, when we were on the point of taking Achi Baba, which is said to command the Narrows.

However we are all off now; I trust it will be a lesson to us in the future, that if we wish to take any place we do not tell the enemy a month before we come, and have plenty of men and guns in reserve for immediate use.



LIEUTENANT BURGE, whose exciting experience in Gallipoli was narrated in our last number, paid us a visit at the beginning of term. We were glad also to see Captain Gerald Dwyer, Lieutenant G. McDermott, Lieutenant A. Byrne, who has now completely recovered from enteric, and 2nd Lieutenant Buckley. Four khaki figures, 2nd Lieutenant O. Barton, Lieutenant G. A. Vetch, Lieutenant A. F. M. Wright and W. V. Clapham, were present at the Easter retreat. J. L. Hope, who is a corporal in the Northumberland Fusiliers, and to whose pen the JOURNAL owes many valuable articles, was suddenly ordered to the front with a draft on the very day we were looking forward to a visit from him.



LIEUTENANT BUCKLEY, who was home on sick leave for a month, wrote, on his return to the front, as follows:

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I have just returned from my first tour in our new trenches. This is an astonishing spot. In front of us we have got an average of thirty feet of wire, and in one spot there is only five to ten feet gap between our wire and that of the Bosche. The trenches are splendidly constructed, and being dug in a chalky soil can stand any amount of bad weather, and that with very little revetment. I have counted four support lines, and I believe there are any amount more. After our old quarters, where holes in the ground masqueraded as trenches, wire was only put up to the accompaniment of rapid rifle and machine gun fire, and it was necessary to walk eight miles or so to get away from the shell area, you can imagine we are still rather dazed in our new surroundings.

Eight days in the trenches only produced one casualty in our company. The weather, however, has been abominable. Alternate spells of snow, frost and thaw, made things very unpleasant and gave the troops any amount of work to do.

We are now back in special defences, a little way behind the line, and have succeeded in making ourselves very comfortable. Our bag in the trenches (besides a number of Bosches we hope) included one partridge, one mole and one rat. A little black mongrel dog deserted from the German lines and gave himself up to us.



2ND LIEUTENANT O. BARTON, who has been at the front for a year, is home on sick leave. Here is an extract from a letter from him a month before he returned home:

"Things are very lively here. On the 11th, while passing through — three shells fell right into the middle of my wagons. I had two men killed and three wounded. I was not there when it happened. My best corporal, although he had received a piece of shell through his ankle and another had cut his head, stuck to it and got three of the wagons to the trenches and back. On his return he was completely exhausted and could not walk. Of course when I found two wagons had failed to reach the trenches I got as much bread as I could collect and took it to the trenches, and with volunteers I set off to see if I could get the two wagons which had been shelled. We got them safely and after an hour's work—removing the dead men and horses—we were able to start for the trenches with the rations, believed to have been lost. Yesterday the Bosche attacked our brigade but got absolutely wiped out. He reached our barbed wire, but not a German got back alive. In consequence he shelled the roads badly last night and at one place three shells, 'duds' I think, lay on the road. I risked it, jumped off my horse and threw them into the water."

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We regret to hear that Dom Ambrose Byrne, who is Chaplain somewhere in France to the 8th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment, has spent three weeks in hospital with bronchitis. Happily he is now well again. His Brigade Major is Major Hon. Edward Stourton, who was in the School from 1892 to 1898. Major Stourton was Captain of the School in 1898.

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2ND LIEUTENANT DONALD McDONALD has been in hospital suffering from poisoning. He has sent us a long account of his experiences in South-West Africa, which we hope to publish in our July issue.

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2ND LIEUTENANT M. M. WRIGHT, who was in the Sherwood Foresters, has been transferred to the Royal Engineers, and is Brigade Mining Officer for the 31st Brigade.

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2ND LIEUTENANT H. D. M. WRIGHT was in the battalion of Sherwood Foresters which suffered several casualties in Dublin.

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MAJOR B. JOHNSTONE has been appointed to the General Staff and is at present working at the Headquarters of the 48th Division.

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2ND LIEUTENANT J. P. MURPHY, of the Hampshire Regiment, has been in hospital in Egypt. He landed in Suvla Bay early in August and within ten days of landing was the only officer left in his company. Early in November he was moved to hospital in Egypt, where he spent three months. His battalion was on the immediate left of the ill-fated 5th Norfolks, two hundred and fifty of whom, according to Sir Ian Hamilton's dispatch, "under their Colonel, Sir H. Beauchamp, with sixteen officers, disappeared into the forest on August 15th and have never since been heard of."

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FATHER EDMUND DUNN has resigned his chaplaincy and returned to Borneo, of which he is Prefect Apostolic. His year

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at the front represents a long deferred holiday. For Father Dunn was beginning a holiday in England when the war broke out and gave it up to serve in France.

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2ND LIEUTENANT E. H. WEICHELL was wounded on March 2nd in the back and in the arm, and when we last heard was in the Australian hospital near Boulogne. He was then reported to be making good progress.

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2ND LIEUTENANT E. CAWKELL, of the Rifle Brigade, writes: "As you may guess I have been through some stormy passages out here, but so far have kept well, and apart from a graze on the forehead from a bullet splinter, and water on the knee from 'soccer' I am intact. Collision and the others are doing fine work out here I am told." We hear that Captain Collision is now on the staff.

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DOM WILFRED DE NORMANVILLE is chaplain to the 13th Division, which forms part of the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force, and upon which has fallen so much of the fighting in the attempt to relieve Kut. Here is an extract from one of his letters describing his journey up the Tigris: "We got back to the lightship which warns ships off a bar of sand. At high tide, which represents a rise of five feet, we crossed the bar of sand, which, I may add, is three miles or more wide. An hour's steaming brought us to the mouth of the river. As you approach it you see two narrow strips of land jutting out, formed by the silt of the river I presume. As the whole country is absolutely flat you could hardly distinguish the coast line, and this renders it very difficult to estimate how far these two strips extend into the sea. The average width of the river is, I should say, about three hundred yards, and it is quite deep and navigable for larger boats if they were not excluded by the bar of sand. The British India Company has a large number of boats built for shallow waters which with many others are in use here. The journey up the river is very interesting,

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bending and twisting almost as persistently as the Wye. Traveling ten miles an hour our journey to Basra took five or six hours. The banks of the river are thick with palm trees and others of the same genus—occasionally little patches of varied cultivation with little clusters of mud dwellings are seen, then a European-built house. Artificial canals of many sizes irrigate the land near the river. Glimpses of the land beyond show it absolutely arid and barren. But it was difficult to judge how deep was the growth of the trees. After about forty or fifty miles we came to certain very interesting oil fields, which formed a little village. We passed a good number of ships, small native boats fishing with nets, sailing boats, long narrow canoes propelled by paddles, or by poles when near the banks. The river is tidal right up beyond Basra. How far exactly I cannot say, but the flatness of the country and the depth of the river make for an extensive tidal area. The Turks had made an attempt to prevent us getting up the river by sinking three boats, a large one—its funnels and masts out of the river—and two smaller ones. The flow of the river had swept the one on the left side towards the middle, so it was only necessary for ships to slow down and pass round. Nature thereby saved us the expense of dynamite. We anchored some little distance below Basra, which is inland about a mile. The town has about forty-five thousand inhabitants including some Europeans, and is sufficiently "modern" to possess a picture palace! It was occupied by us on November 22nd, 1914. On the 8th of March, Ash Wednesday, we went up beyond Basra, and to-day the 9th, we are waiting to disembark. As this river is deep right up to the banks it is convenient for unloading, and only requires wharves projecting slightly from the banks."

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DOM ANTONY BARNETT is now at home on sick leave. He has been in hospital at Salonika and Malta, suffering from ptomaine poisoning. The last news we had of him was reassuring. In his letters from Salonika he spoke most highly of the Canadian Base Hospital and the Scotch Hospital. Here is an extract from a letter describing a futile air raid by the enemy: "We had a little excitement the day before yesterday. It was quite a long

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time since we had heard a gun! Some of Mr Bosche's 'planes came sailing overhead, leaving souvenirs in their passage. They were aiming at our gun positions, the ammunition and the Base ordnance stores. As a matter of fact the bombs dropped hundreds of yards away from all the objectives. Unfortunately they killed a Greek shepherd and five of his sheep on the hillside, broke one of our men's legs and wounded a Greek civilian. A couple of bombs dropped very close to a Greek regiment out for a route march under Prince 'Someone.' They were furious, threatening unspeakable things against the Boche. The bombs made some wonderful holes in the hills and amused the Tommies much. Quite a little entertainment, especially when the French 'planes got up after them. By the way, at the distance a Greek soldier is not unlike our men, as they wear *kiaki* and a 'headpiece' of much the same shape."

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2ND LIEUTENANT H. G. CARTER, Grenadier Guards, was badly wounded in the hand. We are glad to hear that his wound has now almost healed.

LECTURES

DOM DUNSTAN POZZI

FR. DUNSTAN gave us a most entertaining lecture on Rome. He started from the great Benedictine Monastery of St Anselmo on the Aventine and proceeded thence to St Peter's, at least this appears to have been the original scheme, but he was far too experienced a cicerone to keep to the beaten track, and he constantly dodged up side streets, first to the Tarpeian Rock, then off to the Colosseum, then over the Ponte Rotto and down to St Maria in Trastevere, back again to the Corso, then to the Quirinal, and anon to the Cappuccini with its gruesome skeletons. We had just been taken back to the Ponte St Angelo when it was discovered to the regret of all that it was too late to proceed further. However he promised to continue the following Thursday. He then took us over the castle of St Angelo and through St Peter's and the Vatican, and ended with an account of the last three popes and their relations to the Italian government.

Throughout we felt that we were seeing Rome in a truly historical and Christian light, and never for a moment did the interest flag as the varying history and legend was brought before us. The slides, all of which were from photographs taken by monks of Ampleforth, were remarkably good and, we are glad to say, numerous.

DOM MAURUS POWELL

ON Thursday, March 30th, we were once more treated to a most interesting art lecture by Fr. Maurus. For many terms past he has not failed to favour us with one or two. This time he chose for his subject the great Dutch master, Rembrandt. He sketched his life and pointed out by means of slides the corresponding development in his art and the acquirement of that masterly strength and vigour of treatment which is so marked a characteristic of all the greatest men, and the fruit of the accuracy and labour of their younger days. He

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also explained the process and beauties of etching and the use of dry-point. The etchings, however, did not show up so well on the screen as did his paintings, which were some of the most interesting we remember having seen. Our best thanks to the lecturer.

SENIOR LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term took place on Sunday, January 30th, at 8 o'clock, with Fr Prior in the chair. The customary elections took place. Messrs Lynch, Gerrard and Martin were chosen for the Committee and Mr Gibbons as Secretary. In public business Mr Bévenot moved "That the British blockade is a failure." In spite of the naval blockade, he said, which was to bring about the rapid defeat of the Central Powers, Germany was now, after eighteen months of war, well supplied with all the necessaries of war. All the well known methods of evading the vigilance of our fleet had been adopted with success. He enumerated many instances of failure to prevent supplies reaching Germany, and went on to say that the procrastination of the British Government had resulted in allowing Germany to amass large supplies of materials necessary for the manufacture of explosives. He concluded by expressing a hope that England would realise the situation before it was too late.

Mr Pollack, who opposed, gave an epitome of the work done by the Navy since the commencement of war in clearing our trade routes of enemy cruisers. Until this had been done no effective blockade had been possible, but steps had since been taken with success to prevent the delivery of goods destined directly for the enemy and stringent measures had been adopted to prevent neutral countries passing on their imports to Germany. He admitted that there had been considerable leakage at different times, but the extent of such leakage had been grossly exaggerated and had already been dealt with as far as possible without infringing upon the rights of neutrals.

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The blockade had been valuable in other respects; it had ruined Germany's commerce, much of her trade having already passed into our hands; it had also demonstrated to neutrals the superiority of our naval power. The difficulties of a complete blockade had increased during the last century, and the submarine danger made anything but a distant blockade extremely perilous.

Mr Simpson considered that the Government had approached the question of a blockade in a half-hearted manner and without any definite policy.

Mr Liston supported the motion and threw the blame upon the Foreign Office, which had shown too much consideration for the supposed feelings of neutrals to the prejudice of the freedom of action of our naval experts.

Mr Lynch considered the good-will of neutrals far too important to be cast aside in the manner suggested by the last speaker. An armed neutrality was a very unpleasant thing to deal with. The essential error in the eyes of neutrals was our declaration of a blockade without having adequate means of putting it into force.

Mr C. Rochford said that from a political point of view our position with regard to the blockade was a delicate one. We were fighting for the freedom of small states and we had to bear in mind not only the best means of blockading Germany, but also of allowing the greatest possible freedom to neutrals even, if necessary, at the cost of prolonging the war.

Messrs Unsworth, Le Fèvre, Gibbons and Welsh also spoke. The motion was lost by four votes to forty-seven. A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the meeting.

The second meeting of the term was held on Sunday, February 6th. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read and passed, Mr Le Fèvre read a paper in public business entitled "Electricity of yesterday and to-day."

The third meeting of the term was held on Sunday, February 13th, when Mr Morrogh-Bernard moved "That the Compulsion Bill should have been applied to Ireland." It was the wish and duty of the people of Ireland to do their share in the winning of the war. The record of the Irish regiments was the most eloquent tribute to her loyalty. She had a large

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reserve of fighting men which she would willingly place at the disposal of the Empire. She had been prevented from doing so because she lacked the machinery which would produce them. This, the Compulsion Bill would have provided. The exclusion of Ireland was an insult to the country and was also calculated to have undesirable results in the near future.

Mr F. Cravos opposed. The circumstances of Ireland and England were so different that it would have been impossible to include them both under the same law. It was generally agreed that Ireland needed separate legislation and in this case it would have been a mistake to force the pace. The numerical results of compulsion in Ireland had been inconsiderable, and it would have had political results which everyone would have deplored.

Messrs Simpson, Liston, Gerrard, Pollack, Emery, Welsh, Spiller, Harte-Barry and Moran also spoke on the motion, which was lost by fifteen votes to thirty-two.

The fourth meeting of the Society was held on Sunday, February 20th. In public business Mr Macpherson read a paper on "Charles Edward Stuart and his followers," in which after sketching the character of the Prince he traced his movements during the ill-fated year of 1745 from the time of his landing until his final overthrow at Culloden. The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion in which Mr Le Fèvre, Mr Welsh, Mr Liston and Mr Buckley took part.

On Sunday, February 27th the Society held the fifth meeting of the term. In public business Mr Newsham moved "That Bacon is the author of the Shakespearean works," opposed by Mr Morrice. After a good debate the motion was lost by four votes to sixteen.

The sixth meeting took place on Sunday, March 5th, when Mr Lynch moved, in public business, "That the present moment is suitable for the adoption of a tariff on imported luxuries." He said that the war had changed many things, and amongst others, the doctrine of Free Trade. Everyone recognised the need for real economy; our imports had increased during the war, while our power of producing goods for export had diminished on account of the need of materials of war. By our expenditure on useless luxuries we were losing

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our national credit. The shipping required to import these luxuries was needed for other purposes and unless a prohibitive tax was imposed there would be no serious economy in this direction.

Mr Gerrard, who opposed, pointed out the inherent defects of a protective tariff, and showed how the policy of Free Trade had established our commercial supremacy before the war. It would be unwise and imprudent therefore to abandon this policy even as a merely temporary expedient. This time of national crisis was being used by the adherents of Protection to propagate their pernicious doctrines. While admitting the urgent need of national economy, he held that a tariff would not necessarily conduce to this result and would certainly cause immediate distress among the poor.

Mr Greenwood opposed the motion. It was impossible to draw a line between luxuries and necessities.

Mr Welsh dwelt on the need of some control over the use of our mercantile shipping and thought that economy could be effected only by legislation.

Messrs Pollack, S. Rochford, Morice, Liston, C. Rochford, Lancaster, Fishwick and Cuddon also spoke, and the motion, on being put to the vote, was carried by thirty-five votes to seventeen.

The seventh meeting of the term was held on Sunday, March 12th, when, in public business, Mr Power moved "That Trade Unions were threatening the internal peace of Great Britain." He said that Trade Unions were, in their present state, an abuse of a wise institution. Instead of protecting the working man from the tyranny of his employer they were now chiefly used for the encouragement of strikes, and had become a danger to the social order of the State. The use they had made of their powers during the present struggle threatened to bring disaster upon our armies and upon the whole nation.

Mr S. Rochford opposed the motion. He said that after many years of misunderstanding the value of Trade Unions was beginning to be recognised. Hitherto these associations had always been vaguely connected with opposition to law and order, but the gallant way in which the working classes had dealt with the present crisis had justified their existence. A

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general feeling still prevailed, however, that the chief purpose of the Unions was to support strikes. This impression was entirely false; they helped towards a better understanding between masters and men.

Mr Smith insisted that Trade Unions had never been a benefit to the nation. In time of war they were a great evil.

Mr Harte-Barry thought the Unions gave too much power to the working classes who were not sufficiently well educated to make good use of it.

Mr Bévenot pointed out that since the Unions were the recognised means of communication between capitalists and the rest of the nation they served a useful purpose, and could not be suppressed without great injustice to the cause of labour.

The motion was carried by twenty-eight votes to fifteen.

The eighth meeting of the term was held on Sunday, March 19th, when Mr Gibbons read a paper on "Radium and radio-activity," in which he traced the history of the discovery of the properties of radium and explained the chief phenomena of radio-activity. The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion in which the following members took part: Messrs Pollack, Unsworth, Rochford, Cullinan, Lancaster, Gerrard, Bévenot and Allanson.

The ninth meeting was held on Sunday, March 26th, when Mr Liston moved, in public business, "That the closing of theatres and other places of public amusement would be a desirable economy." Mr Emery opposed. The motion was rejected by twenty-nine votes to eight.

The tenth meeting of the term was held on Sunday, April 2nd. In public business Mr Simpson read a paper on Napoleon I. Beginning with a brief account of his early life he traced the steps of his rise to power, and then entered upon a more detailed account of his military career from the time of his first Italian campaign until his final overthrow upon the field of Waterloo, and ended by a eulogy of his military genius.

Messrs Smith, Gerrard, Pollack, Macpherson made observations on questions connected with the subject of the paper.

At the eleventh meeting of the term, which took place on Sunday, April 9th, Mr Allanson moved "That the nationalisation of industries should be continued after the war." The

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feeling of antipathy to such a measure was, he said, unreasonable. Wherever it had been attempted it had been a success. It would effect greater economy, and efficiency and would put an end to strikes and disputes between capitalists and the labouring classes.

Viscount Encombe opposed. He pointed out that any measures which had been adopted in the direction of nationalisation were essentially temporary in their application and were only justified by the abnormal circumstances of the times. In war they might be necessary and useful, but it seemed unlikely that such would be the case at other times. Various attempts had been made without success. A State-controlled industry suffered at the hands of unscrupulous politicians, destroyed competition and lowered the standard of efficiency.

Mr Rochford examined the faults of the old system and advocated revised methods of conducting our industrial affairs.

Mr Pollack urged the need of competition to keep up the standard of manufacture and as a stimulus to improvements and inventions.

The motion was rejected by forty-two votes to five.

At the twelfth meeting of the term, held on April 19th, Mr R. Liston read a paper on "The Campaigns of Marlborough."

A. S. GIBBONS,
Hon. Sec.

JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

At the 273rd meeting of the Society the following elections took place: Secretary, Mr R. Browne; Committee, Messrs J. Leese, H. Dillon, C. Porri.

On Sunday, February 6th, Mr Vanheems moved "That animals wild by nature should not be kept in captivity." He argued first from the effects on the animal itself, and then from the futility of attempting to study natural history from subjects in such unnatural circumstances.

Mr de Guingand opposed. He called the attention of the Society to the fact that if the sentiment expressed in the motion had ruled in the world, mankind would be without many animals that are of the greatest use in everyday life.

Junior Debating Society

The debate was carried on by twenty other members and the motion was lost by 17 votes to 31.

At the 275th meeting on February 13th, Br Bernard was present. Mr J. Leese moved "That the rural depopulation of this country is a national danger." He regretted that so many left the fair acres where their fathers had lived and died, to swell the numbers of the unfortunate that inhabit unhealthy and dirty towns. He urged the extreme importance of cultivating to its fullest extent the land which can supply the nation with the necessary food, and render us more independent of other countries.

Mr P. Blackledge, in opposing, called attention to the fact that our commercial supremacy was the result of the development of centres of industry. It was absurd to talk of putting the clock back, we have to accept the present state of things which holds out to us fair prospects.

Mr Hawkswell put before the Society the ideal of health and happiness as opposed to wealth and weakness.

There also spoke Messrs J. Crawford, P. Field, Gerald Ainscough, P. Gibbons, C. Robinson, Ruddin, L. Knowles, R. Emery, Cronk, H. George, Dillon, Vanheems, S. Cravos and Browne.

There voted for the motion 21 members; against, 26.

On February 20th the Society considered the motion, "That the Government deserve great blame for the inefficiency of the aerial defence." Mr P. Gibbons denounced the lack of realisation among authorities of the danger, the inadequacy of the system of warning the country of attacks, and the futile means employed to drive off the enemy.

Mr R. Cheney reminded the members that the situation was entirely new, and that it was unreasonable to expect foresight to go so far as to meet all possible contingencies. It was impossible to place defences in every part of the country, and the Government had done very well in defending the forts and arsenals.

Mr G. Bagshawe found fault with the Government for not commandingeer all the factories which might produce the engines for the aeroplanes required. Mr E. Robinson followed with the complaint that men of science had not had an oppor-

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tunity of using their knowledge for the benefit of the nation. Thirteen members continued the debate. Mr Hague moved the adjournment. He was seconded by Mr Chamberlain, and the motion was carried.

At the next meeting, on February 27th, the mover and seconder of the adjournment re-opened the debate, Mr Hague speaking for the motion, and Mr Chamberlain against. The question was fully dealt with by some twenty members, and when the motion was put to the vote it received the support of only 9 members, 39 voting for the opposition.

The importance of the subject before the House in these two meetings was brought home to the members, by the fact that precaution against air-raids had forced the Society to find accommodation in a room better shuttered than the usual place of meeting.

At the 279th meeting Br Bernard, Br Cyril and Captain Dwyer were present. As the secretary was slightly indisposed Mr J. Crawford acted for him. Mr L. Newton moved "That the Allies should adopt a policy of reprisals." He did not propose that we should vie with the enemy in all his devilish tricks, but urged that we were free to adopt methods which had been banned by common consent of nations when these were used by the enemy, as long as they were not inhuman.

Mr Jungmann, in opposing, strongly upheld the view that above all things England must come out of this war with a clean conscience and unstained honour, and that even if the end of the struggle was delayed by the advantage obtained from the illicit means by the enemy it was more than worth the extra cost to us.

There also spoke Messrs Ruddin, Gerald Ainscough, Hawkswell, E. Robinson, J. Leese, L. Knowles, P. Gibbons, de Zulueta, C. Gilbert, H. George, Chamberlain, P. MacDonnell, Cronk, Crawford, R. Emery, G. Bagshawe and P. Field. The visitors also addressed the House. The motion was lost by 22 votes to 24.

During private business at the 280th meeting, on March 19th, there was some discussion concerning the waste of paper on the part of the Secretary, who was urged to keep in mind the economies necessary in war time.

Junior Debating Society

In public business Mr Cronk moved "That the Yellow Peril is a Reality." Mr O. Penney opposed. Seventeen members took part in the debate. The motion was carried by 24 votes to 19.

On March 26th, at the 281st meeting, Mr G. Gilbert moved "That this House regrets the prevalent popularity of the Picture Palaces." He said that the cinema was an excellent example of a good thing abused. He accused it of causing waste of valuable time and of money and of being an incentive to crime in youth.

Mr Flint opposed. He appealed to the members to remember the pleasant hours spent in innocent amusement in the picture palaces, and spoke of the useful information that was imparted by this wonderful invention.

Mr Gerald Ainscough, Mr C. Robinson, Mr Dillon and many other members spoke and the motion, being put to the vote, was lost by 10 votes to 32.

Br Bernard, Br Cyril and Br Denis were present at the 282nd meeting on April 2nd. Mr B. Milburn introduced the motion "That capital punishment should be abolished." Mr Porri opposed.

Messrs Ruddin, H. George, Chamberlain, J. Loughran, C. Gilbert, Gerald Ainscough, Blackledge, E. Robinson, P. Field, Hawkswell, Dillon, G. Bagshawe, W. Lee, Barton and Cronk carried on the debate which resulted in the motion receiving 8 votes, 38 being given against it.

On April 9th Mr D. George moved "That the Compulsory Service Bill for single men ought to have been extended to Ireland." Mr T. Caffrey vindicated the right of that country to be excepted from such a measure. After a heated debate the motion had the support of 15 members; 32 votes were given for the opposition.

At the 283rd and last meeting of the session, on April 16th, Mr Casartelli moved "That the Press has been helpful to the nation during the war." Mr Fors opposed. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 27.

SCIENCE CLUB

THE fourth meeting of the winter session was held on February 20th. In public business Viscount Encombe read a paper on "English Land Birds." The reader of the paper confined his remarks to birds that nested permanently in England, and, as each class was dealt with, coloured and plain slides illustrative of the type, their haunts, nests and eggs, were shown. The first family was the tit, divided into six varieties, all about the same size, but differing in colour and habits. Then followed the warbler, bunting and twite families with some notes on the different varieties, their nesting places, the number of eggs laid, and their respective habits. Among the finches there were six classes, all birds of beauty, especially the bullfinch—noted for its vocal powers—and the hawfinch, a comparatively rare species. After a few explanatory notes on pipits, larks and wagtails, the tribe of bird cannibals, the hawk family, was considered, and its mode of life and method of hunting its prey explained. A very interesting paper was concluded by a description of the owl family and the cuckoo, a bird that, being too lazy to make a nest for itself and too impatient of parental responsibilities, laid its eggs in other birds nests. In the discussion which followed the reader of the paper made more evident, if possible, his knowledge and first-hand experience of all that concerns bird life.

On March 20th a paper was read by Mr Bradley on "The Chemical Process of Bread-making." The paper began with an analysis of the different substances requisite for the nourishment of our bodies and the repair of waste tissues. Nitrogen, sulphur, mineral matter, sugar, fat and starch were all essential, and the art of bread-making was to present all these constituents in the most palatable manner possible. The main constituent of bread was flour, and the composition and properties of this were thoroughly explained. When flour was heated it charred and gave off a gas, leaving a powder as residue, which was mainly composed of phosphates of potassium and magnesium, essential parts in the process of bone building. Several experiments were then carried out to show the properties of the soluble and insoluble constituents of

Science Club

flour. After discussing the chemical change known as saccharification, by which starch is converted into sugar before assimilation, the important part played by the living cells of the yeast was explained. In conclusion a sample of bread baked in the laboratory was handed round, and found quite edible though somewhat saline through a confusion of metric and English measures on the part of the *chef*.

The last meeting of the session was held on Sunday, April 16th. Mr M. Gerrard read a paper on "Submarines and Torpedoes," during which many diagrams and photos were shown on the screen. The paper began historically with early attempts at submarine navigation, and the experiments of Holland and Lake. The Lake submarine was designed as a peace vessel, but the Holland was intended for fighting purposes. The British Government purchased this latter patent, and from it had developed the modern sea-going submarine. A full description of the design, the different compartments, the engines for surface work and when submerged, the periscope and the multitudinous parts and appliances of a submarine were given and many very up-to-date photos shown in illustration. Until recently the only weapon of the submarine was the torpedo. This was a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. Each part of it from the "business end" with its charge of gun cotton and the safety devices to prevent premature detonation, down through the compressed air chamber and the engines to the pendulum and gyroscope used in maintaining the correct depth and line of fire, was treated in turn, and the paper concluded with an explanation of the method of firing the torpedo. Restrictions of time prevented many members from taking part in the discussion.

In addition to the meetings chronicled above, the Club on March 21st made an expedition to a neighbouring town to inspect some large munition works. The party was divided into three, and each group in charge of an instructor spent some two hours going the round of the shops. The works are occupied chiefly in the manufacture of range finders of all types and sizes, prismatic compasses, telescopes and other optical appliances. The Club wishes to record its gratitude to the firm for allowing so interesting and instructive a visit.

MONTHLY SPEECHES

MARCH 5TH.—The feature of this evening was the excellence of the musical items, and special praise is due to P. Mills for the clear way in which he made a beautiful melody stand out from its accompaniment. Welsh struggled manfully with a piece of some technical difficulty. Bévenot was quite safe with the Liebestraum, and his excellent accompaniment of Welsh deserves particular mention. The recitation was up to the usual standard, the Belloc extract being perhaps the most popular.

PIANOFORTE SOLO, Intermezzo	<i>Schumann</i>
P. MILLS.	
THE FLYING MAN	<i>G. K. Chesterton.</i>
J. G. SIMPSON, S. F. MORICE, M. W. L. SMITH.	
VIOLIN SOLO, <i>Élégie</i> , Op. 10	<i>Ernst.</i>
T. V. WELSH.	
FISHER'S LIFE	<i>J. Chalkhill.</i>
M. C. MILLS.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, <i>Liebestraum</i>	<i>List.</i>
L. BEVENOT.	
THE ONLY SON	<i>Newbolt.</i>
E. M. VANHEEMS.	
THE SAILING OF THE LONG SHIP	<i>Newbolt.</i>
P. D'I. FFIELD.	
EVENING	<i>Shelley.</i>
W. R. EMERY.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, <i>Noctetted</i>	<i>Gade.</i>
J. R. T. CRAWFORD.	
THE OLD NAVY	<i>Marriot.</i>
P. HODGE.	
GODOLPHIN HORN	<i>H. Belloc.</i>
J. A. L. LOUGHRAN, J. J. S. HAIDY, J. E. S. SMITH.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, <i>Tarantella in Ab</i>	<i>Stephen Heller.</i>
A. L. MILBURN.	

Monthly Speeches

April 9th.—This proved a very interesting evening. The musical items are becoming increasingly good. We hear no longer an uninspired scramble for notes. The music is well studied, and there is apparent a real attempt at interpretation which is rapidly achieving results. The prominence of Shakespearean extracts in the recitations will need no comment. And we hope that our Masters of the Revels have something more in store for us in commemoration of the Shakespeare Tercentenary.

PIANOFORTE SOLO, <i>Barcarolle</i>	<i>Jensen.</i>
L. KNOWLES.	
HENRY IV'S SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
L. A. UNSWORTH.	
JOAN THE MAID	<i>Ernest Rhys.</i>
C. UNSWORTH.	
HOTSPUR ON THE POPPISH LORD	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
L. B. LANCASTER.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, <i>Freudemann</i>	<i>Schumann.</i>
V. G. CRAVOS.	
PROSPICE	<i>R. Browning.</i>
T. B. FISHWICK.	
VARIAIONS OF "JACK AND GILL"	<i>Tennyson, Swinburne, Coleridge.</i>
J. LEESE, P. E. GIBBONS, G. AINSCOUGH, J. J. HAIDY.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, <i>Reminiscence</i>	<i>Schumann.</i>
R. W. EMERY.	
THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS	<i>Tennyson.</i>
C. J. FORRE.	
THE DREAM OF CLARENCE	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
VISCOUNT ENCOMBE.	
CHORUS FROM HENRY V	<i>Shakespeare.</i>
T. V. WELSH.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, <i>Impromptu</i> , Op. 29	<i>Chopin.</i>
D. M. ROCHFORD.	

AN ENTERTAINMENT

ON Easter Monday evening a programme was submitted to us which sufficed to clear away all the cobwebs of an unusually long term. Charades are satisfactory if only because they afford the audience an opportunity of showing how much cleverer they are than the players. In this case the players were quite unable to keep their wretched secret. We wrested it from them every time with almost unbecoming ease. Their final resort to obscurity we countered by a dexterous vagueness, until some one, we believe it was *Le Fèvre*, laid bare their subterfuge.

The acting, in the light comedy vein, was exceedingly good. An experiment was made with a burlesque of the cinematograph which was entirely successful. The cast entered with lively ingenuity into the conventional business of the "movie" play, and the Chaplinesque attitudes of Bradley in the scenario of a heavy drama were much appreciated by the audience. Some real acting was done here by Allanson.

We wonder if the acting was all original on the part of the cast, or if they had been "inspired." And if so, who—but conjecture is useless.

The music was again of a very high standard. Indeed we are now becoming so used to this high standard that we demand it unconsciously. And we hope, for the encouragement of our musicians, that, as an audience, we shall demand it more than we used. Rochford played the Beethoven Sonata exceedingly well, and Welsh played Corelli with distinction. His phrasing and interpretative ability have much improved. If we might make a request, it would be for more Corelli.

The following was the programme:

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO *Sonata, Op. 25. Beethoven, D. M. ROCHFORD.*
2. SPEECHES 1ST AND 2ND FORMS.
"Lord Lundy," by *H. Ballo.*
Part 1. R. LANCASTER, D. E. R. CHENEV, N. J. CAFFREY.
Part 2. W. J. CONNOLLY, F. S. A. MANNION, K. G. R. BAGSHAWE.
3. PIANOFORTE SOLO *Elegie. Moshowski* P. MILLS,
400

An Entertainment

4. DIALOGUE . . . A Nouveau Riche . . . L. B. LANCASTER.
An old friend of his . . . F. DE GUINGAND.
5. CHARADE. (In two scenes, representing a well-known proverb).
Scene 1. (Dumb), Special Constables on duty (1st Part).
Scene 2. Interior of Lunatic Asylum (2nd Part).
Characters—Manager, HON. C. BARNEWALL.
Warder, R. T. BROWNE.
Monomaniacs, L. B. LANCASTER, J. G. SIMPSON,
J. B. ALLANSON.
6. PIANOFORTE SOLO. *Nocturne G. Minor, Chopin.* L. BEYENOT.
7. CHARADE. (In two scenes). A concrete noun representing an exalted position in life.
Scene 1. First syllable. A shop.
Tradesman, J. G. SIMPSON.
Customer, R. T. BROWNE.
Scene 2. Second syllable. A draper's shop.
Draper, J. G. SIMPSON.
Sheerluck Lighting, J. B. ALLANSON.
Two Lady Customers, R. T. BROWNE, E. M. VANHEEMS.
Street Urchin, F. DE GUINGAND.
8. CHARADE in two scenes. A word of two syllables used both as an adjective and noun.
Scene 1. (1st Syllable). A French class.
Master, J. G. SIMPSON.
The Boys, THE CAST.
Scene 2. (2nd Syllable). Doctor and Patient.
9. VIOLIN SOLO *Sonata. Corelli* T. V. WELSH.
10. DUMB CHARADE in three scenes representing the title of a well-known critical book.
Cinema Characters—
John Chaplin, a wealthy banker, J. G. SIMPSON.
Mary Chaplin, his wife, J. B. ALLANSON.
Chas. Chaplin, their son, V. J. BRADLEY.
Bill Lumm, a burglar, HON. C. BARNEWALL.
Creditor, R. T. BROWNE.
Maid, T. B. FISHWICK.
Ruffians, F. DE GUINGAND, L. B. LANCASTER.

OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

THE following joined the contingent at the beginning of term :

A. Fors, L. J. S. Jungmann, J. Foley, and C. Rochford.

The following promotions were posted.

To be Corporals : Lance-Corporals T. V. Welsh, Viscount Encombe.

To be Lance-Corporals : Cadets Le Fèvre, Morrogh-Bernard and Macpherson.

The weather has not been kind to us. The work of the contingent has therefore been almost entirely confined to company drill interspersed with many lectures. The company drill has been well learnt, and the cadets as well as the N.C.O.'s have attempted with some success to put the contingent through it. This is as it ought to be, if the O.T.C. is to answer its primary purpose.

The officer commanding has given several lectures, especially on musketry, and his efforts have been varied by interesting war lectures by the Science Masters. We have to thank Captain Robinson for a prize to be awarded on an examination in the subjects treated of in these lectures.

The members of the contingent are particularly grateful for lectures given them by officers—all "old boys"—who have visited us in the course of the term. Lieutenant Burge gave us a thrilling account of his experiences at Suvla Bay. Captain Dwyer described the mobilisation and transport of the Canadian troops. He was particularly interesting on the subject of the first Canadian contingent sent to this country. Lieutenant Buckley, who has been at the front for nearly two years, described his experiences in the Artists' Rifles and trench warfare in general. His battalion had had a long experience of the Ypres salient. Lieutenant Buckley has lost none of his old facility in public speaking. He will long be remembered by the Senior Debating Society as one of its most successful

Officers Training Corps

members. Lieutenant Byrne, of the Lovat's Scouts, addressed the contingent after the Field Day, and treated us to some trenchant and valuable criticism.

An auxiliary band has been formed among the younger members of the contingent from which the gaps, as they occur in the regular band, will be filled.

FIELD DAY

We had a most successful field day on the extensive estates of Lord Feversham, who commands the 21st Battalion of King's Royal Rifles. Captain Robinson acted as umpire. He was assisted by Lieutenant A. Byrne of the Lovat's Scouts. Lance-Corporal Morrogh-Bernard had the good fortune to be appointed galloper, and Cadet Harte-Barry acted in the capacity of orderly. One of the steeds was of a fiery disposition and, while Harte-Barry was mounted on its back and the band was playing, performed some very unconventional evolutions, but much to our disappointment failed to dislodge the rider.

The general scheme was as follows : A Brown army attacking from Whitby had driven Black army before them in the direction of Thirsk. The Black army had passed Byland and the rearguard was still on the moors. The officer commanding the advance guard of the Brown army was in danger of being cut off by a strong raiding party advancing from the south. He retired, and left behind a quantity of ammunition at Sproxtton with one company to defend it until they were reinforced at 3 p.m. The officer commanding the rearguard of the Black army on the moors was informed by air scouts of the army's retirement, and sent two companies to blow up the ammunition. Of this force seven platoons crossed the River Rye, and after advancing a considerable distance found they could not recross as the remaining bridges had been blown up. The officer commanding at Sproxtton sent out one platoon (2nd Platoon Ampleforth College O.T.C.) to remain on the south of the River Rye and guard against attack. The platoon of the Black force which kept to the south of the river (1st Platoon Ampleforth College O.T.C.) did not know of the difficulties of the remaining seven platoons and pushed forward to Sproxtton.

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A sharp encounter took place between these two platoons in Duncombe Park. The actual result of the fighting was as is so often the case in mock warfare doubtful. But a most helpful day had been spent and some good scouting was done. Lady Feversham and several friends from Duncombe Park followed the manœuvres. The contingent afterwards marched into Helmsley for refreshments. Captain Robinson addressed us and was heartily cheered, as was also Lady Feversham, who had motored into Helmsley and was awaiting us in the market place. We have to thank Captain Robinson and Lieutenant Byrne very heartily. The latter on the following day gave us a detailed criticism, and while he commented on the extended order drill he expressed admiration for the scouts in particular and in general for the efficiency manifested by the contingent. The general scheme he pronounced excellent.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

AMPLEFORTH V. GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL

THIS match was played at Giggleswick on February 16th, and resulted in a win for Ampleforth by three goals and eight tries to one try. A more unsuitable day for an exposition of modern Rugby football would be hard to find. A high wind blew diagonally across the field and snow fell, sometimes heavily, for practically the whole game. With the ground on the soft side at the start the conditions soon became almost impossible. Yet a keen, hard game with periods of quite good play was witnessed. In actual "push" in the scrum there was little between the two packs; but some effective "hooking" by Morrough-Bernard gave Ampleforth the ball generally, and whilst this could still be held and passed the game was opened up by the backs in surprising fashion. The first score came after a bout of passing which left Macpherson in possession. After side-stepping twice he got over the line; but the place-kick, against the wind, failed. Again the ball came across the same way and this time Cravos worked his way corkscrew-wise through a number of opponents

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and scored a try, from which Massey kicked a goal. It was only some hard tackling by the home backs that kept the score down; but before half-time arrived Liston and Macpherson both got over, and from the former's try Massey kicked a goal. Just before half-time a miskick followed by a misfield let in the Giggleswick left wing, but no goal resulted from the try. The teams changed over without any half-time respite. In the second period the character of the game changed considerably. Everyone was soaked, and the ball impossible to handle. The forwards, quick to realise the conditions, took control of the game and some good rushes kept the ball near the Giggleswick line. When opportunity was given someone would pick up and realising the futility of passing make tracks for the line. These changed tactics gave both Martin and Encombe tries, which, if the opposition had not been shadowing the pass that never took place, should not have been gained. Occasionally the ball came out of the "scrum," but, save for one beautiful run by Massey right along the touch line which ended in a try, the backs seemed to prefer to dribble, and three more tries resulted from combined footwork. In this half, when the conditions were worst, Giggleswick had both wind and snow to face. Their forwards made several good rushes in the loose, but on no occasion did they succeed in passing Emery and threatening danger.

The following was the Ampleforth side:

Back, R. G. Emery; *Three-quarters,* F. S. Cravos, C. F. Macpherson, C. J. Knowles and R. P. Liston; *Half-backs,* H. M. J. Gerrard and E. Massey; *Forwards,* H. A. Martin (captain), S. Rochford, J. Morrough-Bernard, R. Lynch, Viscount Encombe, E. Le Fèvre, G. Harte-Barry and T. McGhee.

AMPLEFORTH V. GIGGLESWICK SCHOOL

This match was played at Ampleforth on March 4th, and aroused considerable interest, as we had not seen our opponents on our own ground for three years and we had been defeated, though indeed by the smallest of margins, in each of those years at Giggleswick. In spite of our rather easy victory on our opponents' ground a short time before, we did not expect to

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witness a runaway victory for the home team. Nor were we disappointed in this respect. Unfortunately the exigencies of the train service made necessary a very considerable curtailment of the game, which lasted only twenty minutes each way. Ampleforth had not a fully representative side out, C. Power substituting for R. Liston in the three-quarter line and V. Bradley taking *Le Fèvre's* place in the forward line. Power played a plucky game but Liston's pace and dash were sadly missed. The forwards were evenly matched but the home pack was decidedly superior in heeling and wheeling. There was a refreshing amount of open play but the Ampleforth backs did not show that resourcefulness and opportunism which had characterised their play in previous matches. There was a decided tendency to hold on to the ball too long and then to try to pass when already in the embrace of an opponent. This happened again and again when a timely pass would most certainly have produced a try. In spite of this weakness which seemed inexcusable in such seasoned players, the backs were responsible for some delightful passing movements. Knowles opened the scoring with an individual run which ended with a resolute dash between the posts. The score at half-time was four tries to nil for Ampleforth. The second period of the game produced a dour struggle in which Giggleswick nearly overcame the home defence on several occasions, but Emery proved an insuperable obstacle at back. F. Cravos and Encombe scored further tries and the game ended in a well-merited victory for Ampleforth by eighteen points to nil.

The following represented Ampleforth:

Back, R. G. Emery; *Three-quarters*, F. S. Cravos, C. F. Macpherson, C. J. Knowles, C. Power; *Half-backs*, E. J. Massey and J. M. Gerrard; *Forwards*, H. A. Martin (captain), R. Lynch, Viscount Encombe, J. Morrough-Bernard, S. Rochford, G. Harte-Barry, T. McGhee and V. Bradley.

HOCKEY

AMPLEFORTH V. POCKLINGTON SCHOOL

THIS match was played at Ampleforth on March 23rd, and resulted in a victory for the home side by five goals to one. The game was rather one-sided but the play was always interesting, and taking into account the short period that had been available for practice the standard of hockey reached was most encouraging. Unsworth and Harte-Barry made a capable pair of backs, though both seemed to be obsessed by the idea that it is the part of a full-back to drive the ball over the opponents' goal line. Their defensive play, however, was almost faultless. Harte-Barry should try to cultivate greater speed and agility. The halves were quite good but were prone to drive the ball at their forwards instead of passing it. The lack of combination among the forwards and their failure to accept many chances of scoring were clearly due to want of practice. Most of the goals were the result of individual effort, the speed of the forwards quite bewildering the Pocklington defence.

The following played for Ampleforth:

Goal, H. Marsden; *Backs*, L. Unsworth and G. Harte-Barry; *Half-backs*, J. Gerrard, C. Macpherson and G. Newsham; *Forwards*, C. Knowles, J. Morrough-Bernard, G. Simpson, J. M. H. Gerrard and T. McGhee.

AMPLEFORTH V. ST PETER'S SCHOOL

Played at Ampleforth on March 25th, and resulted in another victory for Ampleforth by nine goals to one. The game opened almost sensationally by the scoring of four goals in quick succession. The pace of Knowles on the left wing was too great for his opponents, and he took the ball along the touch line and working his way into the circle scored three times. There was a better understanding between the members of the home side than in the previous match and this led to many pretty combined movements. St Peter's combined well, but lacked pace and rapidity of execution in their offensives.

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Macpherson and Welsh did much effective work at half-back, M. Gerrard and McGhee played a clever game on the right wing, and as in the previous match, Unsworth and Harter-Barry proved capable defenders. Ampleforth XI:

Goal, H. Marsden; *Backs*, L. Unsworth and G. Harter-Barry; *Half-backs*, J. Gerrard, C. Macpherson and T. V. Welsh; *Forwards*, C. Knowles, J. Morrogh-Bernard, G. Simpson, J. M. H. Gerrard and T. McGhee.



The following received their Hockey Colours: J. M. H. Gerrard, C. Macpherson, C. Knowles and T. McGhee.

THE BEAGLES

DURING the term the pack has increased to nearly its full complement. The manner of that increase may be shortly told, and the story is such that the author of the Leviathan, had he heard it in time, would hardly have penned his "Man is by nature selfish." Mrs Cullinan, our obligations to whom we tried to describe in the last issue of the JOURNAL, proposed to add to her original gift. Three owners of packs were about to sell hounds to her, but when they heard for whom the hounds were destined they determined to give them instead. Accordingly we express our sincere gratitude to Major W. H. Rawnsley for three couples from the Well Vale pack, to Mr W. J. Unwin for two couples, and to Mr C. Leslie Butcher for one and a half couples.

Some sacrifices had to be made to secure uniformity of size and speed, and we now have nine couples with which to scour the country next autumn. The new comers are mostly Stud-book beagles. They include the progeny of prizewinners, representatives of such well-known packs as the Warwickshire, the Widford, and the Magdalen, New College, and Trinity, and two of them were in a pack which was taken to France earlier in the war and hunted behind the British lines. They have already shaped well, and may prove little if at all inferior to the almost perfect hunters with which we began the season. There are others too whose hunting days are not yet; the first

The Fishing Club

native-born Ampleforth beagles are already executing uncertain movements in a neighbouring field.

It would take a Somerville to do justice to the incidents of last term's hunting. We can but record our thanks to the Lady Julia Wombwell and to the Earl of Feversham for pleasant days, marred only by execrable weather, spent on their estates. Our first kill was secured on our first hunt with the enlarged pack. We met on March 17th on the edge of the moor just beyond Ampleforth village, and hunted a hare for over an hour through the heather and gorse. We then had a check which seemed to be final, but just when hounds were being called off, Soldier, a particular pertinacious hound, one of our original eight, found the hare in a gorse thicket, and drove it into the jaws of Forester. The scene of our best runs is west of the Watergate on the Ampleforth Station road. Here dwells there a hare which on three separate occasions preceded our original pack for over an hour and a half. It would be well for him to take good care of himself during the summer, for we mean to attack him next year with our larger numbers.

THE FISHING CLUB

"Behold the Fisherman! He riseth up early in the morning and disturbeth the whole household. Mighty are his preparations. He goeth forth full of hope. When the day is far spent, he returneth, smelling of strong drink, and the truth is not in him."

YES, we recognise the symptoms so far as the going forth is concerned, but we cannot vouch for the accuracy of the circumstances of the return!

Two new members were elected to the select circle of the club this term, P. Cullinan, a veteran salmon-fisher on the rivers and loughs of Ireland, and P. Gibbons, whose lesser reputation is due to lack of years rather than to lack of enthusiasm!

The best fish of the term, a pike, fell to the rod of A. Gibbons, a seasoned member. It was captured on Fairfax Lake, and weighed well over twelve pounds several hours later. Several

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smaller pike were taken both in the above water and at Foss Ponds.

The trout season has been most successful so far. At the time of writing seventy brace of trout have been lured to destruction from the waters of the Brook and the Rye. Thanks to the kindness of Lord Feversham two visits have been made to the excellent stretch in the Park, where good sport is always assured, and where the beautiful surroundings afford ample scope to the contemplative sportsman.

OLD BOYS

MR FRANCIS GIBBONS has been made a Knight of St Gregory by His Holiness Pope Benedict XV.