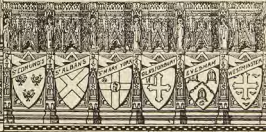


# THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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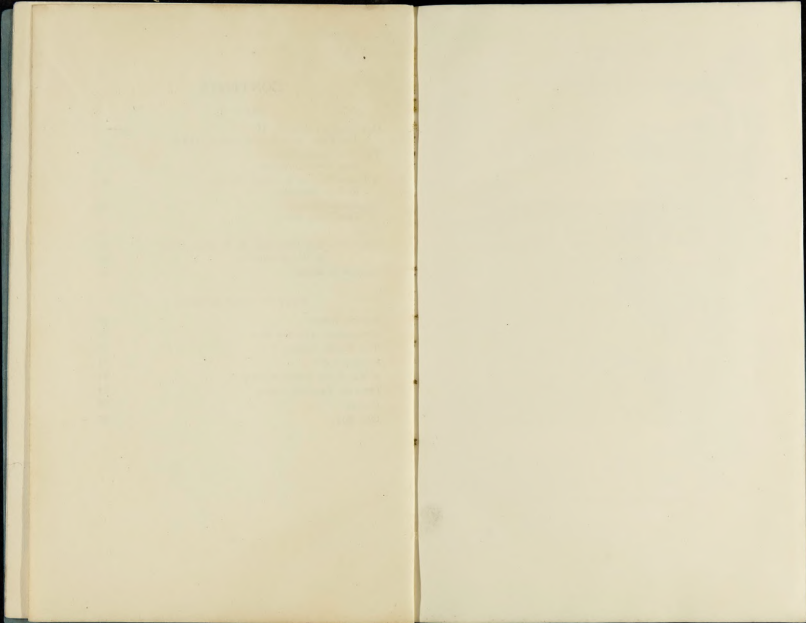
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## OUR LADY'S CHAPLAIN



ST ILDEFONSUS RECEIVING A CHASUBLE AT THE HANDS  
OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

From the large painting by Murillo, now in the Prado Museum at Madrid

## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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No. I

## OUR LADY'S CHAPLAIN

ST ILDEFONSUS.

PART II.

THE treatise *De Virginitate Perpetuâ Sanctae Mariae* was written by St Ildefonsus, as their extant letters indicate, at the request of his friend Quiricius, bishop of Barcelona. The work on which his fame rests, which best displays his devotion, which shows a distinctive style, it is described in *Migne* as a "Golden book whose worth can never be sufficiently commended, whose praise, had all other monuments perished, would transmit to the admiration of future generations a sweet memory of the Saint's piety and doctrine." Other of his genuine writings that have been preserved are composed in a very different style. *De cognitione Baptismi*, containing systematic expositions of the faith, is not so much an original work as a fresh edition of some important catechetical treatise; the same may be said of *De itinere deserti* in which the baptismal renunciations are depicted as making this world a wilderness where Christ is to be Guide, example, support and reward. In *De viris illustribus* our Saint continues a work of St Isidore, giving brief biographies of his elder contemporaries, bishops of Toledo and elsewhere. A tractate on the Blessed Trinity has been lost, as well as *Prosopopeia de imbecillitate suâ*, a parabolic disquisition on his own unworthiness. Later criticism has failed to endorse the ascription of sermons and tomes which long passed under his name; but among genuine writings are certain so-called *Missae*, apparently collects for the sacred liturgy, or short addresses and prayers used in the Mozarabic rite in preparation for the holy sacrifice. A few letters and



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poems complete the output of the Saint's works, the total of which is inconsiderable. Great differences can be noted between the style of these writings, with their unemotional manner, free from redundancy and passion, and that of his principal treatise where the author's feelings had been stirred to the depths by an attack upon the honour of the Mother of God.

Whatever the shortcomings of its literary style this treatise effected its immediate purpose of stamping out the embers of an unworthy and dangerous controversy. Confuted and reduced to silence by the Saint's writings, preaching and miracles, the heretics ceased to trouble the faithful; and long afterwards the poet Calderon commemorated the victory in a striking phrase where he sang of St Ildefonsus—

"Who slew the snake that Jerome scotched before."

Incidentally our Saint's writings, together with his example, accomplished more lasting results, for they inaugurated, or at least confirmed and developed, the devotion to the Mother of God that distinguished Spain in later times. St Ildefonsus was one of the earliest of the Fathers to write a treatise expressly on our Blessed Lady's prerogatives. Others had delivered Homilies on the subject, like Saints Epiphanius and Maximus in the West, or St Ephrem the Syrian; passages occur in many patristic writings showing the Church's constant tradition as to the sublime dignity of the Mother of our Lord; it would be hard to outvie the glowing terms in which St Cyril of Alexandria or St Peter Chrysologus proclaim the glory of the Theotokos. But except St Jerome none before our Saint had written expressly and directly on the prerogatives of Blessed Mary; and St Jerome's tractate, vigorous and effective, dogmatic and orthodox as it is, can hardly be called devotional. By the seventh century doctrinal development showed up clearly Our Lady's position in the plan of Redemption, her dignity and her influence; and there ensued a remarkable outburst of devotion and personal piety of which St Ildefonsus is one of the first examples. His writings anticipate the most fervent expressions of Oriental piety to be found in St Germanus (or Metaphrastes) and St John Damascene;

## Our Lady's Chaplain

he upholds Our Lady's unique position as clearly and boldly as ever did St Peter Damian or St Bernard. "*Veni mecum ad hanc Virginem ne sine hac properas ad gehennam.*"<sup>1</sup> If we were asked to name the author of such a phrase we might well guess St Alfonso de Liguori; yet it was written eleven hundred years earlier by his namesake at Toledo. Another extract may be given from the concluding chapter of our Saint's treatise to illustrate further his peculiar style and the fervour of his affection as well as his dogmatic position.

"And now I come to thee, only Virgin Mother of God, and prostrate before thee, who art thine own Son's handmaid, I pray thee obtain from Him pardon of my sins, and cause me to be cleansed from mine iniquity. Make me to love thy virtue's glory; show me the manifold sweetness of thy Son; give me ever to speak in defence of His holy faith. Grant me to cling to my God and to thee; to serve thy Son and thee, Him as my Maker, thee as my Maker's mother, Him as the Lord of hosts, thee as the handmaid of the Lord of all, Him as my Redeemer, thee as redemption's chief work. . . . I am thy servant since thy Son is my Lord, thou my Lady as being my Lord's handmaid. Grant, O grant me, holy Virgin, to receive Jesus from that Spirit through whom thou didst conceive Jesus. In that same Spirit may I speak high things of Jesus through whom thou didst confess thyself his servant, and love Jesus whom thou didst both adore as Lord and love as Son. . . . O prize of salvation, of my life and my glory, great with exceeding riches! O most noble title to freedom, O glorious proof of my nobility and pledge of everlasting glory! . . . I would be the client of the Mother that I may become a devout servant of the Son, for what is given to her redounds upon Him, and honour paid to the Queen passes on to the King. . . . He then is mighty though infirm, my salvation though slain for me, my healing yet wounded for my sake; He, the life that knows no death, yet yields to death and conquers it. Descending from heaven He sinks into the grave, leaving the tomb He ascends back to heaven. Confiding therefore wholly in the death of the Son of God and in my Saviour's

<sup>1</sup> Draw nigh with me to this Virgin lest without her you hurry to perdition.

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cross, trusting to my sins' forgiveness through the blood of my Christ, may I be one day associated to angelic choirs, that in me God may find glory, praise and honour, and in God I may find pardon and salvation, life and exultation for ever and ever. Amen." (cap. xii)

Heaven was not slow to recognise and reward the Saint's efforts in our dear Lady's cause. Two conspicuous marvels followed the publication of his work, which deserve to be better known, if only because of the deep traces they have left on the traditions of the Spanish Church. Before recording them however, it were well to indicate the authorities for the Saint's life, of whom some are earlier and more trustworthy than others. The leading facts of his story are vouched by the Saint's own writings and the witness of contemporaries, such as the brief Elogium of St Julian (690), which however mentions neither miracles nor visions. The marvellous incidents are first recorded in a somewhat rhetorical panegyric written 120 years later by Cixillano, a successor in his See, who claims to have learnt them from the Saint's young contemporaries, Evantius and Urban. They are the kind of incidents we expect to meet with in a Saint's story, where we have to balance the probabilities of early traditions with a natural tendency to glorify the local Church. Still with the instances of Lourdes and Loreto before our eyes it is possible to be over sceptical, and to yield unduly to a modern bias against the preternatural. Saints have ever been specially favoured with miraculous manifestations, and the probability of such graces increases when their private revelations become the ground-work of general and public purposes. For similar apparitions in later days the strongest evidence exists; it is improbable that such occurrences were unknown in earlier times, though direct and contemporaneous evidence for them may not now be available. Local traditions must be allowed some weight. Many such marvels may be legendary, yet not all of them. Stories that at least are full of edification and piety, that manifest the veneration of the faithful for their saints, may not be entirely omitted.

About a mile from the walls of Toledo, on the plain stretching towards the west, a venerable church may still be seen, now

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popularly known from its miraculous Crucifix as "Christo de la Vega," portions of which date from the eleventh century, when it was restored on the foundations of a much earlier basilica. Dedicated to a Virgin-martyr of the city who had suffered in the pagan persecution, this ancient sanctuary of St Leocadia was one of the principal churches of Toledo, and the usual meeting place for its councils; but although the Saint's feast was kept each year, the site of her sepulchre had been forgotten; and it was the archbishop's earnest desire to recover the relics and revive devotion to the local patroness. On one feast day then, December 9th, when the prelate was celebrating the sacred mysteries in presence of the king and a multitude of the faithful, and a longing for some sign stirred all hearts, suddenly a wondrous apparition was vouchsafed to them; the figure of the Virgin-martyr was seen to rise from beneath the pavement, indicating the spot where her relics lay. Thrilled at the sight, and exulting at this answer to their prayers, the people filled the basilica with their joyful cries: Deo gratias! Deo gratias! Taking the archbishop by the hand the Virgin-saint delivered to him a message of gratitude from the heavenly court, "O Ildefonso, through thee doth live our Lady Queen who holds the heights of heaven."<sup>1</sup> Louder and more fervent grew the jubilant cries of the faithful. That he might have palpable gage of the celestial visitant the bishop snatched the sword of the king, Reccesvinth II, who stood by, and cut off a portion of the Virgin's veil before she sank back to her tomb. Both sword and veil, so the legend tells, long remained in the church's treasury; and from that hour his faithful people conceived still greater veneration for their saintly pastor.

This is the breviary account of the apparition taken from the *Life* written by Archbishop Cixillano; it is only fair to add another version of the story less romantic, but possibly more authentic, and as some may think, more probable. St Ildefonso and his devout people had been keenly interested to discover the forgotten resting-place of their holy patroness; after fasting and prayer the search they made in the basilica

<sup>1</sup> O Ildefonso, per te vivit Domina mea quae caeli culmina tenet.

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was rewarded, and the Saint's relics exhumed and verified. As a proof and memorial of the fact, the archbishop cut off a portion of the veil in which the sacred remains were wrapped, and placed it with the king's sword in the treasury. In this account it is the delighted populace who exclaim that the bishop, by his discovery, has made their Lady Saint to live again. A comparison of the two stories shows how miraculous legends may develop.

But this was not the only occasion on which Our Lord rewarded the zeal of His Mother's client; a still greater favour lay in store, for our dear Lady deigned to come herself to express her thanks, speaking to him with her own sweet lips, and with her own fair hands clothing him in a robe of glory. And from the favoured spot where her feet rested that day there sprang up a fervent loyalty to the Mother of the Incarnate Word that proved Spain's shield during the long torment of heathen rule.

It was the feast of our Lady's Annunciation. In Spain by decree of a recent Council of Toledo (656) the festival was kept in Advent, eight days before Christmas, a date that seems more fitting in many ways than the month of March when the commemoration clashes incongruously with Passion-tide; and though the Spanish usage has not prevailed it has left its mark upon the liturgy, where our Lady's Expectation serves as an Advent echo of the Annunciation.<sup>1</sup> In the early hours of the morning Archbishop Ildefonsus came to the church with his monks and clergy to begin the nocturns of the day, but as they entered, lo! the choir was flooded with a great light and filled with heavenly visitants. Advancing alone to the sanctuary the Saint beheld the Queen of Heaven seated on his episcopal throne with a group of angels and virgins in attendance. In her hand she held the book he had written in her honour. Bidding him draw near she thanked him graciously for his service, and then—how beautiful the thought! bestowed upon him a gift from heaven's treasury, a Mass vestment all gleaming with silk and gold, dare we say, wrought by her own fair hands! "Be thou my Chaplain and

<sup>1</sup>The Second Nocturn lessons of this feast are still taken from the writings of St Ildefonsus.

## Our Lady's Chaplain

faithful scribe; receive this chasuble in recompense for thy zeal in my defence!" and so invests him with a glittering robe, which he was bidden to wear only on her feasts.

And it must be true,—for did they not show the very vestment for ages in Toledo? and ever afterwards no bishop dared seat himself upon that throne save the impious Sisibut, and his deposition for disloyalty to his earthly king was due punishment for irreverence towards his heavenly queen.

Surely a delightful story, redolent of the simple piety of ages of faith, full of the poetry which is essential truth!—a story that national painters and poets have loved to embellish with their art! The vision may well be historic even though its record be tricked out with legendary detail; and if our dear Lady did actually appear to her devout client, caught up in ecstasy and hearing secret words, and did really reward him with some heavenly favour, what matters if popular fancy has twined a graceful garland of poetry and romance round the solid column of historic fact? The groundwork of the story is undoubted, the Saint's special devotion to our Blessed Lady that his writings clearly evidence, and the memory of successful preaching recompensed in a remarkable manner. Some unusual manifestation of divine favour seems needed to account for the magnificent tradition of Marian devotion in Spain, as well as for the particular veneration for San Alonzo. Further in view of the terrible trial that shortly befell the country, the Providence of God may well have prepared an antidote, and drawn attention in marvellous mode to the power of the Divine Mother "who alone destroyeth heresy in all the world."

Within half a century of our Saint's death the deluge of Islam that swept over Spain overwhelmed in one destruction the Gothic kingdom and the Christian faith. The toleration that the victors at first professed and practised was gradually replaced by persecution, under which the Mozarabs, as the conquered Christians were termed, maintained a noble but fruitless struggle. Catholicism, though it may exist, can

<sup>1</sup>The apparition is related in the breviary lessons for the Saint's day, and is further commemorated in Spain by a special feast on January 24th, the day following the feast of St Ildefonsus; and, so the Little Hollandists say, even in Egypt among the Copts.

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never flourish under Mussulman rule. In Spain its churches were turned into mosques where the impure tenets of the infidel replaced the mysteries of holy faith. Its professors were oppressed, perverted or driven into exile. Spain's fate is almost without parallel in history, not even the sore-tried people of the Balkans having endured so prolonged an oppression. On the Alhambra's topmost tower, where Cardinal Mendoza planted the victorious Cross, a marble slab records the grim fact that here Mahomet reigned for seven hundred and seventy-seven years! Now Mahomet is essentially antichrist; his creed of bare monotheism mitigated by the prospect of a voluptuous paradise directly denies the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation; its distinctive mark has ever been hatred of the Virgin's Son. Over against this apostasy the Christian chivalry of Spain ranged itself under the banner of the Cross, drawing courage and hope from the gracious figure "that cometh up from the desert terrible as an army in battle array." The Virgin Mother bearing a Divine Child in her arms is the most fitting symbol possible of faith in the Incarnation. Men who wonder at its prominence in Spanish life forget that it stands as a memorial of the long fight for faith and freedom, and a recognition of the heavenly power that brought them victory. For nearly eight hundred years the Crusade continued with varying fortune. In the rugged fastnesses of the north the Christian remnant regained vitality and vigour; by slow stages the infidel was driven back; one after another, Christian kingdoms were formed, Leon, Asturias, Aragon, Castile; one by one lost cities were regained for Spain and *Santa Fe*. The Spanish people in the long conflict with antichrist felt themselves heartened and helped by devotion to Blessed Mary; for the Mother has ever been her Son's guardian since she fled with him to Egypt before Herod's face! Here as elsewhere religion reinforced nationality. Against so critical an emergency Providence may well have prepared by special interposition, so that Spanish freedom, and Spanish faith sprang in hardy guise from the soil which Blessed Mary's feet had pressed in San Alonzo's basilica at Toledo. No wonder men worship the footprints where those steps have trod!

## Our Lady's Chaplain

The high favours bestowed in his lifetime on St. Ildefonsus were but a prelude to eternal glory; within a few weeks he was called to his reward. On January 23rd, 667, Our Lady's Chaplain was bidden to her court in heaven, welcomed by the Lord who "loved him and adorned him, and clothed him with a robe of glory." He was buried in the basilica of St. Leocadia, where the tombs of the two Saints are still shown side by side in the centre of the nave. They have been empty since the Moorish occupation, for the relics were then translated to Zamora in Asturias. Miraculously discovered about 1400, they were restored to Toledo in 1496, and are now venerated in the chapel of Nuestra Señora del Sagrario, the wonder-working image of the Cathedral. Moreover the very spot where Our Lady appeared is pointed out close to one of the nave pillars, some distance from the present sanctuary however, for the vast building of the thirteenth century is far more spacious than its predecessor. The earlier church after being desecrated into a mosque was reconciled when in 1085 the Castilians under the Cid recovered Toledo; the traditional site of the apparition could easily be identified when St Ferdinand built the present glorious fane; and it is now marked by an altar inscribed with the prophetic text: "Adorabunt vestigia pedum tuorum."

Spain has never forgotten her debt to San Ildefonso; his memory hovers over Toledo, where the tradition of his charity still daily feeds a score of poor; he has inspired its artists, stood godfather to its towns, he is a national patron, and no other name has been more popular among his people. Borne constantly by princes of the earlier kingdoms it has lately been revived in the Royal house, and in the liturgy at least its older form still survives where Spain still chants: "Domine, saluum fac regem nostrum Ildefonsum."<sup>1</sup> Since the eighteenth century the name has been rendered yet more illustrious, and the elder Saint's fame somewhat overshadowed

<sup>1</sup> In the Charters of Silos can be found some fifteen variations of the name from Ildefonsus and Ildefonsus through Aldefonsus and Adelfonsus to Alfonso, Alonso and Alonzo, which last is most common in later times. Alonzo never occurs in the Charters, though it is a usual form later. Ildefonsus is never met with, the *ph* instead of *f* being apparently of late introduction, and French.

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by the Neapolitan St Alfonso de Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorist Congregation, and himself a doctor of the Church distinguished for devotion to our Blessed Lady. Though our older Spanish Saint has not been formally numbered among the Church's doctors, yet he has their Mass and Office in both the monastic and Spanish liturgies, and he ranks among the doctors of the Benedictine Order.

Intense devotion towards our Blessed Lady is San Ildefonso's distinction. It seems to have entered into his religious spirit and to have been a means of sanctification in a way that is generally associated with more fully developed Catholicism. It was his privilege to have to fight for a truth very closely touching our Lady's honour—one that is again being disputed in the present day; and except St. Jerome he is the earliest of the Fathers to take in set treatise the theme of the glories of Mary. A pioneer in the fields of piety, he anticipated by centuries those outpourings of filial devotion to the Blessed Mother of our Lord, which later grew so marked a feature of Catholic sanctity. These distinctions have earned him a place among Marian doctors, together with St Anselm, St Peter Damian and St Bernard. To his people he bequeathed his devotion as a safeguard for their faith in the Godhead of Jesus Christ; in return they have ever borne his name in affectionate remembrance. The quaint title of "Our Lady's Chaplain" was bestowed upon him, if not by our Lady directly, then by the loving instinct of her clients. Spanish painters and others<sup>1</sup> have loved to illustrate the stories of his life; and a Spanish poet<sup>2</sup> has summed up its lesson in one verse:

La vida de Alfonso loa la mia Señora.

Alfonso's life is our Lady's praise.

J.I.C.

<sup>1</sup> Marillo, van Orley, Rubens, Klaubner, Collot.

<sup>2</sup> Calderon: *La Virgen del Sacramento*.

## HISTORICAL NOVELS

(A Paper read before the Stubbs Historical Society, Oxford)<sup>1</sup>

I FEEL that in a discursive paper such as the title suggests, it is my obvious duty to begin with a definition. A definition is always impressive; it gives a delusive air of mingled acuteness and profundity. But on trying to evolve a definition of historical novels I find I have been unjust to definition makers,—the air is not so delusive after all. The chief difficulty is that the name is a contradiction in terms,—history is or ought to be something true: fiction is something "made up," i.e. false. The combination gives a Tennysonian antithesis,—a historical novel is something "truly false," or perhaps better "falsely true." Having thus indicated my conscientiousness I will abandon the intended display of acuteness and profundity.

We know, without the aid of a definition, the difference between history and fiction. Even mediæval children knew it. In that excellent novel *San Celestino*, thirteenth-century Italian children ask their grandmother for "a novella." "'What novella?' 'About the Guiscard and Sigelgaita.' 'That is not a novella, that is history,' remarked Astorgo who was an accurate person. 'Never mind, there's no harm in history when it's interesting,' declared Giulio."

The novel has of course usurped the educational functions of most forms of writing. One is continually told by people who would not think of reading a book of travel that *Thelma*, *The Garden of Allah*, *The Children of the Sea*, or similar books are not really good stories but worth reading for their descriptions of foreign scenery. More people were affected by *When it was Dark* than by all the learned apologetics on the same subject; scoffers at socialism were softened by *Number Five John Street*; and the influence on public opinion of *Uncle*

<sup>1</sup> I never before realised the force of this piece of information often prefixed to essays. I perceive now that it is an apology to the reader for many blemishes, which he is expected to believe were successfully covered by brilliance of delivery and the spontaneous additions of sudden inspiration.



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*Tom's Cabin*, and sundry novels of Dickens and Charles Reade requires merely a reference.

Of this mass of instructive fiction, the historical novel is no small part, and it may be worth our while to examine it. I am not referring to the occasional furore excited by popular successes like *Quo Vadis* or *The Piper of Milan*, but to the steady output of authors like Messrs Weyman, Hewlett, Deeping and the late Marion Crawford. In his delightful little book on story-writing Mr Barry Pain thinks it necessary to advise new authors not to *begin* with a historical novel.

Though they are so popular, historical novels fall foul of at least two classes of readers. The historian complains that they are not history; the seeker of relaxation that they are not satisfactory fiction. As a certain lady novelist is supposed to have said, "Steering for both Scylla and Charybdis they fail to reach either." A more serious objection may be based on the very nature of a novel or romance which suggests that the artistic development of a plot or character must be hindered or limited by historical facts. Nevertheless I propose to dwell chiefly on the good points of this class of fiction and leave the other side to subsequent speakers.

Obviously your judgment will depend chiefly on your opinion of history and its aims. What is history? There are plenty of definitions, "Philosophy teaching by examples," "a compound of poetry and philosophy," "broad-gauge gossip," "an uninterrupted conspiracy against the truth," "the development of mankind in time and space," and most lucid of all, "a continual revelation of the absolute gradually accomplishing itself." For our purpose I think we might accept Herodotus' idea—an enquiry into the past thoughts and activities of man. The science of history would then be the search for accuracy in the answers to the enquiries, and the arrangement of them in their logical relations. The quantity and variety of such ascertained facts and relations being enormous, we are led to the art of history-writing, namely the selection of such representative results of scientific history as will give a correct impression of the whole. M. Anatole France has developed this idea with his national lucidity in *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. Well, to give a full and

## Historical Novels

correct impression is of course an appallingly difficult task. The blending of the innumerable factors which make the finished product is, I imagine, possible only for the encyclopedists who set the Finals questions. You remember the epigram—

"Sits the little human creature  
By Eternity's vast sea,  
Catches just the ocean's murmur,  
Writes—and calls it History."

Take a simple event like the signing of Magna Carta. The account will not be complete with the date, names, and an analysis of causes and consequences. It ought to tell us what the King thought of it, what the barons hoped from it, how the people regarded it, how they were dressed, how they got there, where they put up at night, how they amused themselves in the intervals, how the ceremony passed off, what the scenery and weather were like, how the inevitable pessimists managed without the aid of the *Daily Mail* to express their conviction that it was the first step towards the downfall of England. To achieve or attempt this you can insert sections in your history labelled clothes, houses, money, travelling, &c., of the early Plantagenet period. But it is easier to express and infinitely easier to absorb these things if they are made accessories to a story. Still it requires a practised hand. One does not want the characters to move through their adventures like Bekker's *Charicles* with a Co-operative Stores catalogue hanging round their necks or dogging their footsteps in appendices. Even Scott's well-managed interludes of instruction are too leisurely for modern taste, and the present-day writer resorts to suggestion. By a sentence describing a man-at-arms idly poking a log fire with his sword-sheath, while waiting for his mulled sack, and distressing a mild innkeeper by wiping the soot off on the tapestry hangings, he conveys more ideas (usually incorrect as in this instance) than many learned footnotes, and tries to take the reader at once from the atmosphere of the Ashmolean into the chronological equivalent of the Randolph. An even more effective way is that of contrast,

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so successfully employed in that remarkable story, *Ladies whose Bright Eyes*.

Another advantage of the historical novel is that it forms an artistic whole. You begin and leave off with an aesthetic sense of completeness. In history you are inevitably led backwards and forwards by the chain of cause and effect, till you have covered the whole of human records, and then are forced to stop without scientific knowledge of its beginning or its end. You are familiar with the apologetic formulas of the prefaces to books on "periods."

However, this advantage has its reverse side. No readable historic novel can cover more than a generation or so, though Mr William de Morgan has found some ingenious methods of extension. Even the most famous of Chinese novels, which begins with the alarming statement that untold years ago the heavens were in need of repair, speedily descends to a less remote epoch, and traces the results on the fortune of two families. The series of short stories like *The Eyewitness*, *The Last Galley*, Father Martindale's brilliant sketches or Mr Kipling's masterpieces hardly come within our scope to-night.

In a good historical novel then we demand a good story or character sketch, coupled with accurate history. But accuracy is, in spite of its meaning an elastic term. What is to be the pass-standard? The criterion of giving a correct impression of the particular time or place allows a margin for minor chronological error, especially when the author, like Scott in *Quentin Durward*, or Stevenson in *The Black Arrow*, admits that he has made the alteration for dramatic effect. Plenty of other instances suggest themselves,—Newman introduces Lactantius into *Callista* some twenty years or so too early, and Mr Kipling, as I believe no critic has noticed, makes someone sing a popular song about half a century before it was composed. Slightly more serious, perhaps, is the kind of linguistic error to be found in *The Cloister and the Hearth*. A lady of the Colonna family declares that Gerardo, the name of the Dutch hero, is a foreign and barbaric name. Actually however there was a real Gerardo among the Colonnas of that very period. Sometimes the author's motive is obvious as when the duumvir in *Ben Hur* says that a certain piece of

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news came to him in his ship by Londinum. This unlikely, yet not impossible, statement is clearly made to suggest to American sentiment a connection however faint between themselves and the far-off days of the story. The last chapter of Professor Stanley Lane-Poole's life of Saladin has some interesting criticisms on the respective treatments of that monarch in Scott and in Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*. Perhaps the most considerable deliberate collection of historical discrepancies is in Sir A. Conan Doyle's *Refugees*. By way of contrast we may recall Lord Aclon's praise of *Romola* for its strict fidelity to the minutest details.

But these are only trivial faults; there is another kind of error which is vital. There may be perfect accuracy in chronology, costume and manners, and yet the impression conveyed may be totally false in all essentials. Prejudice or propaganda is the usual source. One might name some living writers, but Kingsley will serve as a typical example, though Dean Farrar's story of St. John Chrysostom and his times, which is really an attack on the episcopacy of the Church of England, deserves honourable mention. Kingsley indeed has the merit of frankness, openly giving *Hypatia* the subtitle of *Old Foes with New Faces*. *Weisward Hol!* is a remarkable instance of patriotic and religious zeal leading to distortion of evidence, suppression, exaggeration, and misinterpretation, yet all done with such honestly blind enthusiasm and woven into such a readable story, that were it not for the harm it continues to do, its crudity in this respect might be forgiven. It is so very easy and natural to make your good characters Englishmen and Protestants and your blackguards Spaniards and Jesuits and to draw an appropriate moral.

Another pitfall is that of putting sentiments in your novel of the past which may be true enough in the light of to-day's historical perspective, but quite incredible in the mind of the speaker. I mean things like Glaucon's lament in *The Last Days of Pompeii*, over the loss of Greek independence two centuries before, or much more ridiculous, a description of the Roman colonists of Carthage, in a story of Tertullian's days, regretting the defeat of Hannibal.

An item which cannot be classed amongst these few kinds

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of mistakes, yet one which all here would agree in considering an error, occurs in *Sinister Street*. In that picture of Magdalen life, Michael Fane has a luxurious four years and apparently does no work but gets a "First" in History. And he was not even a member of the Stubbs.

A few words now on the construction of these works. The historian has to learn the technique of fiction; the novelist has to learn his history. I will not attempt to judge which has the harder task. That both are difficult may be guessed by recalling first the awkwardness of some historians' attempts at fiction, and secondly the elaborate preparations of Father Benson, or the questions in Stevenson's letters. I am referring of course to the more serious books, for there is apparently an easier method in considerable vogue. You write your story first, leaving blank spaces for the names and local colouring. These you fill in afterwards according to the demands of the market, with Sir Rupert, Marcus Antonius, gadzooks, by Hercules, pieces of eight, or sequins, &c. With care and carbon paper you can thus write several novels at once. I imagine Mr. Henty used to do it.

In reality there are innumerable minute differences accompanying the most trivial incident. Let us take an old friend—the assault at midnight. On a dark night a belated wayfarer is travelling slowly down the Banbury Road, when suddenly a ruffian leaps from the roadside and confronts him with the customary alternatives. This pleasantly familiar little episode would vary considerably in its details according to the century. Quite different causes would bring the traveller out late at night and account for the insecurity of the journey; quite different social or economic motives would prompt the assault. In the fourteenth century for instance the traveller would be prepared for such *obiter facta*, and drawing his sword, and invoking his patron saint, would (presumably) cleave the ruffian's head; in the twentieth he would be taken by surprise, invoke the police, brandish his umbrella, and wish he knew jiu-jitsu. If you really meant what you said in your preface (for you must not omit this essential part of the historical novel) about "giving a true picture of the times," you should indicate these things, and it cannot be done in the blank-space method.

## Historical Novels

Assuming however that the author has sympathy and knowledge there still remain many difficulties. I will suggest a few without attempting their solution. How is speech or dialogue to be dealt with? Is it to be in dignified periods suggesting a stilted artificiality, or in modern phrases destroying by their associations the illusion of the past? Dialect again; how is the educated speaker to be distinguished from the illiterate? I remember Mr. Max Beerbohm boldly advocating the use of English county dialects in the analogous case of translation from the Russian. Perhaps the greatest difficulty is in the matter of social customs. Take an extreme case. Suppose you are writing about a period or place in which cannibalism or human sacrifices are part of ordinary life. Are you not likely to alienate the reader by describing them as they were, or to make your characters sympathetic but unreal by giving them modern feelings on the subject? Human sacrifice is an extreme case; but there are plenty of others less striking but equally difficult,—slavery, the attitude of Louis XIV's court towards the common people, religious persecution and judicial torture. A few criticisms read at various times occur to me, which suggest further pitfalls. A famous one is Flaubert's judgment on the preponderance of archaeological detail over the story, in his own *Salammbô*—"The pedestal is too big for the statue." Another was a bitter comment about turning a living organism into a skeleton, passed on a well-known writer who had been rash enough to hack a novel out of Boswell. Of Georg Eber's *Joshua* someone observed that the Egyptian officers behaved like Prussian subalterns, and M. Anatole France's notorious Alexandrian novel was summarily dismissed as "very modern and very French." These last two criticisms really open the question as to any change having taken place in human nature in the course of centuries. I leave it to the Society for discussion.

I will now touch lightly on the history of the Historical Novel. After my earlier remarks on the advantages of writing history in this form of fiction, you may possibly expect me to apply it in this instance. But you may remember also that the feat requires the author to be both a great historian and a great novelist. I do not consider myself the latter.



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Though Scott was the originator of this kind of literature in the strict sense, men have always told stories of the past and woven legends round dead heroes. We find this idealisation in the epics of Greece and Rome and India, in the Romance cycles of the Middle Ages, in Firdausi's *Shah-na-mah*, and to go back to the earliest times, in the Babylonian epic of Gilgames. And as historians persist in discrediting every picturesque anecdote from Herodotus' account of the capture of Babylon to King Alfred and his cakes, these stories automatically classify themselves as historical fiction. The oldest surviving tale, an Egyptian one written perhaps 3000 a.c., is of this type, inasmuch as it deals with a former Pharaoh of pre-pyramid times. In fact it is a historical novel "with a purpose," for Professor Petrie sees in it an attack on a "woman's rights" movement. The action of the earliest English novel, so I am told by an English scholar, was laid in the century before the author's date.

It is unnecessary to discuss the value of Scott's work, and too long a task to trace a line of development among his successors, but it is interesting to observe that nearly every novelist of note has made some attempt at a historical novel. Possibly some one may find us an explanation of this; I offer one or two tentative suggestions. It may be that some particular event or character provides a plot or dramatic sequence more vivid than anyone can hope to create. Or perhaps the novelist feels that, notwithstanding the pleasure of creation, it is nobler to deal with truth, with actual people, to revivify the past, than to raise modern phantoms. "Art," said Stevenson, "cannot compete with life." Against this we may put Dumas' remark that Lamartine had raised history to the dignity of the novel. It is equally curious that these isolated efforts have been comparative failures. *Romola* is considered George Eliot's poorest novel, and no real lover of Dickens ranks *A Tale of Two Cities* very high. Few people read Meredith's — (I am sorry I have forgotten the name — it is a story in *The Tale of Chloë*) and fewer still Wilkie Collins' *Antonina*. As a later instance Mr E. F. Benson's two historical novels are not such favourites as his other books.

## Historical Novels

I intended to raise the question of why some periods are so markedly favoured by novelists, for though it is possible, I imagine, to compile a list covering every century and even quarter-century of Christian times and most of those before, the majority of novels cluster round three or four periods, but I have taken up too much time already. I will however express a wish that our writers would desert Charles II, and Richelieu and the French Revolution, and the ugly stories of the Stone Age which are coming into vogue, and give us some genuine pictures of the real Middle Ages. I know there are plenty, but very few of them are satisfactory. Robert Barr's medieval tales make easy reading and G. P. James' do not. *Ekkehard* and *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest* have their good points, but the vagueness of most attempts recalls Bret Harte's verses on "The Legends of the Rhine." What one would like is something on the generous scale of *Theophano* or *The Cloister and the Hearth* combining the accuracy of the former with the spirited movement of the latter, and with more sympathy than either. Perhaps Mr Maurice Hewlett will one day supply it. The most obvious discrepancy between historians and novelists in this matter is that the former testify to the deep religious feeling of those times, expressing itself in every form from cathedrals to cockle hats, and the average novelist, even when he tries to be comprehensive as in *The White Company*, not only omits all reference to everyday Catholic incidents like the Angelus, wayside shrines and even feast-days, and shows a totally false conception of Monasticism, but makes persons brought up in the shadow of a convent ignorant of the most elementary Christian doctrines.

I have confined myself chiefly to English novels, and even here you will have noticed some singular omissions, *Marius the Epicurean*, *John Inglesant*, and *Esmond*, for instance. So I can only refer to foreign works such as those of Dahn, Rydberg, Dumas, and Merejkowski's gloomy and unjust trilogy, and Maurus Jokai's wonderful series, as possible subjects for discussion.

In conclusion—the historical novel is a tribute to the past which we are studying, to the upward striving of man, to the

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characters and the labours that have raised man from the Mousterian stage to (please forget the war for a moment) his present condition of mastery over nature, of noble and articulate aspiration, when "he

"... dogs the secret footsteps of the heavens,  
Lifts in his hands the stars, weighs them as gold dust,  
... Avid of all dominion and all mightiness  
All sorrow, all delight, all topless grandeurs,  
All beauty and all starry majesties  
And dim transtellar things."

The imaginative reconstruction of this long growth is the highest and most stimulating form of fiction.



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## A FAIRY-TALE of LITERARY HISTORY

IN Shakespeare's day Fancy was a little child—a girl-child, sprightly, roguish, wayward, whom poets loved like a little sister, romped with for a holiday, and indulged in every conceivable way—because to indulge so pretty a creature was to indulge themselves. Fancy in those days was a relaxation, a relief, a pastime and a joy; a thing to be toyed with by poets in the intervals of that more vital business, the courting of her elder sister, lovely Imagination with the veiled grey eyes and twilight air of mystery. This latter it was that grown men wooed with the serious parts of their nature; while with Fancy, the imp of laughter, they sported and made game, running after her to be eluded by her quicker feet, laughing with her in corners, lurking for her in odd nooks to leap out upon and catch her as she stole warily by. Fancy was the spoiled and darling child of the period; its pages are alive with the sparkle of her eyes, the shimmer of her shaken curls. She was so light, so nimble, illusive,—so intangible almost; it was a tender, playful love that poets felt for her as she danced before them over green lawns, beside clear waters, and through the mazes of sweet rose-gardens.

And Fancy should have stayed a child as she was in those days. Only as a child can she be rightly treated. She is so essentially inconsequent, so trivial; to be dismissed at bedtime with a kiss and with another woken in the morning; a pastime, not a business, a joy, not a duty. Imagination, her elder sister, is for the serious parts of poets' minds.

Nevertheless Fancy grew up, though she need never have done so. She had the gift of perpetual youth—if only men could have been content to leave her so! But it would seem as though they had wished to woo her in her late teens, trusting perhaps that so winsome a creature would prove less exacting than that elder sister whom men know as Imagination. So Fancy in an evil day for herself was persuaded to grow up, that poets might pay their court to her according to the immemorial usage of men.

But the change was not well. Fancy, capricious in the

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consciousness of her power, was not less exacting, only less worthy, than her sister (whom men for a time neglected); her very intangibility added perplexities of its own. Men pursued her now, not as formerly with the abandon of a game, but clumsily, beseechingly, striving the while to be dignified, not to get hot, to sweat, to become ridiculous. And Fancy was not merciful; she did not spare her swains. She led them further and further afield, round and about even more impishly than of yore; while her pursuers, frantic now with real burning desire, stumbled and fell in their efforts to follow her, arriving often as not, sweaty but still ardent, only to find her gone. All this happened in the seventeenth century, when Donne, Crashaw, Vaughan, Traherne and a score or so of others, wooed Fancy round the gooseberry bushes.

Imagination in these days was neglected; she walked apart, alone,—for Fancy had quite cut her out, and poets thought of her no more. These lovers of Fancy,—Donne, Crashaw and the rest,—did not in the intervals of their frantic courtship seek Imagination; rather they sought a cousin of Fancy's—a hard, superior, but oddly attractive young man he was in those days—whom men call Intellect. To this youth the lovers harkened when Fancy was not in sight; and the records of these times are a mingling of the wild pursuit of Fancy and the prim discourse of her cousin, Intellect.

But Fancy could not even stay a young girl, for poets grew tired of pursuing her wherever she chose to lead them. They were growing older and stiffer in the joints; mad quests of Fancy round trees and through shrubberies no longer attracted them. They sat longer and longer with Intellect, growing daily more staid and more opinionated; till at last Fancy perceived that none was following her. Then Fancy—for she is a born flirt—set her nimble wits to work and bethought her how best to recapture these defaulting swains. Meanwhile Imagination, whom poets had almost entirely forgotten, wandered further and yet further away in the deep forest-land of perilous dreams.

So Fancy took counsel with her cousin in the waste places where he had his being, and she learned from him. She no

## A Fairly-Tale of Literary History

longer ran away from men, but sat with them, humouring them and deferring to their wishes. For it had happened to her as it happens to all coquettes that at length she had to court where before she was courted. It was a melancholy change for Fancy; and she lost her figure in the process, becoming stouter and less nimble, a little jaded and less bright of eye. But she was successful all the same; for this new race of poets had no other mistress but Fancy, preferring her a thousand times to groping in the wood after Imagination or puzzling their brain over the arid soliloquies of Intellect who still mandered on in his solitudes. But Fancy had now become hard and unloveable, even a little vulgar; she poked bitter fun at everyone and everything—for she was always apt and clever—and became from a little joyous child a strained and joyless woman. All this happened in the eighteenth century when men (and even poets) wore periwigs.

But an enormous reaction took place. Men suddenly ceased to wear periwigs; they threw them away and danced on them, and rushed into the wood in search of Fancy's sister. Some of them found her too—by a spring of pure water; and she was quite unchanged—neither older nor less beautiful than in those other days when poets had wooed her while they romped with Fancy. In these days that had come upon the world all men sought the wood, caring nothing for its brambles and dubious ways if they could catch so much as one fleeting glimpse of the Presence that haunted therein. Meanwhile Fancy sat quite alone, discredited, bitter of heart and smudged with angry tears. No one had a thought to spare for her. This happened in the nineteenth century—early in those days.

Of course the *furor* did not last; Imagination was too inaccessible to be popular for long. Men soon turned from her—but not back to Fancy; she had grown ugly in the meantime. No, it was after that cousin that men went mad—rushing away into his solitudes and fastnesses to catch a few echoes of his precious manderings. What did Fancy do?

Well, she bought a wig and a rouge-pot, and she painted her lips with carmine and pencilled her eyes with lead; and, thus made up, she sallied out into the world, where of

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course she caught the eye of a few *roués* and a number of horrid young men. She opened a *salon* and lay on a sofa, and sickly poets thronged round her to kiss her hand. The records of these days are full of her evil perfumes and the glitter of her hard eyes. This last phase was at the end of the nineteenth century.

And what is to become of Fancy? Is she to die altogether and her element to perish wholly out of life? Or into what fire shall we plunge her to bring her forth anew? She is in her squalid stage now, diseased and frightful; only a few can love her—and the fewer the better. Yet once she was a fair and comely presence in life and poetry—in those long-gone days when she was an impish child and wise men romped with her on sunny lawns. Or is there perhaps already another Fancy—as yet a toddling child, whose winsome smile, however, and feat, well-moulded limbs augur delightful games for poets in the golden sunshine of some future Spring? I have had visions of such a child. Let us bury the old Fancy—poor degraded creature; her knell is already rung. Then let us get back into the garden if we can. Imagination will return to us, for her true joy is not in solitude but in the company of men; and Intellect will renew his youth. Then, too, by the old pure waters and through the long-lost rose-gardens we will wanton with Fancy, as with a butterfly; and Peace and Mercy shall come down from heaven to dwell once more with men. This may happen in the twentieth century.

## MONSIGNOR BENSON

*The Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson*, by C. C. Martindale, S.J. Two vols., xii + 880 pp. Longmans & Co. 18s.

IN the same way as beautiful children are said to develop into plain "grown-ups," those who are destined to show attractive and interesting personalities later in life are often lacking in the qualities that go to make pleasing boys and girls. Robert Hugh Benson was one of these; and many who read this life of him will be inclined to sum up his early years as those of a "horrid little boy." In other words, he is revealed as wayward, perhaps a little spoilt (he was the "baby" of the family), intensely interested in his own circumstances and interests not merely in the way of all children, but to a degree that showed the sensitiveness of character that means so much for good and for harm to its owner. "Once his mother took him abroad. The crossing was painful: in the train he refused lunch, saying that the very mention of food made him feel sick. 'Sit at the far end of the carriage and shut your eyes,' his mother said, 'while I eat mine'; no; the very sound of crumpled paper made him feel ill: then the bare idea that there was food in the carriage. . . . His mother had to disembark at the first stop and bolt her food on the platform." Mr A. C. Benson describes him in *Hugh* as a "delicately made, light-haired, blue-eyed child, looking rather angelic in a velvet suit, and with small, neat feet, of which he was supposed to be unduly aware." More important is what follows: "he was entirely impervious to the public opinion of the nursery, and could neither be ridiculed nor cajoled out of continuing to do anything he chose to do. . . . He went his own way, knew what he wanted to do, and did it." This trait, unusual in a child, and, as I have said, not making for the childish virtues, is none the less the potential matter of character, when other elements are present to collaborate.

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On the other hand, it is notable that Mr Matthew Hill, a contemporary of Hugh at Eton, describes him as "by no means regardless or unheeding of public opinion. On the contrary, he was exceptionally anxious not to offend the conventional standards, or at any rate not to be found out doing so. He was always careful to know the right people and do the right thing." This is not really inconsistent with his earlier attitude. Clearly he had come to see the practical error of his ways in contact with unsympathetic boyhood, and the advantages of half-pence over kicks. His conformity must have been external and concessive, and could never have become the quasi-religious instinct of the average boy.

As early as 1888, when he was only sixteen, Benson's letters begin to show the vivid and close application of form to content, that was later to mean literary style. "Please ask Beth to send my hamper *at once* if she can—because we have *literally not one morsel to put in our mouths*. We are literally starving, though I don't wish in the least to alarm you, but we are wasting away with famine."

At Eton, in spite of an almost continuous stream of letters from Archbishop Benson and his mother, urging and imploring him to work hard and not to waste these critical years, he acquired no more than a public-school education in the conventional sense, a wide but comparatively unintelligent knowledge of Latin and Greek bulking the largest in the final result. Many years later he wrote in a current periodical that at school he had learned so to hate the classics that he had never willingly read a Greek play since; . . . it had never entered his head to try and win a Latin verse prize in the *Westminster Gazette*. To judge from two elegiac couplets, written at Mirfield when Benson was about thirty, he had never 'willingly read' the prize columns of the *Westminster Gazette*; for he could not then have contemplated himself seriously as competing.

On the other hand, at Wren's, where he was for a year after leaving Eton, he says that he learnt "more of the solid principles of mathematics, more of the general outlines of history, in its broad and really important aspect, more of the real glories of the classics . . . than in all my four years at Eton."

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This means no more than that the weapon of his intellect was better suited for trying conclusions with the rapier of the crammer than with the cudgel of the public school. After this year he went on to Trinity College, Cambridge; but it was before he reached Cambridge that he became acquainted with the book that influenced him profoundly throughout his life—Shorthouse's *John Inglesant*. Years later in his *Confessions* he writes: "Even now I know passages of it by heart particularly those dealing with the Person of Our Lord." This was the most important function of the book in his life, to awake in him the sense of vital, personal religion; but its less important influence upon his intellectual outlook and writing was hardly less clearly marked.

In so brief and summary an account as this must be, Benson's years at Cambridge, interesting as this chapter of the biography is, may be all but ignored. They seem to represent one of those periods that come in many lives, during which, while progress is no doubt going on inwardly, there is little or nothing to show for it. It is worth noting that Benson was a member of Leander (*quid* cox of the Third Trinity boat); and in this connection it may be recalled that he was elected to College Pop at Eton. These with a few other incidents of his life, such as riding and deer-stalking, make up a phase upon which his biographer has hardly enough dwelt. To cox one of the boats at the head of the river at Cambridge requires abilities and aptitudes, which would be worth examining more closely.

Ordination followed a year's preparatory work under Dean Vaughan at Llandaff, and Benson joined at once the Eton Mission at Hackney Wick. His notion of the externals that should reflect the right inner attitude in a clergyman was of "a frock-coat, a white tie, and any collar that was not Roman," (this was in 1895; by now I think it has been utterly forgotten that Rome had ever any hand in the introduction of that form of collar). A retreat given by Father Maturin, then of the Cowley Fathers, first revealed to him the inevitability and importance of dogma; and his experience of the ably-run philanthropy of the Eton Mission, to his eyes overshadowing its religious aspect, left in him ever afterwards an



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almost superstitious dread of "social work"<sup>1</sup>—the ivy that so often kills the tree of religion; to which it clings.

This chapter of his life was ended by his father's sudden death; and he was shortly afterwards sent abroad to Egypt for his health. Here was the axe first laid to the root of the Anglican tree. The hotel services at Luxor struck him at once as "terribly isolated and provincial"; the little Catholic church in the village, with all its "crimped paper and spangles," was "obviously part of the village life." These are the first words, but unmistakable, of the convert to be. Father Martindale aptly quotes the reflections of a soul more naturally Anglican in the person of Archbishop Benson, touring in Algeria. "I am much impressed with the [Mohammedan] religion. . . . The Romanists, with their tawdry idols of St Joseph, the Immaculate Conception, &c., will never win these Monotheists. The churches are less spiritual now in conception than the mosques."

Benson returned to a curacy at Kemsing, a quiet country parish near Sevenoaks, where with ritual, friends, music and the teaching of plays to children he passed a happy year—too happy, he felt, and too little disciplined. In search of this discipline, of which he felt himself keenly in need, he entered, in September, 1898, the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, in Yorkshire. There for five years he lived a life that has been described as resembling an Oratorian's then, though the Community has since become more Lazarist as it were in tone. During these years, the most striking in the history of his life, he developed in a way that he might have been expected to begin earlier, but that he was never to continue in the same degree at any later date. His characteristic methods of work (or, indeed, of over-work rather) appear and begin to be formed; his gift of preaching is at last given its head: his literary style becomes vivid and individual. As evidence of this, and as a revelation of Benson's growing insight, I quote a letter:

" . . . . But I always think there is a certain grim satisfaction in

<sup>1</sup> Where he was satisfied however that his suspicions had no ground, he could be an enthusiastic supporter, as in the case of St Hugh's (Mr Norman Potter's house for boys)

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shoving a thing alone, in a humdrum way. We have a dog at home who runs with the carriage: when he has sported himself about enough, he goes under the carriage into the dust, and pads along with his hind-legs and tail showing over the back; and I always sympathise. He wishes, I think, to be part of a larger machine, and puts himself into touch with a larger thing than himself, and he finds it worth the dust, because the wheels are going all round him. I always feel just the same here —, after barking in various places one comes back and fits into this machine; and the very monotony is a joy."

There followed in 1903, after rather more than a year's argument, reflection and anticipation, Benson's reception into the Church. Of such delicate issues and their history it is impossible to speak, except at length, as has been done with skill and restraint by Father Martindale in the chapter called "Conversion." Still, in passing, I should like to call attention to a book, even now not well enough known, that Benson found "a masterpiece," "irresistible," during the months before his submission. It is Mr W. H. Mallock's *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption*, a pulverising malleus Anglicanorum.

## II

In November, 1903, Benson, now a Catholic, left London for Rome. Here he took up his quarters at *San Silvestro in Capite*, and began his ecclesiastical studies. His enthusiasm for Rome and the sights of Rome, though it waned from its first heat, never failed: and the letters quoted by Father Martindale in this part of the biography show as coloured and interesting a picture of ecclesiastical Rome as is to be found in any contemporary English writing that I know:

"I have watched children during Mass sitting flat in the middle of an inland floor, treating it as a kind of castle, and tracing its foundations with filthy fingers. But the prayers of them and the people, when they set themselves to it, are simply indescribable. They fetch a chair, making it squeak all across the floor: plant it where they like, have a word or two with a friend, fumble about for beads, then kneel down solid on the stone floor, and remain entirely motionless for half an hour. I have watched a big boy here once or twice, a Yahoo, with matted hair, in a kind of yellow suit, dirty beyond description, absolutely motionless, kneeling for half an hour before the Blessed Sacrament. My goodness me! You come into a church at any hour

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you like, and there are at least half a dozen people, men and women equally, sitting in the very middle of the magnificent marble floor, with their hands before them, looking, and looking, and looking at the tabernacle."

This, too, is his description of a function, the exhibition of relics in St. Peter's:

"Vespers were booming away in a chapel, and had been for about an hour; and the church was getting darker and darker. There were no lights except on the altars all round, and they only looked like tiny sparks; and the confession and papal altar was twinkling like a Christmas tree; but it was so dark in the top of the nave that one could not recognise faces. Then suddenly the bells jangled loud; a procession with lights, and a bishop with a cope and mitre, and Rampolla in scarlet, came out of the chapel with a great crowd following; the lights went up everywhere simultaneously, everybody went on their knees, and right up in a gallery in the dome, where eight huge candles were burning, a man appeared, a little figure in white, with a reliquary . . ."

Readers of the *Papers of a Pariah* will remember many similar passages. Rome indeed gave especial play to the most powerful of all Benson's faculties—that of visualisation. For most of us I imagine that the lists of saints in the Canon of the Mass are at best lists of great intercessors whom the Church has delighted to honour: to the author of *By What Authority?* it is more natural that there should actually appear, after the "heavenly creatures dimly seen moving through clouds of glory" of the Preface:

" . . . first the Queen Mother herself, glorious within and without . . . ; then the great Princes of the Blood Royal, who are admitted to drink of the King's own cup, and sit beside Him on their thrones, Peter and Paul and the rest, with rugged faces and scarred hands; and with them great mitred figures—Linus, Cletus and Clement, with their companions . . . " And later, "the Virgins that follow the Lamb—Felicitas, Perpetua, Agatha and the rest—step forward smiling and take their part . . ."

Benson was in Rome only nine months; he was then ordained (his letters show an uneasy consciousness of this precipitancy, but his impatience could not brook any avoidable delay); and in June, 1904, he returned to England a priest. From this point onwards his career is better known and may be passed

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over shortly. He had already begun to write as an Anglican, and published *The Light Invisible* while he was still at Mirfield. *By What Authority?* is contemporary with his conversion: *The Queen's Tragedy* followed; then the book he himself liked best, *Richard Raynal, Solitary*, and he was launched on the river of literature which was to bear him along ever more swiftly until the end. To discuss Benson's literary art would need another article and another pen to do it justice; further, I need only refer readers to the criticism of Benson as a novelist that has already appeared in these pages by Mr J. L. Hope, in January, 1915 (referred to by Father Martin-dale as "an article of extremely sound criticism"). At the same time, it is worth mentioning that Benson frankly admitted his scepticism in the matter of novel writing as art, self-sufficing and imperious, when he asserted that among the "lots of things that are worth doing, but aren't in the least worth doing well," he placed his novels. In short Benson was a priest before he was a novelist; he wrote to "help" one reader, or perhaps one group of readers: for him literature was only one colour on the palette from which he painted his picture of eternity upon the canvas of the world.

It was at Llandaff House, Cambridge with Mgr Barnes, the University chaplain, that Benson began his priestly work, migrating before long to the Catholic Rectory there, to become Mgr Scott's curate. Here he remained three years, gradually laying down the lines of his future preoccupations, preaching, novel-writing and the direction of penitents (especially converts), and also developing, in minute detail as well as in theory, his project of the ideal house, retired from the world, that had been suggested to him by Ferrar's "Little Gidding" many years before, and always thenceforward at the back of his mind. In brief, his scheme was to live a regular, quasi-eremitical life (into which friends were none the less to enter) in an old-fashioned, beautiful house in an English village. Of the countless details of the scheme, from the flag-stones that the House of Commons had given up ("Every one of them hallowed by the p-passing footsteps of Lloyd George!") to the "wax crucifix, of Italian manufacture . . . made so as to open and display the entrails,



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realistically and minutely modelled." Father Martindale must bear witness, revealing as he does the remarkable success in realisation of so visionary a proposal. It is pathetic, however, to realise as the years pass that Benson, though he achieves the externals of his house and life, is carried far away from his interior hopes and prospects by the inevitable and increasing calls upon him as a preacher. Sunday after Sunday, sometimes for years in advance, is "booked"; and the house that was to be a hermitage becomes little more than a *piéd à terre*.

Such was destined to be his life to the end—those over-driven years, culminating in that sadly premature urging of the machine beyond breaking point. Since then nearly two years have passed; and this biography has appeared just at the time when the removal of Benson's vivid personal magnetism, and the quieting of the grief arising from his early death has left the mind ready to form a just estimate of the man in whose case it was especially difficult to hold the balance level while he was alive. To the biographer many will owe the correction of a view which showed in Benson only virtues, or of another which (in irritated reaction) allowed him none at all.

Faults and weaknesses Benson had in plenty, like other men; here there is only place to mention the most striking, with its corollary. There is no doubt that there was in Benson a remarkable layer of hardness, never very far below the surface, of which Father Martindale provides ample evidence. It is one of the penalties attaching to the highly sensitive temperament to have the protective armour needful for the preserving of its individuality in some such form as this layer. Another penalty is that the interior life of such a man is as a result isolated from the rest of humanity. In other words, after a few hasty plunges into friendships which are fair-seeming rather than permanent, the soul decides that the discomfort of these incidents is unbearable, abandons friendship, and for friends substitutes acquaintances. It is a sad thing to see the man, who can reveal so much, unable to reveal himself; to think of Benson the attractive centre of so much affection and admiration, dying without an intimate friend (excepting his near relatives) in the world.

Again, his life was undisciplined, save by the perpetual

## Monsignor Benson

demands upon him made by his enormous correspondence. Almost from his Cambridge days he seems to have recognised the need of discipline to make his harvest what it should be. It is undeniable that during the years at Mirfield he "came on" as never before or after; it may be that he could and should have found some such discipline in the Catholic Church; that he might, at the expense of a good deal of external success and of his widespread work for others' souls, have done a higher thing in the eyes of God within the turbulent realm of his own soul. God only knows; but this we know, that to Benson certain tremendous ideas—Grace, Union, Incorporation, the substantial Reality of the Supernatural—were, not as the eternal hills, but as the table we eat from, the bed we sleep on, close and indispensable elements in every-day life. He would not wish to be remembered as preacher or confessor, as novelist or as journalist; but only as one who urged with all his might upon the world's attention the substantial, supernatural Reality, incarnating itself in Our Lord, and thereafter in His Church, so that Christians are Christ.

Of the biography itself I hope that a high opinion has already been shown. Those who expect work on the stereotyped lines of Victorian biographies will be disappointed. This is not so much a biography as an unusually detailed psychological study. Names of people and things, great, interesting or amusing, flit across the pages and disappear with their tale untold in so far as it does not reveal any side of Benson. Many readers will be struck and perhaps not a little perturbed by the resemblance between Father Martindale's biographical method and that employed in certain novels of Mr Arnold Bennett and of Mr Compton Mackenzie; but Robert Louis Stevenson shall provide the defence, if it be necessary. "It is not only in *Boswell*," he says, in *Memories and Portraits*, "it is in every biography with any salt of life, it is in every history where events and men, rather than ideas are presented—in Tacitus, in Carlyle, in Michelet, in Macaulay—that the novelist will find many of his own methods most conspicuously and adroitly handled."

In view of the rapidity with which the book has been

## The Ampleforth Journal

produced, there are remarkably few signs of haste in the writing of it. There is a noticeable tendency to set qualifying adverbs on guard everywhere, themselves often qualified by further adverbs in a confusing way; doubtless the necessity of more than usual tact and delicacy in writing of a man, all of whose relations and friends survive him, has reacted unavoidably upon the style. "A council claiming, so to say, perhaps to override the papal pronouncement" is an extreme case; but it reveals the mental attitude. "Very perfect" (*verray parfait* is not a true parallel) and "very excellent" crop up here and there; and the English is spiced but a little weakened in places by a tendency to adapt French idiom. "*Tout le reste n'est que littérature*" (quoted twice) is not as its author wrote it, and would not scan in its original stanza. Finally is it too late to record a protest against a word brought in by careless metaphysicians with more metaphysics than Greek, and given literary currency only, so far as I know, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning? Did not the pen of a Craven Scholar at least splutter as it wrote the second 's' in "synthesis"?

But all these minor matters bear no relation with Father Martindale's main achievement. He has shown the two crucial virtues of a biographer—sympathetic insight, and the flexibility of style needed to convey it. Benson's friends will find in the book a *monumentum pietatis*, a giving back to them as far as may be of the personality they mourn. Others who never knew Benson will find in it not only a revelation of the outer man and of the man as he believed himself to be, but also of those inner elements upon which judgment may fairly be based: and many will find also the revelation of a Boswell, however unobtrusive, with thoughts and intuitions hardly less interesting than those of his Johnson.

"I contemplate myself," wrote Benson in Rome, "and am amazed (he had been called upon "to make acute remarks about Paul Bourget!") because I am beginning to quack as if I had never done anything else." *De te*, unhappy writer of these lines, *de te fabula narratur*.

N.F.H.

## NOTES

WITH this number the JOURNAL comes of age, for the first number was published in July, 1895. We confess to some of the satisfaction and pride of one who has entered upon his majority, with this feeling is mingled however a sense of our many shortcomings, a consciousness of much back-sliding, and of early promise unfulfilled. It is a time to make resolutions for the future, to renew ideals, and to determine to prove ourselves worthy of the manhood we now may legally claim. If this number is slightly thinner than some of its predecessors we ask the indulgence of our readers, for the JOURNAL is one of the few things which have not increased in price, although the cost of paper and printing has enormously risen.

\* \* \*

ARCHBISHOP BILSBORROW, O.S.B., of Cardiff, was invested with the Pallium and enthroned as first Archbishop of Cardiff on July 25th. We offer him our most respectful congratulations, and pray that the first Benedictine Archbishop with jurisdiction since the Reformation may have a long and fruitful period of government. The celebrating prelate was the Archbishop of Birmingham, while Bishop Mostyn, Bishop Keating, Bishop Burton, Bishop Kiely, and Bishop McIntyre assisted in the Sanctuary. The Abbots of Downside, Ampleforth, Douai and Caldey were also present. The splendid ritual was worthily carried out in the new Cathedral of the Archdiocese St David's, in the presence of a large body of the clergy and the civic officials. Finally Mgr O'Reilly, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, read an address from the clergy and laity of the diocese at the luncheon in the City Hall.

\* \* \*

READERS of Mgr Benson's *Friendship of Christ* may remember a little "meditation," old-fashioned and yet modern in its phrasing, which he uses as a Foreword. It is of some interest to recall that Fr Benson owed this fragment to Ampleforth,

## The Ampleforth Journal

in view of the fact that his biographer, in the recent volumes reviewed elsewhere in this issue, has been led by inference to another account of its source, Mgr Benson visited Ampleforth in September, 1909, on his way to Ushaw; and it happened that shortly before this date Father Abbot had been shown at the Stamford Hill Convent the little meditation in question, which they had just discovered, written, we believe, inside the cover of an old book of devotions. He thought it worth printing as a leaflet; and one of these fell into Mgr Benson's hands during his stay here. He was very much touched by the lines, and said that they were just what he had been looking for; he took them away with him, and in due course they appeared in the *Friendship of Christ*. This much more by way of confirmation: Fr Benson, after the publication of this volume, was applied to for permission to reprint the meditation by an Anglican community. In reply he referred the writer to the Abbot of Ampleforth, in whom, he said, as far as he knew, any rights were vested; and Father Abbot in his turn referred the matter to Stamford Hill. In view of all this, Fr Martindale's statement ("For Foreword there is nothing but the little meditation he once used at Mirfield, and to which he remained so pathetically attached," vol. ii, p. 200) is clearly a misapprehension. Fr Martindale has kindly informed us that his ground for the statement was an old notebook, clearly from its contents belonging to Anglican days, in which he found the lines copied by Fr Benson; hence, in the lack of other evidence, such as we have been able to produce, he was of course fully justified in his inference.

\* \* \*

IN connection with this visit of Mgr Benson to Ampleforth, it may be also of interest to put on record the "one sentence" ghost-story he told on that occasion. "I stretched out my hand for the match-box, and somebody put it into my hand!" Whether it was his own invention, or not (he always denied firmly that any eerie experience had ever actually befallen him, in spite of his great interest in such things) we do not know; but it appeared again not very long ago, winning a prize in the literary columns of the *Westminster Gazette*.

## Notes

CANON DUGGAN, the rector of our church of St Mary's of the Angels, Canton, Cardiff, is to be congratulated on the latest additions to the church. The Sanctuary has been completed by choir stalls with handsome screens. The work is entirely Romanesque, and blends admirably with the rest of the church. New Stations of the Cross, painted by Mr J. H. N. Westlake, and set in massive alabaster frames, add a remarkable richness to the nave. To Mr F. A. Walters, the architect of the church, we must also offer our congratulations. The entire work has been executed from designs submitted by him. The screens were the gift of a generous benefactor of St Mary's, and the Stations were the gift of the congregation.

\* \* \*

THE church of St Anne's, Liverpool, was solemnly consecrated by the Archbishop of Liverpool on Wednesday, May 24th. Many of our fathers who had formerly served on this mission were present, including Prior Whittle and Dom Basil Feeny, both formerly rectors. Unfortunately Prior Cummins and Dom Wilfrid Darby, also former rectors, were unavoidably absent. There was a very large gathering of our Benedictine brethren and many other clergy. The beautiful vestments used on the occasion, the altar stones and many other ceremonial appurtenances, were all presented by the members of the congregation. The ceremony lasted six hours, from nine o'clock until three. Dom Cuthbert Almond was the celebrant of the Mass, and Dom Columba Edmonds the Master of Ceremonies. On the feast of St Anne, Father Abbot consecrated the altar of St Benedict.

\* \* \*

OUR congratulations to Dom Louis d'Andria, Dom Bernard McElligott, and Dom Ethelred Taunton, who were ordained priests on July 9th, by Bishop Vaughan.

\* \* \*

WE were glad to see Prior Burge here again at the beginning of July. He seems to have made a splendid recovery after his severe operation.

\* \* \*

WE wish to apologise to our readers for an error in our last number, which may confuse any who bind their copies of

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the JOURNAL. The number of the volume as given on page 281, the first page of the May number, ought to be XXI not XXIII. It is correctly given on the cover.

\* \* \*

THE Librarian wishes to acknowledge very gratefully the gift from Sir Mark Sykes of his recent book, *The Caliphs' Last Heritage*. The Library is again much indebted to a very constant and generous friend, Dom Cuthbert Almond, for some valuable additions to the Art section.

\* \* \*

DOM ANSELM PARKER has been publishing some sermons in the *Hemilic Monistly*.

\* \* \*

WE understand that the Catholic Truth Society have asked Dom Justin McCann to write "a penny life" of Bishop Hedley, and that it is at present in the Press.

\* \* \*

WE commend to our readers "Letters to a Rationalist Friend," by Dom Benedict McLaughlin, which are appearing in *The Missionary Gazette*.

\* \* \*

AS we go to press we hear that Dom Athanasius Fishwick has undergone a serious operation in Liverpool. We trust and pray that he may soon be well again and able to resume his work at Cockermouth.

\* \* \*

REUBEN LUDLEY, the doyen of the village, died on May 9th. He first worked for the college as a boy of thirteen, seventy-four years ago, in 1842. To within a few weeks of his death he was accustomed to take long walks and he remained to the very end as bolt upright as when he was a young man. Within this year has died also "Willie" Wright and William Walker (known to us all as "Stanley," a name he had received by reason of his fleetness of foot from a famous coursing greyhound of Early Victorian days). Both these latter had worked for the College throughout their long lives, and in fact the families of Ludley, Wright and Walker have, we believe, been connected with the College since its establishment.

## OBITUARY

THE VERY REV. R. N. BILLINGTON

WE learnt with great regret of the death of Canon Billington on May 13th last, at Lancaster, where he was Rector of St Peter's. Born in 1853, of an old Fylde Catholic family at Cloughton-on-Brock, he came to Ampleforth in 1864. In the school he showed considerable literary ability. He was in the same class with Father Abbot, and, in spite of weak health, accompanied him to the novitiate at Belmont; but his health did not improve, and in a few months he left Belmont to recuperate at home, taking with him not only that Benedictine love for the liturgy that was to characterise him all his life, but also the foundations of a life-long friendship with the late Bishop Hedley (then a professor at Belmont). His health returning, he entered Ushaw in 1873, and was ordained priest in 1878. After six years as Secretary to Bishop O'Reilly, and nine years of work on missions in Liverpool and Preston, he was appointed in 1893 to St Peter's, Lancaster. In January, 1908, he became a Canon of the Liverpool chapter. Among his other activities were those of Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Lancaster Pageant in 1913, for which he wrote the Prologue and the Roman scene.

The panegyric at the funeral was spoken by Canon Cosgrave, who had been the late Canon's Rector at Preston; from it we take the following lines, revealing the personality of a devout and energetic parish priest:

"It was above all others the legacy that he would bequeath to each, a great love and reverence for the Holy Mass. It filled his own soul. It coloured his whole life. It directed his every action. It gave him a dignity that he could never throw off. He loved the Mass and everything about it, the altar, the vestments, the church ritual. Nothing was too good, nothing too elaborate. He never missed an opportunity of carrying out with punctilious care every item prescribed in the splendid liturgy of the Church. Their high altar was his conception, and how often did he speak to them about it as the

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table of sacrifice. The magnificent and costly reredos was intended by him to bring vividly before their minds the types and figures of the Holy Sacrifice. . . . To some extent he was a mystery. Many knew that they had never fathomed him, that there were depths that no man had plumbed. Sometimes he would, indeed, put forth power, but it was not that which impressed so much as the power that he held in reserve. It was not so much what he *did*, what he was *capable of doing*, that gripped the imagination. Those who gave him their confidence and sought advice from him would be the last to say they ever regretted the step they took. His decision was very remarkable. He knew nothing of the weakness of vacillation; the wisdom and penetration of his judgment made him a man to rely upon. . . . It was only three weeks ago that he preached on Easter Sunday at the last Mass. Speaking on that occasion of the Resurrection, he concluded with these remarkable words: 'Perhaps before another Easter some of us will be laid to rest, awaiting the Resurrection of the dead. Perhaps you may see me laid out in this church, and if such be God's will I pray you all that you will forgive and forget!'—R.I.P.

### ROBERT W. OBERHOFER

THE May number of the JOURNAL contained an account of the career, and death in action on February 18th, of George Oberhofer. With much sorrow we record that after the short space of five months his father also has died on July 22nd. Mr Oberhofer's long connection with Ampleforth, and the great influence he has exerted upon our music are well deserving of record. He came to York in 1875 from Luxembourg, where his father, a musician of great note in the revival of church music, was organist at the Cathedral. Mr Oberhofer settled in York at the invitation of Bishop Cornthwaite, who was anxious to develop a better style of church music than was at that time in vogue. With a brief interval, Mr Oberhofer continued to occupy the post of choirmaster and organist at St Wilfrid's Church until his death. Within a few years of his coming to York Mr Oberhofer began to teach at Ampleforth, and continued to do so until 1902. During last autumn term he came once again to teach, during the absence through illness of Mr Eddy. No one who has been his pupil can forget his painstaking efforts to

## Obituary

impart the highest principles of the art of music. He taught the piano, violin, violoncello, and sometimes the organ. To him was due the great proficiency attained by the College Orchestra, which perhaps reached its zenith on the occasion of the Mozart Centenary Concert in 1891. He also exerted a great and lasting influence upon our choral music, not only by his compositions, but by his inspiring and encouraging those who had the direction of the choir to attempt the works of Palestrina and other masters of polyphony. Among his compositions we may mention particularly the motet, "Ave Pater Sanctissime," in honour of St Benedict, composed in 1894 for the laying of the foundation stone of the Monastery. This, and his edition of Bishop Hedley's "Ode to Alma Mater," should prove lasting memorials of a true musician.

Both in his playing and in his teaching Mr Oberhofer always stood for what is best in music. He cherished the highest ideals of his art, and to some he may have seemed uncompromising; yet though he could never bring himself to win favour by pandering to popular taste, he fully appreciated the lighter side of music. That he could compose a stirring, patriotic song, with a rousing chorus, was shown last November when he kindly set to music a "Chantry" from *Punch*, entitled "Munitions," for the School to sing at an entertainment in aid of the wounded.

After he ceased to teach here, Mr Oberhofer paid us many visits, and in the last few years he has given a number of most interesting and enjoyable recitals, which have helped not a little to cultivate musical appreciation. He had hoped to take part in a recital on July 17th, but was too ill to come. Since his only son was killed his health has rapidly declined. That great sorrow weighed so heavily upon him that it brought on brain fever. In the delirium of his last days music was constantly before his mind, and often, too, he was heard repeating, "Eternal rest give unto him, O Lord!" We trust that in that rest father and son are already re-united. To Mrs Oberhofer and her daughters we offer our sincerest sympathy in their double loss.



## NOTICES OF BOOKS

*The Spirit of Bishop Hedley*, with a preface. By PRIOR CUMMINS, O.S.B.  
Burns & Oates. 7s. 6d.

THIS neat little volume, excellently printed, should serve many, not merely as an anthology of beautiful thoughts and sound instruction, but as an introduction to the treasures to be found in a reading of Bishop Hedley's full and unselected works. Every page holds some attractive exposition of Catholic belief and piety. To introduce the selections, we have a thoughtful and informing preface by one who knew Bishop Hedley intimately throughout his long life. We give a most cordial welcome to the book. The frontispiece portrait, however, we may be forgiven for disliking; it is hardly a good likeness of Bishop Hedley, and would suggest rather a well-known representation of Cardinal Wiseman.

*The Courtenay Pollock War Game*. The Southern Publishing Company,  
130, North Street, Brighton.

By the courtesy of Mr Courtenay Pollock we have received a Book of Rules of his new War Game. The game includes land and sea fighting, and is played on a board prepared with great care, and marked with features of strategical importance, such as mountains, railways, rivers, passes, canals, naval bases, coaling stations, and ports of the first, second, and third class. The rules have been thoroughly thought out, and approximate with more verisimilitude to the actual waging of war than any game of its kind which we have seen. The actual proportion of the fighting force of each country to that of every other is religiously observed, and finances play an important part in the game. The land pieces consist of units of infantry, cavalry and artillery, and the sea pieces of battleships, cruisers, and destroyers. Games varying from simplicity to great complexity can be played, and any scheme of European alliances can be arranged. Simple and not too conventional rules solve many difficult points of war-game legislation. The only weakness of the game, in our opinion, is the rule for attack. As the rule stands, a strongly superior force cannot make sufficient use of its superiority. This rule, however, could be modified by individual players experienced in such matters. Moreover a cruiser should not be given power under any circumstances successfully to engage

## Notices of Books

a battleship, though of course a submarine may, and even a destroyer, allowance being made for night actions.

The scale of the game makes it far more strategical than tactical, but this is all to the good; and in general the game seems to be remarkably successful in its aim of presenting in reasonable compass the main strategical problems of a war of manoeuvre.

J.B.McE.

*Saint Alphonsus Liguori*. By Baron J. ANGOT DES ROTOURS. (The Saints Series). Washbourne. 2s. 6d. net.

WE have not met a better biography of St. Alphonsus than this little work in the well-known "Saints Series." If it could be laid against some of the earlier volumes of this series that they were too critical in tone, and hardly Catholic in feeling, such a judgment cannot be passed on the present *life*. And in saying this we do not mean that it is not a solidly learned production, for its pages bear frequent evidence to wide reading and painstaking study. But we welcome it particularly for the sympathetic treatment of a saint who was himself above all things simple, unaffected and sympathetic. St. Alphonsus has suffered among ourselves, and perhaps does still suffer, from a certain alienation of sympathy. Our cold piety professes to find him too southern, too Neapolitan. This biography should help us to discard such insular prejudice, and learn to know the saint for what he was, a genuine, sterling soul, one consumed with love for our Lord in His sufferings and in His Sacrament, a saint truly raised by God to save the Church from the paralysing effects of a frigid Janenism.

*The Hermit and the King*. By SOPHIE MAUDE. R. & T. Washbourne.  
2s. 6d.

THIS is a tale of the days of King Henry VI., recounting, as we are told on the title page, the "fulfilment of Monsignor R. Hugh Benson's prophecy of Richard Raynal." It is notoriously difficult to write a successful sequel, and we are sure that this book will suffer with some readers from the contrast and comparison with the other. *Richard Raynal* held our attention with the sustained intensity of its appreciation of the Hermit life, and with a certain magic of word and thought. The present book has not got any such fierce mystical theme, nor is its hermit Richard Rolle of Hampole; but through many chapters of character pictures and more or less warlike incident, the author's aim is to give us a conception of the England of Henry VI's day, and

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of the personality and fate of the monarch himself. We must confess that the plot, so far as it centres round the hermit earl and his wicked stepmother, is only mildly interesting. The portrayal of the king, his piety and his love for his Eton scholars, is more successful.

*Modern Europe, 1815-1870.* By RICHARD LODGE, M.A., LL.D. Murray.

THOSE who are willing to seek for the causes of the war, among ampler and possibly more reliable data than those supplied by the *pièces justificatives* of 1914 governments and journalists, will find considerable assistance in these chapters reprinted from Professor Lodge's longer history. As they were written many years ago, and, in spite of the title, end with the Berlin Treaty, the events of that now remote period are presented without the distortion which later occurrences would unconsciously enforce in a more modern version. In fact, the observations on the results of 1870-71 wear a new meaning under the old words: "It is idle to prophesy as to the probable duration of this attempt to revive in Germany a national unity that had perished six centuries ago."

The author's position and reputation make any comment on the accuracy and lucidity of these chapters superfluous.

There is one criticism we think it necessary to make; one, however, which it would be unjust to confine to this particular book. A protest must be made against the identification of political history with history in its true sense. The formation of the German Empire and the kingdom of Italy and the disedifying quarrels of European powers generally, are undoubtedly main features of nineteenth century history. But of more intrinsic and more lasting importance and interest are the development and application of natural science, the revival of the Church, the growth of democracy and the acceptance of evolutionary theories. None of these are dealt with in this work. Only incidental allusions, e.g., to telegrams, afford any indication of the important fact that the whole social system and condition of human life were undergoing the greatest change in the whole history of civilisation.

L.D.A.

*The Missal Explained according to the Constitution "Divino Afflatu," 1911, and subsequent Decrees till 1915.* By A. FLEURY, S.J. Mass—*Vespers—Ritual and principal Catholic Devotions.* R. & T. Washbourne Ltd. Price 6s. and 5s. net.

This is an excellent little manual, well printed, and full of devotional

## Notices of Books

and liturgical matter. Its title is a little misleading and not comprehensive enough to do it justice. For in addition to all that we find in the ordinary Prayer-book in vogue, it has an excellent summary of Catholic doctrine and liturgy, and contains a complete Missal in the vernacular, besides other liturgical matter. We trust it will have an extensive vogue.

*The Gospel according to St. Mark. (Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures, Volume I, Part II).* By the Rev. JOSEPH DEAN, D.D., Ph.D. Longmans: Boards, 1s. 6d. net; paper covers, 1s. net.

It is gratifying to notice that, although the war-cloud has generally a chilling effect upon zeal for the higher studies, yet the Westminster translation of the Scriptures proceeds apace. The publishers inform us that the whole of the New Testament is now in hand, and they hold out the hope that the whole of the Epistles of St. Paul may be completed before the end of the year. *Fortuna sequatur!* In reviews of earlier parts of the work we have been obliged to qualify our general tone of praise and congratulation with occasional words of criticism which at times may have bordered upon the severe. But in regard to the translation of St. Mark which lies before us, we are glad to observe that such qualification calls for little or no place. We recognise indeed the peculiar difficulties that confront the would-be translator of St. Paul, and we admit that such difficulties are almost entirely absent from the task of rendering the simpler Greek of the Synoptists. But, even after making this deduction, we have no hesitation in describing the present work, viewed as a translation, as by far the most successful of the parts of the Westminster Version which have yet been issued. It is a work which should give joy to the cultured English Catholic who loves his Bible. At last we feel that the editors have done something to attain the ideal which they proposed to themselves at the outset—namely, to provide a "readable Bible," in which zeal "for accurate scholarship" shall be "tempered with insight into the genius of New Testament Greek and of our own mother-tongue." Fr Dean, the translator, has succeeded in giving us a version which is really worthy of this most fascinating Gospel. It seems to us that he has contrived to catch much of the spirit of the Evangelist and to reproduce that life, vigour and crispness which are special characteristics of St Mark's literary style. The English gives with scholarly accuracy the meaning of the Greek, and, avoiding the somewhat laboured literalness of the Revised Version, it succeeds

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with one or two unimportant exceptions, in maintaining a high standard of purity and dignity. We have read this work with the Revised Version at our side, and, as the result of the comparison, we have no hesitation in saying that, of the two versions, Fr Dean's is far more satisfying to the modern reader. The paragraphing of the text, too, has been done in a manner which considerably helps the reading and understanding of the Gospel. The introduction is good, and gives as much information about the history and characteristics of the Gospel as the ordinary reader will require to know. The notes are few and brief, yet adequate to a work of this character. Fr Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., has written a short appendix on the vexed question of Chronology, in which, dealing with the Last Supper, he tentatively holds (we think, rightly) as a "natural inference" from the data, that the Jewish Passover was not eaten by our Lord at all. In conclusion, we beg to offer our congratulations and thanks to Fr Dean, and to express the hope that we may in the future see further work from his pen. The light should come forth from under the bushel.

W.C.S.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

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

From R. & T. WASHBOURNE.

*Noenas to Our Lady and St Joseph.* By Rev. JOSEPH McDONNELL, S.J. 1s. net.

From LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

*Coram Cardinali.* By EDWARD BELLASIS. 3s. 6d. net.

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We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Giggleswick Chronicle*, the *Edmundian*, the *Downside Review*, the *Georgian*, the *Cottonian*, the *Basildon*, *St Bede's Magazine*, the *Ratcliffian*, *The Magazine of St Augustine's College*, *Ramsgate*, *The Belmont Review*.



PART II  
THE 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
Captain of the Games	Viscount Encombe
Librarians of the Upper Library	A. L. Milburn, J. G. Simpson
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	P. Blackledge, C. H. Robinson
Librarians of the Lower Middle Library	B. M. Wright, C. S. D. George
Librarian of the Lower Library	E. Forster
Journal Committee	J. M. H. Gerrard, J. G. Simpson
Cricket Committee	J. M. H. Gerrard, C. Knowles, Viscount Encombe
Secretary of the Tennis Club	A. B. Gibbons
Captains of the Cricket Sets—	
1st Set—	Viscount Encombe, J. M. H. Gerrard.
2nd Set—	L. B. Lancaster, D. M. Rochford.
3rd Set—	R. G. McArdle, L. Knowles.
4th Set—	J. F. Ainscough, J. K. Loughran.
5th Set—	W. R. Emery, G. P. Cronk.
6th Set—	J. Ainscough, E. Forster.
7th Set—	J. I. Haidy, D. C. Maxwell.

J. MORROGH BERNARD and H. A. Martin left the School at Easter. J. Morrogh Bernard has been nominated by the Headmaster for Sandhurst.

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

E. F. Davies, P. R. J. Ferrers-Guy, P. H. F. H. Rooke Ley, F. M. Sitwell, T. M. O'C. Robinson, H. Dunbar, J. Toller.

FROM the point of view of matches "won," the cricket season has been one of the least successful on record. It is only fair however to state that at least two of the unfinished



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## School Notes

games, viz. those against St Peter's and Bootham, which were cut short, in the former case by rain and in the latter by time, were virtual victories. The excellent start against Pocklington too, which was not a strong side this year, had really placed the School in a winning position. The match against Ripon was won very thoroughly. Durham was the only school to whom we had to lower our colours, so that in school matches we have really been more successful than might at first sight appear. The Eleven has lacked the services of a professional so that the burden of coaching has fallen heavily upon the willing and capable shoulders of Dom Placid Dolan and Dom Benedict Hayes, who have been unremitting in their labours at the nets. They have the best thanks of the School for the good work they have accomplished.

We have felt very much the lack of a steady fast bowler. Gerrard and Le Févre, upon whom the brunt of the bowling has fallen, are both slow, and the failure of Emery, to whom we looked for variety in the matter of pace, has been a disappointment, though indeed his development into a powerful and stylish batsman has done much to compensate for his failure as a fast bowler. Harte-Barry, a bowler of medium pace with a somewhat puzzling delivery, has never seemed able to do himself justice in matches.

On paper the team was a strong batting side, but they never fulfilled expectations. Liston began the season well with a good innings against Ripon, but this proved to be his solitary success. Encombe and Emery were the only members of the side to maintain anything like consistency in the matter of run-getting.

The fielding of the team as a whole has not been up to the average. Possibly the execrable weather conditions have had something to do with this. Fielding practice in cold, wet weather on a water-logged surface is not the acme of enjoyment, but even this does not excuse that slackness in the field which was sometimes rather too much in evidence.

\* \* \*

IN the course of the season "colours" have been awarded to Viscount Encombe, F. L. Le Févre and R. G. Emery.

## The Ampleforth Journal

DURING the autumn of last year the centre of the new cricket-field received special treatment at the hands of experts, with a view to its being used as the match ground this season. A space thirty yards square was relaid and treated to a generous topsoil of Nottingham marl. The plenteous rainfall in the early spring facilitated the work of the roller, and the anxious care and unremitting attention of the Headmaster, who might frequently be seen haunting the environs of the cricket-field armed with a devastating "spud," has rendered the special patch almost innocent of plantains and similar noxious herbs. The excellent pitches obtained have more than compensated for the time and expense devoted to the work. They have been more true, less fiery and withal faster than those we have been accustomed to on the old ground, while the drainage system, to which much attention has been devoted, has stood the strain of a very wet summer most successfully.

\* \* \*

C. F. MACPHERSON passed his Second Law Examination at Edinburgh this term.

\* \* \*

THE Preparatory School is now finished, and already partially furnished. It will be opened in September. The grounds around it are being laid out, and an excellent road connecting it with the monastery drive has been made.

\* \* \*

ONCE again this year no Exhibition has been held. We hope and believe that this is the last time we shall have to abolish the Exhibition on account of the war. That means of course that we are optimists, and we gladly acknowledge that we are. At any rate since July 1st, optimism is no longer a crime in certain quarters! The money usually spent on prizes has been sent to the Public Schools Hospital.

\* \* \*

SOME of us at any rate have been "doing our bit" by hay making. Some really strenuous hours have been devoted to the hay which, owing to the bad weather and the lack of hands, has been a source of anxiety to the local farmers.

## School Notes

ELSEWHERE will be found an account of the recital given by Mr Dunn and Mr Lloyd Hartley in the theatre for the wounded soldiers. £18 8s was realised. The Headmaster was able to send another £10 to the Public Schools Hospital and the rest was handed to the local hospital at Hovingham.

\* \* \*

ON Friday, July 21st, a solemn Requiem Mass was sung by Father Abbot for the repose of the souls of those "old boys" who have fallen in the war. On Saturday, July 29th, by the special request of Mrs Francis Whittam, a solemn Requiem was sung for the repose of Lieutenant Francis J. Whittam. Mrs Whittam was herself present.

\* \* \*

THREE or four times this term an aeroplane has passed over the College, and has excited great interest in the district. It may seem strange to those who do not live here that we should think this worthy of record, but we believe that only once before has this happened, and that was during the holidays about two years ago, when the whole populace were so excited that it provided matter for conversation for weeks after. It is narrated of one man, who heard the noise near the Beacon farm, at the top of the hill, that he ran without stopping into the village to enquire its cause. It had never occurred to him to look up!

\* \* \*

"PRIOR RIGG" as it is called in the district, or "Pry Rigg" as the Ordnance maps have, is doomed, and we are informed that two hundred German prisoners are coming to cut it down. An encampment is at present being prepared for them near the wood. All will regret the disappearance of so beautiful and so vast a wood, which has been a source of joy to so many generations of Ampleforth boys. A German encampment within a mile of the College is the last thing we had contemplated, but it ought to prove a source of interest.

\* \* \*

MRS HALL has placed a very beautiful stained glass heraldic panel in the Upper Library and an exquisite brass in the

## The Ampleforth Journal

Lady's Chapel in memory of her son, Lieutenant G. F. M. Hall. Both have been executed from designs of Mr Geoffrey Webb, whose art it would be impertinent of us to praise. The brass bears the following inscription: "Of your charity pray for the soul of Lieutenant George Ferrier Mansfield Hall, Lieutenant Royal Berkshire Regiment, who died on the battlefield of Loos on the eve of St Michael's day, A.D. 1915. Dearly loved son of Lieutenant-Colonel George W. M. and Evelyn Hall. Jesu Mercy, Mary help." Mrs Hall, in so kindly presenting us with the memorials, tells us that she has done so by the expressed wish of her son himself. May they long keep alive in our midst the memory of a character of singular charm and of stainless integrity. R.I.P.



A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The 'Office' progresses favourably under excellent management. It is not my desire to enumerate the great variety of its edible contents, but rather to call your attention to the very remarkable code in which orders are given and received in that most entertaining spot. To a casual visitor a vehement request for 'one and one' might appear the wildest of wild enigmas, but to the initiated it is quite delightfully simple. In the twinkling of an eye 'the office man' produces two oblong shaped biscuits and a bar of chocolate, which he deftly inserts between these biscuits sandwich-wise, not forgetting to remind his customer that 'one and one' make two, and in this delightfully laconic business-like language we buy and sell. I need not weary you with other examples, but it is surely interesting enough for remark, because it is so universally accepted and yet as in the instance given the demand seems to have no relation to the supply. Before ending may I ask a question? How came it that the school 'grab shop' is never spoken of as anything else but 'the office'?"



THE beagles have not allowed themselves to be forgotten. Their nightly disagreements make us ever conscious of their existence. Were it not that Yorkshiremen are such thorough sportsmen we believe our neighbours would long have

## School Notes

voted them an intolerable nuisance. As it is they seem to think them worth the sacrifice of a little sleep, and would be as reluctant as we should be, to see them abolished. A splendid 'run' has been made for them, and amateur carpenters by strenuous work have converted the old stables into good kennels. We wish to thank most heartily Mr A. F. M. Wright, of the Sherwood Foresters, for three splendid young hounds which he has presented to his old school. "Gambler," the C.O. of the pack, while being exercised was run over by a motor-car. He escaped with a fractured rib, but refused to be *hors de combat*. The only difference apparent was that he asserted his authority with greater vehemence than ever. No other member of the pack dared to approach his bed for several days. We must also record that the Master of Hounds, after having paid up handsomely for the chickens supposed to have been demolished by one of his hounds, discovered that the said chickens had fallen victim to the Father Procurator's pet cat. The Master of Hounds is still minus his money! We have to thank Lady Encombe, Sir Henry Lawson, and Mr Ward, of Helmsley, who have undertaken to walk puppies for us.



THE old enemy, the weather, which is generally kind to us in the summer time, has been sullen and even brutal this year. The rain was incessant throughout June and the first two weeks of July, and only for the first fortnight and the last fortnight of term has the sun smiled upon us for any period more than a day or two. Goremire day, which for perfection should be a real "scorcher," was dull, and in the afternoon a drizzle started. However it proved, as always, enjoyable, but it was not quite "the finished article" we look for. The choir half-day was spent at Fosse Ponds. On their return journey the rain performed prodigies.



THE First Form is indebted to Sir Henry Lawson for two boxing prizes, to be fought for by members of the form. The preliminary rounds, which were fought off at various intervals during the term, left H. Dunbar and R. Kevill in the final.

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Dunbar came off victor, though Kevill fought well, especially in the second round. Throughout the competition Dunbar maintained excellent form, and ought in time to develop into a "useful" boxer. Sir Henry Lawson's kindness comes at a time when to learn to fight is "to play the game," and we hope it will act as an incitement to the School to revive their enthusiasm for boxing, which has flagged somewhat since the departure of Sergeant Andrews on war service.

\* \* \*

THE Swimming Sports were held on the last day of term. Colours were won by A. B. Gibbons, J. G. Simpson, J. F. S. Morice, H. W. Greenwood, H. M. Dillon, C. J. Porri, and E. F. Davies. The results of the contests were as follows:

Open Race for the Cup	F. C. Cravos
The "Hall Prize"	E. C. Davies
Lower School Race	R. Cravos
Learners' Race	P. Cravos
Diving Competition	L. Jungmann

\* \* \*

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 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 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, W. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Irish Regiment.  
 HINES, A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Durham Light Infantry.  
 HINES, CHARLES W., *Major*, Durham Light Infantry.  
 MARTIN, E. J., *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 NEVILL, J. H. G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.  
 OBERHOFFER, G., Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools).  
 PUNCH, S., *Surgeon*, H.M.S. "Indefatigable."  
 SHARP, W. S., Northern Signal Company, Royal Engineers.  
 TEELING, A. M. A. T. DE L., *Lieutenant*, Norfolk Regiment.  
 WHITTAM, F. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 WILLIAMS, L., *Lieutenant*, South Wales Borderers.  
 WILLIAMS, O. M., *Major*, Monmouthshire Regiment.

#### DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WOOD, B. L., South African Rifles.

#### MISSING

ALLANSON, H. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.  
 CALDER-SMITH, R. A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, London Regiment.

#### WOUNDED

ADAMSON, R., *Captain*, Royal Welch Fusiliers.  
 ALLANSON, H. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.  
 BOOCOCK, W. N., *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 CADIC, B. F., *Captain*, R.G.A.

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CARTER, H. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.  
 COURTNEY, F., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Flying Corps.  
 CRAWLEY, C. P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 CREAM, G. J., *Lieutenant*, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.  
 DAWES, W. S., Rev., *Chaplain to the Forces*.  
 DENT-YOUNG, W., *Australian Contingent*.  
 DOBSON, J. L., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.  
 FORSYTH, J., *Scots Guards*.  
 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.  
 LONG, F. W., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 MACKAY, C., *Captain*, Leinster Regiment.  
 McCABE, H. R., *Lieutenant*, Black Watch.  
 McCORMACK, G., *West Yorkshire Regiment*.  
 McKENNA, J. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MILLERS, P., *Australian Contingent*.  
 ROCHFORD, C. E., *Captain*, London Regiment.  
 ROCHFORD, H., *2nd Lieutenant*, 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.  
 WRIGHT, M. F. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.

### PRISONERS OF WAR

CRAWLEY, C. P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 LONG, F. W., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 ROWE, R. D., *Sub-Lieutenant*, H.M.S. "Nestor."  
 TEELING, T. F. P. B. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, K.O.S.B.

## Ampleforth and the War

The following Old Boys are known to be serving in His Majesty's forces. We occasionally hear of new names, and the Journal Committee will be grateful to correspondents for any further information—additional names, corrections or promotions.

ADAMSON, C., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 ADAMSON, R. (wounded), *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 and missing), *2nd Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.  
 ANDERTON, C., R.A.M.C.  
 AUSTIN, SIR W. M. B., *Et.*, *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).  
 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.  
 BOOCOCK, B., *Canadian Expeditionary Force*.  
 BOOCOCK, W. N. (wounded), *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 BRADLEY, B. R. D., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.  
 BRADLEY, W., *2nd Lieutenant*.  
 BUCKLEY, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 9th Battalion Rifle Brigade.  
 BUCKNALL, E. D., *Captain*, Canadian Contingent.



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- 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*, No. 20 Casualty Clearing Station.  
 CADIC, B. F. (wounded), *Captain*, R.G.A.  
 CADIC, L., *Captain*, Royal Engineers.  
 CALDER-SMITH, R. A. (missing), *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.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).  
 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).  
 CLARKE, J. O., 9th Battalion Manchester Regiment.  
 CLOGAN, G., *Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.  
 CLOGAN, 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.

## Ampleforth and the War

- CRAWLEY, C. P. (wounded and prisoner), *2nd Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 CREAM, E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.  
 CREAM, G. J. (wounded), *Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (attached to 4th Battalion).  
 CREAM, H. C.  
 CROSKELL, A. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment.  
 DANIEL, P., R.A.M.C.  
 DAREY, A., Canadian Western Scots.  
 DAWES, E. P., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 DAWES, REV. W. S., (wounded), *Chaplain to the Forces* at Havre.  
 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*, 39th Field Ambulance, 13th Division.  
 DE NORMANVILLE, E., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.  
 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.  
 FEENEY, F. J. E., *Flight Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.  
 FINCH, R., *Captain*, A.V.C.  
 FISHWICK, L., 10th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 FOOTH, 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, A., New Zealand Contingent.  
 GOSS, F. H., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.



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- 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.
- HAWSWELL, 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., Officer Cadet Battalion.
- 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* (*mentioned in dispatches*), D.S.O., 8th Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry.
- HUNTINGTON, T., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 10th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.
- JACKSON, J., Royal Engineers.
- JOHNSTONE, B., *Captain* (*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., *Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.

## Ampleforth and the War

- 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. (*wounded and prisoner*), 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.
- LONG, T. A., 11th Westralian Battalion, 1st Australian Division.
- 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.
- LYTHGOE, L. G., Manchester University O.T.C.
- MCCABE, F. L. 2nd *Lieutenant*, 4th Battalion Black Watch.
- MCCABE, H. R. (*wounded*), *Captain*, 5th Battalion Black Watch.
- MCCORMACK, G. (*wounded*), 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.
- MCENVOY, P., King Edward's Horse.
- MACKAY, C. (*twice wounded*), *Captain*, 1st Battalion Leinster Regiment (attached No. 2 Squadron R.F.C.).
- MACKAY, G. F., 7th Cadet Battalion, Curragh Camp.
- MACKAY, L., *Lieutenant-Colonel*, R.A.M.C.
- McKENNA, J. J. (*twice wounded*), 2nd *Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- McKILLOP, J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment).
- MACPHERSON, J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion Gordon Highlanders.
- McSWINEY, F. E., Cheshire Field Company R.E.
- MANLEY, M.
- MARTIN, C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.
- MARTIN, E. J. (*killed*), *Lieutenant*, 2nd 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.
- MILES, L., 21st Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).
- MILLERS, P. (*wounded*), Australian Contingent.

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- 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, J. H. G. (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards.  
 NEVILLE, M. M., Lieutenant, 8th Battalion Worcestershire Regiment.  
 OBERHOFFER, G. (killed), 18th 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., King Edward's Horse.  
 POLDING, J. B., Major, 4th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment.  
 POWER, A., Motor Transport.  
 POWER, D., Surgeon, Royal Marine Depot, Deal.  
 POWER, R. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 46th Punjab Regiment.  
 PRESTON, E.  
 PRIMAVESI, C., 11th Battalion South Wales Borderers.  
 PUNCH, S. (killed), Surgeon, H.M.S. "Indefatigable."  
 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. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.  
 ROCHFORD, L., Flight Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Air Service.

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- ROCHFORD, R., Flight Sub-Lieutenant, Royal Naval Air Service.  
 ROCHFORD, W., Inns of Court O.T.C.  
 ROWE, R. D. (prisoner), Sub-Lieutenant, H.M.S. "Nestor."  
 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, Cambridge).  
 STOUTON, Honble. E. P. J., (wounded, mentioned in dispatches), Major, K.O.Y.L.I. (Brigade-Major 112th Brigade).  
 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. (wounded), 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. J. (killed), 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.  
 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. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.  
 YORKE, F. St. G., 2nd Lieutenant, (Military Cross), 18th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.  
 YOUNG, A. DENT, 2nd Lieutenant, Machine Gun Corps.  
 YOUNG, W. DENT (wounded), Australian Contingent.

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*Sandhurst.*

DEASE, E. J.  
MORROGH-BERNARD, J.

*Wellington (Madras).*

LONG, D. T.

*Osborne.*

BISGOOD, J. W.

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

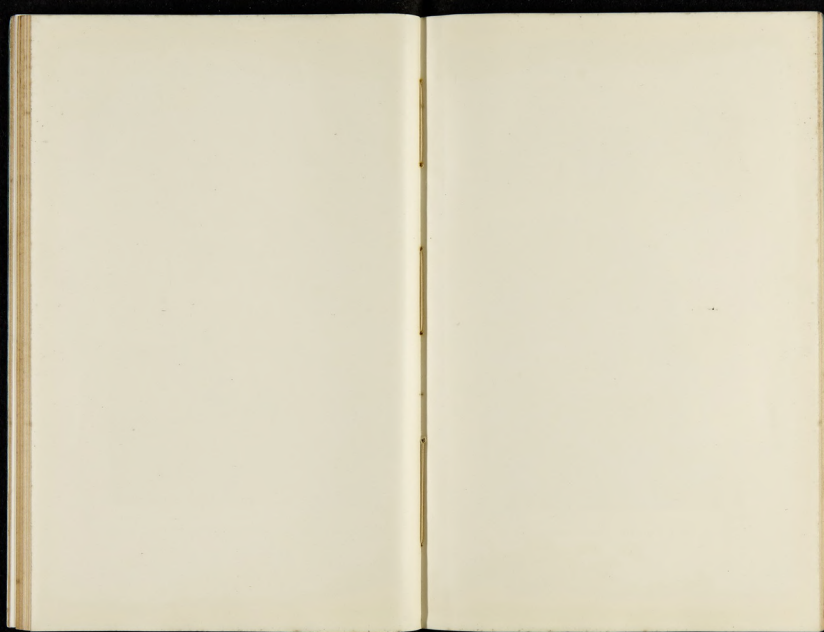


SIDNEY EDWARD PUNCH, *Surgeon*, R.N.

Sidney Punch was one of those who lost their lives on H.M.S. "Indefatigable" in the recent naval battle. After leaving Ampleforth in 1901 he spent five years in his father's office. He then studied medicine at University College, Cork, and in Dublin, qualified at the Royal College of Surgeons and Physicians, and entered the Navy in 1912. He was on the "Indefatigable" for two years and a half. He entered the School with his elder brother in 1898, and was widely popular. His keen and joyous perception of the ludicrous, and his capacity for caricature, made him exceeding good company, and his unflinching good nature forbade him to use these gifts hurtfully, and even led him to be content to be target when he might have been marksman. In studies games he missed marked proficiency, but avoided and lamentable failure; private hobbies received his closer interest, but he managed to combine the pursuit of them with full tribute to the claims of public spirit. Beneath, and not far beneath, his humour there lay a serious mind. His companions set a high value on his opinions, and they noted that besides the wit of his race he had its piety. He was in his thirty-first year when he lost his life. We offer his relatives our sincere sympathy in their grief. R.I.P.



SURGEON S. PUNCH, H.M.S. "Indefatigable."





LIEUT. E. J. MARTIN, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

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## Ampleforth and the War

### LIEUTENANT ELDRÉD J. MARTIN.

Lieutenant Eldred J. Martin was killed on July 1st, about 10.30 a.m., from the effect of a bullet wound in or near his right lung. At the beginning of the great attack his battalion was in reserve, and while his company were in the assembly trenches he "looked over" two or three times to see the attack, and while so doing was hit. "I was about ten yards away," writes a brother officer, "and suddenly heard a cry and saw Eldred lying on the ground being bandaged up by a platoon sergeant. He was unconscious and died a few minutes later. I can't tell you how sorry we all are. Some of his company nearly cried when they heard the news, for they were very fond of him. He did his duty; he could do no more. . . He had a Christian burial and his grave is roughly in a spot about eight hundred yards SSE. of Mametz."

Eldred Martin came to Ampleforth in September, 1905, at the age of ten, and left in July, 1914. As a small boy he was impetuous and wilful, and his struggles when in a refractory mood made him a notable figure among his fellows. Indeed he was on occasion a popular hero by reason of the mettle he displayed. To all who understood these fireworks it was evident that they had only to be controlled to convert them into a power for good. This was all the more evident because they were only part of a disposition full of rollicking fun, boyish humour, practical jokes and general merriment which will make it impossible for us to forget his outbursts of uncontrollable laughter and the constant twinkling of his eyes—themselves the best indication of his strong sense of humour. His studies, though during his last years taken seriously, were not in the least remarkable, and his work was only average, but a force behind everything else he did made him a powerful and popular leader when he found his *métier* in the School, first as an N.C.O. in the O.T.C., and afterwards as a monitor. It was then that he displayed those qualities, which

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must have proved invaluable to him as an officer, of being able to get things done by reason of his own enthusiasm, public spirit, and character without the necessity of making himself disagreeable. This was particularly noticeable at camp. He was a fine Rugger forward, and played for the cricket eleven. He obtained Certificate "A" just before the outbreak of war, and passed into Sandhurst at the September Examination in 1914, out of which he passed some months later, obtaining a commission in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. He went to the front, and it is with the keenest sense of loss, joined with the most heartfelt sympathy for Mr and Mrs Martin, that we here record his death. We are sure that all those who remember his manly piety and genial, forcible character will now remember him in their prayers. R.I.P.

### LIEUTENANT FRANCIS J. WHITTAM.

Lieutenant Francis J. Whittam was killed in the battle of July 1st. Mrs Whittam has kindly sent to us a copy of the letter she received from Lieutenant-Colonel Magniac commanding the 1st Battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers, which tells us all we know of his death, and is an eloquent tribute to his work.

I must write to you to express my own and the battalion's sympathy with you in your loss. Your husband was in charge of his men on the right flank of my battalion. He led them forward nobly, and was hit when close up to the German trenches. All his men were killed or wounded, too, and it is impossible to get at details. I know his servant went out to him as soon as he heard he was hit, but he never got back. Our battlefield was large, and although we tried for three nights to find your husband, we never succeeded, and we think he was killed outright. I can only give you my deepest sympathy, and tell you that I have lost one of my very best officers, and a great personal friend. He was one of the finest fellows we had, and was beloved by his men, who would follow him anywhere. The work he did for this battalion was enormous. He was one of the bravest men I ever saw,



2nd LIEUT. F. J. WHITTAM, Royal Lancashire Fusiliers

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## Ampleforth and the War

always cheery in the difficult times, and his example helped us all. So many gallant men fell that morning it is hard to and impossible to get details, and the wounded passed through before we could see them. If I ever can find out anything further, I will at once let you know.

The regimental padre writes of him: "He was a good, conscientious soldier, as brave as a lion, and a good, kindhearted comrade, especially beloved by his men whom he thoroughly understood."

Francis Whittam came to Ampleforth in 1886, and left in 1893. His contemporaries remember him as a gentle, high spirited boy, full of fun and public spirit, and in consequence always popular. He was the second son of Major James Whittam, of Prestwick Park, Manchester. On leaving School he went into a shipping business, but after a few years he joined his elder brother, Lewis Whittam, who was grain-farming in Manitoba. When war broke out he returned home, and on April 10th, 1915, was gazetted a 2nd Lieutenant in the special reserve of officers, being attached to the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Lancashire Fusiliers. A few months later he got his second star, and became attached in Gallipoli to the 1st Battalion, to which he became adjutant. He took part in the Suvla Bay Evacuation, and went with his battalion to Egypt, whence they were sent to France. In April he was home on leave for six days, returning to France on April 15th. Of his work as a soldier the letter from his commanding officer printed above says all that any good soldier could possibly desire. We recommend his soul to the good prayers of our readers.

\* \* \*

MAJOR HON. E. P. J. STOURTON and Major R. H. Huntington, D.S.O., were both mentioned in Sir Douglas Haig's last dispatch.

\* \* \*

THE boys from Ireland had some exciting experiences in the Dublin fracas. Both G. Harte-Barry and the Hon. G. Plunkett

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were under fire, and others suffered minor inconveniences. The Headmaster, we are told, had an anxious few days with many telegrams after we left here on the Tuesday morning. Some boys did not succeed in "getting home" for more than a week. Happily all went well, and a very merry party held up at Holyhead were forced to return to Manchester, where they stayed at an hotel for a few days, until it was declared safe for them to proceed.



G. F. MACKAY, of the 7th Cadet Battalion, Curragh Camp, was taken prisoner by the rebels in Bolands Mill, and besieged there from Easter Monday, April 24th, until Sunday, April 30th. Here is his account of his experiences:

"I was coming back from leave on Easter Monday, when the train from Kingstown was held up about five hundred yards outside Westland Row Station. All the civilian passengers and train staffs were made to leave the train and go away. I was in uniform, and the only prisoner they kept. I was kept outside until 7 o'clock in the evening, when they blindfolded me, and brought me into Boland's Mill, and put me in a prison formed by bags of flour and with a door of a sort of wood and wire frame.

"The bandage was not removed from my eyes until the following evening (Tuesday), when the Sinn Fein officer came to see me. He was very much annoyed with his men for keeping me blindfolded so long, but they had not received any orders about it, and had kept the bandage on. He then took it off at once.

"I was fed quite well on bread and tea. They also had plenty of chocolates and cigars and cigarettes. For a change in food they made a curious dish of potatoes, bread, cheese, and flour mixed together, and it tasted very well. There was plenty to eat, and they were generous with the cigarettes and cigars also.

"Altogether, as far as I could see, there were not more than eighty of them holding the place. Their officer in charge was 'Commandant' Devalera, I believe. They had entrenchments outside on the railway line, and had access to a lane, through which they were going to retreat on to the street and into the houses if driven out of the mill position. Inside the mill they constructed bomb-proof shelters by piling bags of flour on a framework of bread vans and timber. In my own prison I made a sort of bomb-shelter with the bags of flour.

"The place was not attacked till Tuesday afternoon. The main

## Ampleforth and the War

attack was on Wednesday afternoon by rifles and machine guns. Some bullets struck a few yards from me. Sniping went on till Saturday forenoon, and the rebels surrendered on Sunday. They told me they were keeping me as a hostage. If the place was to be taken I was to be left free, and could chance my luck in bolting away, though I should probably get a bullet from the besieging party before I'd get far enough to explain. Towards the end of the week the spirits of the Sinn Feiners flagged very much. Most of them were mere youngsters, and they appeared homesick, and anxious to get home.

"They sang Sinn Fein rebel songs, and had concerts often. In the mill they found a flute and a fiddle and played them with the singing. On Saturday they got a football and had arranged a football match for Sunday in the big space inside the mill.

"The surrender document from Pearse didn't reach them till mid-day on Sunday; it was brought in by a lady. Then it was too late to go out and lay down their arms; so they sent me out, and a Sinn Fein officer with a white flag. After arranging with the military, the Sinn Fein officer went back, and the whole crowd walked out and laid down their arms. They were marched off as prisoners under a military escort."



His brother, Captain C. Mackay, R.F.C., has been wounded a second time, but luckily not seriously. A piece of "Archie" damaged a muscle in his leg while on a reconnaissance. He was on leave during the Dublin rebellion, and was also taken for a few hours by the Sinn Feiners. He writes from the front: "Kelly (Lieutenant A. J. Kelly) is only a mile from here, is on the 16th Division A.S.C. Column. Gaylor (Lieutenant G. Gaylor) is also just near here."



CAPTAIN G. DWYER writes in April:

"You see I am at last 'straining' the Hun, and have been doing so for the last three weeks. Each time we go up to the trenches we find an appreciable decrease in their numbers. The surrounding country is wonderful, but there is a pathos in these villages and towns in ruins. Whole areas of what was once exquisite meadow are torn with shell holes, but occasionally a field remains, which, though right under the guns, has scarcely been touched. The Belgian farmer still sows his crops regardless of shells, which every day pass him on their cross-country journey, and shells are the most disconcerting

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things imaginable. Their final resting place is always a matter of doubt. You first hear a distant *chirrup-p*, then a low whistling which increases to a shrill roar, whereby you are invited to take what shelter you can from a friendly mole hill. In this posture you experience the feeling of covering a six acre field in which the shell is coming to earth. Your only thought is which corner it will choose for its abiding place. At last with a tremendous roar it bursts only in your vicinity, and you gaze round to see whether anyone has been watching you. To your intense relief you find everybody within sight has been doing likewise."

\* \* \*

Here is a letter from 2nd Lieutenant J. M. Buckley, of the Rifle Brigade, dated April 23rd, 1916:

"Thank you so much for your letter which found me in a comfortable billet, alive and well, with nothing more to worry me than the prospect of a night working party on the second line.

"Yes, our lodgings in the ground are still the same, and in themselves just as comfortable, but our old friend opposite, I am sorry to say, has completely altered his habits. A month or so ago, and for several months before we took over this part of the line, he was quite content to sit in his trench and fire just an occasional shot to prevent an impression getting abroad that peace had been declared. Now he fires with real Bosche bitterness rifle bullets, grenades, mortars and shells of all sizes.

"I remember reading somewhere or other in the days of piping peace that the Englishman had an infinite capacity for getting himself disliked, and certainly here on the Western Front, whenever British troops take over a new part of the line, the Hun is roused to a white heat of fury. Our own trenches, for instance, were paragons of peace and quietness before we occupied them, and that because there was no particular object in either side making themselves objectionable just then. But as soon as the English put in an appearance the indignant Hun spent a couple of days in trying to flatten out the front line, and brought up great quantities of rifle grenades and mortar shells with which to welcome us. Well! times have altered, and we, too, can be very horrid now. So he has tamed down quite perceptibly.

"On the whole life in the trenches is quite pleasant now. We are having simply gorgeous weather, and there is a good deal of charm about this part of the country, which still clings to it, despite the war. Natural life, in fact, seems practically undisturbed, except

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where it has got directly in the way of a shell. Three hundred yards to my front, for instance, there is a ruined village, which the Bosche holds, and on the south side of it is a collection of blackened stumps, once a small wood, into which hundreds, perhaps thousands, of shells have dropped. Most of these trees have suffered the direct hit. Yet last night somewhere or other in that unpromising spot we heard a nightingale singing. And if anybody, dragged from heavy slumber for 'Stand to,' can be soothed by the singing of birds—well! here at that hour we have any number of larks.

"1st May, 1916.

"I am continuing this letter in an amply cushioned wicker chair in the picturesque grounds of a fine chateau, about ten miles behind the line. It is a beautifully warm day, with just a light breeze, which at the moment is scattering the blossom from a cherry tree over the lawn. I have almost forgotten there is a war on, and with plenty of books and 'baccy' and enough of us to make a four at 'auction,' we are very comfortable indeed here, thank you!

"The cause of this prosperous leisure is trench fever, an old friend.

"Yesterday I explored the chateau grounds, and came across what must be quite a common sight out here, although it was quite a strange one to myself. Just outside the chateau grounds is a fairly large French Military Cemetery. There is very little difference in the graves. A plain cross of wood, painted French field grey, surmounts each of these with the name, regiment and date of death painted in black. The only obituary notice is the pathetically simple one—"Mort pour la France."

"Occasionally you will come across one that shows signs of recent tending, probably by relatives or friends in the district. After looking at so many of these simple Christian graves, it was with a certain amount of shock that I found myself looking at a grave, at the head of which there was nothing at all, but at the foot a wooden tablet rounded at the top, on which was painted the Star and Crescent of Islam. It contained the remains of a French colonial soldier of Heavy Artillery.

"I have just heard that Father Ambrose is quite close to me, and am looking forward to seeing him when I am better. Please remember me to all at Ampleforth."

\* \* \*

J. LEO HORE has been in hospital somewhere in France. He writes in a letter, dated June 21st: "I have been up the line for three months, have spent twenty-four days in the trenches,

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have had a few uncomfortable quarters of an hour, and have been over the parapet once (a very exhilarating experience and a good tonic for nervous breakdown). On the other hand I have not yet seen a German!"

\* \* \*

2ND LIEUTENANT F. W. LONG, R.F.A., who was reported "missing," has written a postcard home saying that he is wounded in the legs and a prisoner in Germany. He says that he is being well treated. He was taken prisoner in the big attack made upon the Canadians at Ypres on June 2nd. He was posted at the time in the front trenches in a "dug out," together with two telephone operators, and evidently owing to the wounds in his legs was unable to retire with the rest. We are all thankful that his life has been spared.

\* \* \*

SUB-LIEUTENANT REGINALD D. ROWE, of H.M.S. "Nestor," was reported killed in the great naval battle, but he, too, is happily spared, and is a prisoner in Germany. Our readers will remember that Admiral Jellicoe expressed admiration of the conduct of the "Nestor" in the great fight.

\* \* \*

2ND LIEUTENANT F. COURTNEY, whose adventures in the air we narrated in our last issue, returned to the front shortly after Easter, and was in hopes of a return match with Lieutenant Immelmann, to whom he seems to have owed his wounds, but someone has deprived him of that pleasure.

\* \* \*

2ND LIEUTENANT J. J. McKENNA, who was wounded in Gallipoli, is again reported wounded.

\* \* \*

In the great "push" of July 1st we lost two "old boys," of whom we have spoken above. On the same day 2nd Lieutenant H. Rochford was so badly wounded that it was feared that he would not recover, and Fr Ambrose Byrne, into whose clearing station he was brought, administered the last Sacraments. We are glad to be able to say that he is

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now doing well, and is in Lady Ridley's Hospital, Carlton House Terrace. At the same time his terrible wounds have cost him his arm, which had to be amputated to save his life. In this he will not need to be assured of our sincerest sympathy.

\* \* \*

On the same day 2nd Lieutenant R. A. Calder-Smith was reported "missing," and as we go to press we regret to say that we have no further news of him. An old school-fellow, Captain C. E. Rochford, went over the parapet in search of him, but was unable to find him. It is still possible that he is alive and a prisoner. We sincerely hope that we shall hear this has been his fate.

\* \* \*

MR RICHARD J. WORSLEY-WORSWICK was at the beginning of the war a dispatch rider, but his health failed him. Until recently he has been an untiring helper at the Catholic Hut at Havre.

\* \* \*

DECLAN POWER has been appointed surgeon to the Royal Marine Depot, Deal. Formerly he was on H.M.S. "St George," and in the course of a short leave from his ship took his M.D. at Dublin.

\* \* \*

We were glad to see J. Forsyth on a visit here this term. He has been invalided out of the army. His wounds have certainly made him very lame, but he hopes that some day he will regain the full use of the muscles of his leg.

\* \* \*

2ND LIEUTENANT M. M. WRIGHT paid us a visit in June, and was wounded accidentally almost immediately upon his return to the front. He is now in England, and, as we write, he is expected here again. Captain R. Huddleston, who has returned from Egypt with serious eye trouble, came on a short visit. We were glad to see 2nd Lieutenant B. Hardman for a few days. 2nd Lieutenant C. R. Simpson has been staying here for the last month, and has interested himself

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in the work of the O.T.C. 2nd Lieutenant E. A. Robertson came over from Ripon to arrange for the match against the Cameron Highlanders, but unfortunately before the match took place he had been sent from Ripon for some special training.

\* \* \*

2ND LIEUTENANT W. A. MARTIN has contracted consumption—the result of exposure at the front. But there is every reason to think that he is now going on well.

\* \* \*

FATHER ANTONY BARNETT has been home from Salonika on sick leave. He has now rejoined his division. Since he left England he has had a slight attack of dysentery, and has spent a short time at a "rest camp." We hope by now he is well again.

\* \* \*

WE are glad to be able to report that Captain C. F. Cadic's wounds are not serious. The same good news we hear of Gerald McCormack.

\* \* \*

WHILE in the press we see that 2nd Lieutenant H. P. Allanson is reported missing. So far we have had no further news of him.

\* \* \*

THE following extract from a letter addressed to Mrs Whittam has also reached us while in the press:

"Before I commence this letter proper, I would like to introduce myself as the Company Sergt.-Major of the Company your husband belonged to on the 1st July. The last time I saw him was about 1.30 a.m. that ever memorable morning; he was then in very excellent spirits and moved about continually, just to keep the men under his command from thinking too much of what was about to happen.

"When the time came to go over the parapet he was in a very cheerful mood which greatly assisted his platoon (No. 5), and during the short advance under awful shrapnel and machine gun fire, he kept his men in hand as, in my opinion, no other man could have done. He stuck to those men, not only as a duty, but because they loved him and he loved

## Ampleforth and the War

them. They went forward at a nice steady walk as if on parade; the fact of him leading must have inspired those men, for the fire delivered by those Germans was hellish, and it seemed impossible for a human being to live under it, yet they did not lose their place in the line, and, even when held up by superior numbers—both in men and material—they hung on to their advanced position until it was found impossible to hold on with the few men left. I am told it was during the falling back to a better position that Lieutenant Whittam was wounded, and when last seen he was under cover from machine-gun and rifle fire, saying a few prayers; he seemed to know his end had come and he was preparing himself to cross the 'Great Divide.' I am a Roman Catholic myself and know him to have been a better one. He was the gentleman who got me off duty for the purpose of going to confession the day before we went over, so you may rest assured that if we have lost him in this life he left us fully prepared to meet his Maker. When darkness came and the remnant of his platoon rejoined us, it was noted that his servant, Private Warr, was also missing, and it is the opinion of everyone who know them that they lie together. Owing to the heavy fire which continually swept the ground we were unable to make a thorough search over that particular section of ground and, as we were relieved two days later, we were unable to carry on the search."

## THE POETRY SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the reorganised Poetry Society took place on Sunday, June 11th, 1916, with Dom Bernard in the chair. Mr Le Fèvre was elected secretary.

The session was opened with a paper by Br Bernard on "The Making of a Poem." He quoted Aristotle to the effect that metaphor is the faculty of seeing resemblances between things, and based his argument on this quotation. All things, he said, are ultimately related to each other, but we do not see these ultimate relations. We only see certain familiar relations. The poet sees relations which we do not see; he brings together in imagination things which we think of separately. As the stream of ordinary events flows past the poet he perceives something of poetical value, and isolates it. The poet's craftsmanship consists in so working out all that this short experience implies, that his reproduction of it becomes a complete work of art in which there are no inharmonious elements. Answering the question, "How do we judge a good poem?" the reader enumerated certain technical mistakes, discussed the "copyist" view of the relation of art to nature, and said that the most fundamental way to criticise a poem as a poem is to get back to the poet's experience, to see what he saw, and then to decide whether the experience is reproduced harmoniously.

Mr Le Fèvre developed the implications of Shakespeare's well-known lines on the poet.

Mr Welsh spoke of the difference in mentality in poets, and of the fundamentally different ways in which they regarded the same object, illustrating his remarks by quotations from Shelley and Wordsworth.

Br Stephen discussed the essentials of poetry in the light of the shortcomings of Pope and his kindred. He spoke of the difference between English and French poetry, and of the conventionalism of the French Classical Drama.

Br Raphael described poetry as the utterance in verse of

## The Poetry Society

a great man. If the man is not great no poetical gifts will enable him to be a great poet. Metaphor in the strict sense was, he said, a device used by the lesser poets. The great poets were direct without loss of poetical effect.

The meeting was concluded by a vote of thanks to the chairman.

The second meeting of the term was held on Sunday, June 25th, 1916. Fr Wilfrid and Br Stephen were present.

Mr Welsh read a paper on "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." He described the effect of the Court upon English Poetry, and showed that most of the poetry before the Romantic Movement, influenced by the Court, consisted of didactic utterances woven into long stories. Then tracing the fall of the Augustan age of English Literature he described the commencement of the Romantic Movement by Campbell. From Campbell he passed to Rousseau, and showed how his writings had influenced the literature of Europe, and had been an indirect cause of the French Revolution. The pre-Romantic treatment of nature was illustrated from Thomson and Collins.

Burns and Scott came next under consideration; then Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats. "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel" Mr Welsh likened to the words of Wagner, and he considered Wordsworth the greatest poet of the Romantic Movement.

Mr Pollack compared the Romantic poets to cricketers of the hitting type, careless of exact rules, and risking failure for the sake of adventurous and brilliant success.

Br Stephen quoted Goethe's phrase that "Romance is disease, Classicism is health," though not with approval.

Mr Cuddon defined Romanticism.

Mr Le Fèvre also spoke.

The chairman, concluding the discussion, found jewels in some random phrases of Messrs Pollack and Le Fèvre.

The third meeting of the Society was held on Sunday, July 9th, 1916. Mr d'Andria, Fr Louis, Br Stephen, Br Cyril, and Br Raphael were present. Mr Davey read a paper on Robert Browning.



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The phrase, "The dim deep chasm of the poet's mind," was, he said, peculiarly applicable to Browning. Browning's poetry was a torrent roaring on its course below precipitous cliffs of thought. The poet was born at Camberwell in London, and his father and grandfather were clerks in the Bank of England. His first literary enthusiasm was for Carlyle, while his fanciful mind saw in two nightingales in the garden the spirits of Shelley and Keats. It was as a dramatist that his first successes were won, and Mr Davey described the plays, and the circumstances of their production. Passing to a description of Browning's style as a poet, he emphasised his virility and brusqueness, and the fertility of thought and idea which so constantly burst the bonds of metrical restraint. Concerning the alleged obscurity, Mr Davey admitted that the charge was not groundless, but considered that the real explanation was that Browning rated the intelligence of his readers too highly, and thought that they would see things just as he did. It was also partly due to the fact that Browning made himself well acquainted with the technique of the other fine arts besides his own.

Mr D'Ursel quoted a statement by a relative of Browning's to the effect that his own obscurity was due to excessive pride. This was denied by Mr Davey.

Mr Pollack laid stress on the vividness and condescension of the poet.

Br Cyril quoted the passage, "What porridge had John Keats?" as the utterance of an abnormal man.

Fr Louis compared Browning to Rudyard Kipling for vividness of language and insight into the details of human nature. Browning's poems, he considered, were quite easy to understand, once the direction of his main thought was clear.

Mr Bevenot drew attention to the delicacy and beauty of many of Browning's rhythms.

Br Stephen attributed the obscurity of Browning to the fact that he talked in the language of thought. He understood perfectly that thought rarely works logically but is detached and abrupt. And so his poems are a species of poetical shorthand.

Br Raphael considered that Browning said very simple things in a very involved way; his obscurity was not due to

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profundity of thought. Partly it was due to his habit of bringing the reader into the middle of a dialogue or soliloquy, and letting him find out the circumstances for himself. His poems are always convincing; they are like the utterances of a man in a towering rage. But his one dominant note is that of optimism.

Mr Macpherson said that Browning did not write for the sheer joy of artistic creation; and he quoted a phrase from the letters of Keats in illustration of this difference between the two poets. There was, in the speaker's opinion, too much palette-work in Browning.

Mr Welsh said that Browning went so thoroughly into the technicalities of any subject that interested him, that he is bound to be unintelligible to the layman.

Mr Le Févre also spoke.

As we go to press we are still in expectation of a paper by Br Raphael on "Macbeth."

E. I.E. FEVRE, Hon. Sec.

## SCIENCE CLUB

FOR the summer session Mr Allanson was re-elected Secretary, and Mr Gerrard and Viscount Encombe members of Committee. It was decided in committee to limit the membership of the club to thirty, and that is the present roll of the club.

At the first meeting of the session on June 11th, Mr Marsden read a paper on "Bridges, ancient and modern," the subject being illustrated by numerous slides. A short introduction on the principles of bridge-construction was followed by an examination of different types of bridges. The term "cantilever" was only rightly applied to structures which increased in depth over their piers, thus giving the appearance of a bracket with symmetrical overhang on either side. The

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Forth Bridge was the most striking example of this form. Amongst stone and brick structures the Rialto and Vecchio Bridges were shown, then the Royal Border and Balcombe Viaducts. Some detail was given of the Clifton Suspension Bridge, of some "ferry" bridges, and the Britannia and Tay Bridges. The paper concluded with several slides of the Tower Bridge.

The second meeting was held on June 25th. In public business Mr Ffield read a paper on "Zeppelins." He began by pointing out the difficulty of obtaining up-to-date knowledge of Zeppelins on account of their almost total destruction when brought down. But it seemed to his hearers, as he went on with his subject, that they were very few points on which he had not much information, and this information was made readily assimilable by a judicious use of photos and diagrams. Beginning with the principle of "lighter than air" ships, he described the balloons. Then followed the brief outline of Zeppelin history, with some criticism of the type finally adopted. The details of the modern Zeppelin were next given, including the gas-bags, the framework and covering of the hull, the cabins, the gun platforms on the top, and the steering and elevating apparatus. After treating of that proof of German thoroughness—the engines used, he concluded with some notes on the method of housing these airships. Time limited the interesting discussion which followed the paper.

On July 2nd the President took as his subject "Musical Flames." He began with a brief summary of the essential phenomena connected with the production of any musical sound, and by the aid of demonstrations the causes of the variation of sounds as regards pitch, intensity and quality were made clear. A sounding body of poor intensity could be made quite audible by providing it with a "resonator" which picked up and answered to the stimulating vibrations. "Resonance" was shown by means of a tuning fork and a variable length of air column. If an air column in a tube were placed over a mixture of different vibrations, it would pick out the one from them to which it could respond and raise it to a clear note. This was the principle of all "singing"

## Science Club

flames. Examples of these were shown, from the "roar" of large tubes over a "rose" burner to the beautiful tone from a glass tube over a pinhole burner. The intermittent stimulation of this last flame was made visible by means of a rapidly revolving mirror. If two "singing" flames were made to give slightly different notes the sound waves would at fixed intervals interfere, and at others support each other. This was the cause of what was known as "beating," and a demonstration made clear the rise and fall of the sound. Passing on to flames which, though themselves not musical, are extremely "sensitive" to musical and other sounds, the reader of the paper showed to what cause the "roaring" of a flame was due, and how at a point just below that at which it roared it was very sensitive to any sound waves reaching it. This was shown with a small flame over a fine gauze, and the way in which it picked out and "bobbed" to certain sounds and letters was almost human. But the gauze could be dispensed with if a longer flame were produced by a fine nozzle burner. With a flame about fourteen inches high and just not roaring its sensitiveness to any sound was shown, even though the sounds were so various as the jingling of keys, human speech, whistling, the winding or even the "ticking" of a watch. In the subsequent discussion most of the members took part.

The last meeting of the session was held on July 28th, when Mr Allanson read a paper on "Dyes." A distinction was drawn between dyes and colouring substances, the former depends on a chemical action, the latter on a physical operation. Dyes were divided into various classes. Some could be used by themselves, others only in conjunction with a mordant, i.e. some substance which would react with both the dye and the fabric to form an insoluble compound in the fibre. Chromophores with aromatic hydrocarbons produced only slight colouring properties, but on the addition of certain salt-forming radicals, known as auxochrome groups, strong dye stuffs were produced. Coal tar, with benzene and toluene were all important in dye manufacture. From benzene we get aniline, and from this magenta. Iriphenylmethane, also a derivative of benzene, was the parent substance of a great many dyes.

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Malachite green was an intensely green colouring matter formed from tetromethyldiamidotriphenyl carbinol. Methyl violet, with which experiments were shown, dyed a beautiful violet. Demonstrations were also made with eosine fluorescin and methylene blue. The paper ended with a hope that the nation would now take the dyeing trade out of German hands, and develop for itself this profitable manufacture.

## A RED CROSS ENTERTAINMENT

### VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE RECITAL

MR JOHN DUNN AND MR LLOYD HARTLEY

MR DUNN and Mr Hartley were good enough to give us their services for a concert in the School Theatre, on July 17th, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Red Cross. All who had heard Mr Dunn knew that the evening was destined to be a memorable one. And so it was. He seemed not completely at his ease at first, but soon warming to his work he held the audience spellbound for the entire programme. Despite his fine execution of the more brilliant passages, we liked him best in the slow movements, and the beautiful andante from the Kreutzer sonata and the adagio from the Max Bruch concerto were marked by the expansiveness of tone and delicacy of phrasing which we have learnt to associate with his playing.

Mr Hartley, whom we have not had the pleasure of hearing before, played with the lightness and grace demanded by his pieces. He infused a certain rhythmical colouring into the Debussy arabesque which made it specially delightful.

One of the most pleasant features of the evening was Mr Hartley's unobtrusive, sympathetic, yet completely effective accompaniment of Mr Dunn.

Our heartiest thanks are due to Mr Dunn and Mr Hartley, the extent of which they will have already perceived from the protracted and vociferous reception accorded to them at the conclusion of the programme.

## Officers Training Corps

### PROGRAMME.

VIOLIN . . . . .	Mr JOHN DUNN
PIANO . . . . .	Mr LLOYD HARTLEY
<hr/>	
1. VIOLIN AND PIANO . . . . .	(a) Andante con Variazioni . . . . . <i>Beethoven</i> (b) Finale . . . . .
2. PIANO . . . . .	(a) On Wings of Song . . . . . <i>Mendelssohn-Liszt</i> (b) Arabesque in E . . . . . <i>Debussy</i> (c) Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum . . . . . <i>Debussy</i>
3. VIOLIN . . . . .	Fantasia—Caprice . . . . . <i>Vieuxtemps</i>
INTERVAL.	
4. VIOLIN . . . . .	Concerto in G minor . . . . . <i>Max Bruch</i> (a) Introduzione . . . . . (b) Adagio . . . . . (c) Allegro . . . . .
5. PIANO . . . . .	Capriccio op. 23 . . . . . <i>Dohnanyi</i>
6. VIOLIN . . . . .	(a) Ave Maria . . . . . <i>Schubert</i> (b) Humoresque . . . . . <i>Dvorak</i> (c) Witches' Dance . . . . . <i>Bazzini</i>
GOD SAVE THE KING.	

## OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

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

G. F. Ainscough, G. P. Cronk, C. H. Gilbert, G. W. Ainscough, A. A. Adamson, J. Toller, E. F. Davies, C. W. Moss-Molyneux, S. A. Mannion, E. Forster, A. B. Lee.

bringing our numbers up to 112.

The following promotions were posted:

To be Platoon Sergeant: J. M. H. Gerrard.  
To be Sergeants: Corporals T. V. Welsh, C. F. Macpherson.  
To be Corporal: Lance-Corporal J. G. Simpson.  
To be Lance-Corporal: A. B. Gibbons.

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The weather this term has certainly not done itself justice, and on drill days it has done its very worst. The work has, however, moved forward, and the contingent has some good points upon which we may congratulate its members. The marching is distinctly good, the handling of weapons is smart, but above all there is a steadiness on parade which is highly commendable. The close order drill had been left aside since the beginning of the year, but it required very little to rub it up for the inspection. This was gratifying, as it made more time for open order work, which meant also an increased efficiency in this respect.

After much correspondence about sacks for bayonet fighting, which told us nothing but "visit your local grocer," "call at the farms in your vicinity"—all of which proved futile—we found an adequate store of sacks very near at home in the housekeeper's store room! Since then bayonet fighting has been vigorously indulged in after supper. The vehement realism of the scenes here enacted was worthy of something more alive than a stuffed sack. Bombing, too, has been started from a trench behind the ball place, in the direction of bombing post, some twenty yards away. Lieut. C. R. Simpson designed the whole, and has most kindly acted as bombing instructor. Signalling has been vigorously taken up by the younger members of the contingent, and the service of the Science masters has been requisitioned for instruction in the use of a field telephone, constructed by the more scientific members of the contingent, who have taken this branch of military lore most seriously. We must not neglect to record some interesting lectures on military topics given by the officers of the contingent.

The band has been reinforced by four new buglers—J. K. Loughran, G. H. Gilbert, B. T. Wright, O. T. Penney—whose efficiency, we are glad to record, is in inverse ratio to their size. They have rendered the morning "quarters" distinctly military and musical by the calls which they have unceasingly emitted.

We gladly record the arrival of four new range rifles, with which some excellent results have been attained, and this year's classification tests ought to show a marked improve-

## Officers Training Corps

ment on last year. Unforeseen and unavoidable circumstances made it impossible for us to enter for the *Country Life* Competition, but next year we shall again enter, and we hope with good results.

### FIELD DAY.

The Field Day this term took place on July 14th, and by the courtesy of Lady Julia Wombwell we were able to manoeuvre on the Newbury Estate, on land hitherto unknown to us. We append a copy of the general and particular schemes with which we were furnished.

*General Scheme.* The remnants of a White force which has been unexpectedly defeated at Barton-le-Street is forced to fall back upon the reinforcements which are being pushed up to their assistance from Ripon Camp via Thirsk and Coxwold. The Brown force is in pursuit, hoping to re-engage the White force and annihilate it before it is reinforced. The O.C. rearguard, White force, has repeatedly sent out small raiding parties to harass the flanks of the Brown force and so delay its advance.

*Particular Schemes.* Browns.—O.C. advance guard, Brown force, on reaching Carr Lodge (between Ampleforth and Wass villages) is informed that a raiding party is approaching in the neighbourhood of Wass Grange. He at once sends a party (sections 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, Ampleforth College O.T.C.) to beat off this party.

White.—O.C. rearguard, White force, at Byland has detached a party (sections 1, 2, 4, Ampleforth College O.T.C.) with orders to hold up the Brown force as long as possible and then to retreat towards Newburgh Priory, and so lead the enemy to think that the White force has retired through Huthwaite to Easingwold. To improve the deception it must offer a stubborn resistance at the cross-roads by the pond just north of Newburgh Priory, where it will be reinforced by another small party coming up the Oulston—Coxwold road.

*Conditions.* None of the White force to be N. or E. of Wass Grange before 12 noon.

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None of the Brown force to be S. or W. of Carr Lodge before 11.45 a.m.

All woods and fields of growing crops (corn, hay, clover, roots) are out of bounds.

At the opening of the manoeuvre the number of fields of growing crops enabled the retreating force to take up an impregnable position, from which they voluntarily withdrew to the south of the railway in furtherance of this plan of drawing the enemy to Newburgh. They were hotly pressed, in the direction of and across Newburgh Park. Some really good field work was done by both sides, and the section commanders displayed greater discrimination than heretofore in the distances they made their sections cover at each rush. This fact and the choice of cover—particularly in the park—showed that the criticism of Lieutenant Byrne at our last field day had gone home. The scouts—more especially the ground scouts—are to be congratulated. In some cases there was a tendency to exaggerate the forces opposed to a particular point. Accuracy in this matter is of the highest importance to a commander. In the subsequent "pow-wow" the O.C., while expressing his general satisfaction, insisted upon the necessity for the development of a more systematised method of fire control.

Finally, excellent refreshment awaited us at Coxwold and Byland, and the grime and heat of a hard day on our return were joyfully removed in the waters of the swimming bath.

## CRICKET

### AMPLEFORTH v. RIPON SCHOOL

ON May 27th, the first match of the season was played at Ripon. The home side batted first on a rather easy wicket and thanks to some effective bowling by Le Fèvre, who achieved the "hat-trick," and altogether took 16 wickets for 61, they were dismissed for the moderate total of 63. The chief features of the School innings were an excellent innings of 51 by Liston and the clean hard hitting of Unsworth. Ripon was dismissed in the second innings for

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## Cricket

59, and the School won by the very comfortable margin of an innings and 59 runs.

RIPON SCHOOL.		AMPLEFORTH	
Ashby, b Le Fèvre	19	Viscount Encombe, b Ashby	3
Hutchinson, lbw, b Le Fèvre	6	C. F. Macpherson, lbw, b Ashby	15
Towers, b Le Fèvre	29	R. P. Liston, c Towers, b Ashby	51
Vardy, st Rochford, b Le Fèvre	0	J. M. St. Gerard, b Bickerdike	14
Bland, c Macpherson, b Le Fèvre	3	F. L. Le Fèvre, run out	7
English, st Rochford, b Le Fèvre	1	C. Knowles, c Towers, b English	19
Taylor, b Le Fèvre	0	R. G. Emery, c Towers, b Ashby	9
J. Wells, b Le Fèvre	3	L. A. Unsworth, c English, b Bickerdike	21
Nicholas, b Emery	0	G. Harte-Barry, b Ashby	33
Read, not out	0	B. J. D. Gerrard, b Ashby	7
Bickerdike, b Emery	0	S. Rochford, not out	9
Extras	2	Extras	3
Total	53	Total	181

### RIPON SCHOOL. (2nd Innings).

Ashby, c Unsworth, b Le Fèvre	0
Hutchinson, st Rochford, b Gerard	0
Towers, st Rochford, b Le Fèvre	3
Vardy, b Le Fèvre	2
Bland, b Emery	14
English, st Rochford, b Le Fèvre	3
Taylor, b Le Fèvre	0
J. Wells, c and b Le Fèvre	10
Nicholas, c and b Le Fèvre	1
Read, not out	3
Bickerdike, b Le Fèvre	0
Extras	3
Total	59

### AMPLEFORTH v. ST. PETER'S SCHOOL

This match was played at York on June 10th. Rain threatened all day, and finally saved the home side from a severe defeat. The School batted first on a wicket that was treacherous and difficult. Emery and Macpherson made a good start, the latter succumbing to an appeal for 'lbw,' when the score was 46. Then four good wickets fell for the addition of but 10 runs. A valuable stand by Emery and the captain took the score up to 75, and then another collapse occurred, the whole side being out for 91. St Peter's, however, found still greater difficulties in getting

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runs, and had lost 7 wickets for 24, when rain stopped play. Gerrard took 4 wickets for 9 runs.

AMPLEFORTH		ST PETER'S	
R. G. Emery, b Stainthorpe	38	Bryning, b Gerrard	9
C. F. Macpherson, lbw, b Chalmers	8	Crowley, c Liston, b Gerrard	1
R. P. Liston, lbw, b Stainthorpe	1	Tendall, b Le Fèvre	11
J. M. H. Gerrard, b Chalmers	1	Chalmers, run out	0
Viscount Encombe, b Chalmers	22	Toysie, c and b Gerrard	9
C. Knowles, lbw, b Stainthorpe	1	Harland, c and b Gerrard	5
F. L. Le Fèvre, b Chalmers	1	Walker, lbw, Le Fèvre	3
E. J. Massey, c Yeoman, b Chalmers	0	Battersfield, not out	4
L. A. Unsworth, b Stainthorpe	3	Delittle	—
G. Harrie-Barry, not out	11	Yeoman	—
S. Rochford, b Stainthorpe	2	Stainthorpe	—
Extras	3	Extras	0
Total	91	Total	24

### AMPLEFORTH V. BOOTHAM SCHOOL

This game was played at York on June 17th. Ampleforth batted first and put together the respectable total of 174. As in the previous game, Emery and Encombe tided over a dangerous crisis. Four wickets had fallen for 27, when the captain joined Emery, and they were not separated until they had carried the score to 131 by vigorous and stylish cricket. Bootham fared badly before the bowling of Gerrard and Le Fèvre, and with half an hour left for play 8 wickets had fallen for 70. Ellis and Scrimgeour, however, offered a stubborn resistance to all the efforts of our bowlers, and at the call of time the match was left a draw.

AMPLEFORTH		BOOTHAM SCHOOL	
R. G. Emery, c Ellis, b Smith	58	J. Ubbatt, b Gerrard	5
C. F. Macpherson, b Allison	1	Mousdale, b Le Fèvre	32
G. Harrie-Barry, b Smith	12	Smith, b Le Fèvre	14
F. L. Le Fèvre, b Smith	0	Gray, b Gerrard	4
J. M. H. Gerrard, b Smith	0	Allison, b Le Fèvre	1
Viscount Encombe, b Barton	68	Bell, lbw, b Le Fèvre	5
L. A. Unsworth, b Allison	0	Barton, b Harrie-Barry	2
C. Knowles, c Barton, b Allison	0	F. Ubbatt, lbw, b Harrie-Barry	0
E. J. Massey, b Allison	8	Scrimgeour, not out	10
B. J. D. Gerrard, c Gray, b Smith	2	Ellis, not out	6
S. Rochford, not out	0	Hartley, did not bat	7
Extras	16	Extras	7
Total	174	Total	86

## Cricket

### AMPLEFORTH V. CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

At Ampleforth, on June 21st. Lieut. Ewan Robertson, a former captain of the School, now stationed at Ripon, very kindly got together a team from his battalion to play the School. Unfortunately, military exigencies prevented his coming with the team, which included several players from well-known Yorkshire and Lancashire league teams.

Ampleforth batted first, but with the exception of Knowles, Encombe and Gerrard, could make little headway against the fast bowling of Hinchcliffe, a bowler of some renown in the North. The Cameronians, facing the total of 99, fared little better at first, 6 wickets being down for 53, and victory for the School appeared to be well within reach. Helped by mistakes in the field, however, the last four batsmen carried the score to 131, and the soldiers won an interesting game by 28 runs.

### AMPLEFORTH

### CAMERON HIGHLANDERS

R. G. Emery, run out	7	Lance-Corpl. Schofield, run out	40
C. F. Macpherson, b Hinchcliffe	6	Pte. Hunt, b Le Fèvre	0
R. P. St. L. Liston, b Hinchcliffe	0	Pte. Oats, lbw, b Gerrard	4
G. Harrie-Barry, b Hinchcliffe	6	Pte. Kaye, b Le Fèvre	10
J. M. H. Gerrard, b Hunt	18	Capt. Laughton, b Le Fèvre	9
Viscount Encombe, b Hinchcliffe	20	Capt. Mackay, lbw, b Le Fèvre	0
C. Knowles, b Capt. Laughton	20	Lieut. Borthwick, c Liston, b Gerrard	3
F. L. Le Fèvre, b Hinchcliffe	4	Pte. Hinchcliffe, c Unsworth, b Le Fèvre	22
L. A. Unsworth, lbw, b Capt. Laughton	4	Sergt. Cameron, not out	10
E. J. Massey, lbw, b Capt. Laughton	0	Sergt. Jarman, st. Rochford, b Harrie-Barry	6
S. Rochford, not out	0	Lieut. Duncan, run out	0
Extras	3	Extras	12
Total	99	Total	131

### AMPLEFORTH V. POKKLINGTON SCHOOL

On June 24th, after the School had made a good start, Emery and Macpherson putting on 50 for the first wicket, heavy rain and hailstorms flooded the ground and rendered further play quite impossible.



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AMPLEFORTH v. MR SWARBRECK'S XI

In spite of the limitations of choice imposed by war conditions, Mr Swarbrick managed to get together quite a strong side to play the School on July 12th. Unfortunately the day was persistently wet, and though the teams dared the weather and the jeers of those who might be inclined to quote Kipling's opprobrious description of the cricketer, serious cricket was out of the question. One end of the wicket was actually under water, and the unfortunate batsmen had to negotiate the ball enveloped in a halo of muddy liquid. Thirk declared their innings closed at 79, and after the School had replied with 35 for 3 wickets, wiser counsels prevailed, and the game was abandoned.

MR SWARBRECK'S XI.		AMPLEFORTH	
Tolson, c Knowles, b Le Fèvre	14	R. G. Emery, b Clayton	4
Goodwick, c Massey, b Le Fèvre	9	E. J. Massey, b Tolson	4
J. Clayton, c Harte-Barry, b Le Fèvre	28	R. P. St L. Linton, not out	13
Lister, b Le Fèvre	6	G. Harte-Barry, b Tolson	11
W. E. Clayton, b Le Fèvre	0	J. M. H. Gerrard, not out	0
W. Clayton, b Le Fèvre	10	Viscount Encombe	—
Peat, run out	2	C. Knowles	—
Firth, not out	1	F. L. Le Fèvre	—
Tibbotts, b Le Fèvre	0	J. B. D. Gerrard	—
Lee	—	S. Rochford	—
Swarbrick	—	T. A. McGhee	—
Extras	9	Extras	1
Total (for 8 wks)	79	Total (for 3 wks)	35

AMPLEFORTH v. DURHAM SCHOOL

This game, played on July 8th on the School ground, had been looked forward to with great interest, as Durham had beaten us rather more severely last year than we thought was our due. We won the toss, and decided to bat first on a wicket that was drying rather fast after heavy rain. As events proved, the wicket became easier as the day wore on, and our opponents were certainly favoured in this respect. The School batting was much better than the individual scores suggest, but it was very difficult to get the ball away, and the Durham fielding was excellent. Massey, who adopted the bold policy of going for the bowling, fared most success-

# Cricket

fully, bringing off several very fine boundary strokes in his score of 31.

The Durham batsmen, several of whom were let off more than once, soon put the issue out of doubt, and won by the handsome margin of 81.

AMPLEFORTH		DURHAM	
R. G. Emery, b Arkless	11	Gee, run out	8
C. F. Macpherson, b Arkless	6	Perrens, lbw, b Gerrard	2
R. P. Linton, c Elderton, b Fenwick	4	Todd, run out	24
G. Harte-Barry, c Gee, b Arkless	3	Kirby, c and b Gerrard	27
J. M. H. Gerrard, b Squance	3	Squance, b Emery	43
Viscount Encombe, b Arkless	17	Elderton, b Gerrard	1
C. Knowles, c and b Arkless	9	Fenwick, c Rochford, b Gerrard	27
F. L. Le Fèvre, c Fenwick, b Arkless	2	Goodall, c and b Gerrard	1
E. J. Massey, not out	31	Arkless, not out	30
B. J. M. Gerrard, lbw, b Kirkup	0	Crawhall, b Gerrard	0
S. Rochford, c Kirby, b Kirkup	0	Kirkup, st Rochford, b Gerrard	0
Extras	4	Extras	12
Total	94	Total	175

AMPLEFORTH (2ND XI) v. ST PETER'S (2ND XI)

This match, played at Ampleforth on June 10th, ended in a complete victory for the home side. C. Unsworth bowled with remarkable success, taking 6 wickets for 6 runs in the first innings, and 6 for 10 in the second. After the St Peter's score of 38 had been passed for the loss of one wicket, the remaining batsmen got out rather quickly in the attempt to force the pace with a view to a declaration. St Peter's just failed to avoid an innings' defeat.

ST PETER'S (2ND XI)		2nd Innings	
1st Innings		2nd Innings	
Nelson, run out	0	b Newsham	11
Newhouse, lbw, b Hornevall	0	c Webb, b Linton	10
Roberts, run out	9	lbw, b Unsworth	0
Gedga, c Simpson, b Unsworth	1	b Unsworth	0
Jones, c Newsham, b Linton	14	c Simpson, b Unsworth	16
Crowther, lbw, b Unsworth	0	b Unsworth	5
Smith, b Unsworth	5	b Unsworth	0
Mitchell, b Unsworth	0	c Linton, b Webb	0
Pattinson, c Simpson, b Unsworth	0	c Newsham, b Unsworth	0
Daddy, c Marlow, b Simpson	0	c Marlow, b Newsham	5
Rainford, not out	1	not out	0
Extras	3	Extras	2
Total	33	Total	38

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### AMPLEFORTH (2ND XI)

G. Newsham, run out	11
J. G. Simpson, b Pattinson	30
B. J. Gerrard, c Newhouse, b Smith	23
C. P. Liston, c Jones, b Pattinson	1
T. V. Welsh, c Roberts, b Smith	5
F. S. Cravos, st Gedge, b Newhouse	0
S. F. Morice, b Smith	4
C. Unsworth, c Roberts, b Newhouse	4
Hon. M. Scott, b Newhouse	6
V. J. Bradley, c Pattinson, b Newhouse	0
Hon. C. Barnewall, not out	1
Extras	5
Total	102

### AMPLEFORTH (2ND XI) v. BOOTHAM (2ND XI)

Played at Ampleforth on June 17th. Newsham and Unsworth quickly disposed of Bootham for the meagre total of 41, and the School side, replying with 120, won very easily. The superiority of the home team in every department of the game made the match rather uninteresting to the spectator.

#### BOOTHAM (2ND XI)

J. Hodgson, b Newsham	15
Keating, b Unsworth	3
Barker, b Barnewall	1
Lister, c Morice, b Barnewall	5
W. Hodgson, b Unsworth	5
Brockbank, b Newsham	0
Spence, b Newsham	8
Nickalls, b Newsham	0
Hamilton, b Newsham	0
Mincheson, b Unsworth	1
Cooper, not out	1
Extras	0
Total	41

#### AMPLEFORTH (2ND XI)

G. Newsham, run out	2
J. G. Simpson, b Nickalls	14
F. S. Cravos, b Nickalls	9
S. F. Morice, b Nickalls	0
C. P. Liston, b Brockbank	6
T. V. Welsh, b Hamilton	24
C. Power, b Brockbank	18
R. Lynch, c Hamilton	1
Hon. M. Scott, b Brockbank	19
C. Unsworth, c Cooper, b Hamilton	14
Hon. C. Barnewall, not out	2
Extras	11
Total	120

### AMPLEFORTH (UNDER 14) v. ST PETER'S (UNDER 14)

As in the Colts' match against Pocklington, the inclusion of a first XI man in the St Peter's team quite spoiled the game. Walker made 22 out of their total of 53, and took 7 wickets. The members of the 4th and 5th sets, of whom our

## Cricket

XI was composed, did very well to make 34 against the bowling they encountered.

### ST PETER'S (under 14)

1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
Gedge, b Davies	4 b Davies
Prior, c Crawford, b Wright	0 c Douglas, b Wright
Crawshaw, c Emery, b Davies	0 bow, b Wright
Walker, b Gilbert	22 c Gilbert, b Crawford
Peel, b Wright	0 run out
Davis, c Gilbert, b Wright	1 run out
Dorking, st. Cravos, b Wright	0 st. Cravos, b Davies
Cooper, b Wright	4 not out
Barton, c Crawford, b Wright	0 b Wright
Cordeaux, run out	3 b Wright
Rainford, not out	1 not out
Extras	9
Total	33
	Extras
	30

### AMPLEFORTH (under 14)

R. W. S. Douglas, b Walker	2
J. K. T. Crawford, c Peel, b Walker	14
S. L. Cravos, b Davies	3
E. F. Davies, c Cooper, b Walker	4
B. M. Wright, b Walker	0
G. H. Gilbert, b Davies	2
W. R. Emery, c Prior, b Walker	0
T. M. Wright, b Davies	3
C. H. Gilbert, b Walker	1
G. Almsough, b Walker	9
E. Kelly, not out	0
Extras	5
Total	34

### AMPLEFORTH (UNDER 15) v. POCKLINGTON (UNDER 15)

This match, played on the School ground on June 28th, was rather spoiled as a test for the Colts by the inclusion in the Pocklington side of several first XI members.

Ampleforth could reply with only 27 to their opponents' 54, the bowling of Earle of the Pocklington 1st XI proving much too good for the School colts, who were drawn with one exception from the 3rd and 4th sets. The second innings was a repetition of the first, only more so!

## The Ampleforth Journal

### POCKLINGTON (under 15)

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Parsons, b Knowles	0	b Knowles	1
Hornby, c Cravos, b Knowles	0	run out	1
Williams, b Leese	0	b Knowles	0
Earle, b Leese	11	c Knowles, b Cravos	3
Brook, b Knowles	20	not out	54
English, b Knowles	1	b Knowles	0
Oliver, b Jungmann	2	b Knowles	0
Parker, b Knowles	1	c Jungmann, b Knowles	1
Croysdale, b Knowles	0	c Greenwood, b Knowles	2
Wilton, not out	2	b Knowles	2
Back, b Jungmann	0	b Cravos	1
Extras	11	Extras	3
Total	54	Total	68

### AMPLEFORTH (under 15)

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
V. G. Cravos, b Earle	0	b Earle	0
L. J. Jungmann, b Wilton	0	b Earle	3
M. L. Smith, b Earle	0	b Wilton	0
L. Knowles, c Brook, b Earle	0	b Earle	0
G. F. Almscough, b Earle	7	b Wilton	4
J. R. Crawford, b Wilton	4	bw, b Earle	7
J. W. Fitzgerald, b Earle	4	b Wilton	13
P. E. Gibbons, c Hornby, b Earle	6	b Earle	0
J. Toller, b Earle	0	not out	3
A. W. Greenwood, not out	3	not out	2
J. Leese, b Earle	1	did not bat	
Extras	2	Extras	1
Total	27	Total	33

## OLD BOYS

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr Robert J. Murphy, of St John's, Newfoundland, who was married on July 14th to Miss Mary Loretta Sweeney, daughter of Mr and Mrs Sweeney, of Dorchester, Massachusetts.

MR JOHN MURPHY has qualified as M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., and is now attached to the R.A.M.C.

AMONG the visitors this term were Mr Philip Williams, who is at home on leave from the Gold Coast, Mr James Blackledge, Mr J. P. Raby, and Mr B. Smith.

DOM CLEMENT HSKETH obtained a "Third" in the Oxford Honours School of Mathematics.

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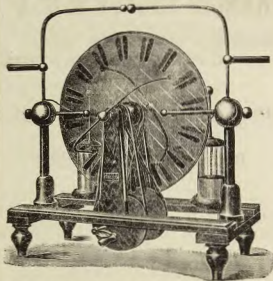
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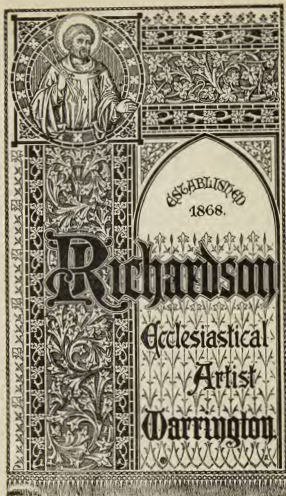
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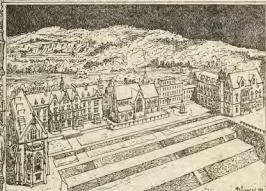


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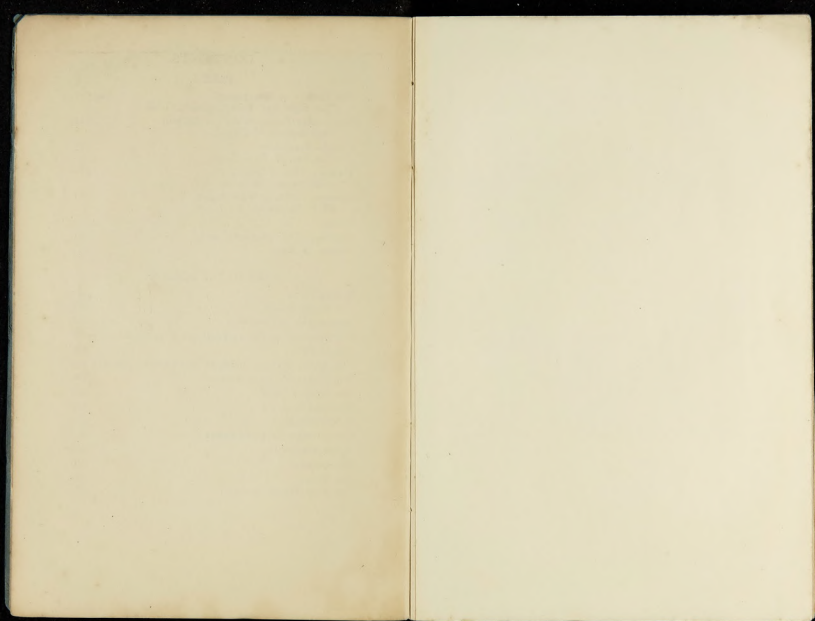
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ST ROBERT'S CAVE (Interior) AND CHAPEL (in Background)

To face page 97

## THE HERMIT OF KNARESBORO'

ST ROBERT the Hermit long held the principal place among celebrities connected with the ancient town of Knareborough. His charitable life spent in the immediate neighbourhood, and a fame of sanctity that was attested by miracles secured for him the veneration of contemporaries, whilst a religious foundation perpetuated his name and good deeds. To the fourteenth century poet he was "the pierles patron of this place." But though not entirely forgotten, later generations, sceptical of his sanctity or even of his existence, neglected his story and deposed him from his place of honour. St Robert became almost a myth. Mother Shipton and Eugene Aram were set up in his stead, whether as more appropriate patrons or as models more easy to imitate let others pronounce. No apology is needed for a fresh study of the life and personality of this earlier patron of the ancient borough.

At one time and for a long time anchorets and hermits were usual features of English life. The solitary or eremitical life, as the name implies, was the original form of Monasticism, itself a prominent feature of Christian life during many centuries. There have always been found persons disposed to withdraw from intercourse with their fellows, able to lead lonely lives with success, and to find in solitude a charm that is hidden from most men, as well as means of sanctification it would not prove to every one. To be a Solitary is to be either more or less than human, to approximate to the angel or the brute. No country and few ages have been without their solitaries. They can be found in nearly all religions, outside and previous to Christianity, among the votaries of Buddha and the followers of Mahomet. But the love of solitude being either an eccentricity or a virtue, men

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might be moved to it by either cynicism or mysticism. Occasionally in misanthropic mood some man, disenchanted by the world or distrusted by his fellows, lives apart from them, and sinks below their level. For men may hide from observation because of degradation or deserved unpopularity. But sometimes, not through contempt nor as undervaluing the world, but aiming at something better, a man withdraws into solitude for the sake of closer converse with heaven; and this was the ideal of the eremitical state.

Even apart from their spiritual purpose such lives were neither idle nor useless. Labour was always recommended if only as a barrier to physical and moral perils, against insanity or idleness. Provision for the hermit's own wants, and then for his abundant alms, often involved prolonged toil; and solitaries fulfilled too many functions towards society to be thought useless or lazy in their own days. They were friends of the poor and the outcast, counsellors and consolers of the afflicted, prophets and teachers of divine things; they could rebuke the powerful sinner, and stand between the oppressor and his victim. Like the modern press they were auxiliaries, substitutes, sometimes rivals of the pulpit. All works of mercy, spiritual and corporal, fell to their vocation. They ministered to public needs in ages when such matters were left to private enterprise or charity, when road-making or mending, and the maintenance of bridges and beacons were forms of charity encouraged by legacies and indulgences. Whenever men had to lead solitary lives their calling was dignified and sanctified by religion; so hermits are found collecting tolls as turnpike men or bridge-wardens, repairing highways and bridges, guiding and sheltering wayfarers in lonely places, maintaining lights on the coast, and always as trusted alms gatherers. A dangerous vocation and liable to abuse, nor is it strange that some were backsliders, or that rogues took up the role as a cloak for evil purposes! But the public services suffered when anchorets were abolished. Roads grew worse and less safe, vagrants multiplied and hospitality diminished, for the new holders of almshouses knew no obligation to continue the charities of earlier days.

## The Hermit of Knaresboro'

Still these duties of practical piety are insufficient to explain the hermit's vocation, which can never be understood if its main purpose be not recognised in prayer and communion with heaven. The love of God which overflows into works of mercy towards mankind was promoted by solitude and prayer; silence, austerity, withdrawal from human pursuits were amply justified if they helped to unbroken converse with the Almighty; and the key to this strange life is belief in the possibility, and the excellence, of an intercourse with heaven that shall be prolonged far beyond ordinary practice. Modern habits of thought and religious changes unfit men to appreciate these phases of mystical life; yet such theories and practices did undoubtedly prevail for many ages in all countries, they drew disciples from both sexes and every rank, and their votaries were valued and honoured in their own generation. Evidently satisfying some craving in the human soul the eremitical state fulfilled a not uncommon demand. Those who embraced it, at least when their sincerity had been tested, were regarded as friends of God, as guides, prophets and protectors of the people. Such a one in his day was St Robert of Knaresboro'.

People have questioned whether Robert of Knaresboro' was a real historical personage at all, whether his story is not either a myth or a mistake; and legends have doubtless grown round his personality much as lichen and moss gather on some old statue, hiding yet preserving its features. Confused by some writers with an earlier namesake, St Robert of Newminster, his own identity has then been denied by others who discovered the mistake. His individuality however can no longer be doubted. He is as real as the princes who protected him, as the lands with which their charters endowed him, as the contemporary chronicler who narrates his death and fame; and although the certain facts of his life are few, needing to be filled out by tradition and conjecture, yet the conjectures are probable and the traditions early. Such legends though easily exaggerated are seldom wholly fanciful. One chief authority for details of the story is the metrical *Life*, composed in Northumbrian dialect a century and a half after the saint's death by an unnamed Minister of



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the Knaresboro' Trinitarians. This is an extremely well-written poem in smooth, harmonious verse, enriched by both rhyme and alliteration, with forcible and often beautiful phrases that recall the vocabulary and quaintness of Chaucer. Whether or how far the poem was influenced by that master is a further question, yet it may be noted that Chaucer's son was Constable of Knaresboro' Castle under John of Gaunt, and that the poet was almost certainly a visitor there.

St Robert was a York man, born about 1170, elder son of Toke Flower, "2 tymes mair of York," so Leland says, and of his wife Sunniva or Simmeria. During his youth a terrible riot occurred in the city ending in a cruel massacre of the Jews; and a pretty story, for which there is little enough evidence, tells of the saint's mother pleading with her husband the mayor for protection of the persecuted people, and vowing her son to heaven in expiation of the crime. No such tale is needed to explain the vocation of a young man of religious bent born in a city and an age both full of monasticism. In pursuance of his vocation Robert sought admission in a Cistercian community, a "*novum monasterium*" still in the first fervour of its foundation, where one of his brothers was perhaps a monk, he himself being already a sub-deacon. Newminster, near Morpeth, is supposed to be the place, and an earlier St Robert had been abbot there, which circumstance may have led to some confusion. Fountains was still at this time a *novum monasterium*, more likely to attract a man from York, and the subsequent attempt of its monks to secure the saint's body for burial, suggests a claim based upon some connection with their community. Wherever it was, the novice remained only a few months, long enough to learn the rudiments of monasticism, and to convince himself and his superiors of his unfitness for conventual life. It was not however to the world or the priesthood that he returned on leaving the community, but to a still deeper solitude; and what he sought he found, in imitation of earlier anchorites, in a cave on the banks of the river Nidd. The life upon which Robert entered had nothing singular in those days; it was an accepted

## The Hermit of Knaresboro'

vocation, with its own customs, safeguards and authorisation. There were two chief varieties of the type. First were monks, who, after exercise in community and some progress in virtue and prayer, were allowed to exchange the fraternal ranks for the single combat of the desert. St Benedict describes such in his Rule and highly commends them, nor have they ever been wanting among his disciples. In another class came those who with little or no conventual training felt drawn to the solitary life, with no master to guide them but the Holy Spirit, and no Rule to follow but the Commandments of God and the Church. These were more liable to delusions and lapses, their failures being the scandals that sometimes brought the whole system into disrepute. Yet many great Saints began in this manner, and many abbeys, for when disciples were attracted by their fame, their solitary cells developed into monasteries and congregations. If such men underwent no novitiate in a canonical sense yet they had generally to undergo years of trial, with a risk of being maltreated as impostors. People did not canonise every hermit by any means; and of the many that were respected or venerated few have been regarded as Saints, with churches dedicated under their names or a continuous reputation for miracles.

Of this latter class of independent hermits was Robert of Knaresboro'. He had no regular training apart from the few months at Newminster, and although as a sub-deacon it may be inferred, yet no evidence exists of his seeking sanction from abbot or bishop. It is not to be concluded from this that he was not in full communion with Church authorities, for in happier days when schismatics or separatists were unknown, full allowance could be made for individual eccentricity.

The forest of Knaresboro', though within twenty miles of York, afforded facilities for seclusion or concealment of which others besides holy men availed themselves. Various caverns, natural or artificial, could be found on the river banks where the Nidd breaks through the gorge under the Castle. A mile or more below the town the river runs beneath Grimbald's Crag which probably gets its name

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from some hermit; and on the opposite bank under a sheer but not lofty cliff was a rude chapel called after the hermit St Giles, and a shallow grotto that had sheltered others before our saint. In fact a knight was living there at this time who had incurred the displeasure of the king and was hiding from his justice or oppression. Robert joined this man and began his eremitical career in his company. The incident illustrates a peril of the solitary life and its adaptation for purposes of concealment. The knight's vocation was either a pretext or a temporary refuge, for on the king's death he promptly quitted the cave.

Langer lyked him noght that lyffe  
But als a wreche went to his wyffe.

—though if he were only unfortunate he need be neither apostate nor impostor.

How much longer Robert remained after his companion's departure is unknown, nor why he left for Rudfarlington. He may have been seeking deeper solitude than he could find near Knaresboro', or he may have encountered some of the opposition of which we hear later. Rudfarlington was a clearing in the forest with a great hall by the Red Ings, the level meadows through which Crimble beck meanders before falling into the Nidd. Only a farmstead now, it must then have been a large mansion, "*ubi quondam Villa grandis quæ Rothferlington vocabatur*"; here a certain virtuous matron, Helena by name, offered the youthful hermit shelter and a little chapel of St Hilda; and here he abode until one day thieves broke in and destroyed his cell, upon which he moved on a few miles to Spofforth, where the Percy's manor<sup>1</sup> afforded him more safety through less solitude. Trouble of another kind awaited him here. If he had been persecuted by Nidd and Crimble he was too popular at Spofforth.

<sup>1</sup> These sites can be easily identified; the devout matron is thought to have been one of the Percys of Spofforth, widow of Nigel de Plumpton, who had a dispute over her dowry with her stepson that may have involved her protégé. Rudfarlington has been a Catholic home for many generations, and, nearby, the chapel and piety of Dame Helena have been restored of late years at Rud-ding Park.

## The Hermit of Knaresboro'

Growing fame became an embarrassment, for his blameless life and charitable deeds were attracting notice. Austere and hardworking himself, he was gentle and patient with the unfortunate, of whom the forest was full, for poor, broken folk found refuge there, hiding, wandering, poaching; and to such outlaws the saint was ever kind. He was judged to be a holy man, for he spent long hours in prayer; quite possibly he was recognised as the son of persons of consequence in York. People began to visit him, to ask his prayers and seek advice, at which his humility and good sense took fright, for he was not yet mature enough to become a teacher or guide. Finding Spofforth too distracting for devotion, hardly knowing where to turn, urged by friends rather than his own feelings, the poor, bewildered man tries conventual life once more.

At Hedley, not far from Tadcaster, the Cluniacs of York had a small cell where Robert made another trial of cenobitical life. It was not a success. His ideas and habits were evidently too individualistic for a community, and if later tradition is to be accepted, he was critical and also outspoken, not to say a little fanatical. He thought his monastic brethren relaxed, and told them so, calling them "*fals and fekyll*!" Clad himself in a single rough garment, eating only vegetable broth and barley-bread, he was scandalised at the Cluniacs' easier discipline and more generous fare. They actually feasted on salt fish and eggs and wheaten bread, and drank home-made small beer! He soon left them, and returning to his beloved solitude "*dwelt by himself alone in the sight of heavenly eyes*." At Rudfarlington he was again befriended by the pious matron there, and provided with barn, buildings and land to till. He stayed there a year; but his trials were not yet over. Riding by one day the Constable of the castle, William d'Estuteville noticed the buildings and enquiring whose they were, was told they were the abode of a holy man, Robert. A harbourer of thieves and a hypocrite the knight called him; and it is extremely likely that the good man had sheltered poachers and outlaws whom it was the Constable's business to suppress. In his anger he bade his men "*dyng downe hys byggynges*" and drive the poor hermit away,

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whereupon the saint went back sadly to the old grotto by the banks of the Nidd.

"When Robert saw all dongen doune  
Wyth his boke he mayd hym boune,  
And fared all that forest thrughe  
And come agayn to Knaresburgh,  
To a chapell of saynt Gyle  
Byfor where he had wounde a whyle,  
That bygged was in tha buskes wyth in,  
A lytell holett; he hyed him in."

His wanderings were now over, his probation almost concluded; one more peril from which he was providentially delivered, and he should be left in peace.

St Giles' chapel must have been of very simple construction, and the original cave far shallower than the present one. By winding branches, however, over stakes fastened in front of the overhanging rock, a comparatively roomy shelter could be formed, enough for an anchorite's simple needs. Similar excavations enlarged by rude additions of stone or wood have at all times on Nidd banks afforded cheap shelter and houseroom, of which Mother Shipton's Cave, whether genuine or recent, is one example; Fort Montague another, much more elaborate and modern; whilst from others only recent legislation has expelled the last of Knaresboro' troglodytes. If one marvels at the endurance of these old anchorites, we must remember that their hardships could be mitigated by huge fires of abundant fuel, and that they were shared with many other cave-dwellers, to whom the hermit's devout and patient poverty must have been a cheery example. Destitution in those days did not mean degradation, nor was prolonged prayer incompatible with poverty.

One last danger overhung our hermit. His old enemy, William d'Estuteville, passing by from the chase, saw smoke rising from a cavern beneath the river bank, and learnt with not unnatural anger that the vagabond whom he had turned out of the Forest had ventured even closer to his castle. Swearing to have him driven out next day, he returned home, but that night learnt a lesson to be more

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cautious in judging God's poor. Whether in vision or in dream he found himself assaulted by three huge demons, "blakker than Ynd,"—though why demons should protect the Saint is not quite clear! With unexpected chivalry they offered him an iron mace for defence, and not until he cried for mercy did "this thre warlowes vanish all a way." Terrified and remorseful the knight hastened next morning to the Saint's cell, begged for his pardon, and promised henceforth to protect him. The story ends happily:

"Robert forgaif and William kyssed,  
And blythely wyth hys hand hym blyssed."

The hermit's probation was over, his stability made clear; his vocation tested by many trials began to be recognised, and to receive its hundredfold reward. Over against his cave a prominent cliff rises steep from the stream, now called Grimbald's Crag, but then Grimbald's Kirkstane, perhaps from some fancied resemblance or from its being as big as a church. All the land between his cave and this crag the Constable now gave to St Robert, with cattle and horses to work it; and the hermit entered upon a peaceful, fruitful period, endowed with property as a public almoner, protected by princes and venerated by the people.

And there with depe devociounne  
He crepe in contemplaciounne;  
And als are Aungell lede hys lyffe  
Sway heghe sway haly that man and wyffe.  
Hege and lawe, into hym hyed,  
In faith for to be edified.

When St Robert had settled again in the hermitage on Nidd banks, his brother Walter,<sup>1</sup> said to have been in his turn mayor of York, made further efforts to induce him to essay community life once more; but after two attempts the holy man knew his vocation and refused to forsake his beloved solitude. Here is my resting place, he said, here will I dwell

<sup>1</sup> A stone inscribed "Walterus EFos" may be seen in the south wall of E. Trinity Church, York, being a fragment from the tomb of Walter Flower, mayor of York, brother to our Saint. Later on another of the family married a Fairfax of Gilling.

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for ever! The original hermitage was probably formed by wattled palings and boughs of trees reaching up to an overhanging rock, with perhaps a shallow excavation, the commencement of the present roomy grotto formed later by the Saint's own hands. This is about sixteen feet long, eight feet at the widest part, and nearly six feet high. The hermit allowed his brother, however, to send masons to erect the chapel of Holy Cross adjoining the cave, and perhaps to put up other buildings for disciples and pilgrims. The chapel has been well built of hewn stones, some forty feet in length by nine in breadth; the lower layers of its three walls still remain with the altar steps and base, as well as rude stairs leading down from the cliff. In front of the altar is an empty tomb, hewn deeply out of the smooth platform of rock, its sides encrusted with lichen. The roof and walls of the chapel are gone, but the foliage of overhanging boughs forms a covering to the forsaken sanctuary that recalls the primitive oratory of St Giles; and on a summer's day when sunlight dapples the moss-covered ruin and the rock wall tapestried with creepers, the place is wholly beautiful and a fitting shrine for religious memories. Pity that the story of Eugene Aram's sordid crime should ever have been suffered to overlay the holy associations of so fair a spot!

An anchorite's prime duty, and that for which he forsook the world, was the worshipful contemplation of God. The desert drew the disciples as it had drawn the Master before, and solitude was found to be the handmaid of prayer. To stand aside from petty ambitions and engrossing cares, not to waste time or energy over useless talk or sordid business, so to secure leisure for tranquil thought and true judgements—these were the hermit's aims; and upon such a one as he knelt with mind uplifted from earth, it is easy to believe that a heavenly peace descended, and all Christlike virtues dropped like dew. Emptied of earth the soul might well be filled with heaven. Disciplined by cold and hunger, by labour and vigils, by silence and meditation, its fleshly trammels fell away, and the veil thinned out that hides the face of God. Taming the flesh by fasting, and feeding the spirit with the sweet food of prayer, already here below the hermit

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tasted of heavenly joy. That such an ideal need be no dream the writings of Richard Rolle of Hampole testify. A Yorkshireman and a hermit living a century later than our Saint, he was a scholar as well as a mystic, whose contemplative gifts and intense love of Christ breathe in every page of his numerous works. If Robert of Knaresboro' who never wrote a line is venerated as a saint, as Richard of Hampole never was, it must be because men saw in him the same close following of Christ and the same absorption in God.

Not, however, without long struggles and constant spiritual conflicts could such sublimity be reached. Fallen nature is not easily subdued, and the enemy of man, who tempted our Lord in the wilderness, assaulted in similar guise his servants in their solitude. No saint's story but tells of these strange experiences, of ghostly foes that took on bodily shape, whether in reality or in seeming, who shall say? of buffetings by Satan and of visions of blessed spirits. "Imps and warlows" haunted St Robert's cave and disturbed his devotions. A quaint story tells of the goblin whom he nicknamed "Sir Gerrard," and drove away with his staff; though one wonders whether the mischievous imp may have been some yokel from the forest who stood grinning and gaping at the Saint's prayers, and was less easily vanquished by spiritual weapons than with a stick. More beautiful is the tale of the vision that came to Robert after his mother's death, whom he beheld suffering in purgatory for sins forgotten or penance neglected, and how his fervent prayers and austerities helped to expiate her faults and speed her soul to bliss.

A tyme als saint Robertt lay  
In a meadow tyme of May,  
In flowers slepand in a sted  
Appared hys moder thatt was ded,  
Pail and wan of hyde and hew,  
Robert praers to pursue.  
Son, sho sayd, tent to my taile,  
To blysse thou may bring me fra baile,  
Thruogh help of thi bolynesse;  
Have mynd I sufferd the of my fleshe.

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Then Robert raise and redy was  
Unto hys praers for to passe.  
He syghed, he sobbed, he lytell sleped,  
Hys hands he wrang and wyghtly weped;  
To God he praed wyth peter and paule  
For to save his moder saule.  
Then in the endyng of that yere  
Appered hys moder to hym here,  
And blyssed hyr barne that maid hit blyth;  
Sayand, my sone, now shall I swyth  
Wend to welth that never sall wane;  
Farewele, I blesse the blode and bane.

These stern saints had tender hearts beneath their rough tunics, and seldom turned away from the claims of natural piety.

From ghostly as well as human foes heaven protected the hermit, and as with other austere saints innocence and simple faith won back for him some of man's lost dominion over the lower creation. It was long remembered how he tamed wild denizens of the forest, animal and human, how he commanded the stags' services to draw his plough when oxen were lacking. The privileged deer sometimes broke down his fences and trampled on his crops, but he made them compensate their depredations:

Hertes full heghe of hede and horn  
Used to come to Roberd corn;  
He wentt and wagged att them a wand,  
And draff thise dere hame w' hys hand.

For such a man standing always in God's presence the frown of tyrants had no terror, nor worldly wealth any attraction. What with civil wars, a seven years' interdict and Magna Charta quarrels, they were troublous times in which Robert's life was passed, yet the turmoil flowed over and left him undisturbed. A contemporary of King John, he was one of the few Churchmen able to reprove the tyrant, and to influence him, however slightly, for good. When John, staying at the neighbouring castle, came to visit the hermit

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in his cell he found him at prayer, which the holy man would not interrupt until Brian de L'Isle exclaimed, "Brother Robert, rise quickly, the king is here and would speak with thee." Picking up an ear of wheat, Robert held it out and said, "If thou be a king, create such a thing as this," and when John was silent with astonishment, went on, "There is but one king, God!" It speaks well for both king and prophet that the bold rebuke to royal pride was not resented. John afterwards endowed the saint with land and cattle; for though Robert had never thought of asking alms, he allowed his disciple Ivo to follow the king and plead their needs. Perhaps the memory of the man of God affected the royal tyrant, for when dying shortly afterwards in a Cistercian abbey, he is said to have asked for a monk's cowl himself; and he prayed to be buried between two saints in the choir of Worcester minster.

Less to tyrants than to their victims was Robert a friend, to the poor and oppressed, to prisoners in their dungeons or outlaws in the forest, many of whom were nothing worse than poachers or unfortunates flying to escape a debtor's cell. He feeds many pensioners, shelters "cayteffes in his cave," frees captives from prison, as his Trinitarian successors did after him;

To begge and bryngre pore men of baile  
This was his purpose principale.

He farms his little holding, and gathers alms not for his own needs, but that he might be "to pore men profitable," and on their behalf did not shrink from what looks like an unedifying dispute with his neighbour, "ye parsones of Knaresbrughe Kyrke who claimed his teynde of corn and hay." The Vicar was probably pushing claims too far; but to the hermit the titling of alms-lands was taxation of the poor man's heritage; and it led him to some plain speaking with allusions to "Chryst cursing," that show another side to our "gentle hermit of the dale."

No wonder the poor loved their fearless champion; they needed friends in those rather merciless days, and might well value an advocate who could save them from the grim

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castle dungeons that we still view with horror. Altogether it is a very human figure, with kindly traits and not devoid of humour, that tradition shows in the Knaresboro' hermit, and that the people loved and venerated so much that they dubbed him Saint.

The common idea of a hermit as of some morose, misanthropical being, useless to the world and selfishly anxious about his own salvation, will not fit St Robert. So the usual idea of monks is of rough, rope-girdled, barefooted men who lived in squalor or on other people's toil, whereas they were among the most cultivated people of their time, the best educated and most gentle-mannered, with whom plain living and high thinking was not a mere ideal. Their simple food was sufficient, their homes refined and beautiful, as every monastic ruin testifies. They were learned for their age, they lived in the social intercourse of a community, their surroundings were artistic and peaceful, their churches full of inspiration, their liturgy of poetry. St Robert's story shows the modern idea of anchorites to be equally mistaken; they were usually the most popular persons in their neighbourhood, respected by kings, feared by tyrants and venerated by the people, rich men's almoners and poor men's friends. Nor were they even as solitary as is generally supposed. They often had companions in their life, kindred spirits who shared their cells, or disciples who came to learn the way of God. St Robert evidently had considerable intercourse with his neighbours, and could hardly live within a mile of a royal castle without being known and visited. So many came to see and hear him, for charity or for advice, that he had to build an almshouse near his cell. He had servants too, and dependents to help to till his lands,—the hundredfold recompense even here for his own renunciations; and in time he had one or more disciples. One of these, Ivo, growing weary of eremitical life ran away, and in his haste fell into a ditch and broke his leg. There Robert found him lamenting his mishap, crying in shame and pain, "Alas, alas, wulaway"; with a blessing he made him sound again, and took him home, reminding him however of the fate of those who after putting their hands to the plough look back.

## The Hermit of Knaresboro'

An interesting question, perhaps impossible of solution now, is whether St Robert was a priest. There is no mention of his priesthood in the legends, and nothing to show that he advanced beyond the sub-diaconate; yet silence is not decisive on the point. His oratory held an altar where doubtless kindly priests would often come to celebrate, and if not, Church discipline was not so definite in those days, or else the hermit would go to some chapel in the forest, or to the parish church and join the faithful in divine worship. The solitary was not constantly immured in his cell; and one who went out into the forest for work or prayer would not hesitate to go to town for Sunday mass.

So a holy life slipped by in solitude, prayer and charitable deeds until the day when worn out by austerities the Lord called his servant to himself. Death could have no terror to one who had lived with an open grave before his eyes; it was but the passing of a portal that led to the unveiled Presence and the promised reward for faithful renunciation.

Scanty herb and running brook  
All his simple fare supplied,  
All his rest the chilly rock  
Hollowed by the river side.  
Asp and adder gliding by,  
Howling fiends of angry night,  
Gloomy portents of the sky  
Smote his soul with no affright.  
Where the golden mansions glow  
Thither has she sped her way,  
From the vale of night below  
Mounting to eternal day.

St Robert died on September 24th, 1218. Except this latter the dates of his life are conjectural; he seems to have spent some twenty-two years as a hermit, so unless he were of mature years when he began he can hardly have been fifty when he died. On his death becoming known the monks of Fountains would have given him sepulture in their great church, and advanced some claims to the privilege; the Sainr's neighbours and disciples, however, would not hear of it, and



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soldiers were sent down from the Castle to prevent the removal of his body. He was laid to rest in the tomb before the altar that he had himself prepared; there the venerated relics remained until the chapel was unroofed, and the grave violated, at the great pillage under Henry VIII.<sup>1</sup> It is not known what became of them then; most likely they were tossed into the river.

St Robert's fame was not confined to his own lifetime or neighbourhood. Matthew Paris writing at St Alban's after 1250, tells of the healing oil which flowed abundantly from his tomb, and of many miracles among the pilgrims that flocked thither. He mentions St Robert between St Edmund of Canterbury and St Elizabeth of Hungary as one of the holiest personages of the time; the lowly Hermit of Knaresboro' being associated with an archbishop and a princess whose heroic sanctity are beyond cavil. Though St Robert has no office or feast in the York Kalendar where it might have been looked for, and no evidence is forthcoming of any formal canonisation, yet he is generally held to be a Saint; he is so styled in various episcopal and at least one papal document; and the church of the Trinitarians who succeeded him was always known as St Robert's, and the Friars number him among their Order's Saints. In modern times, the Catholic church in Harrogate and the Established church at Pannal are both called after his name.

St Robert was never a Trinitarian himself, although as that Order inherited his lands and his work, he is sometimes represented in their habit and counted among their holy men. In February, 1219, the king (Henry III), committed the care of "our hermitage" at Knaresboro' to Master Alexander de Dorset, then Vicar of Knaresboro', confirming it however in 1227 to Brother Ivo, hermit of Holy Cross, Robert's companion and successor. As with similar foundations it was afterwards found advisable to entrust to a regular community the charge of its properties and its duties. Accordingly about

<sup>1</sup> It is improbable that the large stone which covers Sir Henry Slingsby's tomb in the Parish church ever enclosed that of St Robert in his cave, though it may well have been taken from some other tomb in the Trinitarian church of St Robert.

## The Hermit of Knaresboro'

1250, a Trinitarian house was established here by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who then held the manor of Knaresboro'; the hermit's possessions were secured to it, and papal indulgences offered to all who should assist "the monastery of St Robert of Gnarebur, where that Saint's body is buried." The new house belonged to an order of mendicant friars founded about 1200 by the royal hermit, St Felix of Valois, to labour under the invocation of the Blessed Trinity for the redemption of Christian captives. They wore a white habit with both frock and mantle marked by a red and blue cross. Their communities, which were never large or wealthy, and certainly neither abbeys nor priories, consisted of a minister and seven friars; their revenues being divided in thirds between care of the poor, redemption of captives, and their own support. They collected alms for these purposes, and even vowed to become hostages among the infidel till the arrival of fresh funds; their charitable labours were so much valued that two hundred and fifty houses were founded for them in half a century, and during their first three hundred years of existence they freed nearly one hundred thousand Christians from captivity. No more fitting heirs could have been found for St Robert's work, one of whose favourite charities was "to beg and free poor men from bail." It is pleasant to think of the rents of Knaresboro' fields, and the alms gathered by Knaresboro' friars, being spent in relieving captives among the Turks, or restoring to freedom the slaves of Algerian pirates. No bounds can be set to the influence of holy men whose good deeds circle like wavelets for ever through the sea of life. St Robert's work went on for three hundred years till a king arose compared with whom King John was a saint. If the heritage of the hermit and his poor was then swept into royal coffers at least its memory still survives, and the ideal of a life devoted to God's glory and the service of his fellow-men.

St Robert's early wanderings and persecutions and his his later popularity are paralleled in the legends of many holy men, and are probable enough to be true of many, for until a hermit had proved his worth and won popular acceptance he was liable to be mishandled as a vagabond or impostor.

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Folks in those days did not accept every pretension advanced any more than they do now; they were shrewd enough to observe and judge for themselves. They knew a knave when they met one, even if they took some time to recognise a saint. Popular canonisation has much to be said for it. The deliberate verdict on a man's virtues by his contemporaries is likely to be accurate, particularly when those merits are dissociated from worldly prominence or a tragic death. There have been popular canonisations which authority never endorsed. Kings like Edward II, princes like Thomas of Lancaster, an archbishop like Scrope, who had high position, numerous followers as well as a tragic fate, these might well be venerated apart from heroic holiness or even personal worth. A martyr can always get into the Kalendar on more easy terms than a confessor, little more being sometimes needed than a violent death in a good cause. On the other an obscure personage like Robert the Hermit of Knaresboro', without any striking or tragic story, needed quite other qualifications, humble virtues, kindly deeds, high purposes as well as fame of miracles. For the saintly reputation of such a man popular superstition is a poor explanation. The poet's praise is more convincing:

Devout, debonair and discreet  
A mylder man myght nay man mett.

Than dyed this daynty man a day,  
And went<sup>t</sup> to joye that last sall ay;  
To the whike he bryng thou all and me  
Amen, amen, per charite.

J.I.C.

NOTE.—The Crag Chapel at Knaresboro', erroneously called "St. Robert's", was not formed till two centuries after the Hermit's death, and is properly known as "Our Ladye of the Crag."

## SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY

IT is three hundred years since the death of William Shakespeare, our greatest English poet, and this year the nation, despite the strain of a great war, has responded with enthusiasm to the memorial performances given by the combined musical and dramatic professions. In this movement we do not wish to be found wanting, and the tribute which we offer this evening, of performances of tragedy and comedy from his plays *Macbeth* and *King Henry IV*, of the singing of one of his songs, and of a word of praise to his memory, is especially fitting from a school where the Shakespearean tradition has been so strong and so continuous.

The most extraordinary thing about the great poet is the fact that so little is known about him. Here is a man whose works have been the chief glory and inspiration of English literature for three centuries, who was perhaps the greatest Englishman that ever lived, and yet critics are still disputing whether the person we call William Shakespeare is the real author of the plays. The whole of his productive life as a dramatist and perhaps an actor in London is veiled in a mist of drifting legends, in which he is declared to have been by turns an actor, a lawyer's clerk, a soldier in the Low Countries, a seaman, a printer, and a beggar who held horses' heads outside the theatre doors.

The same impersonality runs through all his works. Several critics have attempted to discover the characteristics of Shakespeare from the internal evidence of his plays and poems, but they are baffled and confused by the very range of humanity contained in them. For he embraces every side of human activity; he is learned in every phase of human feeling, virtue and vice, grief and laughter. His creations stand out complete, self-existent, living only with their own life, laying bare their own souls, and not that of the dramatist.

They do not live in the shadow of his mind, they are no *ἀφανὲς κάρην* like the bodiless spirits of Homer's dead, no pale reflections of a great and dominant personality, but the light of genius which burned in their author lit up,

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through him, the whole world for us to see, leaving no dram of calc, no hindering intrusions of the poet's self, to mar our vision.

How shall we define the greatness of Shakespeare? It does not lie in any one particular quality, but in the sum of all taken together. Partly it lies in this very impersonality of genius. From a more technical point of view it lies partly in certain qualities of language and style which are the despair of other poets. In one sense there is no special Shakespearean style; he has all styles. But there is something that at once stamps certain language as Shakespearean, a ring of truth and sincerity, a complete fusion of intellect and imagination, a manner of using every common, colloquial, or even pedantic word so that it is completely in place, a seeming carelessness of poetic effect which gives his verse strength and virility. We remember for instance such expressions as:

"O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself  
a King of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams."

or:

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain  
To tell my story."

or:

"Like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

or, lastly:

"His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm  
Crested the world: his voice was propertied  
As all the tunéd spheres, and that to friends.  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,

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There was no winter in't, an autumn 'twas  
That grew the more by reaping; his delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they lived in; in his livery  
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were  
As plates dropped from his pocket."

This last is an ordinary and typical passage of Shakespeare; and we feel here, as nearly always, that he was master of his great genius, and that a wide intellect and a clear judgement set upon his burning fancy the seal of greatness.

The same masterly restraint, the same curb which he exercised over the luxuriance of his imagination is seen in his treatment of nature. He does not study nature as a sick lover. He does not, in his mature work, even study her for her own sake. Suffice it for him and for her if she minister to his exposition of the souls of men.

We know what Keats meant when he felt one of his most beautiful comparisons to be too fanciful. It runs:

"As when, upon a tranced summer night,  
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charm'd by the earnest stars  
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,"

This is beautiful, but Shakespeare, even when studying nature directly, infuses an energy and life into his pictures which is lacking in Keats. Compare, for instance, with the quotation from *Hyperion* the fine image in the two last lines of the following passage from Sonnet XII:

"When I do count the clock that tells the time,  
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;  
When I behold the violet past prime,  
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;  
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves  
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,  
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard. . . ."

But in his later works, Shakespeare uses nature with sublime effect to enrich his picture of the moods of a human soul. So Othello's rage is:

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" Like to the Pontic Sea  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont."

or, in a familiar passage :

" My way of life  
Is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf."

or, in the same play, to illustrate the guiltiness of blood :

" Will all great Neptune's ocean wash the blood  
Clean from my hand ? No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas incarnadine."

Of Shakespeare's dramatic power we have no space to speak at length. There are few scenes or even lines in the plays which are idle. And in the great plays the scenes are highly charged with that electrical emotion, that sense of mighty forces struggling to burst their bonds, which we call drama. It will be sufficient to mention four scenes. There is first of all the Nunnery scene in *Hamlet*, the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, where every word makes us feel with an intolerable pang the evil fate of their misunderstanding. In the same play there is the great play-scene where the hidden forces of the opposed wills gather strength and break like the bursting of a dyke. Again there is the banquet scene in *Macbeth* where the result of their deed confronts the criminals at the height of their success, withering the life of one and driving the other to frenzy. Further there is that wonderful scene in the *Winter's Tale*, that poem of love made perfect and of repentance crowned with un hoped-for happiness, where Leontes, sunk into an agony of grief for the wrongs his jealousy has wrought, is first revived by the recovery of his daughter, whom he had cast out to die, and goes to visit the statue of his long dead wife. He is spellbound, and as the curtain before the statue is again being drawn, the statue descends, and he realises that this is indeed his wife whom he thought he had killed, and who has waited sixteen years for this moment. Here is Shakespeare's greatness shown. There are no words of forgiveness, no syllable uttered between husband and wife ; Leontes cannot speak, and

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Hermione, looking down upon her new-found daughter kneeling before her, finds her heart too full for anything but prayer :

" You gods, look down  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head ! "

And last, and perhaps greatest, is the scene where Cleopatra standing beside the dead body of Mark Antony, whom she has brought to a dishonoured death, takes to her breast the snake whose poison is to end her own life. And there in the dim light of the old mausoleum, with the Eastern Star, high in the night, gleaming in through its wide bars, this evil, brilliant, vain woman rises in her last moments to be something more than Queen of Egypt :

" Give me my robe ; put on my crown. I have  
Immortal longings in me . . . . "

There is one aspect of Shakespeare's genius that must be mentioned, and it is akin to the preceding. It is the extraordinary detachment of the characters from one another which he secures in the management of his scenes. The trap for the playwright who is dealing with a good situation is the temptation to make all the characters in the scene play up more or less consciously to that situation. As an example of the masterly way in which Shakespeare avoided this, we may take the scene on the heath, during the storm, in *King Lear*. This is perhaps the key-scene of the play. And the central figure of the scene as of the play is Lear. Never was the temptation more potent. But the Fool and Edgar, disguised as a madman, do not at all play up, as an inferior playwright would make them, to the tragedy of the situation. The fool hardly has a thought for Lear, but sings on in his own way

" The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make  
Shall of a corn cry woe  
And turn his sleep to wake—  
For there was never yet fair woman but She made  
mouths in a glass "

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and makes remarks like "Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in." While Edgar runs on with "Pillcock sat on Pillcock hill. Halloo, halloo, luo loo. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet. He begins at curfew and walks till the first cock. He gives the web and the pin, squints the eye and makes the hare lip."

The consequence of this complete detachment and consistency of character, is that the dramatic and tragic effect is increased indefinitely.

We have said that Shakespeare the man was not discernible in his works. Yet we can see in the plays the course of Shakespeare's mind as it grew with his experience of life. And this evolution of mind in general has been so well described by John Keats in one of his letters, that it may be quoted here.

"I compare human life," says Keats, "to a large mansion of many Apartments, two of which I can only describe, the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me. The first we step into we call the Infant or Thoughtless Chamber, in which one remains as long as we do not think. We remain there a long while, and notwithstanding the doors of the second Chamber remain wide open, showing a bright appearance, we care not to hasten to it; but are at length imperceptibly impelled by the awakening of the thinking principle within us—we no sooner get into the second Chamber, which I shall call the Chamber of maiden thought, than we become intoxicated with the light and the atmosphere, we see nothing but pleasant wonders, and think of delaying there for ever in delight: however among the effects this breathing is father of is that tremendous one of sharpening one's vision into the heart and nature of man—of convincing one's nerves that the world is full of misery and heartbreak, pain, sickness and oppression, whereby this Chamber of maiden thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time, on all sides of it, many doors set open—but all dark, all leading to dark passages—we see not the balance of good and evil, we are in a mist, we feel the Burden of the Mystery."

Clearly Shakespeare went through some such experience. The earlier plays—his Chamber of maiden thought—are full of tripping rhythms, of flowers and forests, of dainty badinage,

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of hearts easily broken and still more easily mended again. Then as the burden of the Mystery of Life presses closer, perhaps through some great sorrow of his own, we have that series of dark plays, *Timon*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*, where the storm of evil is so mighty that no hope seems of any avail. How could a man have such a play as *Lear* in his mind and not be crushed under its weight for ever? Yet the tempest of pessimism spent itself, the voices of despair died down like the demon-voices in Gerontius' dream, and with his vision purified and deepened by its passage through the Dark Night, Shakespeare found a new and deeper beauty in life, in the colours and sounds of earth, in patient love and trust and forgiveness. The last three plays, *A Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Tempest*, with their rich sunset colouring, are full of his new faith, of peace and reconciliation. They sweep along in delicate yet majestic rhythm, chord after chord, like the close of a solemn harmony. To have been so buffeted by evil and yet emerge with a fuller, more serene faith in goodness is perhaps the truest mark of Shakespeare's greatness. Such a consummation could have been reached only by a man of perfectly balanced intellect, of almost infinite sympathy with mankind, and a mind that could bend but not break. And indeed the genius of Shakespeare is overwhelmingly on the side of good. He can bow under the load of evil in the world, yet leave love and confidence triumphant. Honour, purity, justice, mercy, forgiveness, are, when all is said, the predominant forces in the plays.

And lastly we must not forget to think of Shakespeare as our national poet. Warwickshire bred him, bone and sinew. His plays are full of her lanes and woods and country scenes. And his love of England was deep.

His song of pride in England is well-known, but cannot be entirely omitted in this regard:

"This happy breed of men, this little world,  
This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal Kings  
Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,

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Renowned for their deeds as far from home  
For Christian service and true chivalry  
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son."

His historical plays have for their theme not this or that personage, but England, whose royal blood flows in their veins. And they culminate in the gracious manly figure of Harry the Fifth, a soldier and every inch a King, whose victory at Agincourt is enshrined in ever memorable poetry.

In three hundred years the spirit of Shakespeare's England has not changed. Those yeomen whose limbs were made in England, that little band of brothers who won at Agincourt, are kin to the spent but unbroken divisions of the "contemptible little army" who saved the Allied line at Mons; kin also to the men who with water-carriers and cooks flung into the firing-line at Ypres, outnumbered by four to one, without supports, without shells, hurled back the *corps d'élite* of the greatest war machine the world has seen.

If England keeps close to the spirit of Shakespeare; if our victories call forth the *Non Nobis* and the *Te Deum* as they did at Agincourt; if we remember that

"Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;  
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted";

if we remember that mercy is mightiest in the mightiest; we shall be saved from any touch of selfish aggression or of Militarism. And Shakespeare will teach us, too, not to allow our hopes for mankind to be soured by the revelations of war, but rather to be still able to say, as he did, when the load of evil was lifted from his mind,

"O wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is, O brave new world  
That has such people in't."

## RELIGIONIS ANCILLA

OR, THE SPIRIT OF THE MIDDLE AGE

(TO W. D. R. C.)

MOTHER below'd, that o'er my childhood smil'd,  
Forget not, Mother, thy wayfaring child.  
Thou broughtest me with thee on pilgrimage  
Unto the city set upon a hill.  
Mother below'd, be with me, guide me still  
Until we reach eternal harbourage.

For oftentimes, O Mother, I must fare  
Without thee on the way appointed me,  
In lands that have forgotten utterly  
Thy very being and reign, while elsewhere  
They wear thy robes and yet thy faith blaspheme,  
Vain walkers in the shadow of a dream.

Or southern cities that believing be,  
Yet love thee not, and on thy throne have set  
The idol forms that thou didst overset.  
Renaissant heathendom's ill empery,  
And cast thee out to wander o'er the ways,  
Ending scarce that one should give thee praise.

O Mother, be thy smile upon me yet,  
I hunger for thy presence; nor forget  
How in my childhood thou didst bid me raise  
Mine eyes unto the heaven-piercing spires  
And traceries running up thro' glazen fires  
Thyself didst make to thy Creator's praise.

For oftentimes in ways that know thee not  
I now must pass, O Mother, tho' renowned  
Thyself didst win them in thy reign forgot,  
And then I long to see thee wear thy crown  
And bring me with thee on thy journeying  
Unto that Lord Whose glory thou dost sing.

Thou knowest, Mother, how I hunger sore  
To have thy hand in mine and see thy face.  
Thou smilest lovingly as one that says:

"Not in this land of pilgrimage 'twere well  
Dear child, that thou shouldst always with me dwell,  
Sometimes thou still shalt find me as of yore.



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Sometimes, dear child, I still shall take thy hand,  
As in thy childhood's days and bid thee look  
Upon the ever-open endless book  
Our Lord hath written in the rolling land  
And in the rivers and the seas outspread  
And in the welching heavens overhead.

And with such joyance thou shalt read therein  
As when I led thee in thy boyish days  
Thro' Shropshire lanes and spinneys star'd with bloom,  
And Suffolk coastlands rob'd with heath and whin  
And lone grey shrines in Oxford's elmy ways,  
And sunsets flooding into Ilfrcombe;

Or when in youth I led thee to the door  
Of Chartres, and open'd on thy ravish'd sight  
Supernal majesty of builded height.  
And myriad glazen jewels set in stone  
From aisle, clerestory, choir and transept shone,  
Unearthly, unsurpass'd for evermore;

Yea, where in Normandy with gentle flow  
Beneath the quivering golden poplar-trees  
The glimmering waters past her orchards go,  
And happy shaded roads that march with these  
Lead up to spiry Chartres upon the hill,  
High house of God and shrine impregnable;

The shining streams of silver waters clear,  
The roads that by the rank'd poplars go,  
And boughs with golden leafage all aglow,  
Like vitrail-lighted cloister-walks appear,  
Leading the pilgrim to Our Lady's home,  
Fair Normandy's Jerusalem and Rome.

And in the lone Campagna, whose grey surge  
Of desert glimmers to the purple rise  
Of ridgy mountains on its utter verge,  
O'ersown with vanisht nations' lost abodes,  
Whereover, under night's enormous skies  
The winecarts creak upon the Roman roads;

In little towns withdrawn from worldly murk,  
Where with a gracious leisure yet survives  
The worth of Christ-enobled handiwork,  
The dignity of frugal Christian lives,  
And no man drags the bitter hours in chain  
To brute machines and covetise of gain.

## Religionis Ancilla

Some time, my child, some time before the end,  
Our Lord will call His Church to reign once more,  
And then, I well believe, His Church will send  
For her handmaiden, as she sent of yore,  
And throne her queen, as in the vanisht days,  
O'er all the arts and crafts that work God's praise.

And once again the heavenward-soaring spires  
Across the starry glory of its skies  
Shall wing God's praises thro' the northern zone;  
Among the branchy vaults and cluster'd rise  
Of shaft and column, gems in carven stone,  
A myriad myriad windows flash with fires.

Nor shall there lack in Rome, the heart of all,  
Arnolfo's and Ristoro's latter seed  
Nor Lombard vaults and columns round whose head  
Run many a writhen tree and dragon-mouth,  
Nor pristine forms of shrines basilical,  
And large, light splendours of the marble south.

And thro' their aisles shall long processions pass  
With beaten gold of crested reliquaries,  
With jewell'd mitre and high-hooded cope  
And orphrey'd fall of long embroideries,  
Beneath the burning radiance of their glass  
And vaults that oversoar their valiant hope.

And once again our land her robe shall don  
Of golden corn and homely husbandry;  
Yea, with glad thorps she shall be clad upon  
Beset with laughing stream and swaying tree.  
At dawn and noon and eve Our Lady's bell  
Shall ring the greeting of Saint Gabriel.

And in the ways shall shouting children run,  
And walls of houses carven or depaint  
Beseech of God their guarding benison  
The prayers of Mary and each patron Saint,  
And in the churchyard and the widening road  
The tall rood-token tell the love of God.

Believe me, O my child, that time shall be  
When in His Sacrament of perfect Love  
Our King shall find His subject throngs a-knee.  
Then shall His Spirit o'er the waters move;  
Then shall our England burgeon into spires,  
Her children blossom into hymning choirs."

H. E. G. ROPE.

## SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE"

WHEN the spell of the ancient world first spread to English shores, it was in the main to a religious purpose that the early English Humanists adapted the literary materials at their disposal. They were almost Platonic in their practical acceptance of the uniformity of knowledge and virtue, and they hailed the rediscovered philosophy of ancient Greece as a medium of reform whereby they might hasten the advent of a Golden Age. But it was only in its initial stages that the Renaissance in England was united to and sustained by religion. After the Reformation it is in the province of pure art that its influence is most evident. Poetry under Wyatt and Surrey is purely secular; a secular Drama supplants the old Miracles and Moralities, and so it comes in the nature of a revival when Spenser in the late sixteenth century produces a great allegorical poem, professedly moral in purpose. While the whole literary world is turning to the models of Greece and Rome and Italy, Spenser, the greatest poet of his time, bids them pause and see whether England too—the Medieval England which they thought they had abandoned for ever—has not something to teach them; whether Chaucer and Malory may not demand consideration even as do Homer, Virgil, Ariosto and Tasso. Like Coleridge and Wordsworth in the early nineteenth century he seems to have seen that poetry was in danger: that a blind and indiscriminating acceptance of everything classical was at least as harmful to the progress of true poetry as an utter disregard of it would be. Hence it is that even by the side of the writers of his own day Spenser appears archaic. The form of his poetry is nearer to Chaucer than to Surrey. Its subject, in spite of the influence of classical and Italian writers, recalls the *Morte d'Arthur* of Malory, and forms a strange contrast to the Italianate romances of the period; and the allegory and moral purpose show his relationship to the Moralities and allegorical romances of the Middle Ages.

Spenser, however, was not merely insular in his ideals. Indeed his ambition was so great that it overleaped itself. Not

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merely Ariosto and Tasso but even Homer and Virgil were at once models and rivals. While his fellow poets were for the most part clients of Ovid, he with truer poetic instinct paid his worship at the shrine of Virgil. Virgil's influence may be seen on every page,—in the detailed similes, in the characters of his heroes, which often recall the grave decorum of Aeneas, and above all in the pastoral setting where Spenser is most at home. Of the Italians, Ariosto was his chief master, and in a letter to Harvey he frankly professes that in the "Faerie Queene" he resolves to emulate, perhaps even to overgo, the "Orlando Furioso." The chivalry of it, the romance, the pathos of the love stories, the very intricacy of the scheme with its chaotic background of minor episodes and minor characters, had a peculiar attraction for the dreamlike imagination of the English poet. From Tasso, too, Spenser borrowed something of his poetic inspiration. But for all this exotic influence, he resolved that his poem should be primarily English. What the *Iliad* was to Greece and the *Aeneid* to Italy, the "Faerie Queene" was to be to England. And it was to be as far above them in moral elevation as was Arthur above Aeneas, as was Elizabeth—figured by Gloriana—above Helen of Troy. In a word the "Faerie Queene" was to be the great national epic of England. That Spenser has failed in his design, no one who reads the "Faerie Queene" can fail to see, for the simple reason that it lacks the most fundamental element of any epic: it is in no sense a picture of life. Rather it is a wonderful pageant that moves before us in stately procession; and if the characters are endowed with more life than the old figures of the Moralities, it is only because they have human names, and because through their medieval trappings we can discern the lineaments of a Leicester or a Sydney. Indeed in his bold endeavour to unite in one poem the characteristics of three different forms of poetry—the Epic, the Romance, and the Allegory—Spenser has created something entirely *novi generis* that can bear comparison with none of the three forms separately, that must be judged wholly on its own merits, without reference to any external standard. For the story of Arthur in the fullness of its romantic charm it is to Malory, and not to Spenser, that

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we turn; and as a religious allegory the "Faerie Queene" seems desultory and unconvincing compared with the great work of his Puritan successor, John Bunyan.

The moral purpose of Spenser is explicitly stated in his explanatory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh. "The general end of all the book is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in virtuous and gentle discipline." The gentleman is to be a specially select specimen of that class, he is to be an English gentleman, for whom men like Leicester and Sydney are the models, and whose end is the quest of glory, which is synonymous with the service of the English Queen. "In that Faerie Queene I meane glory in my general intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queen and her kingdom in Faeryland." In spite of his antiquarianism then Spenser is a typical child of his age. He is a victim of the *lues Elizabethana* and that in spite of the fact that his literary labours never brought him any Court preferment: he is a hero worshipper—perhaps not always disinterested: the spirit of adventure that animates his poem shows us that the spell of that adventurous age had fallen upon him: the political and religious problems of the time, the claims of Mary Queen of Scots, the Spanish question, the controversy between Rome and Protestantism, are all mirrored in the story of St George and Una and the enchantress Duessa; and, more perhaps than in anything else, in his earnest pleading for moral reform he shows his kinship not merely with his own Puritan sect, but with all the writers—frivolous as well as serious—of his day. It is strange that Spenser, Puritan as he was, should have looked to the mediæval world for his ideals. But he had a romantic imagination which felt drawn irresistibly by its chivalrous conventions and its deeds of derring-doe. As for the religion of these ages, he idealised it according to his own Puritan standards. Perhaps it is this attempt of his to picture a mediæval knighthood prematurely subjected to the tenets of Puritanism, that gives the poem, as a picture of life, something of its unreality. No company of knights ever led the life depicted by Malory in the *Morte d'Arthur*, and yet we feel that his characters, with all their virtues and vices,

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sins and repentances, with all their passions and mysticism, above all with their strong faith and personal religion, are men that might well have lived at any time, whereas in the symbolic heroes of Spenser there is no basis, no *raison d'être* for the virtues that their lives exhibit. We have effect without apparent cause, and the resulting impression is one of hollowness and fraud.

But for all that Spenser is sincere. As Edmund Burke two hundred years later, disillusioned in his hopes by the murder of a King and Queen, saw that the age of chivalry was past, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever, so Spenser in the face of a corrupt and dissolute Court feared for the ruin of all that he considered noblest in the English character. He tries to recapture something of the old spirit of courtship, to combine with the mediæval religion of love the nobility of the Platonic ideal of friendship, to instil into the hearts of his readers a love of something higher than mere worldly pleasures, and perhaps in the quiet pastoral scene where Melibee speaks of the happiness of his shepherd's life we have Spenser's own reflections on the beauty of a life removed from the turmoil of Court and world, though he, like Sir Calidore, felt that other calls were too urgent to admit of his resting there for ever.

That which impels the admiration of the reader in the "Faerie Queene," is not so much the effect of the poem as a whole, as the brilliance of some of its episodes. We do not read it for the interest of the story,—we have Byron and Scott among our English poets if we should seek a story in verse. Still less perhaps do we read it for the allegory; if we do so it is curiosity rather than a yearning for moral edification that impels us thereto; but what we seek, and what, when found, we carry ever after in our memory, is the picture of the Bower of Bliss or of Cupid's Masque, the virgin warrior, Britomartis,—a Puritan Joan of Arc,—and the idyllic story of Calidore and Pastorella; while our mind is haunted by the dreamy music of his verse, which with its Chaucerian ring and its alliteration soothes the mind like snatches of old tunes. Spenser, like Keats, can claim no place in the first rank of immortals, because he, too, trusted rather to his power of expression than to what he expressed for poetic beauty. His

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poetry is dream poetry, and nothing sums up better the effect of Spenser on the imagination than do Wordsworth's dream-like lines :

Sweet Spenser moving through his clouded heaven  
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace.

## FIGHTING IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA

IT was on a reconnoitring expedition outside Swakopmund, that we received our baptism of fire; but it was a very mild one. The Germans endeavoured that morning to surprise a "Cossack" post which we were approaching; and to our surprise we found ourselves under a hail of spent bullets coming over the sand dune on which was the post.

We were immediately ordered to lie down. It was most uncomfortable, as we had to lie on a flat stretch of ground, and the bullets were spitting up the sand all round us. At first we thought that they must be nearly grazing our heads, by the peculiarly demoralising shriek of them; but we were informed by one of us who proclaimed himself an old soldier that they were passing a hundred or two hundred feet above us. Those that ricocheted were almost worse to listen to; they had an unmistakable note, like a shrill cry of disappointment.

This uncomfortable period only lasted about twenty minutes, and was not long enough for us to become inured: the experience left us with the same feeling of *malaise* at its close, as at its commencement. One of the outpost men was mortally wounded in the head, and one German prisoner taken.

Hereafter we proceeded by intervals along our construction railway line through seventy miles of desert, which we had to traverse to reach our final destination. Our journey occupied the better part of four months, during which we hardly fired a shot, although we were on the alert the whole time. Our task was to guard and accompany the rail head which, starting from Swakopmund, eventually reached Evoui, some seventy miles inland. The actual making of this line was in the hands of a small party of engineers with about five hundred natives under them. We made use of the former German track, from which they had torn up the rails when they evacuated Swakopmund.

Not only had we to protect the line in construction, but also to guard the completed work we left behind us. For this

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we built blockhouses every five hundred yards. Each had to be "in touch" with its right and left neighbour, and the stretch of line intervening was patrolled day and night by the occupants. Fortunately for us our regiment was never "told off" to fill block-houses or hermitages. A block-house was built to accommodate roughly ten men and a water tank. These were supplied each day by the up train from the nearest base with water and provisions. This important daily train only failed once; but that was on Trekkopjes day—just the most critical moment of our campaign.

The routine of this life soon became monotonous, though we tried to vary it by company matches of cricket or football. At last however we had a distraction. Our battalion alone was beyond the rail-head in a sanctuary among the sand-dunes. We were in our tents eating breakfast, when we heard an alarm and rifle shots. Everyone with the correct military instinct and the memory of the recruit's catechism, "Never part from your rifle," seized a rifle apiece and dashed outside the tents to have first shots. For the moment no sign of the enemy could be seen. Suddenly the rumour arrived from the outlying picket, that it was an aeroplane: and as it approached we recognised the gradually increasing buzz of the machine. Before we had finished consigning the ten cartridges to the magazine and one to the breech, this aerial invader of the desert was overhead, hovering above the now deserted camp; for everyone, recognising on his own initiative that every tent was a mark for the airman, had run to the surrounding open space.

Forthwith every rifle was blazed off; but in spite of our well aimed efforts the aeroplane almost deservingly circled round and round our camp. Presently as a reply to our welcome it discharged two bombs which fell visibly towards the earth, about two hundred yards below the camp: both exploded in the sand. It then flew off in the German direction.

It was evident from the aviator's course that he had been making for our new dépôt, a few miles back at Rossiny, nearly twenty miles from Swakopmund, and had only chanced to spot our small advanced post, where we had no other guns than rifles, in his passing flight. This was the first

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intimation of the German aerial wing, which we found later to possess three machines. Two of these were prehistoric Taubes; the third resembled a box kite, and was never seen lower than 5000 feet, so the crew S.K. told us. After this an anti-aircraft gun, known as "Skinny Liz," always accompanied us. For two months the aeroplanes visited the line practically every morning. On the third appearance we were level with the rail-head; and as it started to hover over the camp, the five hundred niggers employed were seen in full flight. Next day they demanded an armed escort in their trucks when proceeding to the rail-head: they were at first refused this concession, but later it was granted as not a native would budge without it. They described the aeroplane as "the big bird that spat fire." During the aviator's visits for two months he did not succeed once in injuring a single man: on one or two occasions he killed some mules.

This seventy miles stretch of desert was covered at the rate of roughly two miles a day. It was the most desolate country I have ever seen, and it is an honour to German engineering and pertinacity to have laid a line right through it, and still more to us for re-laying it. For the first forty miles it is nothing but sand; for the next fifteen the ground is of a barren nature, consisting of compressed sand with some stones, but with no sign of vegetation. The last fifteen show much the same features, relieved by milk bushes dotted here and there; and the sand is of a more gravelly type. Our progress was naturally regulated by the re-making of the railway, and we never moved until the rail was ten miles ahead of each camp. There is not a drop of water anywhere throughout this stretch of desert (if there had been it would have been poisoned, as it was later on). We depended therefore on the daily train for food, water and, in short, existence.

The Germans, judging from the remains of each of their camps as we reached them, "did" themselves very well; for they left behind them hundreds of empty bottles of all kinds. In camp, as in the "Hinterland," they seem to have a perpetual and not ungratified thirst for wine and "lager."

Life in the desert is very trying, when you see no sign of

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your enemy from day to day, barring the early morning visits of the aeroplane (which was never repeated during the later hours of the day). Drilling and manœuvring were not always possible, and it was hard to find occupation for the leisure hours. Flies became an abominable pest, and all manner of preventives were used to hold this plague in check. They seemed to grow in numbers at each camp we reached; and if anyone rashly left a jam tin open, it was ill for him: the flies congregated inside it in a very short space of time. The cures were of a somewhat offensive kind: one general remedy was to spray the inside of the tent with a milky solution of a strong-smelling disinfectant; another was to hang up a branch in each tent dipped in arsenic (this was dangerous, as drops might occasionally fall into the "scoff" box, and the results would have been disastrous). Outside the tents, though free from flies, we were subjected to a scorching sun. However this was easier to stand than the severe cold and wet feet which attended our soldiers at home. If I remember aright, we had rain on just four occasions, one of which indeed happened to be most unpleasant, as will appear later on. On looking at a map of this droughty country one sees many rivers marked: but the truth is that every one of these is dried up, and only the beds of them remain. Practically the only advantage of a sandy ground for campaigning is that it affords a soft, dry couch at night, and that it is an easy material for trench-digging. Though this was essential to the safety of the camp, still trench-digging was always considered a "rotten fatigue," and many endeavoured to dodge the eye of the Orderly Sergeant when he was collecting a trench party. Although it may seem incredible that they would wish to shun taking the necessary precautions in this way, some sympathy must be extended to the rank and file; for at all the camps left behind us on our way through up to this point, nearly thirty miles inland, the trenches had been dug to no purpose, and we always filled them in on evacuating a position.

Food became very monotonous after a time, as there was no variety,—bully, jam, and biscuits every day; and a fluid that should have been water, but was hardly recognisable as such when the thermometer rose for the tin water bottles,

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though bound in hide, soon grew hot, and rust was never absent inside them. Each man was allowed two pints a day of condensed water, never palatable at any time, and less so when flavoured with iron; and once a month an issue of washing water was allowed. Sometimes from being so "fed up" we reached an almost suicidal stage: then orders would come to move on, and each move brought us nearer to contact with our unseen but always present foe, and relieved the monotony for a spell. It was not till we got to Nonidas that we learnt that General Botha was making a separate advance with ten thousand burghers, almost parallel with ours. On February 25th, news came in that Botha had a short and successful fight with the enemy at Jackalswater (a part of the dried up river much infested by jackals), where he had captured two hundred prisoners and much railway material, with very few casualties among his own force. So from day to day, from week to week, we crept slowly on; but the long strain of enforced inaction led to considerable slackness of discipline even among the staff, which might have proved disastrous when later we found ourselves preparing for a fight, and realised that at last we were to be face to face with the source of all our grievances, the much hated Hun.

On Monday, April 26th, a parade was ordered of all artillery guns of every calibre, to be exhibited at Swakopmund for the inspection of General and the Hon. Mrs Botha.

The four big guns we possessed were the only two six-inch naval guns in the country, and the only two howitzers that fired a hundred pound shell. These were ordered back and were sent back unrelieved; however at the time the risk did not seem great to the Commander, for no Germans had been seen for seven weeks, and we were now sixty miles inland.

On Sunday, 25th, they were carefully packed up in the early morning, and started off, leaving the camp precisely at the moment of our aerial visitor's usual call. Here great credit reflects on Herr Fritz's observer, who noted the move down, though not for his absence from church, which was being held in our camp at the time, the aerial gun being the only object from which he received attention. Very few in



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the camp noticed that the guns had gone until the next morning, when the fight of the campaign started.

The camp was just above the station at Trekkopjes, the railway line bisecting it, and looked large through the amount of space taken up by each unit; the reason being to leave room for bombs in between, where they would do no damage.

With the west as our front there was our regiment on the south-west and the Kimberley regiment on the north-west. The South African Light Horse was in attendance on both in the rear centre with the Brigade Headquarters, and Engineers in the rear of the Rail Transport. The construction of the line was at this time a good way beyond the camp, and it was almost time to be moving on another stage: this knowledge was common property with the Germans through their aircraft; the rumours that we also had an aerial fleet in course of construction were not confirmed. In the evening two of our companies (E and D), escorted by two squadrons of the S.A.H., received orders to prepare for a night-reconnoitring march to Karub, the next station, so as to capture the German advance post by surprise and to wake them up. This was the second time our mutual attacks coincided; for the Germans were also proceeding to wake us up the same night under cover of the darkness.

The order was received with great applause among all the companies. It included "Daring D," my own company. This had earned its name as being the "Scotchiest" of the lot, and numbering in its ranks two prize-fighters, who, no longer able to draw a crowd to watch them spar professionally, had used their talents in "scrapping" members of the other companies who ventured to criticise the doings of "D." They were also backed up by the Rugger team, who were among the shining lights of the regiment, and belonged to "D"—to say nothing of the further glory of being the sole lessees of the only four professional artists in the forces. However to return to the night attack: at 8 p.m. the night party started off, accompanied by the Brigadier and his Staff, and watched with much jealousy by the remainder of the regiment in camp.

They marched with a screen of mounted men in front,

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their objective being roughly Karub, about ten or eleven miles ahead. At the seventh mile (or 83rd kilometre from Swakopmund), a member of E Company carefully put his foot on top of a mine, instantly exploding it, and scattering sand, bolts, stones, and metal of every description, with which the hole had been filled, his only loss being the heel of his boot and his exact bearings.

Shortly after this incident a halt was ordered: curiously enough the Germans never heard the explosion, though the trap was of their own setting. A halt usually indicates the first sighting of the enemy by the leaders, and so it was in this case. A small party of the cavalry when surmounting a rising kopje heard the jingling of harness and the rumbling of wagon wheels only fifty yards ahead of them: this, though invisible in the darkness, was a large German force proceeding in column of route; their Commander was apparently so certain of taking us by surprise that he had omitted the usual precaution of sending scouting parties ahead, so that our little reconnoitring party literally ran against the main body of the attacking force. Although at this moment we had the enemy at a disadvantage, Brigadier Skinner decided not to attack, but to return with all speed to the camp and put it in a state of defence. The retreat was conducted as quickly as possible, greatly to the disgust of those concerned, whose British spirit urged them to advance and make a stand for it, never to retire. As it happened, the camp was not in a perfect state of defence, and no instructions had been left in case of an attack.

At 4 a.m. the few sufferers from insomnia heard the sounds of a horse galloping and approaching the camp. It rushed right through the guards, the rider flinging the countersign at the sentry, who was about to shoot, but checked himself on hearing a friendly voice, and arrived at the Square with the red triangular flag denoting Headquarters. Soon round came the "Stand to" order, and the Company orderly sergeants could be heard rapping the tent sides with their swagger-canes, and shouting "Stand to," or "Show a leg," at the open door. Our usual "Stand to" seemed much earlier than it ought to have been, 6 a.m., an hour before sunrise, and we struggled into our boots and puttees, and discarded

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blankets for a hasty toilette to the accompaniment of "Seems deuced early for parade," "Sergeant's got night-mare," and so on.

Soon the lines swarmed with dark figures, shivering in their greatcoats, for the temperature varies a lot in this district, and a rifle as cold as a frozen rod of iron is chilly comfort to handle. Rumours flew round at a great pace: the least credible was that the Captain had informed the "Colour" that the Germans were coming to attack in force.—"Bosh" said the tent adviser, "No Germans within miles of this place."—Presently the order was read out in out subdued tones in front of us all: "Company commanders will see that all tents are lowered, and march their respective companies to the trenches." Later it was found that the order came from the Major commanding one battalion, and was an example of the Scotch cautiousness already noted: for every other regiment left its tents standing, a circumstance they much regretted later on. For this our Major received much kudos from all concerned, both ranks and staff.

On arriving at the trenches we were ordered to deepen them. Here I may explain that these trenches were of a very light type, not on the model of the Flanders trenches, but merely a bank of earth scraped up from the surface of the ground, which in this district was very gravelly. The order was very cursorily carried out, greatly to our regret, three hours later in the day.

Before describing the fight proper, I will give an idea of the number and strength of our forces on that day. There were two battalions of infantry, three squadrons of mounted men and various members of our transport—in all about 1500 men. The day before the engagement, nine armoured motor cars with some motor cycles in attendance arrived, and were the centre of considerable interest: it was supposed that they had been dispatched straight from France, as they were rendered useless by the trench warfare. A careful inspection on the evening of their arrival, conducted by some others and myself, revealed them as quite satisfactory instruments of war, and perfect models of the Rolls Royce Company, Derbyshire. On the strength of their origin being this county, once

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honoured by the author's residence, a friendship was at once struck up between him and the mechanics and drivers, who came from the same place. Like new schoolboys introduced into a school, the corps were almost disconcertingly shy, but soon adapted themselves to their new company and surroundings. This led them to invite us into the interior of one of these *diablément odorant*. Here we found there was a vast difference between their rations and our own. They were still being issued with English rations. Instead of our brick biscuits they had delightful little dainty discs, on which we described the appealing words, "Huntley and Palmer." They also possessed Maconachie rations, which we had often been promised by our Q.M., but had so far never seen.

On the strength of my temporary acquaintance through the county link, I was given one of these, which was shared by all the tent that night. I need not describe these machines in detail: they are already familiar figures in any illustrated paper.

But we have wandered far from the trenches where we last left our troops shivering in the chilly dawn. These so-called trenches were roughly half a foot deep, with a two-foot bank of sand in front. In this insufficient shelter we lay from 4.30 till 7.30, shivering with cold: much as we required them, we were not allowed to bring one of our blankets with us. Nobody had more than a biscuit in his pocket, and no one was allowed to repair to the camp to fetch more. Verily we cursed this playing at war. Then suddenly about eight yards half-left of our trenches two loud explosions occurred. Dawn was just breaking. At first we thought they were two shells, but as no more followed we concluded they were mines. The Germans had sent a party out that night to get round the rear of our camp and destroy the railway and telegraph wires, so as to cut us off from all communications and reinforcements. Luckily they were handicapped by the inky night, and had mistaken the exact position of the camp. Their orders were also to blow up the rail about dawn, in order to signal the whereabouts of our camp to the oncoming force.

Curiously enough some of them, when captured later on, declared they had met no force of ours during the night

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whilst searching for the camp, although they averred they came down the railway track as we did. About 8 a.m. there were six distant booms, followed by four more. They had ten guns. The shells exploded in the rear of the camp, above the station-house and solitary trucks near by. They had seen the mistake of their sappers, and were now endeavouring to smash our communications by shell.

This went on for about half an hour; we enjoyed it immensely, lying on our backs in our trenches watching the spectacle.

It was now getting light, and the air grew warmer, and though still breakfastless, our plight was not so miserable as it had been earlier.

At this point we heard the familiar crack of rifles and Maxims on our left. The enemy infantry had engaged the Kimberleys. Soon we found them spreading to our own front, and snipers were already within a hundred yards. The lie of the country here was slightly undulating and dotted about with milk bushes, affording them cover.

The front of our trenches stretched about eighty yards, and joining us with the Kimberleys were two of the armoured cars. Here amidst the deafening crackle of the lighter guns and explosions of the larger ones an interesting incident occurred. From out of one of the cars stepped a much-admired British subaltern, who doubled across to the other car. One of the very troublesome snipers fired a shot, and then another at him. Momentarily he checked himself to see where it came from, then mounted the other car. Peeping over our dangerously low bank we saw the turret revolve and the Maxim levelled at a bush: a few shots, and then bush and German were lying on the ground motionless. These bushes were bundles of thick stalks resembling a form of cactus, and grew in a circular patch, generally three feet in width, and about the same in height.

The shelling had now started to spread over the camp, easily visible by the standing tents of all the regiments except ours. Most of the Light Horse had now ridden off behind the surrounding kopjes in the rear. Two shells burst in between some horses and mules, and a grand stampede ensued.

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Tents were flying everywhere, and getting ripped to pieces or riddled with holes. I saw one tent bodily lifted up to a height of fifteen or twenty feet by the explosion of a shell which entered its door.

For three hours this cannonade of the camp had now been going on; the Germans finding us without a big gun were now firing with impunity. So far only stray shells came anywhere near us, for through the dropping of all our tents the space between our trenches and the nearest tents was considerable.

The Germans were now drawing close to the camp, and already a small squad was pressing up with fixed bayonets opposite the Kimberleys. The Brigadier, calm, cool, and collected, ordered two of our companies to reinforce them on the left. This move was spotted by the German observer of the guns, and for the next half hour our line of trench was thoroughly shelled, over two hundred being fired during that time.

I was not in the reinforcing party but unfortunately had to remain prone in the trench, not daring to show a head, as all fire was now directed at our trench. We felt distinctly miserable, and our hearts were either in our mouths or boots: we did wish we could have had breakfast before going through this ordeal. Cramped as we were, aching all over, still visibly shaking from the cold, there we remained. One shell burst three yards in front of me to start with; all ducked simultaneously, showered with gravel and sand from the top of the bank, and stricken with the lyddite fumes. The next fell a little further behind my feet, and to add to my intense discomfort at the thought of the arrival of the next, which might be in the middle of the trench, my neighbours right and left started groaning: they were both hit by the same shell. To this hour I cannot understand how I came off scathless. The next one did not fall in the trench, but burst with a crash somewhere overhead. For a moment I felt myself tingling all over, but it was not the sharp sensation of a wound I was waiting for. For the next quarter of an hour they fell farther and farther away, and I felt considerably relieved.

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Now it was my turn to attend to the groaning creatures at my side. Pulling out a field bandage, I managed to do up the lance-corporal's wound for him with some difficulty. The other man was hit much higher up the leg, and it was a much harder task to put a secure bandage on without exhausting the patient.

The next thing to do was obviously to shout for stretcher-bearers; these we could just see were hiding in our refuse pit behind the line, about two hundred yards from the trenches. Apparently they were very comfortable where they were, for no shouting or demonstrating shifted them; so perforce I had to call on a man from the trench.

One of our gallant "lance jacks" came forward and carried them away in turn to the Red Cross tent, although the fire was still trained on our trenches. For this he received nothing, though it was quite worth a medal nowadays.

Suddenly our anti-aircraft gun spoke out, after being silent throughout the battle. All ventured to peep over the protecting bank of the trench. The Germans were making a hasty retreat, and "Skinny Liz" was helping them with the only five shells she had left. Though we all looked overdosed with our baptism of shell-fire, we picked ourselves up on the command of the officer, and took a good look round to see who were missing. There were extremely few for the intensity of the fire we had received, and all were greatly relieved at its cessation.

Now the Orderly Sergeant was shouting for a fatigue party for the ambulance wagon, to pick up the dead and wounded from the field of battle. I gladly volunteered by way of doing something, though my party were all whispering the password, "More loot!" Off we started: it was quite a fine sensation to have been in a battle at last, and to come out unscratched, and better still to be able to parade on your own battle-field. We picked up one or two bodies and put them on the wagon, and then we came to a bush which had evidently been treated with great contempt for the poor object behind it; he had had his head almost shot to pieces and yet he persisted in trying to talk. He was put on the wagon. At the next bush we came to rather a sudden halt.

## Fighting in South-west Africa

Sitting there was a German who evidently did not intend moving. No blood about him: he sat silent saying nothing, his rifle in his hands. What could be his game? "Ha ha" I thought, "Here's a bird for my gun. I'll get first shot in." Creeping towards him I yelled out sharply, "Hands up". Up went one hand, but it fell immediately and his body with it, his rifle slipping away into the sand as he fell. I guessed it then: he was drunk.

We had already found two or three of the water-bottles full of rum. Their natural spirits had required artificial help, for the spirit of "Kultur" had failed.

We relieved this human wreck of its equipment and the escort got the dishevelled brute into the wagon, none too gently, with the remainder of the load. As we went along we found various bodies scattered about, some slightly wounded, others more seriously.

It was extraordinary what damage the armoured cars had done; for nearly every one of the wounded complained that they had been hit from the motor-cars. It was as well, too: for we had keenly felt the lack of our big guns.

However after this we were never without their company, and that in plenty. The wounded were cared for as soon as possible, and dispatched from the field of battle, and the long day was wound up with a funeral service for friend and foe alike.

D. P. McDONALD.

## NOTES

OUR first duty is to offer to Father Abbot our congratulations upon his re-election in August. This is the fourth time that he has been elected superior of our monastery. As we write he is entering upon the twentieth year of his high office. Not only is this we believe a record for this monastery, but it is surely a complete answer to those who argue that the only way of securing stability of government is the establishment of life superiors. To review the long period of Father Abbot's rule would be an impertinence on our part, but we may be allowed to say with some feeling of justifiable pride that we believe that Ampleforth has prospered as never before under Father Abbot, and that progress in all directions has been commensurate with the length of his government.

\* \* \*

SOME changes in officials were made after the election. Dom Justin McCann was appointed Prior in place of Dom Edmund Matthews, who for so long had held the two offices of Claustral Prior and Headmaster of the School. These two positions are of great responsibility, and involve so much work and such a tax upon one man's strength that we may congratulate Dom Edmund upon the relief which their separation must have effected in his case. We do this with all the more satisfaction by reason of his re-appointment to the Headmastership, which he has so ably held since October, 1903. Dom Bede Turner was again appointed Procurator, a position he has held since September, 1902, but this time with the additional office of Sub-Prior.

\* \* \*

TO HIS Eminence Cardinal Gasquet, our late Abbot President, we tender our sincerest congratulations upon the celebration of his monastic jubilee, and we pray that he may long be spared to labour for the welfare of the Church. The Cardinal has marked the occasion by the issue to his brethren of the English Benedictine Congregation and to his friends of a small work entitled *Religio Religiosi*.

## Notes

Many will be glad to have this little volume which an eminent jubilarian offers as a "memorial of gratitude to God for all the graces received and the fraternal helps that have been afforded him during the past half century." The book "makes no pretence whatever of being a treatise on the religious life," still less does it claim comparison, as the title might suggest, with Sir Thomas Browne's immortal essay, or with autobiographical writings of Newman or St Augustine. Yet if, to our loss, it lacks the interest of such intimate revelations, at least it sums up facts and principles that influenced the writer in his choice of life, and have stood the test of fifty years' experience. Cardinal Gasquet has modestly marked the volume for private circulation. The limitation is to be regretted; for truths and maxims that may stem commonplaces to other religions, are yet unfamiliar to many inside as well as outside the Church, and their exposition by one so highly placed and so experienced as the Cardinal might prove helpful to many to whom the religious vocation must always be something of a mystery.

\* \* \*

AMONG the literary activities of our brethren we should like to call attention to Father Prior's little penny pamphlet on Bishop Hedley, published by and written at the request of the Catholic Truth Society. This apparently unpretentious little brochure upon a distinguished and much loved Laurentian is not quite the ordinary popular pamphlet. Possibly it is written in too restrained a manner for ardent admirers of the good Bishop. But we venture to say that it manifests a power of expressing religious principles and a literary excellence which makes us hope that Father Prior will often allow himself to be drawn into print.

\* \* \*

DOM ANSELM PARKER in conjunction with his brother, Father Lec Parker, has translated the first volume of an important philosophic work issued by the Institute of Philosophy at Louvain. The greater part of this book is the work of Cardinal Mercier, who has also contributed a special preface to this English Edition. Already the first edition of



## The Ampleforth Journal

this translation has been exhausted, and a second is forthcoming. It therefore bids fair to rival the original French work, which is now in its fourth edition. This book has also been translated into Italian and Spanish. We must congratulate Dom Anselm and his collaborator, Father Leo, on their success. In our next issue we hope to print a review. The publishers are Messrs. Kegan Paul.



THE new Preparatory School, being a separate organism with its own staff and work of its own, should have a special name and a religious consecration; accordingly Fr Abbot, with the advice of his council, has lost no time in formally placing it under the patronage of St. Elred. The name is well-chosen, and will be distinctive, which is the main purpose of a name, as no similar institution bears it already. There is appropriateness as well in the choice. It is fitting to commemorate in his own neighbourhood the great abbot whose fame glorifies Rievaulx, the monastic writer who combined the unusual roles of historian and mystic, the English doctor whose mellifluous pen recalls, if not rivals, that of his contemporary of Clairvaux. Further St. Elred is a particularly appropriate patron for children and those who care for them, since his own writings show an affectionate interest in the young, which has been drawn from monastic tradition and is based upon the Holy Rule. Few things are more touching in medieval literature than the pathetic passages in which the saintly abbot dwells upon the memory of youthful friends, some already lost in death. One of his most characteristic tracts, "The Boyhood of Christ"—*de Jesu duodeno*, depicts an ideal of monastic education as conceived in Yorkshire in the twelfth century, whilst another, *De amicitia spirituali*, treats of true friendship that is founded upon the common love of our Lord. It opens with an illuminative sentence that might be inscribed on the walls of the new School: *Ecce ego et tu, et spero quod tertius inter nos Christus sit*; "Lo I and thou, with Christ I trust as a third between us."



A TIMELY letter of Prior Cummins to the *Tablet* and the

## Notes

enterprise of a zealous layman have secured to the Catholic community two ancient sanctuaries at Knaresboro', alienated at the Reformation, that had remained in the Slingsby estates till recent family misfortunes threw them upon the market. St Robert's Cave, where that holy man lived, with the ruined chapel adjoining where he was buried, is described in our article in this number; doubly desecrated by association with the murderer, Eugene Aram, it will now be safe from profanation and open for veneration under the guardianship of its new owner, Mr John Martin, of Liverpool and Grassendale. To the liberality of the same friend is also due the acquisition of the Crag Chapel of Our Lady, which however has since been taken over by another benefactor, and will be handed over to the Knaresboro' mission. This minute sanctuary, hallowed in the cliff close to Low Bridge, is commonly but incorrectly known as St Robert's Chapel; it was not however excavated for two hundred years after the Saint's time, and until comparatively recent times was known as Our Ladye of the Crag, or of the Quarry. We may return to this interesting shrine in another number.



THE work of restoration at Knaresboro' has not been confined to medieval sanctuaries, for St Mary's mission has undergone extensive renovation during past months—not before it was needed. The priest's residence has been greatly altered and enlarged; the church interior repaired, cleaned and decorated, so far as its severe style permits; and even the grim exterior has been relieved and brightened by a graceful statue of the Madonna and Divine Child. It will no longer be possible to mistake St Mary's for a Nonconformist conventicle.



WE have only one change on our Missions to record. Dom Benedict Hayes is now at St Mary's, Warrington, in place of Dom Basil Mawson, who in August was appointed Headmaster of the Preparatory School. Dom Vincent Wilson and Dom Basil Primavesi, who left St Mary's, Warrington, in the autumn of 1915, and Dom Philip Willson who left St Annes, Liverpool, have all been the recipients of handsome tokens



## The Ampleforth Journal

of gratitude from their former parishioners. The late Dom Oswald Swarbrick's untiring work for Lord Derby's Hospital, Winwick, is commemorated by the memorial brass which has been placed in the Hospital chapel by the officials and the soldiers to whose welfare he was so devoted. A concert in aid of the building of new schools for St Anne's, Liverpool, and a sale of work at St Mary's, Warrington, were both financial successes, and we offer our congratulations to the fathers in charge of these Missions.

\* \* \*

OUR readers will have seen before this the announcement that Lieutenant Leslie W. Hunter was killed in action on August 13th last. He was not an Amplefordian, nor even a Catholic, and yet he had become so thoroughly intimate with Ampleforth that we mourn him as one of ourselves.

Leslie W. Hunter was a scholar of Winchester and New College, and distinguished himself in Classics. In addition to Firsts in Honour Moderations and in "Greats," he succeeded in winning almost every prize the University holds out to classical scholars. He obtained both the Gaisford prizes—that for Greek verse in 1906, and that for Greek prose in 1908; the Chancellor's prize for Latin Verse in 1907; a Craven scholarship in 1908; the Derby scholarship in 1909; the Chancellor's prize for a Latin essay in 1910; and the Passmore Edwards scholarship in 1911. He was elected to a prize fellowship at Magdalen, but in 1912 he took the opportunity of returning to New College as Fellow and Lecturer.

He became acquainted with Ampleforth through our hall at Oxford, and tutored four members of the Ampleforth Community for Honour Moderations. After his first visit in 1910 he came to us regularly once or twice a year, and invariably treated the School and Staff to a stimulating lecture on classical subjects. Leslie Hunter by nature was silent and somewhat retiring, but in congenial surroundings he revealed social qualities which a mere passing acquaintance with him would rarely elicit. Without convicting ourselves of self-complacency we may assert that in our midst he felt at ease, and his natural shyness gave place to a sincere familiarity.

## Notes

The following inscription, which accompanied a gift to the Community, excepting its hyperbole, will serve at least to show that we were no ordinary friends of his: "*Ordinis Sancti Benedicti Fratribus de Collegio Sancti Laurentii apud Amplefordiam hospitibus atque amicis suis humanitate, comitate, benevolentia, insignibus necessitudinis gratissimae monumentum d.d. Leslie W. Hunter. Id Jul. MCMXIII. a Collegio Beatae Virginis Mariae Wintoniensis apud Oxon.*"

\* \* \*

TO readers of the AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL he is sufficiently familiar as the author of some brilliant articles on the Classics, and his "Humour in Hellas" must rank as one of the most delightful of his contributions. Of his death we have very few particulars, save that he was killed on his first day in the trenches. One of his fellow officers in the O.B.L.I., according to his directions wrote to inform Father Abbot of his death, and the letter contained the touching note that "as a token of his regard he has left his classical books at the disposal of your College and New College." We have just heard from the Librarian of New College that our share of this valuable collection of books is no less than three hundred volumes.

We commend his soul to the good prayers of all, and we mourn the loss of a true friend, a most trusted adviser in scholastic matters, and withal a very real benefactor.

\* \* \*

WE offer to Major Wegg-Prosser, of Belmont, our sincerest sympathy upon the death of his son and heir, Lieutenant Cecil Wegg-Prosser, of the Rifle Brigade. As the grandson of the late Francis Richard Wegg Prosser, the noble benefactor of the English Benedictine Congregation, Cecil Wegg-Prosser has the assurance of the prayers of all its members. He was at school at Beaumont and went afterwards to Cambridge. He inherited none of the military instincts of his family. His interests indeed were rather in the direction of art and literature, but answering the call of duty, he obtained a commission, and turned himself into a thorough soldier. From France he wrote: "The greatest consolation I find is religion. It has enabled me to bear with strength much that

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I could not have endured otherwise." On September 3rd he was shot dead as he mounted the parapet at the head of his company. May he rest in peace.

\* \* \*

We apologise to our subscribers for the entire absence of the usual pen and ink sketches. Our sole remaining artist, Dom Maurus Powell, has told us that the amount of extra work, which his office at the Preparatory School has brought him, has made it impossible for him to do anything for this number of the JOURNAL. We hope that he will not altogether abandon us, after the sterling work of the last twenty years.

\* \* \*

THE Librarian wishes to acknowledge with much gratitude gifts of books to the Abbey library by Prior J. P. Whittle, Dom Cuthbert Almond, the Misses Willson (Birmingham), and Miss Warris (Whitby).

\* \* \*

OUR art treasures have been enriched by a valuable gift from Mr and Mrs Cronk, of London. This is an alabaster plaque representing the Last Supper, and judged to be Flemish work of the 15th or 16th century. We desire to express our very sincere thanks for this generous gift.

\* \* \*

THE Museum has been presented with a sun dial by Mr. Bateman, of Helmsley. It is possible that the lawn will quarrel with the Museum for the possession of the dial, and it may achieve a future of ornament if not of usefulness. However, we are sure that the generous donor will not grudge it such a career.

\* \* \*

As we go to press we have received a copy of the *Benedictine Almanac* for 1917. In this the editor has shown all his usual enterprise, and has also introduced some new features. It has already developed into something more than a mere almanac, and contains numerous photographs and an able summary of Benedictine history by Father Prior. It is published at the moderate price of two pence.

## OBITUARY

DOM MAURUS CAREW, O.S.B.

THREE died in St Mary's Home at Newton Heath on December 21st, 1916, John Francis Maurus Carew, O.S.B. He was sixty-six years of age; forty-seven years a professed Religious of the Order of St Benedict; thirty-six years a priest. On December 23rd he was buried at Moston Catholic Cemetery, near Manchester. There were very few of his Brethren present, for the day—the Saturday before Christmas—made it impossible to attend the funeral. Father Maurus, or Father John as he was commonly called,—and as he preferred to be called,—was born at Bath; professed at Ramsgate; ordained at Fort Augustus. He was one of those, who at a certain period, when opportunity was given, left Ramsgate and the Subiaco Congregation to join the English Benedictine Congregation. For a time Fr John resided at Downside; then at Fort Augustus. His final affiliation was to St Laurence's, Ampleforth. Between the years 1880 and 1900 his missionary experiences were varied, extending over nine different missions. The principal ones were St Mary's Liverpool, where, between 1882 and 1886, his energies were chiefly exercised; St Mary's, Warrington, though only for a short period; Dowlais in South Wales, where he was Rector for four years; and St Peter's, Liverpool. I think that in each of these Missions he has left a particular remembrance of his personality; and was popular in each, not through flattering smoothnesses, but because of the interior goodness and worth of the man. St Peter's was Father John's last Mission. He worked there for two years as Assistant Priest. He had no ambition to lead and shrank from the responsibility of it. He was very nervous in public, for example in the pulpit, in spite of a certain, shall I call it, 'bluster' of manner, which, coupled with a somewhat vast presence, might convey the opposite opinion to those who did not know him. He was older than the Rector here, but preferred the lower place. The discerning understood his

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more gentle and humble characteristics; that is why an old woman when he was ill, spoke of him sympathetically as a "poor, dear lamb!" From Seel Street he retired in 1902 to Ampleforth, knowing he would never work again. He was no stranger to the Abbey, for he had been recalled from the Missionary work in the year 1887, and until 1891 he shared in the work of teaching and organising the College studies at Ampleforth. It was a task familiar to him, for this had been the work of the first years of his religious life at Ramsgate. In his earlier years he had been, I might almost say a 'ruthless' worker, allowing the work in his hand to preoccupy him too entirely; this may account for that nervous 'breakdown' which so early incapacitated him for responsibility and activity. Fr John was never robust in health; delicate and thin as a young man, grown older he became very stout and continually suffered.

At Ampleforth no formal or obligatory duties were put upon him, yet he helped many of the Community, in the Confessional, in their studies, in one way or another. But he found infirmities still creeping on him and finally in the year 1912, at his own request, he was sent to St Mary's Home, Newton Heath, to be taken care of by the Alexian Brothers. There his mind, as his body, grew lethargic, till the end came—a mind that had been very capable, and active, though impatient, for he was a man of keen understanding, yet sometimes of overbearing assertion. Fr John would never desire a panegyric to be spoken over him, and I am sure would stir in his coffin at the thought of it, so I will not speak one. He was a man as other men, with his gifts and his failings. But, as one, to whom he had been a friend, said to me the other day: "He had the Faith; that is the thing that matters, not superficial blemishes which meet the eye." He was indeed deeply loyal to the Faith, to the Mother of God, and the things of Faith. He was always angry at any hint of 'modernism,' or spirit of compromise in Religion. He was gentle and tender, unfailingly patient to the intimate things of the Soul, as those knew, and they were many, who sought his help in the Confessional. He had many friends, especially among the more simple natures and the poor. The younger

## Obituary

Religious of Ampleforth, among whom he lived latterly, held him in affectionate regard. Truly he was a man of idiosyncrasies, but beneath was the personality with its attractiveness, its genuineness, its simplicity, oftentimes its helpfulness. God rest his soul!

J.A.W.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS

*Dreams and Realities*. By ROSA MULHOLLAND (Lady Gilbert). Sands & Co. 5s. net.

A VOLUME of simple and graceful verse inspired by religious and patriotic feeling. The poems devoted to the expression of a tender devotion to Our Lady, and those again which breathe a love of the simple beauties of nature, are particularly attractive. Many readers should find delight in these unaffected carollings of a gentle spirit.

*Pilgrimage*. Poems by ERIC SHEPHERD. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

WHEN many of our contemporary poets are striving laboriously to rise worthily to a great occasion, it is pleasant to come upon a volume of poems, sincere and unlaboured, such as that which lies before us. There are sixty poems, most of them short ones, in the volume, and many of them, no doubt, will in later years be classed by the author among his *Juvenilia*, but there are several which, if he be wise, he will not disown, rise he to what heights he may. For they compel the reader's attention by a quality which is truly poetical. They are not the work of a man to whom poetry is a pleasant medium for the expression of his intellectual reflections. They are not the effusions of a versemaker, grinding an æsthetic axe. They have about them the stamp of genuine poetry, true emotion and honest words, and in the best poems in the book these two are bound together in convincing harmony. We do not indeed consider that Mr Shepherd has arrived at a thorough mastery of his technique. There are poems—"Whitby Pier," "The Hill," and "The Truant"—where sincerity has worn poetry almost to a shadow, and there are lines and expressions here and there which ring faultily, like sweet bells jangled to our ear. We wonder, for instance, whether Mr Shepherd would defend the metre of the line:

On the graff lion, who t'ward the new-comers slim,  
or the second line in

Here, as you rest by some sweet pool,  
Praps children will pass you going to school.

And to our mind quite a misleading impression of the rhythm of "Heroic Death" is given by the first two lines.

On the other hand the music of "The Little Way" with its alternate quatrains of iambics and anapaests is most melodious, and

## Notices of Books

the same must be said of "Thessaly," one of the best poems in the book.

We are still faced with the task of saying explicitly why we like Mr Shepherd's poems. Perhaps the only answer is to recommend to the reader the poems "Thessaly," "The Boyhood of Orpheus," "Shelley," "A Ballad of the Nativity," "The Fall of the Year," "The Annunciation," "Generous Youth," "To Jane Austen," "The Quest of the Mountains." There is a freshness of outlook in them, a power of selection and of happy description. We quote "Shelley" as a fair example of Mr Shepherd's style:

Through the brief twilight, where that ghostly sea  
Hunts its pale teachers with unchanging tide,  
Whence the white mists yearned upward dreamily,  
I thought of Shelley and of how he died.  
Then from the waters hissing at my feet  
A form seemed risen, and a voice was heard—  
A shape not human, and a sound not sweet,  
But harsh, discordant, like some straining bird.  
It moved towards me, from its sudden hair  
Tossing the misture; but a restless breeze  
Whirled it away, and as into the air  
It vanished thinly; through the fringe of trees  
The gust swept triumphing and its gone;  
The backwash shimmered, and a lone star shone.

God is very close to His creation in these poems, and perhaps the greatest success Mr Shepherd has here achieved is in making us feel without any taint of formalism, or ritualistic symbolism, or pseudo-mysticism, such as disfigures much well-meant Catholic verse, that the beauty of the world reveals its Maker, and that in the deeper appreciation of that revelation the poet's happiness consists. J.B.McE.

*God's Fairy Tales*. Stories of the Supernatural in Every-day Life. By ENID M. DINNIS. Sands & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

*A Parcel from Heaven, and Other Stories*. By JEAN NESMY. Translated from the French by E. M. Walker. Illustrated by Florence E. Foster. Sands & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Two books to be added to parish libraries,—the second as good average, the first as too good to be missed. Its second title must not stand in the way, as if this were a book of edification to give away. Enid Dennis is one of those writers whom you bless every time you read them,—or nearly every time. There is a region where the distinction between natural and supernatural seems an arbitrary invention of the human mind,—where love is everything, and the working of God's love causes

## The Ampleforth Journal

human weakness into heroism, changes pewter into gold, and all nature into sacraments. All this as naturally and inevitably as the sunset changes a cloud into a splendour; also as gloriously and lovelily. It is to this region that the *Fairy Tales* lift you. And lift you without jarring—that is you bless the writer. Like M. E. Francis, she tells a straightforward story: every sentence is alive with detail, but both writers have the art of so using detail as to build the story for you, not distract you from it. With this gift of story-telling, and a happy and sympathetic outlook and insight, Enid Dinnis has an excellent and literary style. She is of those modern writers who make you feel that they may grow endlessly in freshness and vigour of language because the school in which they study is the spoken speech of cultured people. When a writer with these gifts lifts you into a world of spiritual loveliness and keeps you there, and when that world is this world with real people living in it, her book is too good to be missed.

*A Parcel from Heaven* does not reach the same height. But all the stories are readable. One can feel why the translator thought them worth turning into English. Much is lost in the turning. It would surely be a life-time's work to reproduce in real English a modern idiomatic French book of stories—if it could be done at all. But the stories themselves are there, Christmas stories of modern France, of faith and heroism amid infidel surroundings. The illustrations are good: every face says what it is meant to say, and every scene gives the impression it is meant to give.

J.B. McL.

*Contemplations of the Dread and Love of God*, Done into Modern English by FRANCES M. M. COMPER. Angelus Series. R. & T. Washbourne, 1s. net.

This is a short spiritual treatise of the fourteenth century. It was ascribed by Wymkyn de Worde, when he printed it in 1506, to Richard Rolle of Hampole. The present editor gives reason for believing that it is rather the work of a disciple of the hermit. The language has been modernised, but not without leaving a good deal of the quaint vocabulary of the original. The treatise should serve well, in its own terms, to help souls "con love God."

*The Prince of Peace. Meditations.* By the REV. ALBAN GOODIER, S.J. R. & T. Washbourne. 2s. net.

This handy volume provides sixty meditations, thirty for Advent and thirty for Christmas. The author's name is sufficient guarantee that souls may find it in solid instruction and much stimulus to devotion.

## Notices of Books

*Sanctuary.* By MARY ANGELA DICRENS. R. & T. Washbourne. 2s. net.

This is an unpretentious little book, full of wise instruction for all whose lot is cast amid the turmoil of modern life. The keynote is struck in the title, and in the chapters which follow we are shown how and where to find quiet sanctuary. Father Charles Galton, S.J., has written the preface, from which we may take these words: "The author is the happy owner of one of the great names in our literature, and not only of the name but of the blood of that famous and most prolific of writers; and though the subject-matter is far different and far higher than those on which he wielded his mighty pen, one can find some traces of inherited genius and not a little of inherited feeling in these pages."

*Coram Cardinali.* By EDWARD BELLASIS. Longmans, Green & Co.

This little book is written by one who knew Cardinal Newman through thirty years, a son of that dear friend to whom *The Grammar of Assent* is dedicated. It contains many things that will interest all those who love and admire the great Cardinal, and not a few things of more than mere interest. Of the four papers which make up the book, the second is concerned with a high and difficult subject. It is in the other three that we meet more what tells us of the Cardinal himself, and particularly in the one named "Obliter Scripta." How beautiful is the little picture of Father Newman journeying to Venice especially to visit the tomb of St Athanasius, and when there so absorbed in prayer and lost to all surroundings that he could not afterwards say more than that the relics were, so he was told, about the altar. Or there is his manner of celebrating Holy Mass, of reading Holy Scripture, or again the minute and exact care given to work in the Oratory parish and church and sacristy by one in whom we might have expected to find devotion only to intellectual works.

The first paper which describes "Cardinal Newman as a Musician" is already well known.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Bellasis for his book. It must be confessed that it is not always easy to follow his sentences; but then a writer whose work is so full of short quotations and allusions as this is, may ask for some indulgence because of the difficulty of his task.

R.W.W.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

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

From R. & T. WASHBOURNE.

*The Office of the Dead*, also the *New Office for All Souls' Day*. Latin and English Texts. 1s. Leather 2s.

*The Catholic Diary for 1917*. Edited by a Priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. 1s. 3d. net.

*The Most Pure Heart of Mary*. By BLESSED JOHN EUDES. 1s. net.

From BURNS & OATES, LTD.

*Catholics of the British Empire and the War*.

From MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

*Sermons and Sermon Notes*. By Rev. B. W. Maturin. Edited by WILFRID WARD. 6s.

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We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Beaumont Review*, *The Oratory School Magazine*, the *Raven*, the *Edmundian*, the *Giggleswick Chronicle*, the *Peterite*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Baeda*, the *Belmont Review*, the *Oscotian*, *St Peter's College Magazine*.

## PART II THE SCHOOL



## SCHOOL NOTES

THE School officials this term has been :

Head Monitor	J. M. H. Gerrard
Captain of the Games	C. Knowles
Monitors	C. Knowles, Viscount Encombe, F. Cravos, A. L. Milburn, D. M. Rochford, B. J. D. Gerrard
Librarians of the Upper Library	T. V. Welsh, J. G. Simpson
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library	P. Blackledge, W. R. Lee
Librarians of the Lower Middle Library	B. M. Wright, C. J. Porri
Librarians of the Lower Library	E. Forster, C. E. G. Cary-Elwes
Journal Committee	J. M. H. Gerrard, J. G. Simpson
Football Committee	J. M. H. Gerrard, Viscount Encombe, R. G. Emery

### Hunt Officials—

Huntsman—Viscount Encombe  
1st Whipper-in—V. J. Cravos  
2nd Whipper-in—T. V. Welsh  
Masters-in-the-Field—C. Knowles, J. M. H. Gerrard

### Captains of the Hockey Sets—

1st Set—C. Knowles, J. M. H. Gerrard  
2nd Set—Hon. M. Scott, T. B. Fishwick  
3rd Set—J. E. G. Ruddin, J. Leese  
4th Set—C. S. D. George, C. H. Gilbert  
5th Set—G. H. Gilbert, G. P. Cronk  
6th Set—E. Forster, D. C. Lazenby

### Captains of the Football Sets—

1st Set—C. Knowles, J. M. H. Gerrard  
2nd Set—L. Knowles, J. R. T. Crawford  
3rd Set—C. S. D. George, G. H. Gilbert  
4th Set—C. E. G. Cary-Elwes, A. B. Lee

\* \* \*

THE following boys left at the end of last term :

R. J. Lynch, C. Rochford, A. B. Gibbons, F. L. Le Fèvre, C. J. Field,  
L. A. Unsworth, C. F. Macpherson, J. B. Allanson, R. P. St. L. Liston,  
G. Newsham, P. Vaysteke, S. Rochford, V. J. Bradley, C. Power,  
A. J. Pollack, G. Harte-Barry, E. J. Massey, G. Caddon, L. Pollack,  
Hon. G. W. D. Plunkett, P. R. J. Ferrers-Guy.

## School Notes

THE following boys joined the School at beginning of term :

G. B. King, J. J. Morrissey, J. G. Carus, G. L. Ryan, R. A. Parker,  
A. F. J. Saldanha, J. G. Emerson, C. A. Haselfoot, A. Moran, J. E.  
de Guingand, J. H. Hunt, J. A. Blount, C. T. Richardson.

\* \* \*

OWING to the JOURNAL going to print before the end of last term, two items are included in this number which ought to have found a place in the July number—the Prize List and the entertainment in honour of the Tercentenary of Shakespeare. We must not omit also to record the winners of last season's cricket prizes, who were as follows :

Batting Average	R. G. Emery
Bowling Average	F. L. Le Fèvre
Fielding Prize	R. P. St. L. Liston

\* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS to R. J. Lynch, who passed into Wellington (Madras), at the Army Entrance Examination in July last. He was 15th on the list. He has not been slow to come into contact with "Hun frightfulness." The ship on which he sailed was torpedoed in the Mediterranean, but we are glad to say that Lynch, after spending some hours in an open boat, was picked up. When last we heard, he was at Alexandria.

\* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS also to C. R. Simpson who passed into Woolwich at the December Army Entrance Examination. He was 11th on the list and obtained 11,146 marks.

\* \* \*

THE "Rugger" season is only half through, but we may congratulate ourselves on the success so far attained. We have won all the five games played, and scored 295 points, while our opponents have never crossed our line. The three-quarters have proved themselves a powerful line, and J. G. Simpson, who at the beginning was the weakest point, became the most consistent scorer. He is still weak in defence though admirable in attack. C. Knowles the captain and F. Cravos are old members of last year's team who need neither our commendation nor encouragement. Knowles, good in attack, is quite his best on the defensive. J. M. H. Gerrard has the necessary virtues of all good stand-off halves,—accuracy,

## The Ampleforth Journal

rapidity and unselfishness. Emery was a sound and reliable back and at times, owing to an injury to F. Cravos, showed his mettle at three-quarters. The forwards are perhaps a little wanting in weight, but McGhee was a source of real strength to the pack, which was well led by Encombe. The games before us will be a severe test of excellence, and in our next number we shall be able to speak more exactly of our good points and failings.

\* \* \*

THE conversion of Wednesday into a complete half-holiday, instead of merely "a long afternoon," has been a great success from the point of view of the Hunt, and indeed from all points of view. The Headmaster will not perhaps regard it as an impertinence if we offer him our congratulations, and tender to him our sincerest thanks.

\* \* \*

THE Senior Debating Society greatly regrets the loss of its chairman, the Headmaster, who has presided over its destinies since October, 1903. His choice of a successor, Dom Placid, has been warmly approved. Our readers will see that the Junior Debating Society has sent the JOURNAL a review of its debates in place of the very minute accounts with which it had previously favoured us. The Journal Committee had hoped for the same from the Senior Society, but its secretary has not yet summoned up courage to become the critic of his fellows, and still prefers the rôle of chronicler.

\* \* \*

WE are sorry to record the loss of Dom Benedict Hayes who has left the school staff for the mission. He has been teaching here since 1901, and half a generation of boys have therefore passed through his hands. We all recognised in him a master who set his form the example of real hard work, and at the same time treated them to the maximum of good humour which was consistent with it. He was certainly one of the best all-round cricketers Ampleforth has produced, and he was very far from a negligible quantity at any sport—even at "rugger," which he began at a time when most people retire from football of any kind. For many years he was choirmaster, and tradition says that he pulled that body out of a very deep

## School Notes

rut. Even after he ceased to conduct the choir, he was the mainstay of the bass. The JOURNAL, too, owes a special debt to him. For two years he has had charge of its finances, and proved himself a most efficient business editor. We wish him every good wish and success in his new sphere of influence.

\* \* \*

DOM BERNARD HAYES gave the retreat on October 5th and 6th. We offer him our best thanks.

\* \* \*

WE do not quite know whether we may speak of Zeppelin routes. But perhaps we may be allowed to say that they are not uninteresting to us. "Zep drill" is quite amusing. The three concrete floors over the monastic library prove excellent cover, and we only hope we do not disturb too much the slumbers of the just, who are above. If the visits of Zeppelins are terrifying and tragic in their consequences to some, we at any rate have knocked some fun out of "Zep Nights." Count Zeppelin has proved the curse of several poor families, but he has added to the mirth of one quiet spot in the world. Some of his countrymen dwell not far from us in a prisoners-of-war camp and are engaged in demolishing "Pry Rigg" or "Sproxtton Moor Wood." We see nothing of them, save occasionally when we are on a route march or a beagle run. The first time the O.T.C. passed them at work they seemed both amused and surprised. One of the sentries is reported to have forgotten the prisoners at an exciting moment in one of the hunts, and to have joined the hounds with fixed bayonet! Dom Illyd Williams in official language "administers spiritual consolation" to the camp, and says Mass there for the benefit of the guard and the prisoners.

\* \* \*

IN spite of a very heavy expenditure on curtains and blinds, over £200, Father Procurator has come under the lash of the Justices of the Peace, and been fined £2 for unscreened lights. The police chose an unfortunate night to inspect our eight hundred windows. Members of a certain library were in a frolicsome mood, when "the armed conscience of the community" was espied on the lawn, and, moreover, a very discrete member of the community was in a forgetful mood.

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Father Procurator was therefore forced to plead guilty "to a certain extent." Space will not allow us to reproduce his eloquent "appeal for mercy." But we may truly say that if lights are visible from outside the building, precious few are visible within, and the question of training pilots to take us through the cloisters to our destination ought seriously to be considered. A rumour went round that Father Procurator was languishing in a cell at Helmsley, but it was found that he had only elected to take his annual holiday after his afternoon before the Justices.

\* \* \*

It is some years since the last lecture on the form and history of Music was given to the School by the late Mr Oberholfer. Dom Bernard has at last come forward to carry on the good work; and on November 20th he delivered a lecture on Musical Design, which it is hoped will be the first of a regular series. The lecture had the essential virtue of clarity; the mysteries of binary and ternary form, and even the "verdurous glooms and winding, mossy ways" of episodic form were plainly revealed by Dom Bernard's potent formulae and his soft reminders during the playing of the numerous examples. These were given partly by Douglas Rochford on the piano, and partly by means of the admirable "Aeolian Vocalion" gramophone which appeared under Dom Bernard's tutelage last term. This makes it possible to draw freely upon orchestral and chamber music, and has already shown itself to be an invaluable musical asset.

\* \* \*

THERE has been of late throughout choir circles, according to the authority of publishers, a falling off, in fact almost a total neglect, of the Masses of Palestrina. The reason of this lack of appreciation can be seen in our choir. Throughout the past term the choir in unaccompanied Palestrina Masses has achieved a signal and unvarying success. Dom Bernard has given them that true realisation of the spirit of the music, and they have responded to it with an equal energy. But when they turned for a little change of subject to modern Masses, with an organ accompaniment, they failed dismally. With one or perhaps two conceptions they lacked spirit, power, and

## School Notes

tone, and were often out of time. In short their efforts in this direction compared most unfavourably with the sustained excellence of their real forte, in Palestrina renderings. Small wonder then that choirs with less capable conductors than Dom Bernard shrink from attacking a style of music so different from the modern church compositions, which they have no doubt heretofore rendered well and easily. It is either one or the other—the real music or the modern attempts, and we congratulate the present choir in having failed in the latter, only to succeed in the former. The choir of two years ago could sing modern Masses and church music exceedingly well, but we distinctly remember the unrealised attempts, at which the conductor rightly claimed to be the better and more perfect style. The present choir lives to succeed where a former one has failed.

\* \* \*

WE must not fail to mention the carols that were so aptly produced at the mystery play. They are universally acknowledged to have been sung as they should, and here again the choir have found a line of singing in which they excel.

Since Easter the choir have added to their repertory:

- Mass: "Puisse j'ay perdu."—Orlando di Lasso.
- Motets: "Surge Amica mea." For five voices.—Palestrina
- "Panis Angelicus."—Italian, 18th Cent. (?)
- "Jesu Rex admirabilis." For two trebles and alto.—Palestrina.
- "Factus est repente."—Gregor Aichinger.
- "Confirma hoc Deus."—Gregor Aichinger.

In Preparation:

- Mass: "O Quam Gloriosum."—T. L. de Vittoria.

Carols:

- "In Dulci Jubilo."—Pearsall. Words Bl. Henry Suso.
- "There is no rose of such virtue."—W. A. Pickard. Cambridge. Words Dorsetshire, traditional.
- "Myn Lyking."—R. R. Terry. Words 14th century.

\* \* \*

THE RED CROSS ENTERTAINMENT realised about £14. This was good in view of the time of year, and the fact that the entertainment was not of a popular nature. The school collected five guineas, with which to send the Irish Guards

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plum puddings for Christmas. The treasurer of the Norman Potter Fund has not yet sent us his account of the school collections for this Term.

\* \* \*

A FAMILIAR figure has passed from us in the person of John Butler, who for thirty-eight years has been the faithful servant of the College. For many years he was cook, but for the last dozen years or so he has controlled the large refectory. His exact sense of duty and his marvellous regularity proved often the "undoing" of us boys. No mention of him would be complete without a reference to his exemplary piety, which took him to Mass every morning at 6 o'clock, in all weathers, and in all seasons. He died on December 5th. May he rest in peace.

\* \* \*

WE beg to thank the following 'old boys' who have so kindly sent donations to the School games' fund:—Major R. H. Huntington, £1 11s. 6d.; Mr. H. Carter, £1 11s. 6d.; and Mr. A. F. M. Wright, £5.

\* \* \*

THE following boys are head of their forms:

Upper Sixth	J. M. H. Gerrard	Fourth	R. T. Browne
Sixth	T. V. Welsh	Higher Third	G. B. King
Fifth	P. W. F. Mills	Lower Third	G. E. Dixon Reichardt

\* \* \*

THE School staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (Head Master)	
Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Hugh de Normannville, B.A.
Dom Wilfrid Willson	Dom Iltyd Williams
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Bernard McElligott, B.A.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Ethelred Taunton, B.A.
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Clement Hesketh, B.A.
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	Dom Stephen Marwood, B.A.
Dom Adrian Mawson	Dom Cyril Maddox
Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.	Dom Raphael Williams
Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.	Dom Gregory Swann, B.A.

Dom Felix Hardy, B.A.

J. Eddy, Esq. (Music)

J. Knowles, Esq. (Drawing)

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

Nurse Grimshaw } Matrons

Nurse Wood }

## THE EXAMINATIONS

THE following boys passed the Oxford and Cambridge Higher and Lower Certificates, 1916:

### HIGHER CERTIFICATE.

F. Cravos  
C. J. Field  
A. B. Gibbons  
C. Knowles  
F. L. Le Fèvre  
C. Rochford  
T. V. Welsh

### LOWER CERTIFICATE.

*Subjects in which first classes were obtained.*

V. J. Bradley	Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, English
R. T. Browne	Latin, Greek, French, Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, English, Experimental Science.
V. J. Cravos	Latin, Greek, French, Additional Mathematics, English.
J. R. T. Crawford	French, English.
H. d'Ursel	French, History.
R. G. Emery	
Viscount Encombe	Additional Mathematics.
I. G. D. A. Forbes	Additional Mathematics, English.
H. W. Greenwood	
L. Knowles	English
J. Leese	Arithmetic, Additional Mathematics, Experimental Science.
C. P. St. L. Liston	Arithmetic.
A. L. Milburn	English.
P. F. Moran	
J. S. F. Morice	Arithmetic, English, Physics and Chemistry.
D. M. Rochford	Latin, French, English.
J. G. Simpson	English.
M. W. L. Smith	English.
E. M. Vanheems	

We offer all our congratulations, but especially R. T. Browne, whose achievement in obtaining seven first classes was only equalled by one other boy out of 1101 who took the examination.

## AMPLEFORTH AND THE WAR

### Roll of Honour

#### KILLED

AINSCOUGH, C., *Captain*, Manchester Regiment.  
 BARNETT, REGINALD, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.  
 CLAPHAM, A. C., 2nd Lieutenant, East Yorkshire Regiment.  
 FISHWICK, J. L., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 HALL, G. F. M., Lieutenant, Royal Berkshire Regiment.  
 HEFFERNAN, W. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Irish Regiment.  
 HINES, A., 2nd Lieutenant, Durham Light Infantry.  
 HINES, CHARLES W., Major, Durham Light Infantry.  
 MARTIN, E. J., Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 NARREY, V. G., 2nd Lieutenant, The Duke of Wellington's  
 (West Riding Regiment).  
 NEVILL, J. H. G., 2nd Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.  
 OBERHOFFER, G., Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools).  
 PUNCH, S., Surgeon, H.M.S. "Indefatigable."  
 SHARP, W. S., Northern Signal Company, Royal Engineers.  
 TEELING, A. M. A. T. DE L., Lieutenant, Norfolk Regiment.  
 WHITTAM, F. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 WILLIAMS, L., Lieutenant, South Wales Borderers.  
 WILLIAMS, O. M., Major, Monmouthshire Regiment.

#### DIED A WOUNDED PRISONER IN GERMANY

LONG, F. W., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.

#### DIED OF SHELL SHOCK.

CADIC, B. F., Captain, R.G.A.

#### DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WOOD, B. L., South African Rifles.

#### MISSING

ALLANSON, H. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Suffolk Regiment.  
 BODENHAM, J., The London Regiment.  
 CALDER-SMITH, R. A., 2nd Lieutenant, London Regiment.  
 MILES, L., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).

## Ampleforth and the War

### WOUNDED AND MISSING.

HONAN, M. B., Captain, South Lancashire Regiment.

### WOUNDED

ADAMSON, R., Captain, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 ALLANSON, H. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Suffolk Regiment.  
 BOOCOCK, W. N., Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 BUCKLEY, J. M., 2nd Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.  
 CARTER, H. G., 2nd Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards.  
 CAWKELL, E., 2nd Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., Captain, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CORRY, E. J., 2nd Lieutenant, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 COURTNEY, F., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Flying Corps.  
 CRAWLEY, C. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 CREAM, G. J., Captain, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.  
 DARBY, A. F., Canadian Western Scots.  
 DAWES, W. S., Rev., Chaplain to the Forces.  
 DENT-YOUNG, W., Australian Contingent.  
 DOBSON, J. L., 2nd Lieutenant, Sherwood Foresters.  
 DUNBAR, T. O'C., 2nd Lieutenant, A.S.C.  
 DWYER, G., Captain, Royal Canadian Regiment.  
 EMERSON, G., 2nd Lieutenant, Newfoundland Contingent.  
 EMERY, H. J., 2nd Lieutenant, South Staffordshire Regiment.  
 FORSYTH, J., Scots Guards.  
 HEYES, F. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.  
 HINES, A., Captain, R.A.M.C.  
 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.  
 LONG, A. T., 1st Australian Division.  
 MACKAY, C., Captain, Leinster Regiment.  
 MCCABE, H. R., Lieutenant, Black Watch.  
 MCCORMACK, G., West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 McKENNA, J. J., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MACPHERSON, J., 2nd Lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders.  
 MARTIN, M., Captain, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MILLERS, P., Australian Contingent.

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MORICE, R., Welsh Guards.  
 MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A., *Lieutenant*, Royal Munster Fusiliers.  
 ROCHFORD, C. E., *Captain*, London Regiment.  
 ROCHFORD, H., *2nd Lieutenant*, 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.  
 TRAYERS, D. G. L. M. G., *Captain*, Royal Engineers.  
 WEIGHILL, E. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, Yorkshire Regiment.  
 WRIGHT, M. F. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.

### PRISONERS OF WAR

COLLISON, C. B. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CRAWLEY, C. P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 ROWE, R. D., *Sub-Lieutenant*, H.M.S. "Nestor."  
 TEELING, T. F. P. B. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, K.O.S.B.



THE following Old Boys are known to be serving in His Majesty's forces. We occasionally hear of new names, and the Journal Committee will be grateful to correspondents for any further information—additional names, corrections or promotions.

ADAMSON, C., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 ADAMSON, R. (wounded), *Captain*, 10th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 AINSCOUGH, C. (killed), *Captain*, 5th Battalion Manchester Regiment.  
 AINSCOUGH, M., R.F.C.  
 ALLANSON, F., H.A.C.  
 ALLANSON, H. P. (wounded and missing), *2nd Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion Suffolk Regiment.  
 ALLANSON, J. B., London University O.T.C.  
 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*, H.M.S. Neoralia (hospital ship).  
 BARNETT, R. (killed), *1st (Major)* Dragoons.  
 BARNETT, W. R. S., Sharpshooters (City of London Yeomanry).

## Ampleforth and the War

BARNEWALL, THE HONBLE. R. N. F. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Leinster Regiment.  
 BARTON, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 BARTON, O., *2nd Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Alexandra Princess of Wales Own (Yorkshire Regiment).  
 BEECH, G., Manchester Regiment.  
 BEGG, J., *Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.  
 BIRMINGHAM, F., R.N.A.S.  
 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. E. C. (missing) (Queen's Westminster Rifles), 16th Battalion London Regiment.  
 BLACKMORE, A., *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C.  
 BOOCOCK, B., Canadian Expeditionary Force.  
 BOOCOCK, W. N. (wounded), *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 BRADLEY, B. R. D., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion The London Regiment.  
 BRADLEY, W., *2nd Lieutenant*.  
 BUCKLEY, J., (wounded), *2nd Lieutenant*, 9th Battalion Rifle Brigade.  
 BUCKNALL, E. D., *Captain*, Canadian Contingent.  
 BUCKNALL, J. A., Canadian Contingent.  
 BUGGINS, REV. W. B., C.F.  
 BULLOCK-WESTER, L., *Major*, 103rd Canadian Regiment.  
 BUDGE, B. E. J., *Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).  
 BYRNE, A. J., *Lieutenant*, 10th Lovat's Scouts Battalion Cameron Highlanders.  
 BYRNE, REV. W. A., C.F., No. 20 Casualty Clearing Station.  
 CADIC, B. F. (died of shell shock), *Captain*, R.G.A.  
 CADIC, L., *Captain*, Royal Engineers.  
 CALDER-SMITH, R. A. (missing), *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment (Royal Fusiliers).  
 CALDWELL, J. B., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 CARTER, H. G. (wounded), *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.  
 CAWKELL, E., (wounded), *2nd Lieutenant*, 7th Battalion Rifle Brigade.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., (wounded), *Captain*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CHAMBERLAIN, N. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A., attached R.F.C.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, W. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).



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CHENEY, H. J., *Captain*, 5th Battalion The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).  
 CLANCY, F., *Officers Cadet Battalion*.  
 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. W., *2nd Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CLARKE, J. O., *9th Battalion Manchester Regiment*.  
 CLORAN, G., *Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.  
 CLORAN, M., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 COLLINGWOOD, B. J., *Lieutenant*, Army Ordnance Corps.  
 COLLISON, B. R., *Captain*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment), *Staff Captain*.  
 COLLISON, C. B. J. (*prisoner*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 8th (Irish) Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 COLLISON, O., *2nd Lieutenant*, 6th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CONNOR, E. A., *Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.  
 COOKE, W. C., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 COONAN, P., *Lancashire and Cheshire R.G.A.*  
 COKRY, E. J. (*wounded*), *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*, Welsh Regiment, attached R.F.C.  
 CRAWLEY, C. P. (*wounded and prisoner, mentioned in despatches*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 CREAM, E., *Flight Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.  
 CREAM, G. J. (*wounded*), *Captain*, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (attached to Garrison Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers).  
 CREAM, H. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.  
 CROSKELL, A. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment.  
 DANIEL, P., R.A.M.C.  
 DARRY, A. F. (*wounded*), Canadian Western Scots.  
 DAWES, E. P., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 DAWES, REV. W. S., (*wounded*), *Chaplain to the Forces at Havre*.  
 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., *C.F.* 39th Field Ambulance, 13th Division.

## Ampleforth and the War

DE NORMANVILLE, E., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.  
 DOBSON, J. L., (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 7th Battalion Sherwood Foresters (attached A.S.C.).  
 DOBSON, W., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Flying Corps.  
 DOHERTY, F., *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*.  
 DUNBAR, T. O'C. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, Army Service Corps.  
 DWYER, G. (*wounded*), *Captain*, Royal Canadian Regiment.  
 EMBESON, G. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, Newfoundland Contingent.  
 EMERY, H. J. (*wounded*), *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 Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Air Service.  
 FINCH, R., *Captain*, A.V.C.  
 FISHWICK, L. (*killed*), 10th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 FOOTE, W. St. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 FOISHAW, 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., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 GAYNOR, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Lancers*.  
 GOSSE, A., *New Zealand Contingent*.  
 GOSSE, F. H., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 HALL, G. F. M., (*killed*), *Lieutenant*, 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment.  
 HANSOM, 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.  
 HEFFERNAN, J. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Irish Guards*.  
 HEFFERNAN, W. P. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 3rd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment.  
 HESLOP, J., 5th Battalion Durham Light Infantry.  
 HEYES, F. J. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.

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HEYES, T. F., Royal Engineers.  
 HICKEY, H., Officer Cadet Battalion.  
 HILL, E., 2nd Lieutenant, Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry.  
 HINES, ARTHUR (wounded), 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 missing, mentioned in dispatches), Captain, 7th Battalion South Lancashire Regiment.  
 HOPE, L., 24th Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 HUDDLESTON, R. M. C., Captain, Royal Scots.  
 HUNTINGTON, R. H., Major (mentioned in dispatches), D.S.O., 8th Battalion Somersetshire Light Infantry.  
 HUNTINGTON, T., Lieutenant, 10th Battalion Royal Fusiliers.  
 IBBOTSON, T. J., Australian Contingent.  
 JACKSON, J., Royal Engineers.  
 JOHNSTONE, B., (mentioned in dispatches), Captain 1st Battalion Queen's Own (West Kent Regiment), Brigade Major.  
 JOHNSTONE, J., (wounded and mentioned in dispatches), Captain, Light Trench Mortar Battery, 12th Australian Brigade.  
 KELLY, A. P., 2nd Lieutenant, Army Service Corps, attached R.F.C.  
 KELLY, J. O., The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).  
 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, Highland Light Infantry (attached to R.F.C.)  
 LANCASTER, S. M., Lieutenant, 7th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.  
 LEE, J. E., Highland Light Infantry.  
 LEESE, C. F. W., 2nd Lieutenant, 29th Punjab Regiment.  
 LEFEVRE, F. L., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 LINDSAY, G. W. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Garrison Artillery.  
 LISTON, W. P., St. L. 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd Battalion Leinster Regiment.  
 LISTON, R. P., St. L., Edinburgh University O.T.C.  
 LONG, D. T., 2nd Lieutenant, 160th Hazara Pioneers.  
 LONG, F. W. (died of wounds as a prisoner), 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 LONG, A. T. (Military Medal), 11th Westralian Battalion, 1st Australian Division.  
 LONG, W. C., Major, I.R.A.M.C.  
 LOVELL, H., British Red Cross Motor Ambulance.  
 LOVELL, S. C. A., Ceylon Mounted Rifles.

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LOWTHER, C., 5th Battalion Yorkshire Regiment.  
 LYTIGOE, L. G., Officer's Cadet Battalion.  
 McCABE, F. L. 2nd Lieutenant, 4th Battalion Black Watch.  
 McCABE, H. R. (wounded), Captain, 5th Battalion Black Watch.  
 McCANN, A. J., 7th Officers Cadet Battalion.  
 McCORMACK, G. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 MACDERMOTT, G., Lieutenant, 4th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.  
 McDONALD, A. J., 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Lovat's Scouts.  
 McDONALD, D. P., 2nd Lieutenant, 1st Lovat's Scouts, attached R.F.C.  
 McEVoy, P., King Edward's Horse.  
 MACRAY, C. (twice wounded), Captain, M.C., Leinster Regiment, R.F.C.  
 MACRAY, G. F., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.C.  
 MACRAY, L., Lieutenant-Colonel, R.F.A.M.C.  
 McKENNA, J. J. (twice wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, 12th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 McKillop, J., 2nd Lieutenant, Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment).  
 MACPHERSON, J., (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, 6th Battalion Gordon Highlanders.  
 MACPHERSON, C. F., Inns of Court O.T.C.  
 McSWINEY, F. E., Cheshire Field Company R.E.  
 MANLEY, M.  
 MARTIN, C., 2nd Lieutenant.  
 MARTIN, E. J. (killed), Lieutenant, 2nd Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, H. A., Lieutenant and Adjutant, 13th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.  
 MARTIN, M. J. (wounded), Captain and Adjutant, 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.  
 MASSEY, E. J., Liverpool University O.T.C.  
 MILES, L. (missing), 21st Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 MILLS, C. W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.  
 MILLERS, P. (wounded), Australian Contingent.  
 MORICE, G. F., Royal Engineers.  
 MORICE, R. (wounded), Welsh Guards  
 MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Munster Fusiliers, attached 6th Battalion Inniskilling Fusiliers.

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MURPHY, J., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.  
 MURPHY, P. J., *Staff-Lieutenant*, 8th Battalion Hampshire Regiment.  
 NAREY, P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Prince of Wales Own (West Yorkshire Regiment).  
 NAREY, V. G. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 11th Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment.  
 NEAL, A., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.C.  
 NEVILL, G. W. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C.  
 NEVILL, J. H. G. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards.  
 NEVILLE, M. M., *Captain*, 8th Battalion Worcestershire Regiment.  
 NEWTON, A., A.S.C.  
 NEWTON, J., A.S.C.  
 OBERHOFFER, G. (*killed*), 18th Battalion (Public Schools) Royal Fusiliers.  
 O'CONNOR, W., *2nd Lieutenant*, Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 O'DOWD, H., *Fled Paymaster*, H.M.S. "Devonshire."  
 OWEN, H. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 PARLE, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 PEGUERO, J., New Zealand Contingent.  
 PIKE, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 7th Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 PIKE, S., *1st Assam Light Horse*.  
 PLUNKETT, HONBLE. G. W. D., Trinity College, Dublin O.T.C.  
 POLDING, H., King Edward's Horse.  
 POLDING, J. B., *Major*, 4th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment.  
 POWER, A., Motor Transport.  
 POWER, C., Dublin University O.T.C.  
 POWER, D., *Surgeon*, Royal Marine Depot, Deal.  
 POWER, R. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, 33rd Punjabis Regiment.  
 POZZI, F. W., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 PRESTON, E.  
 PRIMAVESI, C., 11th Battalion South Wales Borderers.  
 PUNCH, S. (*killed*), *Surgeon*, H.M.S. "Indefatigable."  
 QUINN, C., Canadian Contingent.  
 QUINN, F., *Captain*, Canadian Contingent.  
 QUINN, J., R.A.M.C.  
 QUINN, JON., R.F.A.  
 RANKIN, A., Army Service Corps.  
 READMAN, W., 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards.  
 REARDON, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 RIGBY, A., Artists Rifles.  
 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., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.  
 ROCHFORD, C., *2nd Lieutenant*, 12th Battalion London Regiment.  
 ROCHFORD, C. E. (*twice wounded*), *Captain*, 3rd Battalion The London Regiment.  
 ROCHFORD, CLEMENT, Cadet School, Lichfield.  
 ROCHFORD, E., Army Service Corps.  
 ROCHFORD, H. (*wounded*), *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.  
 ROWE, R. D. (*prisoner*), *Sub-Lieutenant*, H.M.S. "Nestor."  
 RUDDIN, L. G., *Captain*, 6th Battalion The Cheshire Regiment.  
 RUDDIN, T. V., *2nd Lieutenant*.  
 SHARP, C., Motor Transport, A.S.C.  
 SHARP, W. S. (*killed*), Northern Signal Company Royal Engineers.  
 SIMPSON, C. R., *2nd Lieutenant*, 11th Hussars.  
 SINNOTT, K., *2nd Lieutenant*, Yorkshire Regiment.  
 SMITH, A., Canadian Contingent.  
 SMITH, J. B., Motor Transport, A.S.C., attached 153rd Siege Battery, R.G.A.  
 SMITH, J. K. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.  
 SMITH, P., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C. South African Forces.  
 SMITH, W. T., *2nd Lieutenant*, 4th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 STOURTON, HONBLE. E. P. J., (*wounded, mentioned in dispatches*), *Major*, D.S.O., K.O.Y.L.I. (Brigade-Major 112th Brigade).  
 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., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sussex Yeomanry.  
 TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G. (*wounded*), *Captain*, Royal Engineers.  
 UNSWORTH, L., Manchester University O.T.C.  
 VETCH, G., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Garrison Artillery.  
 WALKER, D., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 WALKER, V., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 WALLACE, P., Irish Guards.  
 WALSH, J., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C., 20th Division.  
 WALSH, M. P. (*mentioned in dispatches*), *Major*, Headquarters Staff, Alexandria, A.V.C.

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WALTON, F., Leeds University O.T.C.  
WALTON, L., A.S.C.  
WARD, P., 20th Battalion The Kings (Liverpool Regiment).  
WELSH, F., South African Horse.  
WELSH, G. W., Canadian Contingent.  
WEIGHILL, E. H., (*wounded*), *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. J. (*killed*), *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.  
WOOD, W., 30th Reserve Canadian Contingent.  
WORSLEY-WORSWICK, R., *Dispatch Rider*.  
WRIGHT, A. F. M., *Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters, attached Motor Transport, A.S.C.  
WRIGHT, H. D. M., *Lieutenant*, 5th Battalion Sherwood Foresters.  
WRIGHT, M. F. M. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.  
YORKE, F. St. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, M.C., 18th Battalion Highland Light Infantry.  
YOUNG, A. DENT, *2nd Lieutenant*, Machine Gun Corps.  
YOUNG, W. DENT (*wounded*), Australian Contingent.

### *Sandhurst.*

DEASE, E. J.  
MORROGH-BERNARD, J.  
*Wellington (Madras).*

LYNCH, R. J.

### *Dartmouth.*

BISGOOD, J. W. W.

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*Note.*—JOHN D. TELFENER, the Italian Army.  
PAUL VUYLSTEKE, Belgian Army.  
PIERRE VUYLSTEKE, Belgian Army.



2nd LIEUT. F. W. LONG, R.F.A.

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## Ampleforth and the War

### SECOND LIEUTENANT F. W. LONG.

Francis W. Long, as recorded in our last number, was wounded in the attack made by the Germans at Ypres on June 2nd, while in the front trenches on observation duty for his battery, and was afterwards taken prisoner. He wrote from Iseghem to Mrs Long very cheerfully though acknowledging that his wounds were bad.

"Everyone is most kind to me. I am wounded in the legs and suffer rather, but do not worry."

And in a later letter :

"I was wounded rather badly—one wound in the right shin and seven small pieces of bomb in my right knee and also a few splinters in my back—I was operated on about a week ago (June 6th), and some pieces removed from my knee and am now going on fairly well, thank God. I cannot get sleep at night, although I get morphia every night. I would give anything for a really good sleep! They are most awfully kind and good to me, and I have absolutely everything I want. I don't know whether you could send out some English novels, but if you could they would be a great blessing."

Then came a silence, and Mrs Long received this sad note from the priest who attended him :

"Your son Lieutenant F. W. Long sends you his last greetings through me. Three weeks ago he was handed over to the Military Hospital here with a shattered knee. The knee healed up well. Then after a few days tetanus set in suddenly. The invalid bore it very patiently. He received several times Holy Communion, and then the last Sacraments while still conscious. Doctors and nurses did all in their power to save his life and ease his pain. Unfortunately it was impossible, and on the afternoon of June 28th he passed away by the will of God—dying an edifying death. R.I.P."

Long came to Ampleforth in September, 1905, at the age of eight, and spent nine years and one term here—very nearly half his short life. He left in December, 1913, having passed twenty-first into Sandhurst. But at the last moment he decided against the army.

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In less than a year however he was holding a commission in the Royal Field Artillery, and went to the front in April, 1915. Three days of his last leave he spent here making a retreat in Holy Week.

As a small boy he was delicate in appearance but wonderfully vivacious and frank. This vivacity he maintained throughout his school career and it increased rather than diminished. At times he was quite reckless of its consequences. He was always supremely funny on the stage even as a small boy, when he had a good voice, and was for some time first treble. His histrionic powers were not confined to the stage, but were a source of intense amusement to his fellows, if at times a little disconcerting to his masters. Not that he had not his serious moments, and at times numerous serious interests. No one was more severe on what he considered conceit or affectation. On the other hand no one had a greater charm of manner or was more sympathetic with anyone in a difficulty. It was not possible to say from his conversation who were his friends, as these were often the subjects of his greatest jests. His knowledge of nature, whether of birds or of flowers, was unique in the school, and he passed the Higher Certificate in botany, a subject he "picked up" in his leisure hours. But he had to be in the right mood to do his work. While he had certain literary tastes, his real ability was mathematical and scientific, and no one doubted that had he sustained these interests and set his mind on their mastery, he might have done brilliantly. As he grew stronger in body his interests in the general school life and in athletics increased, and he became in his last term Head Monitor. He gained his cricket colours, and was a fast bowler with a good style. He also played forward for the Rugger XV. Had he lived, we should have followed his career with more than usual interest, but as it is, may he rest in peace. To Mrs Long we offer our sincerest sympathy.





J. L. FISHWICK, King's (Liverpool Regiment)



CAPTAIN R. F. CADIC, R.G.A.

## Ampleforth and the War

JOSEPH LEO FISHWICK.

J. L. Fishwick was reported 'missing' at the beginning of September, but news has now been received by Mr John Fishwick, his father, that he was killed at Guillemont on August 9th. We are in possession of this fact alone, and we are therefore unable to give any details, if indeed any details are known.

Fishwick was only three years in the school. Coming in September, 1908, at the age of twelve, he left in 1911, before he had really attained any position in the school. At the same time, all will remember him as a merry spirit, a great reader and a steady worker. When he was killed he was only nineteen. We offer to Mr Fishwick, the faithful treasurer of the Ampleforth Society, the heartfelt sympathy of all at Ampleforth on the loss of his son.

BERNARD FRANCIS CADIC, *Captain*, Royal Garrison Artillery.

Bernard Cadic entered the School in September, 1908, and remained in it for three years. He was a kindly and generous boy, gifted with good humour that was almost imperturbable, and a capacity for enthusiasm that was both wide and delightful by reason of his apparently complete unselfishness. He was particularly attracted by the work of the O.T.C., and joined the Territorial Force soon after he left School. He was sent to France with his battery in 1915, and returned home in June, 1916, wounded and suffering from shell-shock, as a result of which he died on August 20th. At school his simple manly piety was evident to all. Dom Ambrose Byrne saw much of him in France, and has spoken in admiration of his edifying life, the care he took of his men, and his eagerness that they should have ample opportunities of seeing a Chaplain.

We offer to Captain Cadic and Mrs Cadic our sincere condolence in the loss of their son.

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### 2ND LIEUTENANT VINCENT G. NAREY.

Vincent Narey was wounded on September 30th, after only a fortnight at the front, and died on October 15th at Rouen. From the first it was evident that the wounds were most serious. Mrs Narey, his mother, was summoned by wire and was with him for the last week of his life. We are told that he was wonderfully brave about his sufferings and quite resigned to die. He received the last Sacraments, and the priest who attended him said, "I have never attended a more Christian or better death." At the outbreak of war, Narey failed to pass the eyesight test, but restlessly anxious 'to do his bit' he succeeded in July, 1915, in obtaining a commission in the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. He came to Ampleforth at Easter, 1905, and left in July, 1911, after winning in the previous December an open History Scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. Always at the head of his form he showed remarkable all-round ability. Indeed at one time he thought of trying for a mathematical scholarship, but fearing the drudgery chose History. His interests were really literary and artistic. He read widely and wrote a good essay. He was the life of the Senior Debating Society, and very often wrote several speeches from many different points of view for distribution among its less gifted members. A certain fondness for argument in private life made him often the centre of an animated conversation. One who was both in the School and at Oxford with him, writes "He had a way of throwing out clever and almost unanswerable remarks upon any subject in discussion." But he was always a little perverse in his point of view and ever inclined to question accepted tradition. He liked to pose as "the bad boy" and often affected "a light cynicism which with his easy conversation and elegant appearance" (dress was always rather a foible with him) tended rather to give the impression of flippancy. If sometimes "he turned heroes into villains and villains into heroes" it was



2nd LIEUT. V. G. NAREY, Duke of Wellington's (West Riding Regiment)

## Ampleforth and the War

only an affectation which did not touch the true depths of his nature. In reality "he had a very great appreciation of nobility and honesty" which was easily discoverable by anticipating his praise of the villain or his indifference to an accepted hero. When he worked seriously, which was often, "he showed wonderful power of endurance in following up an interesting subject and good powers of reasoning." His love of literature never made him a 'prig'. In point of fact he was always keenly alive to the present and to the practical and pleasurable side of life. He was a good actor in a comic rôle, and he was a popular pianist. Indeed for two years before he left he led the musical talent of the School. The writer from whose letter we have so often quoted already, says of his music, "what he lacked in inspiration, he compensated for by execution. Those of us who knew him at Oxford remember that the most conspicuous object in his old oak rooms at Trinity was his piano surrounded by sheaves of music like the offerings round the shrine of a pagan idol. He was one of the leading spirits in the Folk-Song movement. I can still picture him sitting at the piano playing and singing some old-world song." Unfortunately at Oxford Narey suffered from ill health and was once at least very unwell. But he made a name for himself as a good speaker both at the Union and in his own College, and on one occasion at least sustained the reputation he had gained here as an actor. The artistic side of his nature made him very sensitive to praise and blame, and this sensitiveness played a great part in his relations with others. But even those who were less intimate with him accorded to him a high place among the school leaders. Athletic powers helped him not at all. He played games and enjoyed them, and was a member of the 'Soccer XI,' but they were to him only secondary interests. Shortly after the war broke out he went up to Wren's to prepare for the Civil Service Examination. Had this been his destiny, we do not doubt

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that he would have made a career for himself, of which we at Ampleforth would have been proud. We shall all remember his frequent visits to his old school—the last in February, 1916—and the keen interest he took in everything. His father, William Narey, who was devotedly attached to him, died of grief only a few days after his son's death. May they rest in peace.

To Mrs Narey all at Ampleforth offer their heartfelt sympathy in this double bereavement.

\* \* \*

SINCE our last number the following have been mentioned in dispatches: Major Honble. E. P. J. Stourton, D.S.O., Major M. P. Walsh and Second Lieutenant C. P. Crawley. This is the second time Major Stourton has been mentioned in dispatches, and he has now been awarded the D.S.O. We offer him our heartiest congratulations.

\* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS also to Captain C. Mackay, Leinster Regiment and R.F.C., who has been awarded the Military Cross. Here is the official announcement:

"In very unfavourable weather he obtained most valuable photographs of the enemy's position. He fought four hostile machines for ten minutes until assistance arrived, and they were driven off. Afterwards he continued his work with the artillery."

We have heard from Captain Mackay that Second Lieutenant A. J. Kelly is now in his squadron of the R.F.C.

\* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS also to A. Thorby Long who is serving in the Australian Contingent, and who received the Military Medal for bravery on the field. When last we heard of him he was in hospital.

\* \* \*

SECOND LIEUTENANT R. J. POWER is now at Aden. He was in the fight at Hatum on October 26th, and was mentioned in the commander's report as having handled his men well.

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LIEUTENANT T. O'C DUNBAR was wounded in the leg and the arm by the bursting of a shell in a barber's shop, while he was having his hair cut. His wounds were, we are old, very serious.

\* \* \*

CAPTAIN ARTHUR HINES was wounded on July 29th. He was blown out of his trench and was unconscious for nearly three days. His wounds, which were in his neck, arm and leg, were happily not serious.

\* \* \*

DOM ANTHONY BARNETT who is a member of the Salonika Army, when last we heard of him was on board a hospital ship in the capacity of Chaplain, not as a patient. Dom Ambrose Byrne was home on leave in December.

\* \* \*

HERE is an extract from a letter of Captain J. Johnstone:

"I am still in the land of the living after going through a double dose of Somme fighting. When I say a double dose, I mean it literally, as after going through the fighting round Pozieres with my original battalion, I was transferred to the 12th Brigade as they went into action, and 'Johnstone luck' again got through both events without a scratch."

Our readers will remember that Captain J. Johnstone was previously mentioned in dispatches, and received his commission for good work accomplished as a sergeant. Since our last number he has had double promotion, being made Lieutenant, and almost immediately after he was given his Captaincy.

\* \* \*

MAJOR M. P. WALSH writes from Alexandria:

"In your last number I notice you show me as wounded. This was a mistake made by the Headquarters in France. The reason was that I got lost for two days during the retreat (from Mons), and got separated from the regiment. I was with the 16th Lancers, and was posted as 'wounded and missing.' I had a narrow escape—very nearly riding into a Uhlan patrol near Quiveriane about 1 a.m. on a very dark night. Left France at the beginning of January, 1915, and came out to

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Egypt with the Dardanelles Army. I was at the landing there and returned to Alexandria, February, 1916, after having quite enough of that delectable spot—Cape Hellen. I am now serving on the Headquarters Staff, Alexandria. My brother joined the R.A.M.C. in October, 1914. He came away from Suva the last night of the evacuation and repeated the performance at Cape Hellen. He is now somewhere in France with the 20th Division.

\* \* \*

SECOND LIEUTENANT F. J. HEYES was wounded in France on August 15th last, but he has now quite recovered. His brother who is in the Royal Engineers (Gas Corps) is still well. Miss Hayes writes: "It may interest you to know that one of the numbers of the JOURNAL took part in the battle of Loos—at least it was lost there by my brother, T. F. Heyes, and, as he said himself, it perished nobly."

\* \* \*

We have received a letter from Captain Gerald Dwyer written with his left hand, "owing to his right being temporarily out of commission." He was hit on October 8th and was in hospital in London for two months. He has been given permission to return home for further medical treatment in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Here is an extract from a letter from Captain Dwyer written in August, which in view of the death of Second Lieutenant F. W. Long has now a pathetic interest:

"I must say I have known better times, but things look bright and I hope it will end by the 'Huns' being pushed off the map. At present I am having quite a little holiday, being in a lovely part of the country, taking a bombing course, but soon I shall return to my little wet home in the trenches! Since I last wrote I have had some very narrow 'squeaks,' but I am thankful to say I am still well. The trenches at present are very uncomfortable, as quite apart from the continual 'straining' which comes with fine weather they are full of rats of no mean size, and flies almost as large! not to mention mosquitoes, which are more vicious by far than the Boche. I must tell you of a very extraordinary meeting I had with an 'old' Ampleforth boy—a contemporary of mine. One morning after a much needed sleep, I awoke, which is very natural, but not assured here, and saw an officer sitting at my feet. He was 'a gunner,' who had come to the front line to

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take some observations. I bade him good-morning, and asked him to breakfast. Shortly after, someone came in and mentioned my name. Then it was that we recognised one another. It was Long. This was about the middle of May, but I have not seen him since. Was it not extraordinary that of all the dug-outs in Northern France he should have come to mine?"

\* \* \*

FATHER BERTRAND PIKE, O.F.M., who was for many years in the School, is now a Chaplain to the forces. He is the compiler of a very practical little prayer book for soldiers at the front, entitled "On Active Service." It is published by the Catholic Truth Society.

\* \* \*

SECOND LIEUTENANT E. CAWKELL, of the Rifle Brigade, writes:

"I took part in a big attack on August 18th, and was hit while leading my men to the 'Hun' trench near Delville wood."

The bullet passed through his cigarette case and a book into his thigh. His leg was thoroughly poisoned but he has now practically recovered. Second Lieutenant J. M. Buckley (Rifle Brigade) about the same time was hit in the leg, but not seriously damaged.

\* \* \*

We were glad to hear that the wound received by Second Lieutenant F. Morrough Bernard is not serious. Second Lieutenant Ewan Blackledge was in the hard fighting at Delville wood, and is at present at home on sick leave. His brother, Second Lieutenant R. Blackledge, is also at home on sick leave. Harold Weisenberg has been in hospital at Devonport, suffering from dysentery. He also has been fighting on the Somme. He writes:

"It is great to see our superiority of artillery on the Somme. The Germans are becoming quite demoralised: for example, in June the 77th and 5th Bavarians stood up to us. At the beginning of September we attacked the same two regiments and they ran, although their numbers were double ours."

\* \* \*

J. L. HORE writes in a letter, dated December 19th:

"The last time I wrote to you I was in No. 1 Australian General Hospital. This time I also write from hospital, and when I tell you I



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spent the greater part of August in the same place with trench fever, you will understand that hospital is beginning to play a larger part in my life out here than seems right."

But he is spending time well, as he goes on to say :

"Now that I have more time to myself, I do some scribbling, and I have got an article in the stocks, which I hope to submit to you for the JOURNAL in due course."

That is virtue indeed !

\* \* \*

PAUL VUYLSTEKE, who left in July, joined the Belgian Army in August :

"My brother Pierre is training at Gaillon to be an officer in the Machine Gunners."

We have also heard from J. Telfener, who is a "Corporale Automobilista" in the "Zona di Guerra, Italia."

\* \* \*

SECOND LIEUTENANT C. B. J. COLLISON is a prisoner in Germany. His address is Second Lieutenant C. B. J. Collison. 1-8 (Irish) Battalion, King's Liverpool Regiment, B. 45, Offizier Kriegsgefangenenlager, Gütersloh. He writes :

"I had the bad luck to be taken prisoner on August 8th, so that I have finished until the end of the war, which I hope will not be long. This is 'rotten luck' but I suppose I shall have to bear it cheerfully. I am very well and have started to learn Russian to fill up the time. I hope it will not be long before I am back at Ampleforth."

In a later communication he says he has sustained injuries at 'Rugger,' and is in hospital with slight poisoning.

\* \* \*

ON the same day Captain G. H. Chamberlain was wounded. We are sorry to say that he has lost a finger of his right hand, but though his hand is still tender he has made satisfactory progress.

\* \* \*

No news has been received of the following, all of whom are reported missing, Captain M. B. Honan, Second Lieutenant

## Ampleforth and the War

Calder-Smith, Second Lieutenant H. P. Allanson, Leo Miles and J. Bodenham. Although we cannot definitely say we fear that in the case of Captain Honan we must anticipate the worst. Their relatives have our sincerest sympathy in this trying time of uncertainty, and we trust that some at least will be found to be alive. Captain Honan wrote from France on November 13th, "How different everything here is from the Dardanelles and all we suffered there—plentiful munitions, and everything well staffed. We have a splendid R.C. Padre from Holy Cross, Liverpool, and he and I have much in common."

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THE AMPLEFORTH SOCIETY have distributed a small mortuary card, surmounted by a design by Mr Gabriel Pippet, of those boys who are known to have fallen. The Editor of the JOURNAL has still some left and will be glad to forward a card to anybody who may write for one.

\* \* \*

We have had the pleasure of a visit from the following 'old boys' in the course of the term : Major R. H. Huntington, Captain N. J. Cheney, Captain G. H. Chamberlain, Second Lieutenant E. Blackledge, Second Lieutenant F. J. Heyes, Lieutenant D. P. McDonald, Second Lieutenant J. H. Heffernan, Lieutenant A. F. M. Wright, Second Lieutenant A. E. Neal, Lieutenant H. Carter, Second Lieutenant N. J. Chamberlain, Lieutenant Basil Marwood.

## SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY ENTERTAINMENT

THOUGH it is now past history, the record of events would be incomplete, without reference being made to the performance given at the end of the Summer term in honour of the tercentenary of Shakespeare. The circumstances of the time prevented us from paying full tribute to the name of the greatest of Englishmen; but if the quantity was small the quality of the acting was good and worthy of its object. The scenes from *Macbeth* were well done, though they suffered from their isolation. J. G. Simpson in the leading rôle added yet another triumph to his varied list of dramatic achievements. L. A. Unsworth was perhaps too lenient in his interpretation of the character of Lady Macbeth. The recruiting scene from *Henry IV*, performed by the Lower School boys was an unqualified success. R. W. S. Douglas was supreme as Justice Shallow, C. H. Gilbert made a capital Falstaff, and among the recruits J. E. S. Smith, as Bullcalf, scored an unforgettable success. Before the performance, Dom Bernard McElligott gave us an address on Shakespeare, which will be found in the pages of this issue of the JOURNAL and speaks for itself.

### PROGRAMME.

1. Address on the Shakespeare Tercentenary.

FR BERNARD

2. PIANO TRIO, Larghetto

L. BEVENOT, T. V. WELSH, FR BERNARD.

Mozart

3. SCENES FROM "MACBETH."

Macbeth	J. G. SIMPSON
Lady Macbeth	L. A. UNSWORTH
Banquo	L. B. LANCASTER
Fleance	P. d' L. FIELD
Seyton	H. W. GREENWOOD
Doctor	P. MILLS
Gentlewoman	C. UNSWORTH

ACT I. Scene 5, Lady Macbeth plots the murder of Duncan.

ACT I. Scene 7, Macbeth's hesitation. Lady Macbeth spurs him on.

ACT II. Scene 1, The Murder of Duncan.

## Shakespeare Tercentenary Entertainment

4. PIANO SOLO, Polonaise  
D. M. ROCHFORD. *Chopin*

5. MACBETH, ACT V., SCENE 1. The Sleep walking scene.

6. VIOLIN AND PIANO, Sonata G Minor  
T. V. WELSH. *Beethoven*

7. "Ye spotted snakes." Words by Shakespeare: Music by Stevens  
THE CHOIR.

8. PIANO SOLO, Des Abends  
P. MILLS. *Schumann*

9. PIANO TRIO, No. 3.  
J. EDDY, Esq., T. V. WELSH, DOM BERNARD. *Mendelssohn*

10. SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY IV," Part 2.  
"Falstaff as Recruiting Officer."

Sir John Falstaff	C. H. GILBERT
Justice Shallow	R. W. S. DOUGLAS
Justice Silence	A. M. de ZULUETA
Bardolph	G. W. S. BAGSHAW
Recruits	T. M. WRIGHT, J. E. S. SMITH, E. H. GEORGE, J. J. HAIDY, E. FORSTER.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

## THE PRIZES

MIDSUMMER, 1916

THE following boys were awarded prizes on the last day of the Summer Term. But in most cases it was only a shadow of a prize as the greater part of the money had been given to the Red Cross Society.

### RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

- Set 2. J. M. H. Gerrard  
3. F. Cravos  
3. L. Bévenot  
7. J. T. Browne  
9. C. M. Mills  
11. A. M. de Zulueta  
12. D. E. R. L. Cheney

### LATIN

- Set 2. F. Cravos  
4. D. M. Rochford  
5. R. T. Browne  
6. E. M. Vanheems  
7. H. M. Dillon  
9. C. H. Robinson  
10. C. S. D. George  
11. G. E. Dixon Reichardt

### FRENCH

- Set 2a. L. Bévenot  
2b. P. F. Moran  
4. V. J. Cravos  
6a. Viscount Encombe  
6b. A. J. Pollack  
7. L. Knowles  
8. *Not awarded*  
9. O. T. Penney  
11. *Not awarded*  
12. R. Lancaster

### GERMAN

- Set 5. A. J. Pollack  
7. *Not awarded*  
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### ENGLISH

- Set 1. T. V. Welsh  
3. J. G. Simpson  
5. D. M. Rochford  
7. J. T. Browne  
9. O. T. Penney  
11. A. M. de Zulueta  
12. R. Lancaster

### GREEK

- Set 2. F. Cravos  
4. D. M. Rochford  
5. R. T. Browne  
7. S. C. Cravos  
6. E. M. Vanheems  
10. L. H. Casartelli

### MATHEMATICS

- Set 1. F. L. Le Févre  
2. A. B. Gibbons  
3. L. Bévenot  
4. V. J. Bradley  
5. G. Newsham  
6. J. Leese  
7. R. J. T. Crawford  
8. E. M. Vanheems  
9. J. K. Loughran  
10. G. P. Cronk  
11a. R. W. Flint  
11b. L. H. Casartelli  
12. R. T. Sykes

## The Prizes

### CHEMISTRY

- Set 1. F. L. Le Févre  
2. J. B. Allanson  
5. V. J. Bradley  
7. J. W. Hawkswell (Ph. & Ch.)  
8. C. H. Robinson (Ph. & Ch.)

### PHYSICS

- Set 1. A. B. Gibbons  
2. C. J. Field  
5. V. J. Bradley  
7. —  
8. —

### GEOGRAPHY

- Set 2. *Not awarded*  
5. A. J. Pollack  
7. J. W. B. Fitzgerald

- Set 10. C. S. D. George  
11. C. E. J. Cary-Elwes  
12. R. Lancaster

### HISTORY

- Set 1. *Not awarded*  
2. *Not awarded*  
4. J. G. Simpson  
5. P. Vuytsteke  
7. R. T. Browne (Rom. Hist.)

- Set 7. W. J. Hodge (Eng. Hist.)  
9. E. H. George (Greek Hist.)  
10. A. A. Adanson  
11. A. M. de Zulueta  
12. R. Lancaster

### SECOND FORM

Writing . K. R. Greenwood

### FIRST FORM

- Writing . R. Lancaster Letter-Writing . R. Lancaster  
Drawing . J. D. Kevill Nature Study . J. D. Kevill

### MUSIC AND DRAWING

- Music 1. Piano. L. Bévenot Painting . C. Rochford  
2. Violin. V. T. Welsh Drawing . J. W. Hawkswell  
3. Impro. P. W. F. Mills Drawing Imp. F. de Guingand  
Drawing (Lwr. Sch.) W. J. Roach

### ENTRA PRIZES

- Ampleforth Society. £20 T. V. Welsh, 2nd year  
L. BEVENOT, 1st year  
Raby Prize, Classics 1. F. Cravos  
Raby Prize, Classics 2. D. M. ROCHFORD  
Fishwick Prize C. E. J. CARY-ELWES

### MATHEMATICAL PRIZES

Milburn J. M. H. GERRARD W. C. MILBURN'S VISCOUNT ENCOMBE

### GIBBONS PRIZE FOR SCIENCE

1. *ex aequo* { F. L. LE FEVRE 2. J. F. S. MORICE  
A. B. GIBBONS

### HUNTER-BLAIR PRIZES FOR ENGLISH

1. T. V. WELSH 2. R. T. BROWNE

### ENTRA ESSAY PRIZES

- E. H. GEORGE S. A. MANNION  
A. M. DE ZULUETA R. LANCASTER

## SENIOR LIBRARY, LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term was held on Sunday, October 1st. The election of officials finally resulted in the appointment of Mr Foley as Secretary, and Messrs Gerrard, Milburn and Simpson as members of Committee. In public business Mr McArdle moved "That the action of the Government with regard to the war has been grossly inefficient." He related the events of the war of diplomacy which preceded hostilities, and denounced the diplomatic attitude of British Ministers. The actual conduct of operations had, he continued, been deplorable. His indictment covered the Dardanelles operations, the non-organisation of munition workers, the high prices of food, the rebellion in Ireland, the slackness in the Inventions department, and the failure to supply an adequate number of shells.

Mr Mills, who opposed, admitted mistakes, but considered these were inevitable. As a fact, the Government had adapted itself with great rapidity to meet situations and to solve problems which nobody had foreseen, and which only the actual test of war had disclosed. The initial act of the Government—the transport of the British Expeditionary Force to France—was, he declared, a model of efficient organisation.

Mr Gerrard thought that the Government had shown themselves equal to their great task. Men of action like Mr Churchill had failed mainly for want of support in the country.

Messrs T. V. Welsh, B. J. Gerrard, Simpson, Davey and Hawkswell also spoke. The motion was defeated by forty-eight votes to four.

The second meeting was held on Sunday, October 15th. Mr McDonald of the Lovat's Scouts was present. The Vice-chairman stated that, owing to Fr Edmund's resignation of the chair, a change had become necessary in the higher officials of the society, and that Fr Placid and Fr Bernard were to be Chairman and Vice-Chairman respectively.

## Senior Library, Literary and Debating Society

Mr Rochford moved "That on account of the distress caused by the present high prices of food, the Government should take immediate action to lower them." The Government, he said, had not yet taken adequate measures for the control of the food supplies. Freights were high owing to the failure to organise shipping on a national basis, and there were many private speculators making large profits out of the high prices. There is no truth in the contention that rise in prices is always compensated by a rise in wages. [Only in certain trades have wages risen, and there is much distress elsewhere which should be rectified].

Mr Spiller, in opposing, contended that such distress, as there was, was no more than normal, and that the rise in prices was largely due to the enormous quantities of food needed for the Army, and for our Allies whom we are supplying. People are spending more than in pre-war days, and the submarine blockade lessens to a certain extent the number of our merchant ships. Altogether the rise in prices is due to causes the Government cannot control.

Mr D. P. McDonald said that the Government could not rectify the matter, as the question turned upon shortage of labour and of suitable shipping.

Messrs Bévenot, Knowles, Welsh, Simpson, Davey, Gerrard, Greenwood, Hawkswell and Rochford also spoke. The motion was defeated by twenty-five votes to twenty-three.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the meeting.

On October 22nd, Mr Smith read a paper on "Lord Nelson." Br Felix was present. Mr Smith described the early part of Nelson's career and his various junior appointments at sea. The command of the "Agamemnon" gave him his first great chance, and he made his ship the most efficient in the Navy. After treating of the battles of St Vincent and Aboukir Bay, the reader gave a detailed account of the battle of Copenhagen and its results. Finally he dealt with the battle of Trafalgar and its political importance.

Mr Bévenot thought that a seaman's luck rather than strategical ability was the prominent factor in Nelson's battles. Mr Simpson disagreed, and instanced the tactics of Nelson at Aboukir Bay.

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Mr Welsh emphasised the point that the tactics of an anchored fleet approximated more to fortress bombardment than to modern manoeuvre tactics.

Messrs Gerrard, Spiller, Greenwood and Fishwick also spoke.

The meeting ended with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

On Sunday, October 19th, Mr Liston moved "That sport occupies too prominent a position in the national life." He said that in the case of the average individual the attention given to sport in the Public Schools had a deleterious effect. The highest natural end of man, the development of the mind, was interfered with by the time devoted to games, and this misplaced energy only succeeded in leaving the average mind barren of intellectual pleasure.

Mr Emery, in opposition, said that the love of sport was an important national asset. Our Allies had been slow to appreciate this trait in the English character, but now they perceived its value. Sport encourages carelessness of danger, and it fosters also that ability to work as a member of a team, combined with an instinct for individual enterprise which has been shown to be of so much use in war. The German equivalent was machine-made, and lacked the mental elasticity bred of sport. Sport has also its moral value in encouraging straightforwardness and clean dealing.

Mr Welsh thought that the success of the retreat from Mons was due in a large measure to the love of fox-hunting in this country.

There also spoke Messrs Moran, Gerrard, Hawkswell, Spiller, Bévenot, Rochford, Milburn and Morice. The motion was defeated by forty votes to three.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the meeting.

On Sunday, November 5th, Mr Bévenot read a paper on "John Keats." Mr W. Rooke-Ley and Brs Felix and Basil were present.

After describing the poet's early life and character, and his gradual absorption into poetry in preference to a medical career, Mr Bévenot discussed his life in London among a circle of friends which included Leigh Hunt, Reynolds and Shelley. Hunt's style, which was full of chatty phrases and a

## Senior Library, Literary and Debating Society

certain Cockney pertness, influenced him at first. This influence was discernible in Keats's first volume published in 1817, and explains the failure of these poems to attract the public. A quiet period at Hampstead, where he made the acquaintance of Dilke and Benjamin Bailey, was succeeded by the publication of *Endymion*. An article appeared in *Blackwood* attacking Hunt, and foreshadowing an attack on Keats. This threat was fulfilled on Keats' return from a walking tour in the North, and the articles in *Blackwood* and the *Quarterly* were extremely violent in tone. In spite of this, however, Keats' finest work was published in the 1820 volume, which included "Hyperion," "St Agnes' Eve," "Lamia," "Isabella," and the great Odes. Mr Bévenot then discussed his value as a poet, and described his tragic death in Rome, and the indignation that at once arose against the reviews which it was thought had shortened his life.

After the reading of the paper, Messrs Welsh and Gerrard and Br Felix spoke.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the meeting.

On Sunday, November 19th, a debate was held, Fr Benedict McLaughlin being present as a visitor. Mr Scott moved "That this House disapproves of the Socialistic tendencies of modern politics." He briefly explained the chief tenets of Socialism, laying stress on the ownership of all property by the State, and the disintegration of family life that would ensue. Religion had no place in a Socialistic state, and human nature was not taken into account. Socialism is opposed to the Gospel teaching.

Mr Forbes, in opposition, described the Apostolic life as a form of Socialism, and said the Socialistic tendencies in English politics were mild compared with those in Germany and the United States. In England, Socialism was represented by Trade Unionism. They had made the usual mistakes and received the usual rebuffs of all reformers. Mr Forbes then compared the aims of Trade Unionism with the ideals expressed in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*.

Fr Benedict McLaughlin showed the exact point at which Socialism became indefensible in the eyes of the Church, and he laid down the distinction between Socialism and

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Communism, two ideas which have often been confused. Other speakers were Messrs Morrissey, Emery, Simpson, Knowles, Bévenot, Welsh and Hawkswell. The motion was carried by twenty-six votes to sixteen.

The meeting ended with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

On Sunday, December 3rd, Mr Mills read a paper on "Cardinal Newman." Into an intellectual atmosphere, the reader observed, which had been stirred and shaken by the French Revolution, Newman entered at the age of sixteen, as an undergraduate of Trinity College, Oxford. In 1822 he became a Fellow of Oriel, and two years later he accepted a curacy at St Clement's. The extent of his influence at Oxford, and the Mediterranean voyage in 1832, culminating in the illness at Sicily which forced a crisis in Newman's religious life, were then described. From 1834 to 1841 there continued the series of *Tracts for the Times* which eventually, by the appearance of Tract 90, caused a division of the Tractarian movement into two parties, the Anglican under Pusey and Keble, and the party which led by Newman and Ward perceived submission to Rome to be inevitable. Mr Mills then related the various enterprises with which Newman was connected after his reception into the Church, and gave in detail the events leading up to the publication of the great *Apologia pro Vita Sua*. Discussing Cardinal Newman's literary style, Mr Mills emphasised his clearness and simplicity, and the philosophical system which he had made his own.

There also spoke Messrs Knowles, Emery, Hawkswell and L. A. Knowles. A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the proceedings.

On Sunday, December 10th, Mr Morice moved "That our policy of concentrating all our resources upon the Navy to the detriment of the Army had not been justified by the present war." He said that the fact that we had been forced so largely to increase our Army under the actual stress of war showed that our pre-war policy of a small army had been misguided. The Navy was not able to put a stop to the submarine menace, and it was impossible to foresee how far that menace would develop. Even now, when we had an army as

## Junior Debating Society

large as that of the French, we were holding, owing to our inexperience in handling large masses of men, a length of line small out of all proportion to our fighting strength.

Mr Lancaster, who opposed, said that England had become the first nation in Europe by means of her Navy, upon which she depended for her existence. The present army could not be maintained as a fighting unit if it were not for the unquestioned predominance of the British Navy. Our commercial supremacy and the safety of the Empire were dependant on such unquestioned supremacy, and no sacrifice could be too great to achieve this end.

Mr Knowles said that there was no discrepancy between maintaining a large navy and at the same time increasing the army to the size which modern war had shown to be necessary. Our present naval supremacy did not therefore necessarily justify our pre-war policy.

There also spoke Messrs Simpson, Morrissey, L. A. Knowles, Emery, Gerrard, Milburn, Marsden, Spiller and Bévenot. A vote of thanks to the Chairman concluded the session.

J. FOLEY,  
*Hon. Sec.*

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

THE Junior Debating Society has met every Sunday evening, with one exception, from October 1st till the end of the term. At the first meeting, Messrs C. Gilbert, L. Casartelli and J. Smith were chosen to form the Committee, and Mr L. Chamberlain was elected Secretary. He has proved an efficient and always serious-minded secretary. The holder of that office must possess exceptional equanimity and a sense of humour, for the whole House is invariably arrayed in opposition. This term Mr C. Gilbert seems to have felt that the duty of keeping the Secretary up to the mark lay chiefly upon him.

Naturally most of the debates centred round the war. A considerable amount of interest was displayed at a meeting



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in which Mr Porri moved "That the war has shown the inefficiency of our English system of education, and that in future the chief place should be given to science." Mr King, who always has the courage of his convictions, and is usually the first to address the House, voiced the opinion of a considerable section when he said that it was better to know how to save life than how to write elegant Latin verse. Mr Caffrey expressed the opinion of another section. We did not live to make war, but made war that we might live the more peaceably. The objects of education, therefore, should not be considered in relation to war but to peace. Mr Penney on this occasion tried to turn us from the trail by showing that without science, Shakespeare would have had neither ink nor paper with which to write his plays. Mr Smith—dare we call him the Johnson of the Junior Debating Society!—attempted to persuade us to follow the *via media* between science and the classics. But the great feature of the debate was a speech of considerable brightness by Mr de Zulueta. Indeed in all the earlier debates of the session he was a conspicuous speaker, but since then he has, like Achilles, remained in his tent while the battle raged. On this occasion he dwelt upon the war as a pageant representing the march of science, as an exhibition which was the crowning triumph of the rapid progress of scientific development. When the House divided it was a surprise, in view of the discussion, to find that, of fifty votes, thirty were given in favour of traditional English methods.

Another debate connected with the war discussed whether America's honour demanded that she should take a more vigorous course of action with regard to the German submarine campaign. Mr Penney in an excellent speech moved the motion. Throughout the session he has proved an entertaining speaker. His point of view is usually sound and nearly always original. He is, moreover, a lover of hard facts, and, as he generally has with him documentary evidence in the shape of a page from the *Daily Graphic* or some other paper, his statements as a rule pass unchallenged. Mr Chamberlain, a never failing speaker, on this occasion delivered himself in verse. Mr C. Gilbert also, in a debate on the Channel tunnel,

## Junior Debating Society

feeling as he said in a merry mood, threw off a few verses composed to suit the subject and express his views. In that debate the aid of the Muse was a second time invoked by Mr Penney. The point had been raised as to whether the air would not be too bad in the tunnel. Mr Penney closed the discussion by saying, that, if a tunnel were built, he for one would say with Horatio, "I'll cross it, though it blast me."

One of the most lively debates, and one only remotely relating to the war, was whether the sword is mightier than the pen. Mr Douglas, a very lively speaker, addressed the House early in the debate, and having, we think, forgotten his peroration, announced that he considered all arguments drawn from the present war futile. It was not the sword that was now used in war. During the rest of the debate he was rather roughly handled by a number of the members. He bore it with equanimity and defended himself stoutly in the end on the plea that, if we did not mean sword, we should not have used the word. Mr H. George, in a moment of sublime forgetfulness, expressed it as his opinion that Hercules [sic] could never have defended the bridge with a pen.

An interesting debate was whether we should not revive stringent laws against the Jews. In this debate, Mr Saldanha, for the first time, took a leading position. He is a speaker of intensity and passion. In the present instance he treated us to a diatribe on the avarice of the Jews. He is a Tory of the oldest and most exclusive type: his words might carry greater weight, if his outlook was less violently opposed to modern democratic sentiment. The Jews were defended by some on the ground that they cook well.

A well thrashed out debate was whether machinery has really been a benefit to man. Mr T. Wright, who is generally a bright speaker, gave us of his best. He made out that machinery alone enabled us to make a full use of our intelligence and time, and asked the members whether they would like to go back to eating their meals with their fingers instead of their knives. A titter having gone round the house, he substituted forks. Mr Cary-Elwes, who often speaks well, dwelt upon the subject of strikes and the injustice shown

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to the poor; while Mr Porri, who always speaks to an attentive house, rising from behind his table like one of the figures Dante met in the eighth circle of Hell, buried to the waist in ice ["sappi che non son torri ma giganti"], described in some detail the barbarity of our primitive ancestors.

The debates have all attained a high level, save the last, dealing with Mr Lloyd George's government, which was distinctly poor, but may be excused on the ground of examinations. The meeting, however, was not wholly dull, for Mr Lee, a fearless debater, who rarely speaks anything but sound commonsense, caught the Chairman's eye before the House proceeded to public business, and asked if it was right that the members of the Higher Third should come into the house some time before the members of the Lower Third. He was supported by Mr Roach, a ready speaker, and by others of the Lower Third. The debate was hot and furious. At length the chairman, taking inspiration from the reply of the policeman in one of Mr Jacob's stories, "It's off my beat," announced, that while he admired the spirit of the Lower Third, the disputed point did not come within his jurisdiction.

## THE SCIENCE CLUB

THE winter session of the Club began with a membership raised to thirty-five. Mr Moran was elected Secretary, and Mr Gerrard and Viscount Encombe on the Committee. At the first meeting on November 3rd, Mr Lancaster read a paper, illustrated by lantern slides, on "Coal Mining." Following a short geological introduction and an analysis of the main coalfields of Britain, he traced the history of coal-mining and its processes. In the sinking of the shaft the main difficulty arises through meeting water. To overcome this three methods have been used—trepan, freezing, and cementation. Then followed the different ways of working the seams, classed under "pillar work" and "lay wall work"; and the various machines used for cutting, removing and elevating the coal. In conclusion a short account of the miner's life was given.

## The Science Club

On November 20th "The constitution of the Sun" was the title of the paper read by Mr Moran, and illustrated by photos and diagrams. The first part of a very clear exposition of the subject dealt with the spectroscopic method of analysing the sun's substance. Starting from the elements of the "wave theory" of light, he showed how different substances could be distinguished by their spectra. These are what are called "bright line" spectra. But if the sun's light is examined with a spectroscope there appear innumerable dark lines. It was Wollaston who first showed the meaning of these dark lines, though to Bunsen, Kirchhoff and Fraunhofer much credit is also due. The incandescent body of the sun would give a continuous spectrum, save for the vapours in what may be called its atmosphere. These vapours pick up their respective "waves," and hand them on to us in a weakened condition. Hence by contrast with the unabsorbed light on either side of these particular wavelengths their own emissions appear dark. From an analysis of these dark lines all the vapours present in the sun have been determined. The second part of the paper dealt briefly with the chromosphere and prominences, with sun-spots and the corona. The apparent connection between sun-spots and magnetic storms was discussed, the reader preferring to consider them, not as cause and effect, but as both dependent on some unknown cause. Sun-spots and prominences, however, do seem connected. Another terrestrial phenomenon, with probably the same cause as the solar one in the "corona," is the "aurora." In this several tentative theories were put forward and left for decision to the Club. Limit of time prevented more than a short discussion.

The influence of the war was seen in the subject, "Ordnance," chosen by Mr J. Gerrard for his paper on November 26th. He had prepared many careful drawings of guns and their mechanism, and these, with the aid of some very up-to-date photographs of all kinds of guns, both in and out of action, made clear what an ingenious and at the same time delicate piece of machinery a big gun is. The whole history of a big gun from the rough casting to the finished product was given. Passing from the building up of the gun, the

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wiring process, the rifling, &c., he went on to deal with the breech. This he divided into two classes—the sliding wedge and the interrupted screw. The latter class may be sub-divided into the ordinary and the eccentric screw type. This last is used in the French "seventy-five's," and is particularly useful for all quick firing. When a gun is fired the explosion causes a recoil. For light guns "spades" attached to the trail overcome this; but for others buffers in which either air or oil is compressed are used. The reader then gave some details of naval guns and the turrets in which they are mounted, and of all the different classes of army guns, from the small field guns throwing a shell of a few pounds weight to the enormous howitzers and siege guns. At the end of the paper a photo of a "tank" was thrown on the screen, and all the information available given. The number of questions raised in the discussion showed the appreciation by the Club of the paper read.

The 4th meeting of the session was held on December 11th, when Mr Bévenot took as his subject "Other Planets than our own." The solar planets may be divided into two sections—the inferior or those between the sun and the earth, and the superior or those further away from the sun than the earth is. The planets were treated in the order so obtained. The orbit of Mercury, like that of Venus, is not the same as that of the Earth, and so it rarely happens that they are seen against the bright disc of the sun. When this happens it is called a "transit." Connected with this transit is a curious phenomenon called the "black drop," of which the reader gave an account. Mercury and Venus probably have a day of length equal to their year, as is the case with our moon. The most discussed of all the planets is the first "superior" one—Mars. The surface of Mars is well defined in a good telescope. There are white caps at the poles (attributed variously to snow and to carbon-dioxide solidified) and various "canals." The suggestion that these are due to Martians, who in straits for water built the canals, found no favour with the reader of the paper. Jupiter is the largest of the planets. It has many markings, bright spots appearing at times as well as broad belts. Saturn is the most beautiful of the planets. The changes in the position of its rings and their constitution were both discussed, the

## Monthly Speeches

evidence suggesting that Saturn is in a very primitive stage of planetary evolution. Uranus and Neptune, both of comparatively modern discovery, are too far away for much to be known about them; but the history of the finding of Neptune was given as a conclusion to the paper.

P. F. MORAN, Hon. Sec.

## MONTHLY SPEECHES

### NOVEMBER

THE monthly speeches this term were held in the study. The speeches in November were a very fair average. Spiller, d'Ursel and Dunbar were quite successful. When, however, blank verse was being spoken, it was not at all easy in some instances to recognise it as verse at all. Special mention must be made of the playing of Beethoven by Welsh and Rochford, with praiseworthy accuracy and restraint.

### PROGRAMME

PIANOFORTE SOLO, "Moonlight" "Sonata"	Beethoven.
D. M. ROCHFORD.	
Funeral of Youth	Rupert Brooke.
H. DUNBAR.	
Flag of England	Kipling.
R. G. HAGUE.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, Serenade	Jensen.
L. KNOWLES.	
On the Influence of Music	Shakespeare.
E. J. T. B. BAGSHAW.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, Légende	Paderewski.
P. MILLS.	
Heaven	Rupert Brooke.
G. W. S. BAGSHAW.	
Tabla Cain	Machay.
J. TOLLIER.	
Oxford	Lionel Johnson.
H. d'URSEL.	
Clarence's Dream	Shakespeare.
J. W. B. FITZGERALD.	

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PIANOFORTE DUET, Norwegian Dance :	Grieg.
V. CRAVOS and J. R. T. CRAWFORD,	
Napoleon's Farewell	Byron.
L. SPILLER.	
The Lost Leader	Browning.
C. UNSWORTH.	
VIOLIN SOLO in G, Andante	Beethoven.
T. V. WELSH.	

### DECEMBER

The speeches this month were well above the average. Many of the speakers spoke with the exact degree of slowness which is suitable for the study. Where all were good it would be invidious to particularise, but perhaps Moran and King were the most successful. The extract from the "Canterbury Tales" was punctuated with laughter, not wholly due to the intrinsic humour of the piece. Welsh played Raff's Cavatina admirably; the phrasing was excellent and the double stopping clear and accurate. Bévenot also played a difficult fugue with a good sense of balance and with more robustness and definition than we remember to have heard from him before. We must, however, address one word of criticism to the pianists. In one or two cases there was a serious lack of the sense of rhythm, and a regrettable tendency to "rubato" playing. The loud pedal, also, was made use of to "blur" difficult passages, which is not its proper sphere. E. B. Milburn's playing of Haydn showed distinct promise.

### PROGRAMME

VIOLIN SOLO, Cavatina	Raff-Joachim.
T. V. WELSH.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, Sonata in F, Allegro	Beethoven.
A. L. MILBURN.	
The Fallen Yew	Francis Thompson
F. G. DAVEY.	
Mycerinus	Matthew Arnold.
L. KNOWLES.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, Waltz in B	Chopin.
V. CRAVOS.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, Battle Song	Schumann.
W. R. EMERY.	

## A Mystery Play

Elegy in a Country Churchyard	Gray.
P. BLACKLEDGE.	
From the "Ancient Mariner"	Coleridge.
G. B. KING.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, Sonata in B $\flat$ , Andante	Haydn.
E. B. MILBURN.	
From "Sohrab and Rustum"	Matthew Arnold
P. F. MORAN.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, The Lake	Albeniz.
P. MILLS.	
From the "Canterbury Tales"	Chaucer.
W. J. ROACH, A. M. DE ZULUETA, J. E. S. SMITH, and A. B. LEE.	
PIANOFORTE SOLO, Fugue	Mendelssohn.
L. BEVENOT.	
From the "Stones of Venice"	Ruskin.
D. M. ROCHFORD.	
The Great God Pan	E. B. Browning.
M. W. L. SMITH.	

## A MYSTERY PLAY

By R. H. BENSON

THE performance of the late Monsignor Benson's Nativity Play for the Red Cross Society, on December 14th, was a great success. Although the date originally intended for its production was anticipated by a week there was no sign of hurried organisation or imperfect rehearsal. The play is not without its faults of construction, but it is imaginative and even dramatic, and all its appeal was brought out by the straightforward, simple acting of the players. Yet, despite this seeming artlessness, there were through it all evidences of careful and successful training. The dresses were evidently chosen with a view not only to historical propriety, but also to correct blending in the grouping of the characters; and the result was a fine balance of richness and repose. The scenic resources of the theatre are such as to make a simple and broad effect the most difficult of all to attain, and though the setting was a little too elaborate for perfection, it was as simple as the management could make it. The audience who looked at the effective wintry scenery could hardly realise that bricks had been made without straw.

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Toller and T. Wright spoke their lines especially well in the Inn scene, but undoubtedly Gilbert as the old Zachary had the hardest task to perform, and the delivery of his lines was often impressive. The restraint of Forster and the full treble notes of Cary-Elwes as Martha contributed further to the success of the performance.

It is obvious that Monsignor Benson's play is inspired by the old English carols, which he has interwoven into the fabric of its composition, and that on them it depends in great measure for its effectiveness. The rendering of the carols by the choir was in every respect excellent. The keynote was struck at once by the crisp and decisive singing of the opening carol—"God rest you, merry gentlemen." Some alterations were made in the original choice of the carols—all of them, we think, for the better. Mr W. A. Pickard-Cambridge's setting of an old Dorsetshire carol—"There is no rose of such virtue"—was especially effective. And Pearsall's beautiful setting of "In Dulci Jubilo," with its difficult rhythms, was excellently done, being taken at a fast pace, which contributed greatly to its atmospheric suggestiveness. The instrumental music was good and well chosen; and Welsh's rendering of Mackenzie's Benedictus calls for special notice.

### DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Mary	E. Forster
Joseph	B. M. Wright
Tobias (landlord of inn at Bethlehem).	J. Toller
David (his servant)	H. Dunbar
Zachary	C. H. Gilbert
Ezra	A. M. de Zulueta
Ben-Ezra	E. H. George
Eliphaz	T. M. Wright
Nadab	G. C. Gilbert
Uzziel	R. W. S. Douglas
Martha (a child)	C. E. G. Cary-Elwes
Abel (her brother)	R. Wilberforce
Angel Herald	W. R. Emery
Gaspard	R. W. Flint
Melchior	L. V. Milburn
Balthazar	A. Fors
Angels	C. S. D. George, L. D. Chamberlain, C. M. Mills

## A Mystery Play

### SCENES.

Scene 1.	Road outside Bethlehem.
Scene 2.	The kitchen of the inn.
Scene 3.	Hills outside Bethlehem.
Scene 4.	The Crib.

Tableau The Adoration of the Three Kings from the East.

### MUSIC.

PRELUDE	Trio. Larghetto (from Clarinet Quintet).	Mozart.
Carol 1.	"God rest you, merry gentlemen." Traditional Warwicksire carol.	
Carol 2.	"The Lord at first had Adam made." Traditional.	
Carol 3.	"A Virgin Unspotted." Traditional.	
Violin Solo.	Benedictus. T. V. Welsh.	A. C. Mackenzie.
Carol 4.	In dulci jubilo, let us our homage show. Words: Blessed Henry Suso 1365. Music: 14th century melody set by R. L. de Pearsall.	
Trio.	Larghetto con moto.	Niels Gade.
Carol 5.	Myn lyking. Words: 14th century. Music: R. R. Terry.	
Carol 6.	There is no rose of such virtue. Words: Dorsetshire. Music: W. A. Pickard-Cambridge.	
Violin Solo	Largo. "Ombra mai fu." T. V. Welsh	Handel.
Carol 7.	When Christ was born of Mary free. Words traditional. Music: A. H. Brown.	
Carol 8.	"Lully, lullay, thou little tiny child." The Coventry Carol, harmonised by Sir John Stainer.	
Carol 9.	"So blyssed be the tyne." Words: 14th century. Music: R. R. Terry.	
Song.	"Nazareth,"	Gounod.
Hymn.	"Adeste Fideles." Words: John Francis Wade, 1750. Proper melody.	

## OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

THE following joined the contingent at the beginning of term:

G. W. Ainscough, S. A. Mannion, A. B. Lee, G. P. Cronk, G. W. S. Bagshawe, E. J. Dixon Reichardt, E. H. George, G. B. King, A. F. J. Saldanha, G. L. Ryan, J. G. Carus, J. E. de Guingand, A. A. Adamson, R. A. Parker, J. A. Blount, A. Moran, J. J. Morrissey.

The following promotions were posted at the beginning of term:

To be Sergeant: Corporal A. L. Milburn.

To be Corporals: Lance-Corporal R. G. Emery, Cadet F. Cravos.

To be Lance-Corporals: Cadets L. B. Lancaster, G. B. Fishwick, J. F. S. Morice, H. A. Marsden.

The full strength of the contingent is now 105.

Since our last number three old members have given their lives for their country—Second Lieutenant V. G. Narcy, Second Lieutenant F. W. Long, and Captain B. F. Cadic.

A good deal of the work of the term has consisted in "knocking the recruits into shape." The company drill has been regularly and well done. Some field work has also been accomplished. In this respect the N.C.O.'s have made a notable advance in the handling of men, and Sergeant Knowles and Sergeant Gerrard deserve special commendation for their energy and skill. The particular points that have been worked at were "outpost duties" and "protection on the march and at rest." A good grasp of the modern elaborate infantry drill has also been gained.

Some excellent lectures have been given by 'old boys.' The lecture on bombing and explosives with some demonstrations by Second Lieutenant D. P. McDonald was particularly instructive. After some preliminary remarks in the Upper Library the lecturer took us outside and from the Flag Walk we were able to see by night some of the kind of work with which our soldiers are now so familiar. Two lectures on trench warfare by Major R. H. Huntington, D.S.O., and Lieutenant

## Officers Training Corps

H. Carter were enlivened by the narratives of their experiences at the front. Monsignor W. Keatinge, C.M.G., the Senior Catholic Chaplain to the Forces, told us something of the life of a chaplain at the front. Monsignor Keatinge was a member of the original Expeditionary Force and described in particular the retreat from Mons. To all these kind friends we tender our best thanks.

The band has lost the services of Drum-Major Ayres, of the York and Lancaster Regiment. His good work has been carried on by one of the officers. Some talent has been discovered among the junior members of the Contingent. We may mention for special commendation, Cadets J. K. Loughran, G. C. Gilbert, and O. T. Penney, all of whom have attained considerable proficiency.

*Musketry.* In the Musketry tests the following results were attained:

### CLASSIFICATION TEST.

First Class	16.
Second Class	32.
Third Class	13.

### RECRUITS.

Passed	23.
Failed	6.

### ANNUAL INSPECTION.

The annual inspection was held in July by Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. Esson of Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment), and we received too late for publication the following report from the War Office:

*Drill.* Distinctly good; words of command are well given both by officers and non-commissioned officers; were acted on with smartness and precision; steady on parade and handle their arms well.

*Manoeuvre.* The first unit commanders have been evidently well taught; handle their sections with intelligence; fire was well controlled and directed; fire discipline was good.

*Discipline.* Good.



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*Turn-out.* Good.

*Signalling.* Transmitted a test message with fair accuracy.

*Arms.* Very well kept.

*Buildings.* The armoury and storeroom accommodation is excellent. There is an open and half covered miniature range; the apparatus for manipulating, moving and vanishing targets was in good order; range generally in good condition.

*General Remarks.* The commanding officer is very keen on his work, and is thoroughly competent; the result is shown in the good system of command and instruction which prevails in the contingent. The Officer commanding is ably seconded by Lieutenant Maddox. The inspection showed that the contingent was in good order and well worth the public money spent on it.

### THE FIELD DAY

This term's Field Day was fixed for December 5th, and by the kind permission of Sir William Worsley, the manoeuvre was held in Hovingham Park. The scheme in general terms consisted in an attempt of a raiding post to reach and blow up before three o'clock an ammunition train, which had broken down at Hovingham station. Sections 1, 2, and 3, formed the White defending party and the remaining five sections of the corps, the Brown attacking party.

Shortly after ten o'clock the contingent, with the band playing, marched down the valley through Gilling to the cross roads north of Coulton. Here a halt was called, and some refreshment taken. At twelve o'clock, Sections 1, 2, and 3 marched off and were given half an hour to take up their positions of defence. The two forces came into contact very shortly after the time fixed. A small party of the White force under Corporal Liston, having taken up a very strong position on the rising ground south of the Hovingham and Gilling road, very effectually checked any advance down the valley, and the officer commanding the Brown army was forced to change his plan of attack. Two sections under Sergeant Welsh were sent through the woods on the northern slope

## Rugby Football

of the valley to force a way south of the cemetery to the station, and in the meanwhile a smaller party under Corporal Encombe was dispatched with instructions to enter the village, if possible unobserved, by the southern road. The attack from the north was anticipated by the officer commanding the White army, who had posted a strong party under Sergeant Knowles to stop any advance on the station from this point. But the stronger attacking party forced them to retire slowly, and the 'Stand Fast' found them somewhere on a line north of the Hall. The party under Corporal Encombe had in the meantime entered the village unobserved, but failed to reach the station before the appointed time. When the 'Stand Fast' sounded, they were exactly opposite the Worsley Arms where tea awaited them—a coincidence surely worthy of note.

After tea a 'pow wow' was held which was unique, both by reason of the number of the N.C.O.'s who addressed us and the clarity and precision of their speeches. We marched back through Stonegrave and Oswaldkirk.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

#### FIRST FIFTEEN.

Opponents	Ground	Result	Score
Ripon Grammar School	.. .. away	won	86-0
Giggleswick School	.. .. away	won	42-0
Hymers College	.. .. away	won	58-0
Pocklington School	.. .. away	won	83-0
St Peter's School, York	.. .. away	won	26-0

#### SECOND FIFTEEN.

St Peter's School, York	.. .. home	won	21-0
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#### AMPLEFORTH v. RIPON GRAMMAR SCHOOL

THIS match was played at Ripon on October 25th, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the school by eighty-six points to nil. During the first few minutes the game was fairly even and very fast, but our opponents soon showed signs of tiring and the school "threes" admirably

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fed by the pack scored try after try. The ball invariably secured by our pack in the scrum was quickly heeled, and many delightful passing bouts among the "threes" led to ten tries being scored before half-time. Six of these were converted. The second half was a repetition of the first, and forty-four points were added to the score, leaving us winners by eighty-six to nil. This being the first match of the season, the work of the forwards, practically a new pack, only two of last season's veterans being included, was watched with great interest. They more than fulfilled expectations. The packing was good, low and well-knit; McGhee's hooking was most effective and was well carried on by the back rows, who heeled smartly, thus making Welsh's task as scrum-half comparatively simple. He showed good style, and Gerrard and he should prove a powerful pair of halves. Encombe led his forwards well and set a good example of vigorous, untiring work. The backs from whom we expected great things played a sound, strong game, relying entirely upon rigidly orthodox passing movements, a good policy when your opponents are out-paced. All played well, and B. J. D. Gerrard and J. G. Simpson, the new men, fitted into their places admirably. The former's sound defence and the latter's pace should prove useful to the side.

### The Ampleforth XV:

Back, R. G. Emery; *Three-quarters*, F. Cravos, B. J. D. Gerrard, C. Knowles (captain), J. G. Simpson; *Half-backs*, T. V. Welsh, J. M. H. Gerrard; *Forwards*, Viscount Encombe, T. A. McGhee, J. F. S. Morice, C. P. St L. Liston, H. A. Marsden, J. Foley, M. W. L. Smith, V. Cravos.

### AMPLEFORTH v. GIGGLESWICK

This match was played at Giggleswick, November 11th. At the opening of the game a certain lack of cohesion and balance was noticeable in the Ampleforth pack. The ball travelled rapidly, in spite of the heaviness of the ground, and there was a good deal of straggling in the loose. In the scrum the packing was too high at first, and the Ampleforth forwards were repeatedly penalised for attempting to hook before the ball was properly in play. Some sound openings, however, made by

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Gerrard at stand-off half, enabled the three-quarters to indulge in calm but accurate passing, and after a series of reverse passes between B. J. D. Gerrard and F. Cravos, the latter crossed the Giggleswick line, and converted his try with a fine kick from the touch line. In a few minutes another elusive run by the same player brought him within scoring distance, but when actually on the line he passed to Liston, who put the ball down nearer the posts. After this our opponents perceived that the restrained manner of Cravos was a delusion to the unwary, and he was very closely marked for the remainder of the game. In the second half the forwards got together; the packing was low, and the heeling swift and neat. McGhee was undoubtedly the leading spirit in this half. His excellent footwork, to which Encombe and Marsden afforded resolute support, carried the ball time after time into the Giggleswick twenty-five, where Welsh got it smartly away to the waiting backs. The Giggleswick forwards played hard up to the last minute, and though they were beaten in the second half they were superior in the first. Our opponents were unlucky to have two of their backs absent. The final score of forty-two points to nil represented the all but perfect combination of the Ampleforth forwards and backs in the second half. Emery had some dangerous rushes to stop in the first half, and his play was cool and sound.

The XV. was composed as follows:

Back, R. G. Emery; *Three-quarters*, F. Cravos, B. J. D. Gerrard, C. Knowles (captain), J. G. Simpson; *Half-backs*, T. V. Welsh, J. M. H. Gerrard; *Forwards*, Viscount Encombe, T. A. McGhee, J. F. S. Morice, C. P. St L. Liston, J. Foley, H. A. Marsden, V. Cravos, Hon. M. Scott.

### AMPLEFORTH v. HYMERS

This match was played at Hull on November 25th. The score—fifty-eight points to nil—indicates a one-sided game, but it never lacked interest and was played almost throughout at a very fast pace. In the "tight" there was little between the two packs as far as mere pushing went. Good "hooking" and swift "heeling" left the ball more often than not with the Ampleforth backs, and the backs showed no hesitation in

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their prosecution of swift offensive movements. At times Welsh was rather slow, but once the stand off had the ball openings regularly ensued, and the strong and resolute running by the "threes" rather bewildered and demoralised the opposing defence. For a while the Hymers forwards broke up quickly and were largely instrumental in keeping down the score; but when the abnormal amount of work thrown upon them tired them, the score rose rapidly. At half time it had reached twenty-one points to "nil." The first score came through Knowles; subsequently Cravos and Simpson took charge of the scoring. On one occasion Cravos kicked a "beautiful" goal from the touch line. In the second half there was more individual "cutting in" by the backs and dribbling by the forwards. McGhee and Encombe were prominent in "foot work," whilst both J. M. H. Gerrard and Knowles on several occasions left the defence standing and still waiting for the pass that never came. The position in which the "scrums" were generally formed tended to let the ball go across to the left wing and Simpson on four more occasions either circumvented or cut through the opposing backs. An adverse wind made place kicking difficult and only the more obvious tries were converted. The Ampleforth XV was composed as follows:

*Back, R. G. Emery; Half-backs, T. V. Welsh, J. M. H. Gerrard; Three-quarters, F. Cravos, B. J. D. Gerrard, C. Knowles (captain), J. G. Simpson; Forwards, Viscount Encombe, C. P. St. L. Liston, T. A. McGhee, M. W. L. Smith, Hon. M. Scott, J. Foley, H. A. Marsden, J. F. S. Morice.*

### AMPLEFORTH V. POCKLINGTON.

Played at Pocklington on November 29th. The game hardly lends itself to description. When once the Ampleforth team settled down it merely became a question as to who should score the next try. The Pocklington team was both out-paced and over-weighted, and never looked like scoring at any time. The forwards played an admirably unselfish game, feeding the eager backs with almost monotonous regularity. Though the game lasted only fifty minutes the

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score mounted up to eighty-three points before "no-side" brought an uninteresting game to a finish. Ampleforth XV.

*Back, P. Mills; Three-quarters, R. G. Emery, B. J. D. Gerrard, C. Knowles (captain), J. G. Simpson; Half-backs, T. V. Welsh, J. M. H. Gerrard; Forwards, Viscount Encombe, T. A. McGhee, J. F. S. Morice, C. P. St. L. Liston, H. A. Marsden, J. Foley, Hon. M. Scott, M. W. L. Smith.*

### AMPLEFORTH V. ST PETER'S SCHOOL.

This match was played at St Peter's on December 9th, and resulted in a win for Ampleforth by one goal and seven tries to "nil." The absence of J. M. H. Gerrard and F. Cravos necessitated a re-arrangement of the side; Morice and Emery played in the three-quarter line, Knowles went stand off half, and Porri and P. Mills were introduced into the team as forward and back respectively. St Peter's also had substitutes playing at stand off and inside three-quarter. The play of the Ampleforth halves and three-quarters would have been good under the best conditions; with the ground and ball in the state they were, it was nothing short of brilliant. St Peter's were decidedly heavier in the "scrum," and the slippery ground gave them an added advantage. But in spite of this, thanks to clever "hooking" by McGhee, the Ampleforth backs got considerably more than their share of the ball. A feature of the game was the neat handling by the Ampleforth forwards; in one try, scored from our own twenty-five, every forward handled the ball before it was finally touched down. May we suggest one criticism? On a wet ground and against a heavier pack every ounce of weight is wanted in the scrum. The tendency of one of the Ampleforth forwards to "wing" lightened the pack and confused the scrum half, and undoubtedly cost the side several tries. St Peter's put up a good fight and "died game."

The following was the Ampleforth side:

*Back, P. Mills; Three-quarters, J. S. F. Morice, B. J. D. Gerrard, R. G. Emery, J. G. Simpson; Half-backs, C. Knowles (captain), T. V. Welsh; Forwards, Viscount Encombe, T. A. McGhee, J. Foley, C. P. St. L. Liston, H. A. Marsden, M. W. L. Smith, Hon. M. Scott, C. J. Porri.*

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AMPLEFORTH 2ND XV *v.* ST PETER'S 2ND XV

This match was played at Ampleforth on December 9th, under weather conditions that could hardly have been worse.

Although the school side were far from being at full strength, they achieved a decisive victory by 21 points to nil. The ground was in many places under water, everywhere very muddy. Under these circumstances the school XV very rightly played a purely forward game, and though outweighed in the formal scrums, their vigour and dash gave them the advantage in the loose work, and it was this advantage that enabled them to score tries. The first try was scored shortly after the opening of the game by Hodge, who fell on the ball over the line after a splendid piece of forward work by the whole pack. V. Cravos scored shortly afterwards by clever play from a 'line out.' St Peter's attempts to open the game out were quickly frustrated by vigorous tackling, Morrissey bringing his man down several times in excellent style. The score at half-time was 12-0. A clever try was added by Crawford immediately after the interval. Getting the ball from the scrum, instead of passing to Unsworth, he slipped round the blind side and eluding several opponents scored near the posts. Two or three attempts at open play by the home backs broke down through their failure to handle the slippery ball, but FitzGerald scored after a fast dribble, and another try being added by the forwards, the game ended with the score of 21-0 for the home side. Ampleforth and XV :

*Back:* G. L. Ryan; *Three-quarters:* J. J. Morrissey, E. E. G. Ruddin, J. W. B. FitzGerald, D. M. Rochford; *Half-backs:* J. R. T. Crawford, C. Unsworth; *Forwards:* Hon. C. Barnewall, V. Cravos, L. Spiller, F. E. A. MacDonnell, H. W. Greenwood, W. J. Hodge, W. R. Lee, L. J. S. Jungmann.

## THE BEAGLES

WE began the season with a pack of eleven couples, which had been steadily conditioned on the road for the previous six weeks. The result has been an improvement all round on last year's hunting, more especially in the pace and staying power of the hounds. Thanks also to the Headmaster's concession of a half holiday for the hunt we have been much further afield. On the whole, scent has not been too good, and we have been hampered in several districts by the overcrowding of hares.

The opening meet was on October 4th, at Scarlet Wood near Stonegrave, but rain came down in crystal rods and even in that overstocked country we could find but one hare, whose scent was washed out after a run of two minutes. After an hour's paddling we called off and went home soaked to the skin. The following two meets were also spoilt by bad hunting weather.

On October 18th we met at Tom Smith's Cross, and had in the opinion of many followers the best hunt of the term. We found a hare at once which sank Tow Dale for about half a mile before swinging left-handed for Cote Lane. The pack followed the line up the road towards Tom Smith's Cross, until some younger hounds, ignoring the 'Hark-Forward,' diverted interest to a gate opening on to the Deer Park. The result was a prolonged riot after deer before hounds rallied to the horn. Once they were in hand the huntsman put them to the road again, and, piloted by Soldier (whose tongue is infallible on a road), they puzzled out a stale scent up the road as far as Waterloo Farm, where the hare had turned out. We had a bad check in the adjoining field, and, as valuable time had been lost in the Deer Park, it looked as though they had been run out of scent. Fortunately as the huntsman was making a wide cast, the hare got up and the pack were after her with a grand burst of music. After describing a wide circle round Tow Dale, she again led them up the road for two hundred yards and turned into Waterloo Plantation. Once inside the wall she ran an elaborate foil in

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a patch of bracken undermined by an extensive rabbit-warren, but, though the inmates issued forth to perform the most seductive antics before the pack, the older hounds kept their heads and Danish hit off the line in fine style. For quite a quarter of a mile the hare hugged the wall—evidently seeking a loophole on to the road—and the pack, now racing for blood, pushed her with such vigour that she had no time to pause. As she left Waterloo Plantation for Westwood Rigg, she was tiring fast and preceded hounds by no more than a stone's throw. She made a short double and clapped, and the whole pack ran straight over her. In an instant she was away again over the Rigg, but, with the huntsman's frenzied directions, they got a view and the last race began over the heather. The whole Field was up to see Bluebell leave the pack and turn the hare into Gambler, who rolled her over after a run of one hour and ten minutes. The obsequies were carried out near by and engrossed the School's attention.

On All Saints' we met at Riccal Bridge near Helmsley. Hounds put up a hare very quickly and there ensued a 'burst' which left most of the Field in the remote rear. They crossed the railway and the Harome road in the direction of Helmsley. Then, leaving the station on the left, they pressed the hare over the Kirby Moorside road, and raced straight for Carlton, but swung left-handed for Rea Garth Farm. A bad check occurred and, while hounds were beginning to 'feather' on the line, rain came down in pitchforks and scent gave out. Until 3 p.m. the freshest scent ran cold in a few minutes, and the Master decided to try the grass-land near Rye House when the weather promised better. We found in a few minutes, and, after following the Nunnington-Helmsley for some way, the line bent towards Helmsley Station. After crossing the Harome road we had troubles with fresh hares, but a timely 'So-Ho' enabled the huntsman to put hounds right, and they ran a circle back to Rye House. The hare dropped a field ahead of the pack and Chaucer and Crazy ran into her after a fast run of thirty-five minutes, in which we had one momentary check. The bad weather had sent most of the Field off to Helmsley for tea, but some staunch followers were up to claim trophies.

## Old Boys

Other runs of the term deserve even longer description, but a niggardly Editor has proved inexorable to a demand for space. The meet near Ampleforth, when a stout hare made us labour up four hundred feet to the summit of Noddle Hill, and kept us hunting in moonlight; the second visit to Tom Smith's Cross, when a fox fouled the line after a violent run and robbed the pack of a 'scut' in Royalty Gill; the great scenting day at Salton when hounds killed in the dark near Muscoates, and continued hunting unaided till midnight—all these runs clamour for description which we must deny our readers.

We have to thank Lady Feversham, Lady Julia Wombwell, Mr W. Hunter, and numerous land-owners and farmers for their kind permissions and support; and Lieutenant Cyril Simpson for a hound purchased from the Magdalen, New College and Trinity kennels. And lastly our thanks are due to Lady Encombe, Mrs Stirling, Lord Lovat, and Mr John Lancaster for the largesse of game which made the Hunt Dinner held on November 9th, reminiscent of the orgies celebrated by our hunting forefathers.

M.B.H.

## OLD BOYS

CONGRATULATIONS to Captain R. M. C. Huddleston, Royal Scots, who was married on December 12th at St Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, to Miss Edith Maud Rawdon-Hastings, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Paulyn Rawdon-Hastings and Lady Maud Rawdon-Hastings of the Manor House, Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

J. W. Bischoff, who is at present at the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, spent some of his holidays at Ampleforth. He was the winner of the featherweight boxing prize in last year's competition at Dartmouth.

We ask the prayers of our readers for Henry Pascal Duggan (1875-1880), and Joseph Cafferata (1870-1872), of whose deaths we have recently received news. R.I.P.



## Preparatory School

cross-ventilation has been secured. Indeed some have severely said that the care for the boys' health in this building amounts almost to "crankiness." But we are glad to learn that the experience of one term has proved its excellence in all respects and has completely justified its careful design and construction.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL boys, who belonged to the old preparatory division were moved into the new School at the beginning of Term. For the completeness of its history we give their names:

R. Lancaster, A. Ainscough, C. Cravos, K. R. Greenwood, J. J. L. Haily, J. D. Kevill, D. C. Maxwell, A. C. Maxwell, R. T. Sykes, D. E. R. L. Cheney, R. Kevill, R. Cravos, R. H. Lawson, N. J. Caffrey, F. M. Sitwell, P. H. F. H. Rooke, Ley, T. M. O'C. Robinson, P. E. Hodge.

They were joined by the following "new boys":

E. C. Drummond, W. H. Lawson, G. C. Romanes, E. Dee, B. Dee, J. B. Massey, J. W. Hodgkinson, H. G. H. Butcher, C. E. Cullipp, C. Ryley, J. C. M. Tucker, H. J. G. Grisewood, P. H. E. Grisewood, G. T. Grisewood, S. E. Saldanha, L. George.

\* \* \*

DOM BASIL MAWSON was appointed Headmaster in August last, and he is assisted by Dom Maurus Powell and Mr B. Easter. The governors and music teacher is Miss Craigen, and Nurse Costello is the matron. The resident staff is daily reinforced by the members of the school teaching staff.

\* \* \*

THE war has made it impossible to finish the grounds, but a temporary football field has been secured two hundred yards to the west in "Michael's Field." The terrace in front of the school seems to offer to its inmates ample scope for amusement, and from the distance we see a variety of games in progress. Once a day when we are at our books they come to the "gym" or the indoor bath. Saving this visit and the visit paid on Sunday by dutiful elder brothers we know nothing of the "Prep." boys' life and habits. These elder brothers however bring back confused stories of a school elysium unknown to us "in our day!"

## THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

THE new Preparatory School was solemnly blessed on Friday, September 22nd, by Father Abbot, in the presence of the community and the boys from the college. A few parents and friends were present. The blessing was performed in accordance with the form of the Roman Ritual. After the final ceremony of the erection of the crucifix, Father Abbot spoke a few words to those who were assembled on the reason and purpose of the new school. It had been built in answer to a steadily growing demand. But this was not all. It was, so to say, the completion and the rounding off of their Benedictine ideal of education. That ideal aimed at the making of school a real projection of family life. A monastery was essentially a family, and the boys of a monastery school became members of the family. The Benedictine endeavour was to continue in school life the personal interest and individual attention which was characteristic of the true family; and this endeavour would now be easy of attainment. That the minds of men were now definitely focused on this ideal was an undoubted fact. But it was not only for this that the Benedictine training asked the consideration of the world. They strove as well to develop in the boys a confidence based on the training of their powers and a self-reliance born of trust and responsibility. It was to carry out these aims that the new school had been built, and he could only pray that the blessing of God would second their earnest endeavour. In conclusion the Abbot read an English translation of the prayer of the Ritual begging for God's grace for masters and boys, and praying that the Angels of His light might dwell within the walls of the school, and guard all who lived and taught and studied therein.

\* \* \*

As our readers are well aware, the school has been built with the object of supplying the need of a separate establishment for boys between the ages of seven and twelve. The buildings include a Chapel, Refectory, Library, Classrooms, Playrooms, Dormitories, Spray and Slipper Baths, and an Infirmary Wing. All the living rooms face south, and a thorough system of



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APPARENTLY among the amusements there in vogue is "kite-flying." One of these kites hovered over the college to the great confusion of our naturalists, who viewed it at first with intense interest, and debated to which of the preying species of birds it belonged. One actually believed he was on the eve of being able to answer the vexed question of the movement of the hawk's wings. This same kite later became the object of the serious attention of the local Military Volunteer Force. At dusk it broke away and its string became entangled in a hedge to the south of the Lion Wood, whence it hovered over Gilling making a drumming noise not unlike an aeroplane. The Gillingites tremulously gazed at this unwelcome visitor. Expert military opinion in the shape of the Volunteers' officer judged it, so we are told, a suspiciously inquisitive aeroplane, and higher authorities were about to be summoned, when the truth dawned upon someone. We understand that it was rescued many miles away on the railway line, and that a correspondence between the Headmaster of the "Prep." school and the police authorities ensued. Happily no one was fined, nor had the Headmaster to spend part of his first term of office in prison!



THE JOURNAL Committee have not appointed a representative in the Preparatory School, who can provide them with information. The above notes are not, as our readers will gather, "from within." In the next number we hope to be able to give a more minute and intimate picture of its life by one of its denizens. In the meantime we must be satisfied to record a few other facts that have reached us. N. J. Caffrey was its first captain. Dom Maurus Powell (a real football veteran, whom we grudge the "Prep." school) has been its football coach and games master, and finally "soccer" is the game.

## THE AMPLEFORTH SOCIETY

FOUNDED JULY 14, 1875.

Under the Patronage of St. Benedict and St. Lawrence.

President: THE ABBOT OF AMPLEFORTH.

### OBJECTS

1. To unite past students and friends of St. Lawrence's in furthering the interests of the College.
2. By meeting every year at the College to keep alive amongst the past students a spirit of affection for their Alma Mater and of goodwill towards each other.
3. To stimulate a spirit of emulation amongst the students by annually providing certain prizes for their competition.

Five Masses are said annually for living and dead Members, and a special "Requiem" for each Member at death.

The Annual Subscription of Members of the Society is 10s., payable in advance, but in the case of boys whose written application to join the Society is received by the Secretary within six months of their leaving the College, the annual subscription for the first three years shall be 5s.

Life Membership, £10; or after 10 years of subscriptions, £5. Priests become Life Members when their total subscriptions reach £10.

For further particulars and forms of application apply to the Hon. Sec., JOHN M. TUCKER, Solicitor, 23/24 Eldon Street, London, E.C.

## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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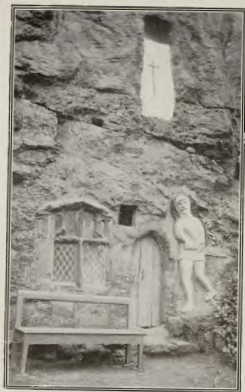
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EXTERIOR OF OUR LADY OF THE CRAG

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## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL

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No. III

### OUR LADY OF THE CRAG

**H**OLLOWED out of the limestone rock that overhangs the river Nidd by the Low Bridge at Knaresboro' is a little mediæval oratory commonly called "St Robert's Chapel," but originally known as "Our Lady of the Crag." It stands at the foot of the exposed face of the cliff, about halfway between the river level and crag-top. Its dimensions are diminutive, about twelve feet in length, eight in breadth, and seven in height. The smooth walls and roughly levelled floor, the slightly concave roof groined with intersecting ribs, a tiny altar, its frontal enriched by a narrow arcading on slender pilasters, are all hewn from the native rock, as well as the piscina and ambrey, a stone seat in the north wall and a niche behind the altar with pillars and carved canopy. In the floor is a shallow cavity, seventeen by eleven inches; and on the south wall are four rudely carved heads, one a little distance from the other three. The outer wall, made up with masonry, shows a two-lighted Perpendicular window, a doorway, and a small square opening between the two; at the right of the door outside appears in high relief the gigantic figure of an armed man in act of drawing his sword, as though to guard the chapel from intrusion.

In spite of mistaken modern tradition no reasonable doubt exists as to the date and origin of this little sanctuary. Here are some authentic records:

1. The Court Rolls of Knaresboro' Castle include the following license, dated 9th Henry IV (1408), "*Iohannes Maisone cepit de domino unum vastum subtus quarreram cum licencia minandi infra quarreram ibidem pro quadam capella facienda et habenda; Habendum et tenendum sibi*"

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et assignatis suis pro termino vitae suae per redditum per annum," &c.,—rent not stated. This is the earliest notice of the chapel, but in frequent references which occur in later deeds it is always described as the "Chapel of Our Ladie of the Cragg" or "Quarrell Chapel," or "Our Ladie of the Quarrell" or "Quarry," and never as the Chapel of St Robert (*Knaresborough Wills*; Surtees 104. 1902. Vol. 1. p. 222, note.)

2. John Mason of Knaresburgh, cleric of the parish church, is mentioned as present at Archbishop Kemp's Visitation held March 24-26, 1428. (Surtees. Vol. 127. p. 211).

3. Leland who visited the spot about 1540 writes: "A litle beneth March-Bridge . . . I saw an old Chapelle yn a Rok hewen owte of the mayn stone." He does not associate the place in any way with St Robert whose cave and monastery he describes elsewhere.

4. After the Reformation the grotto ceased to be used as an oratory, and gradually lost its association with Our Blessed Lady, which is the less surprising when we recall that the parish church also changed its dedication at the same time from Our Lady to St John Baptist. Still in 42 Elizabeth (1600) "Thomas Hill of Windore, &c.,—surrendered one waist with two cottages thereupon builded, nere to one Chapell, called the Ladye Quarrye" (*Knaresborough Wills*; I. 222); and as late as 1657, Will: Conyers bequeaths "one feild within the parish of Knaresborough comonly called the Quarry Feild, or Ladie of the Quarry." (*K.W.* II. p. 230).

Never in all these centuries or deeds is the chapel connected in any way with St Robert. Nothing whatever remains in any record to suggest that St Robert knew the place, that his Trinitarian successors ever used or claimed it, or that it was ever visited in connection with his name—before the last years of the eighteenth century.<sup>2</sup>

[John Mason (John the Mason?) takes from the lord one waste below the quarry with license to mine within the quarry there in order to make and hold a certain chapel; to have and to hold it for himself and his assigns for the term of his life at a yearly rental.

<sup>2</sup>Dr Collins, editor of *Knaresborough Wills*, says of "St Robert's Chapel" "how and when it obtained this name it is impossible now to say." Miss Rotha Clay, the sympathetic historian of English hermits, writes in 1914: "There is no ground for believing that it was ever the habitation of St Robert." (*Hermits and Anchorites of England*, Antiquary Series, p. 44).

Now as to John the Mason and the foundation of his little sanctuary; and first, Do the two quotations given above refer to the same individual? In the earlier he is not styled a cleric, which in a legal document would be a singular omission if he were such; the second expressly describes him as a cleric of the parish present at the Archbishop's Visitation. I offer the conjecture that the elder John Mason who takes the grant in order to make the chapel is a master-builder of the town,<sup>1</sup> and that the second is his son, a priest of the Knaresboro' parish, who derives his family name from his father's occupation, and succeeds him in the tenancy of his chapel. Building was going on extensively in the town about this time and the local quarries were being largely worked. The church, burnt by the Scots in 1318, and described as needing repair at this very visitation, was rebuilt in good style during these years, both it and the castle showing work of this period. On the death of Queen Philippa Knaresboro' fell to her son John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," who strengthened and beautified the castle, the keep of which has Decorated tracery in its great window, and in its upper story early Perpendicular work resembling that of the Crag Chapel. Henry of Bolingbroke succeeded to his father's honours, and then seized the throne and reigned as Henry IV. For these various buildings the huge quarries to the south of the town provided material; and one can imagine John the Mason to have been a master-builder of the period, a large employer of labour and a devout man, who conceived the project—a very natural one in those ages of faith,—of founding a wayside oratory in honour of Our Lady near the quarry where his men worked and from which his fortunes came. His immediate motive must be conjectural. The chapel might have commemorated, or been meant to avert, some accident to his workmen; it may have been a grateful offering for their safety or his own prosperity; or it may be just an ordinary manifestation of devotion to the blessed Mother of God. So the lord's license is obtained to construct the chapel, the workmen give their labour to excavate and

<sup>1</sup>No Mason occurs in the Poll-tax returns of 1379 for Knaresboro', nor apparently any one connected with the Castle.

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the master his skill to adorn it; and in course of time the priest-son of the pious founder serves the chapel which he inherits.

In those days in England as still in Catholic lands shrines of various kinds, whether crosses, images or oratories, were ordinary features of the countryside,—sacred spots at which devout folk knelt for a moment to ask a blessing on their toil, or bowed the head in silent prayer as they recalled some mystery of faith. To erect such memorials was a work of piety and charity sanctioned by tradition and encouraged by indulgences. Such oratories would be open at all times to the private devotions of the faithful, and Mass would be offered there on certain days, such as the feasts of the patron and of the founder. They were sometimes built in strange places, not by the roadside only but in spots difficult of access; not infrequently, too, they were hewn out of hillsides or rocks. Natural caverns, hallowed by the lives and deaths of holy men, were turned into oratories, like the *Sagro Speco* of St Benedict at Subiaco, the rock shelters of the blessed hermits at La Cava and the grottoes at Marmoutier or Salzburg. But caves were sometimes expressly constructed as chapels without serving as hermitages at all, and bear names that indicate their origin. "St Mary of the Rock" is found at Nottingham, and "Our Lady in the Rock" at Dover; there is a famous sanctuary of Our Lady at Rocamadour in France, and the grotto at Lourdes perpetuates the tradition to the present day. Such an oratory was the cave-chapel of Our Lady of the Crag.

A noteworthy feature about our Knaresboro' shrine is the bold figure of a soldier who stands by its doorway with sword half-drawn, as if to protect the sanctuary. Popular fancy offers wild interpretations of this figure, some supposing it to represent St Robert, the gentle hermit, others a Knight Templar, whose Order had been suppressed a hundred years before! The original outline must have perished long ago from natural decay of the rock surface; the figure is obviously a restoration, composed not of stone but smooth cement, and the present tenant remembers a new head being put on some forty years ago! It is impossible therefore to fix



ALTAR OF OUR LADY OF THE CRAG

## Our Lady of the Crag

its date or be sure of its identity. If coeval with the chapel the armed man may symbolise the protection of the lord of the castle from whom the founder held his grant; or it may compare with a somewhat similar image in the cave at Warwick which is known as Guy of Warwick. The four heads inside the chapel represent, according to popular fancy, the Blessed Trinity and St John Baptist!—on no better grounds than that the Trinitarian friars had a house close by, and that St John was beheaded! As likely as not they have no significance whatever, and are only chance carvings of some idle occupant after the chapel's desecration.

No evidence is forthcoming then of any association of the Crag Chapel with the name of St Robert previous to the making of "Fort Montagu" in the latter years of the seventeenth century; and a popular tradition which only began in those dark ages of archæology or history is not entitled to any weight. "Fort Montagu" was the name given by a Duchess of Buccleuch to a curious series of four chambers which were hewn, one above another, out of the crag-face a little to the left of the Chapel by a weaver named Hill, whose descendants are still tenants of the place. His ingenuity and persevering toil attracted attention from aristocratic visitors to Harrogate, many of whom came to inspect, to patronise or to assist his strange labours. The minute sanctuary close by naturally shared their curiosity and had to be accounted for in some way. Its real name and purpose had long been forgotten, whereas the story of St Robert had lately been revived through the connection of his authentic cave, a mile lower down the river, with the romantic murderer Eugene Aram.<sup>1</sup> Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the hermit's legend should be exploited to add interest to the Crag Chapel and Fort Montagu; and in spite of rivalry between the custodians of the two sanctuaries, and the impossibility of reconciling their versions, the fable grew that here St Robert lived and died. The townsfolk accepted the story, one guide-book after another gave it a vogue which picture postcards have augmented;

<sup>1</sup>Tried and hanged at York, August, 1759, for the murder of Daniel Clark, whose body was hidden in St. Robert's cave.

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and it still passes current even though Dr Collins has unearthed the original grant from the dusty archives at the castle, and discovered the correct dedication and story. On the sale of portions of the Slingsby estate in 1916 this venerable sanctuary, together with the genuine "St Robert's Cave," came back into Catholic hands. The present owners of the Crag Chapel, however loath to part with any of its legendary honours, can no longer perpetuate its fabulous connection with St Robert; and they propose that as soon as possible, but without altering its character, it shall be restored to its primitive dedication and purpose, and made to minister once more to the faith and devotion of the people.

It would be an ideal spot for a War Memorial. Its picturesque setting of rock, river and woods, and the associations of an ancient shrine could be well combined with religious emblems to commemorate the gallant townsmen who have given their lives for God and England.

J.I.C.

## MEDIAEVAL TRAVEL and TRAVELLERS

(A Paper read before the Stubbs Historical Society, Oxford).

"It is only the wonderful traveller who sees a wonder, and only five travellers in the world's history have seen wonders. The others have seen birds and beasts, rivers and wastes, the earth and the (local) fulness thereof. The five travellers are Herodotus, Gaspar, Melchior, Balthasar, and Marco Polo."—*John Masefield.*

### I

I QUOTE this saying, whether true or false, of a traveller and a poet, as a warning. First, only one of the five falls within the range of this paper, and secondly I myself have certainly brought no wonders to display before you as the result of my armchair explorations among the records of more energetic travellers.

What I sought for and what I failed to find was information which would illuminate like the marginal pictures in old chronicles the dry historical statements of our text-books, e.g. that St Wilfrid made many journeys to Rome, that the Imperial court was migratory, that Philip Augustus sent to Russia for a wife or that Innocent III summoned bishops from all parts of the world to the Fourth Lateran Council—information about roads, routes, inns, passports, maps, &c., and the frame of mind and attitude towards foreigners of mediaeval travellers. But apart from Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life in the XIVth Century*, which is limited in place and time, and a typically useless Boche book, I could find no literature on the subject.<sup>1</sup> The absence of any useful collection might be attributed to the absence of any material to collect; but when one considers what unlikely fragments of knowledge learned people do collect and make books of, this explanation seems improbable.<sup>2</sup> Circumstances have not

<sup>1</sup> For the later periods of the "Italianate Englishman" and the "Grand Tour" there is of course plenty.

<sup>2</sup> The individual who ought to have written this necessary book must have been a genius, if Mr St John Hankin is right in his improved definition of genius as the infinite capacity for making other people take pains.



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permitted me to make elaborate researches of my own, and I have simply thrown together various reminiscences of my reading and at times leaned rather heavily on Beazley's *Dawn of Modern Geography*, Heyd's *Commerce du Levant au Moyen Age* and kindred books,<sup>1</sup> or perhaps I may say that I have wandered down sidepaths they indicate.

There are a few picturesque passages in mediæval writers, —Richer and Luitprand, Henry IV's crossing of the Alps, St Bernard's journey up the Rhine, the Crusaders in Albania and Anatolia, and above all the incomparable Joinville. But for the most part the traveller who writes has a single-minded interest in the object of his journey—"Two days' journey hence is the city of so and so where there is much silk" or "Thereby is the valley where the children who mocked Elias the prophet were devoured by bears,"—these are the matters of their concern.

Before dealing with the methods and conditions of travel we might consider some types of the figures that move so dimly along the shadowy roads of the past. For the mediæval world was as mobile as it was coloured, and the highways were channels of a continual lifegiving circulation of ideas and action affecting all classes of society. The many princes and corporations meant many envoys. Edward III, for instance, had a staff of twelve messengers at a salary of 3d. a day while on a journey and 4s. 8d. a year for shoes. But they fortunately received presents from those to whom they took good or important news. On the election of Pope John XXII at Lyons a messenger reached Edward II at York in ten days and was given 20s. The official announcement came five weeks later, and the bearer got £5. Finally the Pope's own envoy came and was presented with £100.<sup>2</sup> The English

<sup>1</sup> I can mention with, but in confidence, the worst of these, but for fear of a libel action I confine myself to saying that the author after giving an erroneous detail concerning the Battle of Actium, refers to Herodotus as his authority. The Regius Professor of Greek and His Majesty's Minister for Education stand sponsors to this work.

<sup>2</sup> I imagine that anyone gifted with "the sort of low cunning which enables one to solve a quadratic equation" might work out a formula regulating these presents. They seem to be in direct ratio to the dignity of the sender of the message and in inverse ratio to the messenger's speed.

## Mediæval Travel and Travellers

kings were always moving about, as the published itineraries of Henry II and John and Edward I show, and they carried with them much of the machinery of government. The Papal Court was a centre to and from which a constant stream of bearers of business, alms, appeals, complaints and messages of respect, was flowing. Of a lower class there were merchants, pedlars, journeymen, itinerant doctors with wonderful panaceas, with ointment "made from the heads of seven fat bats," and whose medicines were like the evenings in Innisfree full of the linnet's wings. There were minstrels and jugglers passing from castle to village and the great fairs. There were bear leaders, and miniature menageries which carried strange beasts round the country "for to disport with the sight of hym the king's true lieges." There were occasionally elephants and leopards travelling as royal presents, like the elephant named Abu Lubabah and the dog Berceillo which Harun al Rashid sent to Charlemagne.

I regret that I have found no records of knights errant in the style of Malory or the early Chansons, riding at haphazard in search of adventures (though I remember one in Froissart). I am afraid they were a literary convention; the knight errant in the flesh had an object before him—a crusade or a tournament.

A more substantial class was that of the wandering scholars. The travels of Lanfranc, St Anselm, Abelard, John of Salisbury and Gildas Cambrensis are too familiar to recapitulate. But Adelard of Bath may be mentioned for his travels in the Levant and his attendance in disguise at Moslem lectures in Cordova.<sup>1</sup> Travel was inseparable from scholarship.

*Fili notisium dum sunt juniores  
Mittuntur in Franciam fieri doctores*

Englished by Professor York-Powell as—

*Gentlemen's sons while young they be  
Are sent to France to get a degree.*

<sup>1</sup> I think we might spare a note to John Nicholas, a Slav, for the solitary detail I know of him. After studying very unsatisfactorily at Paris, he was refused a degree, and was so aggrieved that he took legal action against the university but lost his case and so has some claim to be the first authentic leader of the long and honourable list of "ploughs." Ball, *History of Mathematics*

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But the most numerous travellers were the pilgrims, whose numbers increased continually down to the Reformation. Two illustrations will suffice. In 1064 Archbishop Siegfried of Mainz led seven thousand pilgrims to Palestine, and in 1434 Henry VI granted licenses to two thousand four hundred and thirty-three English pilgrims going to St James of Compostella alone.

The good name of the pilgrimages has been injured by application to them, unfairly as I think, of the *Goyd Presuyoun* of William Wey who published this guide-book in 1558. His advice is singularly unbefitting the performance of a penitential task. "Furst, yf ye goo in a galey" (from Venice) "make youre covenante wyth the patrone by tyme and chose you a place in the seyde galey in the overest stage; for in the lawst under hyt ys ryght smoldering hote and stynkyng." Pay for your passage to Joffa and back again: "xl ducatis for to be in a goyd honeste place . . . and also to be cheryschet." Fix the route and the stops, avoiding Famagusta in Cyprus. "Also that youre patrone yeff yew every day hote mete twyes at too melyn, in the mornynge at dynar and after none at soper; and the wyne ye schal drynke be goyd and youre water fresch, yf ye may come ther too, and also byscotte." Take also three "barells" each of a quart, i.e. ten gallons, two for wine and one for water; also plenty of food in case the ship's food be "febyl." Other necessary articles are spices (a long list is given) a caldron, a frying-pan, plate and "a fedyr bedde, a matre, too pylwys, too peyse schetis and a gwyll." For these latter things you pay three "dukatis" at Venice and resell them on your return for half-price. At Jaffa be sure to land at once and secure the best donkey; be equally prompt in getting a choice of room at the hotel. Beware of friendly Saracens, they are usually pickpockets.

But in William Wey's time pilgrimages were fast becoming pleasure trips. The genuine palmer of earlier centuries had a harder time, for instance of Siegfried of Mainz's seven thousand followers only three thousand returned. I mention also, though I disagree with it, M. Juserand's statement that many local pilgrimages were undertaken chiefly to

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annoy the Government, as in the case of pious journeys to the tombs of Simon de Montfort and Thomas Earl of Lancaster. However in these cases the Government undoubtedly took umbrage and anticipated in its prohibitions a later epigram in regard to the Jansenist "Miracles of St Médard":

*"De par le roi, défense à Dieu  
De faire miracles en ce lieu."*

I shall give some further examples of pilgrimages together with merchant journeys later.

This incomplete list may suggest some elements of the motley current which flowed through the states and cities of Europe. An objection which has probably suggested itself is that the phrase "Middle Ages" is too vague and that conditions changed so much within that period, as to make items taken indiscriminately misleading if not useless. But though there was a steady advance all through the mediæval centuries, I think we may say that on the whole there was little change in travelling between the barbarian invasions and the Renaissance, except in quantity. New countries were thrown open and travelling became easier and safer, but the essential qualities remained the same till the real change in the fifteenth century.

The conditions under which these movements took place were not encouraging. The roads which in the main followed the Roman lines, were in theory kept in repair by the landlords whose estates bordered or contained them, through the agency of course of their tenants. Religious houses were specially bound. But it seems to have been considered not so much a social duty as a pious work of supererogation; travellers were an unfortunate race and deserving of Christian charity. Yet I must quote Professor Thorold Rogers' opinion that the deduction from the scandalous state of English roads before the Turnpike Act of 1773, of even worse conditions in the Middle Ages, is a mistake. He calculates from the rapidity of journeys and the cost of carrying goods that they must have been considerably better. (*Six Centuries of Work and Wages*.) When Piers Plowman urges the amendment of "wikked ways" as a fitting sign of penitence he is

referring to highways and not to modes of life, for he adds "and also bryggas." This addition was needed for the bridge was a crisis in the life of even a healthy road. We read that travellers commended their souls to God before crossing a bridge. I don't know whether this statement is a deduction from the chapels so often found on or by bridges. The admiration excited by Charlemagne's bridge over the Rhine, which took ten years to make and was destroyed by fire shortly before his death<sup>1</sup> suggests bridgework was in its infancy. In the twelfth century a religious society was founded under the name of Frères Pontifices and spread rapidly from its home in France to other countries. Their work was done with a skill and science almost rivalling that of their brother artists in churchbuilding. But, where their work or influence was lacking, bridges remind one of Sir Mark Sykes' observation that in Turkey bridges are regarded as an obstacle and not a convenience to travellers.

A very good illustration is Richer's account of his journey from Rheims to Chartres as the result of a friend's letter inviting him to come and read the Aphorisms of Hippocrates. He set out at once from his monastery of St Remy with the messenger and a boy. (991.)

"From the Abbot at departing I received no more than the gift of one palfrey. Without money or letters of credit I reached Orbis, a place renowned for charity, and there was much refreshed in conversation with the Abbot, and munificently entertained. I left on the morrow for Meaux. But the perplexities of a forest which I and my companions entered were not without their evil fortune: we went wrong at cross-roads, and wandered six leagues out of our way. Just past the Castle of Theodorice the palfrey which before had appeared a Bucephalus, now began to drag like the sluggish ass. Now the sun had passed the South, and, all the air dissolving into rain, was hastening to the West, when that strong Bucephalus was overcome by the strain, failed and sank beneath the boy who was riding him, and as if struck by lightning expired at the sixth milestone from the city. What was my anxiety they will easily judge who have been in like fortune. The boy, not used to this kind of travelling, lay utterly worn out by the body of the horse; the bags had no one to carry them; the

<sup>1</sup> *The Monk of St Gall*.

rain was pouring; the sky all cloud; the sun nearly set. However, Heaven gave counsel among these troubles. I left the boy there with the baggage, told him what to answer to questions from passers-by, bade him beware of falling asleep, and, along with the Chartres messenger got to Meaux. I pass on the bridge with scarcely light to see by. Then looking more narrowly, I was assailed by new misadventures. There was so many large gaps in the bridge that the visitors of the townsfolk can only have got over that day with hazard. The man of Chartres, full of quickness and good sense likewise for the difficulties of the journey, after looking all about for a ferry and finding none, came back to the perils of the bridge. Heaven granted him to get the horses safely over. For in the gaping places he sometimes put his shield under the horses' feet, sometimes laid loose planks over, stooping and rising, and coming and going till he had brought the horses and me with them safe across. The night lowered and veiled the world in darkness and gloom when I entered St Faro's; the brethren were just preparing the loving-cup. That day (Mid Lent?) they had dined in state, and read the chapter of the Rule, "Concerning the Cellarer of the Monastery" which was the cause of their late potation. By them I was received as a brother, and restored with pleasant conversation and a plentiful repast."

He sent the man from Chartres back to rescue the boy and spent a night of anxiety on their behalf. They arrived in the morning nearly dead from hunger—

"Leaving the boy in care of the Abbot I went on with all speed to Chartres and then sent back my travelling companion with the horses to bring the boy on. All ended well, all anxieties passed away."

—and the enthusiastic student enjoyed the "Aphorisms of Hippocrates" with his friend Dan Herbrand, "a man of great liberality and learning," and had an unexpected orgy of reading on the "Harmony of Hippocrates, Galen and Soranus."<sup>1</sup>

Such conditions tended to confine long distance travellers to particular routes where cities lay close together and local traffic caused the roads to be kept in passable condition. The main links between Northern Europe and the South and East seem to have been the valleys of the Rhine and the Rhone. From England, the Low Countries and North Germany trade converged on Cologne, went up the Rhine,

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.* iv, sec. 50, Migne P.L. 138. The translation is from Ker, *The Dark Ages*.

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struck across country to the Danube and followed it as far as Augsburg and then southward and across the Brenner Pass to Verona and ultimately Venice. Later when Hungary was converted a new route was opened to Constantinople, which instead of turning south at Augsburg followed the Danube almost to its mouth, while a short cut across Central Germany left the Rhine for Frankfort and Nuremberg and joined the Danube route at Ratisbon. That "liar of the first magnitude," Sir John Mandeville, gives many routes to the East, but all except one (through Prussia to Tartary) by sea.

The way through France varied but most main roads from the North met at Troyes and Lyons, and unless going to Marseilles for a continuation by sea crossed over Mt Cenis to Turin. One time-table allows eleven days from Paris to Lyons and seven days between Lyons and Turin.

Perhaps the best known mediaeval itinerary is that of Henry Bolingbroke's pilgrimage to Jerusalem, of which the historical skeleton has been so skillfully covered with flesh and blood by Henry Newbolt. I take however as a specimen of normal diplomatic travel, Hugh de Vere's embassy from Edward I to the Pope in 1298, borrowing it from L. F. Salzman's entertaining *Medieval Byways*. De Vere's suite, consisting of two knights, two chaplains, a clerk, ten squires, and some thirty attendants, left Paris on April 4th, Good Friday. They followed the valley of the Seine into Burgundy and turning south reached Lyons on Monday, April 14th having covered about thirty miles a day. At Vienna they turned eastward passing by the Grande Chartreuse through Savoy and over the Mt Cenis, reaching Turin on Friday the 25th, exactly three weeks after leaving Paris. After a four days' rest they followed the northern slope of the Appenines to Bologna and then crossed to Lucca and so on to Viterbo and Rome, where they arrived on Whit Monday, May 26th. That is, an important diplomatic journey without undue haste or delay took fifty-one days from Paris to Rome. The return journey by a slightly different route took four months. There are no adventures and few incidents. The expenses indicate considerable trouble over the varying coinage and

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considerable detail in the entries of food showing, says Salzman, "that the roads were safe and the travellers good Englishmen."

But it is to be remembered that by this time the modern national state is beginning, and that this expedition was under special guarantees for security.

An earlier time-table—Benjamin of Tudela's—in the twelfth century gives Damietta to Messina 20 days, to Palermo 2 days, to Rome 20, to Lucca 5, to Verdun 25, a total of 67 from Egypt to Central France. That is an ordinary traveller might reckon the journey from Rome to Verdun at twenty-five days. The cross-German route I mentioned above, from Cologne to Ratisbon, he calculates to take fifteen days.

Another estimate quoted by Professor Rogers, gives Oxford to Newcastle six days including one day's rest; Avignon to Calais eighteen days; Calais to Oxford seven days. You may have noticed that all these statements vary considerably, and the same difficulty of attaining any definite conclusion applies to all the other subjects I have tried to deal with. If the Society will accept the *Arabian Nights* as an authority, one of the best stories suggests that two months was a short time for a journey from Cairo to Fez.

The means of communication on the whole were not such as to encourage loitering for the sake of views. The traveller made sure of his resting-place before night. If he could afford it he rode, and very many seemed to have been able—even Richer. William Driffield hired a "hakeney" from a London innkeeper who "promysed and warrantized the said hakeney to be of helth and of habilitie and well and trewley" to carry him to Walsingham. But before he had gone twenty miles the hakeney "wold nor myght go no farther" and was left at Ware, where it died of "dyverse infyrmytes." Chaucer's pilgrims rode and the Canterbury road was furnished with a service of horses for hire at the rate of 1s. to Rochester, 2s. to Canterbury and 2s. 6d. to Dover. Horse litters were not unknown, and aristocratic ladies had special conveyances, long, low tunnel-shaped things with windows and balconies, nobly carved and decorated. Edward III's

sister had one costing £1,000 (the value of one thousand oxen) and Richard II's queen's cost £400. If you were very tired you might get a lift in one of the many peasants' home made carts which jolted slowly over the roads carrying goods at 2d. per mile and corn at 1d. per ton, but the romance of a knight who even at the call of honour made use of one.

But I have dwelt long enough on the comforts of travel, and it is time to say something of the discomforts. There was, for instance, always the chance of being murdered. It is true that in thirteenth-century France a law was passed holding the lord responsible for murders committed on his land and binding him to compensate the relatives. But this may have been regarded as more of a consolation than a stimulus, especially as the indemnity was not often paid. In 1265 the Count of Artois refused to pay for a murder done on his territory near Arras, for, he said, the murder was done after nightfall when it was clearly unreasonable to hold him responsible. I mentioned the possibility of murder first because robbery, legal or illegal, was a probability. Of the legal methods there were tolls. In the fourteenth century there were seventy-four on the Loire between Roanne and Nantes, sixty on the Rhone and the Saonne, and sixty-six on the Garonne.<sup>1</sup> Payment was often made in kind,—a convenience for the minstrels and jugglers. The famous robber barons of the Rhine need no more than a reference; their crowning exploit was the holding up of the Emperor Frederick III.

The illegal robberies were less annoying; moreover one could always make a complaint and sometimes even get a remedy.

The next requisite for travel after roads and bridges is the halting place for the night. England, of course, is famous for its inns, but their excellence dates from a later period. In the Middle Ages, in spite of the Tabard and doubtless similar places on much-frequented roads, they were not used by the wealthier classes. Kings and nobles stayed at castles and put some of their retinue at houses nearby. Minor

<sup>1</sup> Lavisse and Rambaud, vol. 2, ch. 9.

officials like sheriffs and bailiffs had apparently the right to quarter themselves on private citizens, and the latter's protests found expression in laws limiting the number of circuits or tours their unwelcome guests might make to two a year. Abbeys and their guesthouses offered another refuge, and the system of corridors turned the hospitality into a legal claim. The inns were for a long time the last alternative and used chiefly by small merchants and landowners, pedlars, &c. Well-to-do people apparently camped out for the night.

Professor Rogers has given us the accounts of the Warden and two fellows of Merton, who, accompanied by four servants, went from Oxford to Durham and Newcastle in the winter of 1331. Their expenses on one day were—Fodder for horses 10d.; Meat 5½d.; Bread 4d.; Beer 2d.; Wine 1½d.; Fuel 2d.; Potage ¾d.; Candles ¾d.; and Beds 2d.; A guide after dusk is given a 1d.; a ferry across the Humber costs 8d.

Ale-houses had a still worse reputation than inns, and seem to have been as dangerous to the morals of those who entered them as their law-hanging signs were to those who tried to pass them.

In sparsely inhabited places the religious motive, as in the case of bridges, came to the rescue, and hospices were established in Alpine passes and the Cevennes.

Besides the material deterrents from travel dealt with above, there were some vague but by no means unreal ones. Once the traveller got outside Christendom there were not only lions in the path but dragons and devils and anthropophagi. Some claimed to have seen these things,—he was a poor sort of traveller if he failed,—but all believed in them. In the absence of special correspondents, the stay-at-home population had to fall back on the no less wonderful stories derived in great measure from the *Collectanea* of Julius Solinus Polyhistor, and read or listened with avidity to the thrilling account of the man who dined with the Great Khan or narratives of six hours in the Perilous Valley.

The monsters and wonders found their way into maps, e.g. the Hereford Map, and naturally could not be doubted. Historians we know are not to be trusted,—“I asked for truth and they gave me history,”—but geographers are

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surely as blameless as Ethiopians. Besides this natural history was science and the mediæval people were quite modern in their faith in the scientific expert. Who can refuse confidence in a map? And the earlier maps of the Middle Ages were in some respects superior to ours. They showed clearly two important features which Mr Bartholemew neglects though his mediæval namesake, Friar Bartholemew, firmly believed in. There were, the symmetry of the habitable world and the earthly paradise.

It is not difficult to construct one of these maps. Take a circle and bisect it. From the centre draw a radius at right angles to this diameter. That is all. Thus—(Fig. 1) The semi-



FIG. 1.

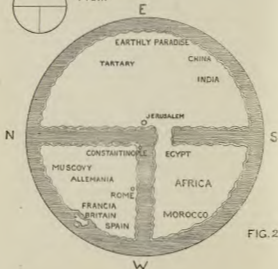


FIG. 2

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circle, which you turn to the top is Asia; the quarter-circles are Europe and Africa. The line between them is the Mediterranean; the northern and southern (*i.e.* left and right) radii are the Bosphorus and Red Sea (or Nile) respectively. Of course, you broaden the lines, make their edges jagged and dot cities along them to give an air of verisimilitude to a bald though convincing diagram (Fig. 2). When in doubt, add monsters and mermaids. As for the modern cartographer's paraphernalia—well,

What's the use of Mercator's North Poles and Equators.

Tropics, Zones, and Meridian Lines?

So the Bellman would cry and the crew would reply:

They are merely conventional signs!

This was the most popular type of world map and survived as a basis of the Hereford "Mappa-Mundi" even after the use of the compass had enabled mariners to construct the "Portolani" coastline maps with remarkable accuracy. This habitable disk was conceived of as occupying one side of a watery globe; whether there was a similar continent on the opposite side of the earth was much disputed.

Some people of course had clearer ideas of topography. Cosmas Indicopleustes for instance. As his name signifies, he had been to India or half way there, and was qualified to give his views, which he did in his *Christian Topography* of ten books. His theory was that the earth was flat, and was contained within the walls of a universe, of whose shape the Tabernacle of the Jewish wandering in the desert was an exact model.

Certainly whatever the world is, it is not a rotating globe, for as he asks with the unanswerable directness of that far distant but like-minded philosopher, Huckleberry Finn, "On what is the earth suspended? How was this axis transfixed through the earth? and what is it made of?" Again, "How can rain be said in Holy Scripture to be falling if it is really coming up?"

<sup>1</sup> Migne, *Pat. Graec.*: vol. 58, where copies of Cosmas's maps and schemes are given. Bk. 1, p. 120.



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Apart from his cosmological theories, Cosmas has left much valuable information concerning the districts about the Red Sea in his day.

The intending traveller equipped with one of these maps might in later times derive further confidence from guide-books, of which a fair number still survive, though they deal chiefly with Palestine and the Holy Places. Later still conservation manuals appear.

There is an Anglo-French one of the fourteenth century, and William Wey added to the *Goyd Preuyssoun* a list of useful Greek phrases which bear an interesting resemblance to modern Greek, e.g.—

<i>Goyd morrow</i>	=	<i>Calomare</i>
<i>Wheder goyst thou?</i>	=	<i>Papacy</i>
<i>Bring hether</i>	=	<i>Fer to do</i>
<i>Gyf me bred</i>	=	<i>Doysme ypsoms</i>
<i>Wontan, haue ye goyd wyne?</i>	=	<i>Geneca esse calocrasse?</i>

But I imagine that Latin and Lingua-franca served the purposes of most travellers. You may remember Gregory VII's difficulties in communicating with good King Olaf of Norway "propter longinquitatem terrarum et maxime propter ignotas linguas."

There is one little mediæval anecdote of an Englishman who sailed beyond all known regions and continued straight forward till he came to an island where the people spoke English. He was so terrified at the phenomenon that he turned round at once and sailed off home, thus apparently missing the opportunity of fame as the first circumnavigator of the globe.

Returning to discomforts for a moment there is one species apparently inseparable from any enforced aggregate of human beings which perhaps should be passed over. Still; well, you may remember a cheerful little book called *Minor Horrors of War*, with a singularly unattractive picture on the cover (magnified I trust many hundred diameters). Not to enlarge on the subject I will give a brief and reticent but illuminating extract from *The First Hundred Thousand*.

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"You put the blankets in at one end, turn the necessary handles and wait." In due time the blankets emerge, steamed, dried and thoroughly purged. At least that is the idea. But listen to Privates Ogg and Hogg in one of their celebrated cross-talk duologues:

Ogg (examining a blanket): "They're a' there yet, See!"

Hogg (an optimist): "Aye, but they must have gotten an awfu' fright!"

The mediæval past had not even this mechanical discouragement, and the conversation-book mentioned above contains a suggestive sentence or two between a traveller and a land-lord. "Praise be to Heaven," replies the latter to an exhaustive entomological inquiry, "my house contains none of them, but" (with a burst of candour, or elation) "there are plenty of rats and mice." Pilgrims and crusaders suffered particularly, for at Tiberias according to the Arab legend "that powerful potentate, that master of millions, Sultan el-Baraghit, holds his court."<sup>1</sup>

The dangers of travel by land were of course enormously multiplied at sea. If contemporary drawings are to be trusted the early mediæval vessel violated in its lines every canon of shipbuilding. Yet they grew in size, and in 1170 a wreck in the Channel caused the loss of four hundred lives. Two memorable accounts of mediæval fleets are Geoffrey de Vinsauf's description of the sea fight at Beirut in 1187, and Villehardouin's rhapsody on the magnificent appearance of the crusading armada in 1203. The former, by the way, makes the significant remark that Richard I "was no less cheerful and healthy, strong and mighty, light and gay, at sea than he was wont to be by land." I will not discriminate between busses, viscers, galleasses, cogs, and esneccas. Roughly, there were two main types, the single-masted sailing ship built for storage-room, and the long, low, oared galley for speed.

The seas swarmed with pirates; Saracens in the early period, and cosmopolitan buccaneering companies in the

<sup>1</sup> H. C. Linkach, *The Fringe of the East*.

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later. There is a pirate story in the monk Herman's appendix to Guibert's autobiography; I give a condensed translation:

"We entered a boat at Wissant, on the feast of St Mark and some merchants going from Flanders to buy wool in England joined us for safety" (Herman and his companions were bearing some relics). "In the middle of the sea, one of us saw a ship, and told the captain who sent a youth to the mast-head, and from his report deduced pirates. His terror signified death to us. Turning pale, we saw the ship approach with swords and lances glinting in the sun. The merchants offered all their money to Our Lady and implored her help. The ship was a bowshot off when the master urged the priest Boso to make use of the relics. Boso, ascending the highest part of the poop, held up the relics and forbade the pirates, by the power of Our Lady, to approach any closer. Straightway a great wind arose, drove them away and sank their ship. On nearing England we laid by some of the merchants' money, to return to them, but they being now safe, took each his own original amount and returned thanks only in words. Having travelled nearly all over England and bought wool, they stored it in a large house on the shore and waited for a passage home. But the day before they sailed, the house caught fire and their wool was completely destroyed."

Amalfi is credited with the introduction of the compass, but it was long before it came into general use. Brunetto Latini describes his meeting with Roger Bacon during the Oxford Parliament of 1258. Bacon showed him "an ugly black stone called a magnet, and a needle rubbed with it turns instantly to the north. But this discovery is useless because no master-mariner will risk his reputation for magic, nor will a sailor follow him if he uses an instrument whose operation is obviously due to an infernal spirit with him."

If in spite of the help of a map and the avoidance of magic art a ship nevertheless got wrecked, it became the property of the lord of the district. A certain count of the Leonais derived such an income from this source, that he called the profitable rock of Primel the most precious stone in his crown. Pilots moreover were not always averse to earning a share of such spoil by wrecking ships on purpose, and simple

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country-folk doubtless had their traditional and old-fashioned methods of helping the work by false lights. Any approach to a rocky coast must have disquieted sailors and added poignancy to the words of the epic of exploration—

"At first sight the crew were not pleased with the view  
Which consisted of chasms and crags."

In time the conditions improved especially with the regular sailings of the Venetian merchant fleets in the fourteenth century. They instituted a special passenger service of galleys from Venice to the Syrian ports for the use of pilgrims. Edward I's naval measures are familiar to you, and his fixing of the cross-Channel fare at sixpence per man and one and sixpence per horse.

Still many inconveniences remained and the oft-quoted verses beginning—

"Men may leave all games  
That sail to Saint James  
For many a man it grames (grieves)  
When they begin to sail."

show as the poem proceeds, the inexorable working of the first law of sea motion, with some special mediaeval corollaries.

Yet in spite of these difficulties which might seem to confine travelling to those compelled to it by necessity or devotion, there are a few at least, who travelled for knowledge of the world or the pure joy of adventure, and have left some record behind them. Such was Othere, who told his tale to Alfred the Great. "He said that upon a certain time he fell into a fantastic and desire to prove how farre . . . whereupon he took voyage. . . . Well he wist and remembered that he was faine to stay till he had a westerne winde . . . ." Such is Ibn Vahid of Bassorah who saw at

<sup>1</sup> Longfellow is, as usual, happy in his modernisation of Hakluyt's version

I ploughed the land with horses,  
But my heart was ill at ease,  
For the old sea-faring men  
Came to me now and then  
With their sagas of the seas.

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Siraf "a ship ready to make sail for China. The mind took him to go on board of this ship"—but I shall have something more to say of him later. Similar again is the spirit of the Greek in a French romance who tells Roland, "I am a Greek and my country is the world over which I roam in search of adventures." Indeed most of the early romances depend largely for their effect on this atmosphere of remoteness—the secret some say of "Celtic glamour"—like the perpetual refrain in Russian stories of "across three times nine countries to the thirtieth realm"<sup>1</sup> and the Gaelic "over the seven bens and the seven glens and the seven mountain moors." The voyages of Maeldune and Saint Brendan and the naturalisation of the far-wandering Odysseus as the Irish Ulyxes MacLaertes are further witnesses to the ideal.

<sup>1</sup> There is an additional mystery here,—in the arithmetic.

## CARDINAL MERCIER'S PHILOSOPHY<sup>1</sup>

THE first thing this book impresses on one is the vastness of the field of philosophy. Here are six hundred pages; and the second volume is still to come. And yet it is only a summary, a 'breviarium' of the separate treatises which make up the Louvain course of philosophy.

In studying philosophy at a seminary, the student feels that he is being shown over a few main avenues of thought, from which branch off innumerable sidepaths. These he does not explore, but stands a moment at the entry of each, while he is told what manner of work is done down there—these are the questions there debated; this and that great man laboured at them; in judging their work these are the principles to keep in mind; these lastly are the mistaken conclusions some have reached,—plausible enough to one who knows only this lane, but impossible in the light of the truths which this main avenue of thought makes obvious to us. That is all. He must go on to deal in like fashion with the next branch and the next and the next. He has a thought-key for each; but he masters none. Later, he finds that his true profit was in this, that unconsciously he mastered the main avenues. At the time they seemed paved largely with the commonplace and the obvious, arranged in the only possible order; a road familiar through daily use, but scarcely an object for serious study. Discussion with outsiders will reveal to him that we alone have this familiarity with the obvious and the inevitable. We have a rational system, in which a new fact can be put in its right place and seen in its true proportions. The outsider has not. He may amaze you by his detailed knowledge, say, of the phenomena of suggestion, or of association. But he cannot weigh his own facts as you can, nor see their true significance. You with your habit of noticing whether the will consents or not to a thought; with your knowledge of thoughts and imaginations and

<sup>1</sup> *A Manual of Modern Scholastic Philosophy*. By Cardinal Mercier and Members of the Higher Institute of Philosophy, Louvain. Translated by T. L. Parker, M.A., and S. A. Parker, O.S.B., M.A. Vol. I. Kegan Paul, 10/6 net.

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sensations as things distinct from each other; you 'place' his facts as you hear them, and see their relative importance, and which of them concern the soul and which the lower powers. He has never done this—he has not the necessary knowledge of root-facts. To him very probably all knowings and all doings are alike phenomena, simply; and that which now looms largest he will think the most important; and he will judge that the controlling factor is, not the soul, but whatever link comes first in his chain of facts. Where we see that the remedy needed is that men should be better trained to self-control and self-discipline, he assures us that the real remedy is to lessen the din of traffic; for to this he has traced back the jarred nerves and the subsequent lawlessness. He does not stop at the point where jarred nerves have to be dealt with by the soul, and say, "This is the crucial point: the soul can learn to deal with jarred nerves ill or well, wrongly or rightly; here must be found a remedy, in the training of the soul." When we meet such blindness, we begin to value aright the training which made us familiar with the main highroads of philosophy.

And what of the treatment of side-avenues of thought, the brief explanations of their content and history, the few principles which are offered as thought-keys to open to us the true meaning of a whole science? Has this treatment any value? It has, if rightly done. It does not of course give us any grasp of the science or of its history. You cannot guess the palace from seeing the key. But when we do study the science and its history, the principles, the thought-keys, remain with us; at first seeming to contradict all the facts we meet; then forcing us to notice how often a statement of true facts is made in terms of a false theory—the facts may stand, the statement must not; and finally, a trusted key which we would not be without. And when we in turn resolve to state clearly the principle which must be borne in mind to secure accord between this branch knowledge and the sure roots of all knowledge, we find that we are only saying again what was said perfectly accurately in our textbook.

In a text-book, the all-important question is the handling

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of the foundation truths and principles. Do you make the student understand beyond mistake what you are speaking of and what you say about it? And again, do you make him feel that your principles are a key to whatever scientific knowledge he may have? The same maxim about fruit growing may be uttered by one who had read it in Cicero and by a practical gardener. The Ciceronian scholar unfolds its meaning by arguments drawn from philology and literary analogy. The gardener talks of things he has seen and done. When you say that this principle is the key to a right understanding of this science, are you going to prove from Aristotle that it must be so? or have you yourself been through the science and its history and found that your key unlocks all difficulties? And lastly, have you faith in what you write? Is your aim to give a true insight into the world? or an accurate statement of the mediæval scholastic's point of view? Accurate statements of points of view convince nobody. In fact they may easily (and unconsciously) lead the student to be of the number of those to whom points of view are everything and truth is nothing. When you denounce a teaching as false and abominable, they say, "Still, it is a point of view, isn't it?" As if that ought to protect it from denunciation. When they hear Catholic teaching on any point, they say, "That is most interesting; do explain your point of view," and you explain, thinking that possibly the truth has glimmered on them and they wish to follow it. But you will find that they are not seeking truth, but collecting points of view. Their latent first principle seems to be "In the study of truth, bear in mind that you never can discover truth, but only what people have thought truth." Now to us, scholastic philosophy is valuable not as a point of view but as a true philosophy.

In this all-important matter of handling principles, Cardinal Mercier's book is a triumphant success. He has faith in what he writes. To him, scholastic philosophy offers an adequate solution to the needs and cravings of the whole of our consciousness. This faith nerved him twenty years ago to the enormous studies and labours necessary for presenting the scholastic principles in modern form. And now,

after two years of the war, he tells his translators that in his eyes the importance of the work is greater, the need for scholastic philosophy is more urgent. Souls are shaken; they call for something higher than brute force and matter; not a poet's dreams, but a real world where Right and Honour and Truth can live. And the Cardinal says "Here is what you are looking for, here in the scholastic philosophy."

This faith shows itself in the tone of the book. It is not written to hold the balance impartially between truth and falsehood. The tone is of one who is convinced and means to carry conviction. "Come and look at what we are talking of; you will see that it is as I say, and you will see how mistakes have arisen." This brings us to the really characteristic thing about the Louvain course of philosophy.

Why, one asks, why a Louvain course? What is your programme? The Cardinal answers in his letter to the translators: "Our programme was to test the traditional teaching of the great doctors of the Middle Ages in two ways,—in the light of modern science, and in the light of the history of philosophic thought." Of course, they knew beforehand that the traditional teaching would stand the test. But there were books enough written by those who were sure it would hold if tested. The Louvain books were to be written by those who had themselves made the test.

I had selected a number of important points for examination,—the treatment of matter and form, the origin of life and evolution, the reality of the external world, the proof of the immateriality of the soul, the psychology of the faculties, freewill. In nearly all the treatment is most satisfying. The question in hand is made perfectly clear, not by isolating it as an abstract proposition but by carefully mapping the ground in which it arises. The approach is made from the scientific side which the modern mind should find familiar. The problem is dealt with fully, not in the sense of travelling over side-issues, but by handling the root facts in many ways, in the light of proofs and difficulties; till the student ought to feel that he is really dealing with

<sup>1</sup> And with this conception of philosophy in front of him, one critic asks *Why drag in religion?*

facts and being trained to use them for the understanding of arguments and the removal of difficulties.

We are given anatomical plates to illustrate the sense-organs and the actions of nerve and muscle, to lead up to the psychology of knowledge and will. Even more interesting are the plates showing in detail the structure and growth of cells. Materialist popular writers had told us that when the secret of the cell should be discovered we should see the passage from inorganic to organic, and how chemistry turns into life. Louvain therefore, instead of waiting for others, set its professors to work to study cell-life and become authorities on it in the scientific world. And they found that the life and multiplication of cells is as elaborately organised and as remote from the inorganic as is the life of man himself.

It would be too long to quote the treatment of any one of these subjects in full. Perhaps some idea of its quality may be given by extracts regarding freewill.

First is made clear 'the good' as the object of will—

In the case of animals . . . the attractive good is the object of a desire arising from a *sense-perception* or *sense-estimation*, and is what is termed a *sensible good*. . . . While the animal is incapable of distinguishing in the thing perceived that which *precisely constitutes its goodness*, it is the characteristic of man who knows things in an abstract way to consider good thus abstractly. . . . Further, in the case of the human will, as it is natural to the intellect to generalise the resultant of its process of abstraction, above and beyond all particular goods it conceives an ideal good which shall comprise in itself all that is good in particular objects; and this ideal, the quintessence of finite goods, is commonly called the general good or the universal good.

Then the will sometimes acts necessarily—

Whenever any object is represented by the intellect as good, upon that representation the will *necessarily* becomes active. . . . Sincerity attracts; selfishness, dishonesty, inidelity, repel; in a word we are aware of necessary movements of the will that take place within us *spontaneously* and before there has been any reflection. Further, there is another class of objects which make such an appeal to the will that *even after reflection* it cannot withstand their attraction. We each

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form to ourselves in a vague way an ideal that contains within it all desirable good; it is an ideal that we can please ourselves whether we think of it or not, but if we do think of it we cannot but desire it.

It seems to me that this is not only clear and convincing in itself, but is admirably planned to prepare the student's mind for the coming discussion of free-will. He will not make the mistake now of thinking of necessary acts of the will, and wondering are they what we are speaking of. He has been taught to recognise them, whether spontaneous or deliberate; and he knows that now we are going on to something else,—the free act:

One that even when all the conditions necessary for its production are present depends for its being willed or not willed upon the volitional faculty itself.

As it is a condition for an act of will that something be presented by the intellect as good, and as the will necessarily seeks what is presented as good, it clearly cannot be free unless the judgement is in some way free also. Hence we assert that the liberty of the free act is rooted in the judgement, is dependent upon a *freedom of judgement*. The point to be determined is what exactly this means; how can our judgement be free when it is determined by evidence which necessarily excludes its contradictory?

In the speculative order it is true enough that evidence either direct or indirect, compels assent. Thus the general proposition: A son must respect his father, necessarily imposes itself upon the reason and its objective value wrings from the will an inevitable consent. Yet . . . the fact that I am the son, with my tendencies, my particular likes and dislikes, makes a great deal of difference to my judgement; the particular act which under these particular circumstances is demanded of me by way of honouring my parent may appeal to me or may be very distasteful. In the abstract my reason certainly approves of parents being honoured, but to honour mine in a particular case may be inconvenient and may cost me much. From one point of view then it is good for me to do this thing and show my parent the deference due; from another it seems better to be more solicitous about my personal interests. Two contradictory practical judgements arise in my mind, and I am aware that it rests with me which shall predominate, that I have the liberty of passing a final judgement, that I am free. We are not, however, now proving the freedom of the will, but only indicating wherein that freedom

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lies. It is the will then that ultimately makes the indetermination to cease, or as we may say 'settles the mind' of the person. In brief, liberty has its root in the intelligence, but resides formally in the will.

Then follow the proofs of free-will, under three heads—from consciousness, from ethical and social considerations interpreted by the common opinion of mankind, and from metaphysics. In the argument from consciousness, Mill's objection, "But what I am *able* to do is not a subject of consciousness," is made use of to lead the student to a clearer and closer inspection of what actually we are conscious of, and to give him a firmer and surer grasp of it. The setting forth of the third, the intrinsic proof, is a model of clearness. I wish I could quote it in full:

The *metaphysical reason* of freewill lies in the fact that any particular concrete good is not presented to the will as the absolute, universal good and therefore the deliberating mind can at the same time pronounce it a motive and not a motive for volition. . . .

The proper formal object of the will, the presence of which moves it or necessitates it to volition, is the universal good or perfect happiness. But all the objects of experience, all the concrete objects the intellect can represent as attainable by us in this world are particular goods—*this* good and not *the* good. This being so, as the result of its process of reflection and comparison, the intellect can never assert that *this* good with its limitations and imperfections is identical with the ideal, the perfect good, *the* good; the most it can decide is that *this* particular good may be deliberately willed since it is a good and that it need not be willed inasmuch as it is not *the* good which alone, as true formal object of the will, necessitates volition. This double judgement—disclosed by analysis as the real content of the act of intellectual decision—leaves the will determined to neither course, *i.e.* not bound either to tend towards this concrete good represented or not to tend towards it.

These extracts do not do justice to the whole treatment of the subject. But they give some idea of the clearness and solidity and grasp of facts which mark the Cardinal's treatment of fundamentals.

It must be confessed that many of the arguments used in the *Cosmology* do not appeal. Not merely do not appeal



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as proof of what they are meant to prove, but (in their necessarily compressed form) they seem unsound in themselves. For instance, as to 'action at a distance,' we read—

Our opinion is that there are undeniable facts to prove the physical impossibility of such activity, but that up to the present there has been discovered no convincing proof of its metaphysical impossibility.

The abundant physical facts are summed up in one law:

All material forces are governed by a constant law which may be enunciated thus: The intensity of the action that one body exercises on another diminishes in proportion as the distance increases; and conversely. . . . Now there is no explanation of this fact if the hypothesis of action at a distance is accepted.

Why not? Because, M. Nys argues, the change of intensity is not due to the agent, nor to the patient, nor to the 'medium.'

The action, considered in the agent, has an intensity which is invariable and independent of the distance. . . . Considered in the patient, where nothing is changed, it has the same degree of intensity as it had in the agent. If there were a change, the medium alone would be the cause of it; yet the vacuum is nothingness, and the action not having to traverse it, cannot lose any of its power in space. Hence the variations of intensity, of which we are informed by experience, remain as effects without a cause unless in place of the supposed vacuum we substitute continuous matter, either ponderable or imponderable; and then the progressive diminution of the action depends upon a proportionate cause, namely upon the various resistances of the medium.

Two points in this argument invite question; the loss of intensity, and the idea that the imponderable ether causes that loss. Seeing that the ether was invented to carry heat waves and light waves—because the human mind objected to vibrations where there was nothing to vibrate—it is rather startling to be told that this light-carrying ether is also a light-absorber, that it is responsible not only for bringing the light which reaches us, but also for absorbing that which fails to arrive.

And as to the loss of intensity when the object acted on is moved to a greater distance, surely two utterly different

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things are here treated as one. Put "continuous ponderable matter" between agent and patient; hang a pound weight from a spring-balance by a long cord; or put the weight on top of a long pole. No doubt you can make the pole and the cord long enough to absorb some of the thrust or the pull of the weight at the other end, so that its lessened effect is due to the various resistances of the medium. But the lessened power of heat, light, gravity, &c., is quite different from this. These forces radiate in all directions until they are stopped. Grant as a matter of physics, that it is their nature so to radiate; then their lessened power is a matter of pure mathematics, a mathematical necessity, due to the distance and not to any medium that may fill that distance.

The 'patient' of these forces is not the particular apple which you happen to be thinking of as warmed and coloured and pulled by the sun, but the whole sphere around the centre of force, above, below, and about. Now the further you go from the centre of force the larger grows the surface of this sphere, and the fixed total quantity of emitted light has to do duty over an ever-growing surface, and therefore is more thinly distributed over it. At double the distance, a square inch object gets less light; not because some of the light has been absorbed on the way; but because the same quantity of light, on arriving at this double distance, is spread over four square inches instead of one. The other three-quarters of the light does not fail to arrive; it arrives, but next door instead of here. It is absurd to say that its non-arrival proves that it was absorbed on the way.

The argument in the text-book—that the lessened light is really due to the resistance of the medium, and that this resistance of the medium proves that action at a distance does not happen in this world—seems a piece of confused and impossible thinking. And there are many passages in the *Cosmology* which leave the same impression. Fortunately, theories of Inorganic Being are not very important, and an orthodox professor may disagree wholly with his orthodox text-book.

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It is said that after his professional experience Cardinal Mercier holds that philosophy is best taught in the vernacular with Latin as a subsidiary vehicle. The precision and clearness of the French language give it an unfair advantage in this respect. But one feels that the translators have managed to convey a good deal of that clearness and precision into the present volume. I do not see why it should not become a text-book in our seminaries. In the important matters of letting the student feel that his philosophy and his science are one field of thought and not two antagonistic ways of approaching the world, and of stimulating his interest in both by the sense that a solid grasp of them is quite within his power, this work seems to me all that can be desired. And further, if he skip the introduction and go straight to the particular treatises he can be spared the disheartening bewilderment which comes from plunging into a world of new abstract terms and meaningless propositions about them—a beginning which leads the active mind to devise wrong meanings for most terms, and to spend the rest of the course in righting wrong ideas or in despairing of righting them. In the present volume the condensed Important Preliminary Ideas in the Introduction are likely to have this bewildering effect. But in the individual treatises, as I have tried to show, everything is done to enable the student to grasp clearly what it is that is being talked of before he is asked to follow arguments and assent to conclusions about it.

J.B.McL.

## THE PLAIN MAN AND THE ARTS

"I DON'T know anything about it, of course, but I know what I like!" Such is the plain man's battle-cry; and to all appearances a very good cry, too. No conventions are to come between him and his appreciations: the root of the matter lies for him, as for a great critic lately dead, in "What does this mean *for me*?" And yet between him and the professed critic war is unceasingly waged. The critic finds in him a vulgarian and a perverter of the true values of art; he on his side darkly suspects the critic of sheer hypocrisy in acclaiming, let us say, Italian "primitives," in whose work he can find nothing of interest, but only the ugly and even the ludicrous. It is in the hope of arousing interest in the reconciliation of these two points of view that these pages are written. There must be a compromise: both sides are to blame, and at the same time both sides hold complementary truths which they must on no account relinquish.

In the first place, then, the critic must abandon his mischief-making theory that the appreciation of art is a mysterious gift, inborn in a few souls, who form a close hierarchy. Criticism is after all only habit grafted on a certain aptitude; and this aptitude is part of the natural man (see his battle-cry above). What other subject is there that always and everywhere provokes the hot discussion associated with religion and politics, except art? In this universality lies our hope. The critic must put aside his contempt for the discussion that knows nothing of technicalities, that deals only with the receptive and not at all with the creative side of art; not because this is ideal, but because it is actually existing, and is the one foundation on which to build, if the world of art is once again to be wrought into unity. The crying need of the day, from the point of view of art, is a re-marshalling of the human forces on which alone the arts are carried up to greatness; and these forces have always been, not the creators, but the receivers. The pontifical verdicts of modern criticism are interesting, but sterile: the world at large needs principles, not conclusions; it must

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be taught in some measure to judge for itself, for it will never acquiesce in judgements it does not understand.

To turn again to the plain man. He asserts that he "knows what he likes." Maybe; but does he know *whether he ought to like it*? When, a few years ago, minor artists were talking nonsense about art being essentially immoral or "unmoral," no one was stronger in condemnation than the plain man; and yet he cheerfully commits himself to this irresponsible hedonism. He knows well enough that in the region of ethics there is a higher and a lower nature to be reckoned with; that likes and dislikes are far from being their own justification. The psychology of the world of art is precisely parallel: we have a lower artistic nature which may be called "sensuous," consisting as it does mainly of our feelings, and we have a higher or "rational" nature, bringing into the play of appreciation our mental faculties. As long, then, as the plain man allows his likes and dislikes to dictate to him, he inevitably develops in himself the lower, childish side of appreciation—"nice" noises, pretty colours and the rest. To do so is certainly not wrong in itself; it is tragic in so far as it shuts the door upon those higher appreciations, which it is true he will never miss; but what a prodigal waste of happiness! It is perhaps best indicated by our use of the word "cheap" in this connection. The metaphor is striking: cheap effects, cheap pleasures are those for which we pay very little in the way of effort—quick returns, indeed, but remarkably small profits. Here is the *crux*; the appreciations of our higher faculties call for *mental effort*. Now physical laziness is not uncommon; but mental laziness is all but universal. We all find it easier to read books, to listen to music, to see plays that make no exhausting calls upon us. Round this difficulty there is no easy way; it only remains for each man to remember that in giving way to this inclination he is making remote or even unattainable some of the keenest and most lasting enjoyments that he can know.

So far, this is vague and perhaps depressing; for undefined "mental effort" is at any rate far from exhilarating. What then is this mental effort that is required? Nothing obscure, nothing very difficult; simply a *knowledge of the rules of the*

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game. Every man watching cricket applies exactly the principles of artistic appreciation and criticism. For once the plain man is in the position of critic, while his wife sitting beside him represents his own attitude towards the arts. She is interested in free hitting and spectacular catches; she reckons little of "chances" given, or of cunningly arranged field. For him is the perception of the bowler steadfastly refusing to be knocked off his length, of the batsman's masterly inactivity. Why does she "care for none of these things?" Because she has only a vague idea of what it is all about; because she has never been called upon to make the mental effort of learning the rules of the game.

The man learnt his cricket as a boy at school; at the same period, with the same ease he might have been made as free of the arts as he is of cricket. This does not mean that he should have been taught orchestration, painting in oils, sculpture and the rest; he should have been taught, not to do it, but *how it is done*. If this could be carried out simply, sincerely and without pretentiousness, the face of the earth would be changed. The "mental effort" would be made at the age when it should be least a hardship; and the harvesting should be continuous throughout the rest of life.

However, this is not the place for a tractate on education; and we must return to our plain man as he is, and not as he might have been. Granting that he has not been initiated, that, as he says, he "knows nothing about it," is his artistic case hopeless? Nothing could be more untrue. It is here that the "mystery" theory of your modern connoisseur does its mischief. Take for example music. Let the plain man read a couple of books, or let him, better still, have two or three talks with a musician who knows his elements; he will find that he has acquired the rules of the game, and that he has only to listen to good music and apply his knowledge, to develop the habit that is nothing more nor less than appreciation. He must have some measure of humility, of course, to begin with; he has entered upon a new region of perceptions, and he must, like any other learner, accept the general and established consent of its *habitués* as to what is good; but he will find that the result will be, not a sort of

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hypnotic acquiescence, but a positive response of something within himself which will be its own justification.

If he feels no leaning towards music, let him apply the same process to architecture or painting or poetry; but whatever he takes up, he must begin by discovering the rules of the game. Then he will find out that in the "drawing-room ballads" he has heard, he was listening, not to the music, but to the quality of the singer's voice; that he looked at paintings, not as pictures, but as illustrations; and that the poet could not have said in prose all that he did say, even if he had tried. Let him only believe that this age does not differ from all that have gone before it; that the arts have not nowadays become mysteries to which a few fortunate beings are born with the key in their mouths: but that they are still, as they have always been, the common treasure of the plain men of the world.

N.F.H.

## DOM ILDEPHONSUS BROWN

### SERMON PREACHED AT THE FUNERAL

"The ear that heard me blessed me and the eye that saw me gave witness to me; because I had delivered the poor man that cried out, and the fatherless that had no helper. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I comforted the heart of the widow. I was an eye to the blind, and a foot to the lame. I was the father of the poor."—*Job xxix.*

THE hand of God has fallen heavily on our country of late. Mourning and sorrow are on every side. There is scarcely a house which the Angel of Death has not visited, hardly a home without a vacant place that will never be filled again. And what is saddest is that those who have gone have been the best, the bravest, the noblest of our race, the young, the enthusiastic, the generous, who, when a sacrifice was called for, never counted the cost or heeded the wounds, but for their country, for us, rushed forward and offered themselves in what has been the holocaust of this terrible war. We are proud of them, we are grateful to them, we have the heritage of their noble example, which, please God, we shall always cherish; but we cannot but lament, we shall feel for years to come, that the promise of the future has been marred, that the best of those to whom that future was entrusted, have been cut off in the flower of their youth, in the strength of their early manhood, before the flower had borne the fruit, before they had the chance of fulfilling the hopes we had placed in them.

To-day we have a contrast. We are met to pay the last rites of religion, the last duties of affection, not to one who was cut off prematurely by the cruelty of war, but to one who has been blessed with length of days beyond most men, one whose long life has been lived in the spacious days of peace; whose seedtime was not interrupted, and who lived to see the harvest; one who finished his

course in every sense, and who has now gone to his eternal reward, full of years and honours, bearing in his arms the sheaves garnered by his virtue and his labour. There is nothing sad, there is nothing to lament in a death like this. Though we shall miss his genial presence for many a day to come, though things can never be the same again for many, and no one may ever quite fill the same place, yet we feel that we could hardly wish it otherwise. There is a feeling of completeness, of a full day's work nobly accomplished, a feeling that the labourer has worthily finished his task and earned his rest. If there is room in Our Father's House for the martyr whose short, sharp sacrifice atones by its completeness for much that is unfinished, there is surely room there also for the aged Confessor who has borne the burden of the day and the heats for a lifetime, who has worn "the white flower of a blameless life" for eighty-two long years, and can say with confidence, "I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do, and now, Father, I come to Thee."

The Very Rev. John Ildephonsus Brown, Monk and Priest of the Order of St Benedict, Cathedral Prior of Chester, and for twenty-six years the Incumbent of this Mission, was born close to this very place as far back as July 10th, 1835, so that he was within a few months of completing his eighty-second year. In his early days he was weakly, and threatened with consumption. It sounds strange now to us who can look back on eighty-two years of strong, robust manhood, in which his tall commanding figure and his fine handsome presence gained distinction in any company—but so it was. He was sent, in company with an elder brother, to Ampleforth at the early age of nine, in the hope that the air of the Yorkshire moors might invigorate him. How it succeeded you are all witnesses. Owing, no doubt, to his delicate health, he was an unusually long time in finishing his course of studies, and did not leave the school till he was twenty. He was then wavering about his vocation. He had always wished to be a priest, but for a short time visions of Sandhurst and the glamour of arms crossed his mind, and he was undecided.

He put his difficulty before the good Prior of the time, who recommended a year at home to clear his views. "But," he said, "if I once go home I feel I may never come back." "In that case," said the old Prior, and his reply is characteristic of the time, "in that case, you had better give God the first chance, so you will begin your novitiate to-night." He was clothed with the habit of St Benedict that very evening, in 1855, and, as he used to say, he never had a moment's doubt to the end of his life as to his vocation. If the British Army lost a fine officer, the Army of Christ gained a whole-hearted soldier.

He was professed after a year's probation, and entered upon his seven years of study for the priesthood. I never used to hear any of his contemporaries speak of him as distinguished in his studies. He was a hard student, plodding and conscientious—a man of character rather than of letters. He had a great taste for literature, and to the very end he was a great reader with wide interests, but he never produced anything. Sometimes a man of mediocre talent attracts attention merely because those around him are weak, and, as often, a man of real ability is overlooked because his lot is cast among those more distinguished. It explains a good deal, to those who know, if I say that among his fellow-students at the time were an Oswald Tindall, a Jerome Watnough and a John Cuthbert Hedley.

After his ordination he taught for a few years in the College, and became Procurator. Then in 1868 he was moved to the sister Monastery of Downside. Here, after a few months, he was elected Prior by the Community, a very unusual occurrence, and after his two years of office were over, there is reason to believe he obtained their suffrages a second time. Though so long ago, and though, I believe, he never saw Downside again after 1870, it was one of the periods of his life to which he always referred with the greatest interest. Even at the very end, when his interest in most things was failing, he could always be roused to talk of that time. He remembered everything about the place and every person, and was as proud of its present position as though he had never left it.

In 1870 he returned again to the Lancashire which he loved so well, and which for forty-seven years he was never to leave again. His first parish was Hindley, where Abbot Bury had just built church, house, and schools. After a little over a year there he was made Rector of St Peter's, Liverpool, in succession to Father Scarisbrick, who was made Bishop of the Mauritius. In 1874 he was moved to Brindle, and then began that long course of life on country missions, which suited him so well, and for which he was so well adapted. He was at Brindle ten years, till 1884, and though a third of a century has since passed away, his memory is still cherished there, and true hearts have come to-day to pay their last tribute to their old pastor. In 1884 he went to Grassendale, near Liverpool, and was there till 1892, when he came to his last home in Parbold. Here he has lived since, here he has died, and here his hallowed remains will rest till the great Resurrection Day.

Such is a brief summary of the outward life of Father Brown—a long life, a simple life, a life of devotion to duty, without any remarkable events or upheavals, a life such as is led by hundreds of priests similarly placed, in hundreds of humble homes throughout the land. But throughout that long life, with its many changes, there run two golden threads, which bind it together, which are its outstanding features, his simple unaffected piety and his large-hearted love of his fellow-men—his devotion to the two great Commandments—Love of God and neighbour.

There was nothing affected or obtrusive about his piety, but it was solid and real, and touched his whole character. He began it with the greatest blessing that God can give to man—a good Catholic mother, and her influence permeated his whole life. He had promised her when he went to College, as a little boy of nine, that every day he would recite five decades of the Rosary, and he could say as his Nunc Dimittis when an old man of eighty-two, "I can't remember a single day that I have ever omitted it." You, my brethren of the priesthood, with the duties of Daily Mass and Meditation and visits to the

sick and parish work and long hours in the Confessional and administrative work, will appreciate what that must have meant on many days. It is an index of his life and his character. No display, no show, no seeking after effect but silent, solid devotion to duty. You who have known him so long here can bear witness to that—to his regularity, his punctuality at all his services, to the fervent union of his prayers, to the unremitting attention to the sick and dying, to his care of his children, and above all to his assiduous devotion to the Holy Mass. It was the trial of his life when advancing years and feeble limbs prevented him from standing at the Altar of God and offering the Holy Sacrifice. Over and over again during the last two years he has said, "I should like to get well enough to say Mass again, but if that is not God's will, then I don't care how soon He takes me." Once for several days, in spite of doctor's orders and without my knowledge, he rose before any one in the household had risen and tried to say Mass.

Many times during that period he has gone during the day and practised standing at the Altar and going through the ceremonies of the Mass, hoping against hope for the strength which never came again. And how humble and how edifying was his conduct under that trial! I hope you, my brethren of this congregation, will never forget that picture of the venerable old man with his crown of silver hair and his noble countenance, seated there by that pillar, morning after morning, no matter what the weather, a full hour before Mass, and then when he could no longer act as priest coming with all humility to the Altar rails, among his own people, to receive the Bread of Life. And this he continued to the very end, with scarce one single break, to the last fortnight of his life. He never spared himself. During his twenty-five years here he was never known to take a holiday, though it would have been beneficial to himself, and all his people would have wished it. I never knew an old man who had fewer of the foibles and weaknesses of old age. He looked for no privileges, he sought no pampering; everything he could do for himself he did without seeking assistance from others.



His one anxiety was not to cause trouble to others. He was a man to the very last.

And God in His mercy repaid that life of sacrifice with a death of peace. He took to his bed finally on Saturday week last. Each day while consciousness lasted he was cheered by the presence of his God in Holy Viaticum. Those who were present will never forget how eagerly he sought it, how fervently he received it. On Thursday last he grew worse and seemed unconscious, but when those around him began to pray, he joined earnestly in the prayers. He said the Litany himself and part of the Rosary, and then, though his eyes were closed, it seemed as though his soul were passing through a great conflict. In a loud voice, with all the fervour of his soul, he cried out, "Oh God, be merciful to me, a sinner; Oh God, be merciful to me, a sinner. Thy will, O God, not mine, be done." Over and over again he cried it out, and then the venerable head fell back, and he never spoke again. It was as though the struggle was over and victory had been won—as though the wrack of the storm had passed and the winds had been hushed and there had come a great calm—the calm of peaceful twilight, in which without a struggle, without a sigh, he breathed his soul into the hands of his Maker. "May my soul die the death of the just and my last end be like to his."

"And the second commandment is like to this. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." As he was faithful to his God, so was he loyal to his neighbour. I think it is no exaggeration to apply to him the words of the text: "The ear that heard me blessed me, and the eye that saw me gave witness to me; because I had delivered the poor man that cried out and the fatherless that had no helper. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I comforted the heart of the widow. I was an eye to the blind and a foot to the lame. I was the father of the poor." I need not labour this point, for it is well known to all who knew Father Brown. I have known him for full fifty years, for thirty years intimately, for the last two years I may say very intimately, and I speak of what I know when I say that I have never known a bigger-hearted man than Father Brown. His heart

and his hand were open to every cry of trouble and distress, whatever quarter the cry came from, whatever the colour of creed of the sufferer. His one question was, "Can I help?"—if he could, there was an end to it, he did. Many a time in those years I have seen his eyes well up with sympathy at the mere recital of some tale of sorrow. There was no need to ask. His hand went to his pocket, and he gave all he could. And what he gave he gave with no stint, no thought of reward, with no hope of return. No one in this world will ever know the good he has done in this way, the numbers he has helped to their first start in life, the numbers he has helped in dark days of affliction and suffering, the numbers whose lives have been brightened and cheered by his benefactions. As I have said, I speak of what I know, and I could give many instances. I take only two which are typical of the man. Once, years ago, when it was the saying in difficulties, "Go to Brown," I remember putting a deserving case before him. "How much will it take to help?" I had thought of asking for £10. I made bold to ask for £20. "All right, I will send you a cheque for £20." Next day the cheque came with a small note—he never wrote at length—"£20 is no use in a case like this. I send £40."—and that year I know he went short himself. Another time a good priest, long since gone to his reward, had got into difficulties. They were serious, and the official mind would be inclined to look upon him with caution, if not with coldness. Not so Father Brown. His answer was, "Always welcome; doubly welcome if in trouble." This is typical of the man, and though it took years to settle, his confidence and his kindness were amply vindicated in the end.

Though he was so anxious to help, he was equally anxious to avoid all that could savour of display or advertisement. How many times have I known him buy things which he never needed and never wished for, which he gave away as soon as they were bought, and which he bought merely to alleviate distress without appearing to dispense charity. How many times has he bought *Echoes* which he did not want, not from the bookstall, but from the bareheaded women and barefooted children at the station gates, who

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knew him well and blessed him warmly. He never appeared to have the exact coin, but he never asked for change. That was Father Brown. Many a time he has taken a cab he did not need, and no doubt many thought he was "doing himself well." More than once I have expostulated, "You can walk well enough." "Yes," he would say, "I can walk well enough, but the poor man has only one horse and he has a big family, and I must do what I can."

I know what is in some of your minds, my brethren. You will say he had means and opportunities which were denied to others. He had. He belonged to what we called the old régime—he is, in fact, the very last of those whom all who knew them look up to with reverence and with honour. He had opportunities it is true, but it is surely to his credit that he used them to the full, and if so, no one can begrudge them. It was not to gratify the mere natural luxury of giving that he gave, to save himself the trouble and nausea of refusing. It was from high supernatural principles. It was done in the Lord and for the Lord, who has said, "Inasmuch as you did it for the least of My little ones you have done it for Me." He was not always wise in his giving, you may think. Perhaps not. He was often deceived. Perhaps so. There was nothing of the cold, calculating, inquiring, Charity Organisation Society philanthropy in Father Brown. He gave because the Charity of Christ urged him to give, and he gave to the full. He has left nothing behind him. Except a few books, all his belongings are not worth much more than a few shillings. But he has laid up for himself treasures in heaven, and if there are many to-day who lament the loss of their best friend and benefactor, there are also many who will meet him at heaven's gate who owe their place there, under God, to his devotion and benevolence. God send us more priests like Father Brown; they are the very salt of the earth!

And now, my dear brethren, we have our duty towards the dear departed one. In a few minutes we shall reverently lay to rest in the tomb all that is mortal of him. But our duty will not end there. A Catholic funeral is no mere empty ceremonial. We know that it is in our power to help him who has gone from us, to help him by our prayers, to pay the

## Dom Ildephonsus Brown

heavy debt of responsibility to God's justice incurred through so long a life. You, my brethren in religion and in the priesthood, will pray earnestly for the repose of his soul, for he has left you all a worthy, a noble example of priesthood. And you, my dear brethren, amongst whom he has spent himself without reserve, whom he has baptised, whom he has consoled, whom he has married, whom he has tended so carefully in health and in sickness, will, I hope, remember for many a day to come the Father to whom you owe so much, and will pray earnestly that in the eternal joys of heaven may rest the soul of John Ildephonsus Brown.

J.W.D.

## NOTES

OUR readers must forgive the delay in publishing the last two numbers of the JOURNAL. Many are the difficulties of the editorial staff, and not less those of the printers. Indeed we have thought it possible that publication might have to be suspended temporarily. But in spite of delays and a very serious increase in the cost of production we are 'carrying on.' Without the increase of subscribers which the last few years have brought us, the rise in prices would have forced us to make a large reduction in the size of the JOURNAL. But we have pinned our faith on the support of all our old boys and friends, and we are glad to say that it has not been misplaced.



By the death of Dom Ildephonsus Brown the Ampleforth community have lost not only its doyen but one of its most distinguished members. Elsewhere in the JOURNAL will be found a striking testimony to his worth which we are glad to be able to print. Dom Wilfrid Darby has left nothing unsaid of his many good qualities, and it only remains for us to commend his soul to our readers' prayers. Ampleforth has lost an exemplary priest, a good monk, and a most devoted friend. On his frequent visits as a Councillor the least of us received from him a kindly word. Not until lately have we missed his venerable and handsome figure from any of the Ampleforth gatherings. He died on Saturday, February 10th, the feast of St Scholastica, and was buried by Father Abbot at Parbold—the mission he had so faithfully served for a quarter of a century—on the following Tuesday. May he rest in peace.



Our hearty congratulations are due to Prior Whittle on the celebration of the golden jubilee of his priesthood. The occasion was marked by a handsome presentation from the members of his parish, and his brethren celebrated the jubilee at St Anne's, Liverpool, Father Abbot being present

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on both occasions. We pray that this venerable jubilarian who is now the patriarch of our community may long be spared to us. It is now thirty-seven years ago since Prior Whittle was chosen Superior at Ampleforth, and he is still on the active list and head of a large mission. *Ad multos annos.*



Not for many years have our missionary fathers undergone such a thorough shuffling as the opening days of Lent brought them. The following is a list of the changes:

DOM ANSELM WILSON from St Peter's, Liverpool, to Dowlais.  
DOM VINCENT WILSON from Petersfield to Leyland.  
DOM BERNARD GIBBONS from Leyland to St Peter's, Seel Street.  
DOM MAURUS LUCAN from Dowlais to Petersfield.  
DOM SIGEBERT CODY from Brownedge to Warwick Bridge.  
DOM PHILIP WILLSON from St Mary's, Warrington, to Workington.  
DOM THEODORE RYLAND from St Benedict's, Warrington, to St Anne's, Liverpool.  
DOM ILDEPHONSUS BARTON from St Anne's, Liverpool, to St Benedict's, Warrington.  
DOM GERRARD BLACKMORE from Warwick Bridge to Brownedge.  
DOM FRANCIS PRIMAVESI from Workington to St Mary's, Warrington.



DOM ANSELM WILSON who has served the mission of St Peter's, Liverpool, for twenty-two years was the recipient of a splendid token of the esteem and gratitude of his late parishioners, when on Tuesday, April 17th, at a great meeting of the parish he was presented with a cheque for £228.

The occasion of the sacerdotal silver jubilee of Dom Cuthbert Mercer has also been marked by a similar manifestation of the regard of his parishioners.



We are glad to be able to tell our readers that Dom Athanasius Fishwick, who has been very seriously ill for many months, has so far recovered as once again to be able to say Mass. Dom Francis PrimavESI we regret to say is still unwell, but hopes soon to be able to return to work.

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The Librarian wishes to acknowledge with gratitude the gift of books to the Abbey library by Father Abbot, Dom Aidan Crow and Mrs Till (of Ampleforth). Since the appearance of the last JOURNAL the library has received the generous legacy of books left by Leslie W. Hunter, as reported in that issue. In number about two hundred and fifty, they range over the wide field of Latin and Greek scholarship, and speak eloquently of the interests and tastes of their owner. If it be sad to be thus enriched by the death of a friend, yet this gift will remain, as long as our Abbey and its library remain, as the signal monument of a true and generous friendship. To preserve the memory of the gift a label has been put in each volume, of which a copy is given below. The words "*Necessitudinis gratissimæ monumentum*" (a memorial of most pleasing friendship) are taken from the dedication which he himself wrote in a book previously given to the library.

EX LIBRIS ABBATIS STI. LAURENTII  
DE AMPLEFORTH.

### Dono dedit

LESLIE W. HUNTER

e Coll. Beate Marie Wintoniensis

apud Oxoniam

qui

pro patria miles vitam profudit

14. Augusti. MCMXVI.

"*Necessitudinis gratissimæ monumentum.*"

\* \* \*

Last year, in Holy Week, we heard—many of us for the first time—two of the Tenebrae Responsories of Ingegneri. This year a fuller programme of the same type of music was put before us, consisting mainly of sixteenth century masters, Italian and English. The latter were especially welcome, and

## Notes

it is worthy of note that this is the first occasion on which their music has been sung at Ampleforth. It would be hard to imagine music more stirring and significant, and at the same time more intensely virile, than the "*Ecce Vidimus Eum*" or the "*Sicut Ovis*." Nor can one listen to Pitoni's "*Christus factus est*" or to the "*Jerusalem*" of English Talys, without realising how wonderfully these composers have caught the spirit of the Sacred Liturgy. But it was above all the rendering of this music by the choir which called forth our admiration. Perhaps the tone of the voices has never been better; and one of the greatest difficulties with a boys' choir, a sustained pianissimo, has been overcome with extraordinary success. One hesitating note of criticism. Many of us experienced a feeling of disappointment when, at the "*Gloria in Excelsis*" on Holy Saturday, the choir began an unaccompanied Gloria. It failed to sustain the atmospheric effect of the Liturgy, after the joyous sound of organ and bells. But perhaps musicians will only smile painfully at such unenlightened criticism. The following is the list of music:

### Palm Sunday

*Hosanna Filio David (six voices)	Orlando Gibbons
Collegerunt Pontifices	Sexall
Pueri Hebraeorum	Plainsong & T. L. da Vittoria
Procession Music	Traditional & Mitterer
Gloria Laus et Honor	Plainsong
Mass Aeterna Christi Munera	G. P. da Palestrina
Passion. Chant of St Mary's Abbey, York.	
Responsoria Turbae	Vittoria

### Tuesday & Wednesday

Passion—Roman Chant	
Responsoria Turbae	Traditional
Tenebrae—Lamentation 1 & 2	Solesmes Chant
Jerusalem	Traditional
Lamentation 3	Lombardic Chant
*Jerusalem (five voices)	Thomas Talys
Responsory I. *In monte Oliveti	Antonio Ingegneri
" II. Tristis est anima	Traditional
" III. Ecce vidimus eum	Ingegneri
Lauds. *Christus factus est	Ottavio Pitoni

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## MAUNDAY THURSDAY

Mass—Kyrie & Gloria, Missa Brevis	Antonia Lelli
Motet, Panis Angelicus	Auct. Incert.
Procession—Pange Lingua	
Mandatum—	Plainsong
Tenebrae—Lamentation 1 & 3	Solesmes Chant
Jerusalem	Traditional
Lamentation 2	Lombardie Chant
Jerusalem	Talys
Responsory I. *Omnes amici mei	Ludovico Viadase
" II. *Volum templi	Giovanni da Croce
" III. Vinea mea	Traditional
Lauds. Christus factus est	Piloni

## GOOD FRIDAY

Passion—Chant of St Mary's, York.	
Responsoria Turbae	Vittoria
*Improperia	Plainsong & Vittoria
Procession—Vexilla Regis	Plainsong
Tenebrae—Lamentation 1	Lombardie Chant
Jerusalem	Talys
Lamentation 2	Solesmes Chant
Prayer of Jeremias	Traditional
Jerusalem (2 & 3)	Traditional
Responsory I. Sicut ovis	Ingenieri
" II. *Jerusalem surge	Ingenieri
" III. Plange quasi virgo	Traditional
Lauds. Christus factus est	Piloni

## HOLY SATURDAY

Mass—Kyrie Lux et Origo	Gradual
Gloria	Missa
Sanctus	Puisse j'ay perdu
Benedictus	Orlando di Lasso

## EASTER SUNDAY

Terce—Hymn No. 75	Sarum Tone
Mass—*O quam gloriosum	Vittoria
Epistle. Proper tone for Easter (11th century)	
Credo III.	Gradual
Vespers—Hymn 16	Sarum Tone
English Hymn No. 64	
" Crown Him with many crowns "	R. R. Terry

## Notes

Benediction—*O Salutaris Hostia (five voices)	Talys
Motet	
*" Christus resurgens "	William Byrd
Tantum Ergo	Plainsong
Adoremus	Gregorio Allegri

\*Works added to the choir repertory since Christmas.



We have had so often to congratulate Mr Perry, our farm bailiff, on his success in carrying off prizes for his roots at the agricultural shows of the county that he will readily forgive us if in the midst of stirring events of the last two years we have taken his successes for granted and they have been crowded out of our record of current events. In 1915 when last the London Dairy Show was held Mr Perry gained four first prizes. In 1916 at the Scottish National Fat Stock Show, held at Edinburgh on November 29th and 30th, Mr Perry gained two first prizes for swedes, a third, a fourth and 'a very highly commended' for turnips. In addition he gained the gold medal given by Colonel Archibald Stirling for the best exhibit of turnips in the Show, for which there were 210 entries, including exhibits from the leading root growers of the United Kingdom and Ireland. This was the only show held this year at which any open competition was held, and it is the first time Mr Perry has gained a success in Scotland. A block of his swedes on view at the Smithfield Show in the following week attracted the attention of the *Daily Mail* in search for a substitute for potatoes. We look to Mr Perry in the coming year to help to save us from the submarine menace! In view of the successes recorded above our trust is surely well placed.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS

*Loretto and the Holy House.* By the Rev. G. E. PHILLIPS, R. & T. Washbourne, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

"THE story of the House of Loretto told by Teremanus and those who have come after him, judged from the mere historical point of view, is not true; and if the authenticity of that House is to be maintained it must be by reasons drawn from considerations of a superior order and not from history." So wrote the late Mr Edmund Bishop in his fifth and last article of a series in the *Tablet* (November 24th, 1906) in reviewing the work of Canon Chevalier, *Notre Dame de Lorette*, then recently published. It is consequently, in face of such authority and learning, with the greatest diffidence and trepidation that we attempt to review the work recently published by Fr Phillips, in which the authenticity of the Holy House is so sincerely, warmly and ably defended. Yet in spite of Mr Bishop's categorical statement quoted above, founded as we may be sure on a most careful and judicious weighing of authorities, we cannot help feeling that Canon Chevalier's conclusion is not quite unquestionable, and though Fr Phillips' work does not pretend to be an exhaustive or complete refutation of Canon Chevalier's position, we feel he has given us a clear statement of another side of the question well worthy of consideration; for the matter can hardly be one of indifference to any devout Catholic.

To summarise the tradition very briefly. The house in which our Lady was born at Nazareth, and in which the Word of God was made flesh, is said to have been translated miraculously on May 10th, 1291, to Tersatto, near Fiume, in Dalmatia, and on December 10th, 1794, again removed to the neighbourhood of Recanatì. After two more translations, it finally took up its position on the high road to Recanatì where it stands to-day in the basilica built by Paul II and Julius II.

We would only call attention to a few points. (1) Canon Chevalier lays his axe to the root of the tree by quoting almost all extant documents containing descriptions of pilgrims to Nazareth before 1291, and finding them so similar in phraseology to those after the date of the alleged translation, he concludes that there never was a house of bricks or stone venerated there, but only the cave in the hill-side which is venerated there to this day. Fr Phillips shows, however, that if as tradition says, a church was built over the Holy House by St Helen in the fourth century, the Holy House would naturally have very

## Notices of Books

much the appearance of a crypt or cave, and therefore this evidence is not conclusive. (2) Fr Phillips furnishes some good reasons for holding that the authority of Teremanus, B. Baptist of Mantua, Angelita and Fr Raphael Riera, as historians, cannot be dismissed as summarily as Canon Chevalier would wish. (3) Assuming the whole story is a pure fiction, it is simply impossible to understand how the tradition of its arrival in Dalmatia, and its subsequent three translations at Loretto, should have arisen. Dr Northcote brings out this point very forcibly in his *Celebrated Shrines of the Madonna*. (4) Fr Phillips devotes the last chapter chiefly to the objections raised by Fr Thurston in his article in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* on the subject, and we feel he has met them very effectively.

In conclusion we hope Fr Phillips' work will find a large circle of readers, and provoke a still more exhaustive research in a matter of such universal interest; for however much we may be inclined to believe or disbelieve the story as it has come down to us, "*Magna est veritas et praevaleret.*" G.S.

*The Mystical Knowledge of God.* DOM SAVINIEN LOUISMET. Burns & Oates. 2s. 6d.

THIS is a delightful little book, persuasively written, with no small grace of diction and felicity of illustration. It breathes, too, a fervour of enthusiasm which cannot fail to be infectious. The author's thesis is simple. There are three ways of knowing God: by reason, by faith, and by love; and the greatest of these is love. So stated we should imagine that no one would quarrel with the doctrine; and yet, at the third stage, the unwary reader may meet with a surprise. For Dom Louismet has a distinct surprise in store for him. He is aware of it himself, since he devotes some pages to dispelling the misconception that by love is meant the knowledge of faith sublimated by devotion. No, it is not that, but something far more, a new and independent mode of knowledge, different not in degree, but in kind. For by the knowledge of love he means mystical knowledge, the direct intercourse of the soul with God, by ways which ordinarily are beyond human grasp and above human power. There is no need for us to say that mysticism is a difficult subject, and that there is more than one view as to the nature and method of mystical knowledge. But we are forced to think that to understand what is implied in this book asks more from the ordinary layman than any one has a right to expect. Doubtless this is so true that many will read Dom Louismet's book and



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accept its doctrine without demur, not appreciating the point at issue. But students of recent tendencies in mystical teaching, such for instance as those manifested in Père Poulain's writings, will understand the full intention of the writer. It is nothing more or less than to put before all and sundry high mystical doctrine. Now, we can in theory have no sort of quarrel with this. There is no monopoly in the grace of God, not even in the special and extraordinary graces of the saint. Mystics have been of all classes and of all conditions of men. But it is still true that most of us "walk by faith and not by sight." The faith of the "gnostic" is beset by many perils. And have we not seen the name of mysticism used in our days for any extravagance, of vague imagining or emotional verbosity! So we are tempted to doubt the wisdom of exhorting men to aim at mystical knowledge. As we read the lives of the saints, that knowledge came unsought, and was, so to say, the crown and full flower of a perfect life of faith. Dom Louismet—while intending no such thing—may make some souls dissatisfied with the solid and stable ship of faith, to risk all in a venture on the light bark of mysticism. We say this is possible; we should be churlish to say more. For we feel much gratitude to Dom Louismet for a very stimulating book.

P.J.McC.

*Strength of Will.* By E. BOYD BARRETT, S.J. Longmans, 4s. 6d. net.

This book is not a profound treatise in psychology, but an examination into the operation of the will chiefly with a view to its improvement and to the attainment of that desirable possession, a "strong will." It records the results of many experiments of a 'psychometrical' sort and claims to be—as doubtless it is—a pioneer in this special branch of study. The measurement of will-action presents peculiar difficulties, nor does the author claim that these investigations are yet complete, or profess to give us a science of will in the sense that logic is the science of intellect. But he does claim to have reached results sufficient for the formulation of certain practical rules. Students of Professor James will remember the practical counsels which he appends to his psychology of will states. The present writer takes this practical aspect of the will as his subject, and after analysing the sources of weakness of will not only exhorts us—with some fervour—to will-culture, but gives a definite régime and a series of will exercises.

As we read his pages we could not resist certain obstinate questions. Is it possible? Will men submit to such treatment? Will those

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who need it, who *ex hypothesi* are weak-willed, have the initial strength of purpose required for the undertaking? How many in the fervour of new enthusiasm and in the hope of magnificent results have devoted themselves to dumb-bells, or Indian clubs, or the exercises of one Sandow, but how few have persevered! And, again, we are left rather cold by the ideal which the writer sketches for us: The Great-Souled man of Aristotle was, notoriously, rather an inhuman or superhuman personage. What shall we say of the Great-Willed Man?

"To live the life of the will means that we shall gradually fall away from weaker men. Antipathy will gradually spring up between them and us. Their ways are not our ways, not are our ways theirs. Our lives will become more solitary and more independent. In spite of ourselves we shall grow somewhat cold and serious and rigid. Some of the flower and bloom of our natural manner will be lost and we shall be less lovable." (p. 34).

So we are inclined to the belief that humanity will prefer to take its will-training—after the manner of pills in jam—by the methods which have done service hitherto, methods well understood by the thoughtful parent or prudent schoolmaster. Or what is to come of our national devotion to games, or of our conviction that our great public schools, if not perfect for the training of mind, and in this sadly inferior to German models, at any rate train character and strengthen will? Our children play and exercise for the sheer love of game and exercise, yet, as we hope, with the happy result of attaining thereby some measure of moral growth and strength. Shall we sweep all this away? Or is it only some few of us whom Fr Barrett would have stand on a chair for ten minutes a day, registering will phenomena the while, or do other such actions, which—it is stipulated—must be trivial and of no immediate use?

Perhaps we have been unduly critical; but we would not be taken to hold that the book is not both valuable and interesting. We are one with the author in believing that the study of the will is important and not to be neglected. Such study will doubtless attain quite valuable results for psychology. But we doubt whether its results are capable of so direct a translation into practice; and in any case we should prefer to leave specific will-training to the moral sanatorium of the future, and have no desire to see it take its place among the instruments of ordinary living.

P.J.McC.

*Student's Catholic Doctrine.* By CHARLES HART, B.A. R. & T. Washbourne, 3s. 6d. net.

This book of nearly four hundred pages has been written, we are told in the preface, for the use of schools, teachers, and intending converts,

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To the last it will be especially useful. It sets forth the teaching of the Church in a clear, simple and direct manner. It enters only slightly into controversial matters, but is convincing as every simple yet fairly complete statement of Catholic truth is. The part which treats of the Commandments seems to be designed to offer useful advice rather than to supply the definite answers of moral theology. The treatment of the Holy Eucharist and the Mass is particularly full and good. There is no attempt to inspire devotion, save by the simple exposition of truth, and this simplicity is the most charming feature of the book.

H.R.W.

*Sponsa Christi. Meditations for Religious.* By MOTHER ST PAUL. Longmans, 2s. 6d. net.

THIS little book contains twenty meditations on the chief obligations and duties of the Religious life, written more particularly for women in Religion, but easily adaptable to the needs of others. The use of Holy Scripture is both frequent and most fitting throughout, and even those to whom "Preludes," "Colloquies" and "Spiritual Baquetts" as technical expressions raise unspeakable horrors, will find most instructive reading, for the whole work obviously comes from the pen of one by no means a stranger to the human heart with all its follies and self-deceptions. Indeed we can heartily recommend this little book, as containing the great truths of the spiritual life, old indeed, but set forth with such force, candour and freshness, as to give them a new light and fragrance, which cannot fail to help many a soul treading the narrow, but hot and dusty way. We observe one curious misprint on page 102, where the first words of the Mass are quoted as 'Introibo ad altarem Domini'!

G.S.

*Catholic Christianity, or, The Reasonableness of Our Religion.* By REV. O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS, C.S.S.R. Washbourne, 3s. 6d. net; also Part I in wrapper, 2s. net.

LT.-COLONEL TURTON'S book, *The Truth of Christianity*, first published about twenty years ago, has shown by its numerous editions what a widespread interest there is in Christian apologetics. Many Catholics, who have found this excellent book useful, have wished for a similar work which, presenting the matter from a Catholic standpoint, would correct those errors which naturally occur in a work by a non-Catholic, and supply the deficiencies by carrying on the argument, when the divine origin of the Christian religion has been established, to answer the very practical questions, Where is the Christian

## Notices of Books

religion to be found to-day in its original purity?—and, What has it to offer us? Father Vassall-Phillips' new book fulfils these desires. It is divided into three parts,—the first covers practically the same ground as Colonel Turton's book, the second and third answer these two questions.

The book is one that can be placed with confidence in the hands of enquirers, as a clear and attractive exposition of the reasonableness of the Catholic religion, and of the glorious inheritance that membership of the Church bestows. The ground covered is very extensive and it would be too much to expect that in these pages every difficulty would be stated and met; such subjects as Faith, Miracles, Development of Doctrine, the Real Presence, &c., give rise to innumerable trains of thought. Here the main case is stated, and the reader can obtain more specialised treatment elsewhere.

*La conduite de Dieu . . . est de mettre la religion dans l'esprit par les raisons, et dans le cœur par sa grâce*, says Pascal. This book will without doubt be an 'external grace' to bring about in the lives of many the first of these effects.

H.D.P.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

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

From MESSRS. BURNS & OATES.

*The Religious Poems of Lionel Johnson*, being a selection from his collected works. With a preface by Wilfrid Meynell. Price 2s. 6d. This volume will be reviewed in our next number.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Downside Review*, the *Raven*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Edmundian*, the *Belmont Review*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Barda*, the *Oreocian*.

## The Ampleforth Journal

KEOGH, E. (wounded), Motor Transport.  
 KERNAN, R. F. (killed), Officer, H.M.S. "Innaminka."  
 KEVILL, J. B., Captain, M.C., R.F.A.  
 KILLEA, P. J., Yeomanry.  
 KNOWLES, C., 2nd Lieutenant, Rifle Brigade.  
 KNOWLES, V. (wounded), Lieutenant, R.G.A.  
 LACY, L., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 LAMBERT, P., Motor Transport.  
 LANCASTER, C., Captain, R.F.C.  
 LANCASTER, L., Household Brigade Officers Cadet Battalion.  
 LANCASTER, S., Lieutenant, Highland Light Infantry.  
 LEACH, E. (wounded), Lieutenant, Machine Gun Corps.  
 LEE, J. E., Highland Light Infantry.  
 LEESE, C. F. W., Lieutenant, Indian Army Infantry.  
 LE FEVRE, F. L. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 LIGHTBOUND, Rev. A. A., C.F.  
 LINDSAY, G. W. (wounded), Lieutenant, R.G.A.  
 LISTON, C. P. St. L., Yeomanry.  
 LISTON, R. P. St. L., Officers Cadet School R.F.A.  
 LISTON, W. P. St. L., (killed), Captain, Leinster Regiment.  
 LONG, D. T., 2nd Lieutenant, Indian Army Cavalry.  
 LONG, F. W. (died of wounds as a prisoner), 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 LONG, A. T. (Military Medal), Australian Contingent.  
 LONG, W. C., Major, I.M.S.  
 LOVELL, H., British Red Cross Motor Ambulance.  
 LOVELL, S. C. A., Ceylon Mounted Rifles.  
 LOWTHER, C., Lieutenant, Yorkshire Regiment.  
 LYNCH, R., 2nd Lieutenant, Indian Army Infantry.  
 LYTHER, L. J., Lieutenant, Cheshire Regiment.  
 MCCABE, F. L., Lieutenant, Black Watch.  
 MCCABE, H. R. (wounded), Captain, M.C., Black Watch.  
 MCCANN, A. J. (wounded and prisoner), 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.  
 MCCORMACK, G. (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 MACDERMOTT, G., Lieutenant, M.C., Highland Light Infantry.  
 McDONALD, A. J., Lieutenant, Lovat's Scouts attached Scottish Rifles.  
 McDONALD, D. P. (prisoner), Lieutenant, Lovat's Scouts and R.F.C.  
 McDONALD, I., Inns of Court O.T.C.  
 MACDONNELL, F. E. A., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.C.  
 McEVY, P., Yeomanry.  
 McGHEE, T. A., Officers Cadet Battalion.  
 McGUINNESS, R., Royal Engineers.

## Ampleforth and the War

MACKAY, C. J. (twice wounded), Major, M.C., (Croix de Guerre),  
 Leinster Regiment and R.F.C.  
 MACKAY, G. F. (wounded), Lieutenant, Leinster Regiment and R.F.C.  
 MACKEY, L. G. J., Captain, R.A.M.C.  
 McKENNA, J. J. (twice wounded), Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regt.  
 McKILLOP, J., Lieutenant, Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment).  
 MACPHERSON, C. F., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.C.  
 MACPHERSON, J. (killed), Lieutenant, Gordon Highlanders.  
 McSWINEY, F. E., Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.  
 MANLEY, M.  
 MARTIN, C. J. (wounded), Captain, A.S.C.  
 MARTIN, E. J. (killed), Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, HOWARD, 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, HUGH A. (wounded), Lieutenant, M.C., Royal Engineers.  
 MARTIN, J. A., Highland Light Infantry.  
 MARTIN, M. J. (killed), Captain and Adjutant, Royal Warwickshire Regt.  
 MARTIN, O. J., 2nd Lieutenant, South Staffordshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, W. HAROLD (wounded), 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.C.  
 MARTIN, W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, W. A., Lieutenant, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARWOOD, B., Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 MARWOOD, C., Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 MARWOOD, G., Lieutenant, R.F.A.  
 MASSEY, E. J., Liverpool University O.T.C.  
 MILBURN, A. L., Officers Cadet Battalion.  
 MILBURN, W., R.F.C.  
 MILES, L. (killed), The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 MILLERS, P. (twice wounded), Captain, Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 MILLS, C. W., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.  
 MILLS, P., Probationary Flight Officer, R.N.A.S.  
 MORICE, G. F., 2nd Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.  
 MORICE, H., A.S.C.  
 MORICE, J. F. S., 2nd Lieutenant, R.F.C.  
 MORICE, R. (wounded), Welsh Guards.  
 MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A. (killed), Lieutenant, Royal Munster Fusiliers.  
 MORROGH-BERNARD, J. (wounded), Lieutenant, Royal Munster Fusiliers.  
 MURPHY, J., Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.  
 MURPHY, P. J., Lieutenant, Hampshire Regiment, Headquarters Staff.  
 NAREY, P., Lieutenant, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 NAREY, V. G. (killed), 2nd Lieutenant, Duke of Wellington's Regiment.  
 NEAL, A., Lieutenant, R.F.C.  
 NEVILL, G. W. H., Major, General Service List.

PART II  
THE SCHOOL

## SCHOOL NOTES

THE School officials this term have been :

Head Monitor . . . . .	J. M. H. Gerrard
Captain of the Games . . . . .	C. Knowles
Monitors . . . . .	A. L. Milburn, F. Cravos, C. Knowles
Viscount Encombe, D. M. Rochford, B. J. D. Gerrard	
Librarians of the Upper Library . . . . .	J. G. Simpson, J. Foley
Librarians of the Upper Middle Library, P. Blackledge, W. R. Lee	
Librarians of the Lower Middle Library, B. M. Wright, C. J. Porri	
Librarian of the Lower Library . . . . .	C. E. G. Cary-Elwes
Journal Committee . . . . .	J. G. Simpson, J. M. H. Gerrard
Games Committee . . . . .	J. M. H. Gerrard, Viscount Encombe, R. G. Emery

### Hunt Officials—

Huntsman—Viscount Encombe  
 Whipper-in—V. J. Cravos  
 Masters-in-the-Field—C. Knowles, J. M. H. Gerrard

### Captains of the Football Sets—

1st Set—C. Knowles, J. M. H. Gerrard  
 2nd Set—I. G. D. A. Forbes, H. W. Greenwood  
 3rd Set—C. S. D. George, T. M. Wright  
 4th Set—D. C. Lazenby, W. J. Connolly



THE following boys left the school at Christmas :

T. V. Welsh, P. W. F. Mills, L. J. S. Jungmann, H. A. Dillon.

Their places were taken by

O. Hawley, N. A. Geldart, J. Merry del Val and T. O'Shaughnessy.



J. M. H. GERRARD passed forty-fifth into Woolwich and C. Knowles fifteenth into Sandhurst in the February Army Entrance Examination. At the same time T. V. Welsh obtained a King's Indian Cadetship for Wellington, Madras. Among the Sandhurst successes were V. J. Bradley and G. Harte-Barry who left the school in July last. To all we offer our sincere congratulations.

## The Ampleforth Journal

THE ban upon travelling has put a stop to all our football matches. We had looked forward to some good games, but patriotism forbade them and we acquiesced, we will not say with equanimity but with good will. The football record stands therefore as it was at the end of last term; for the game with Downside which was to have been played at Birmingham on the going home day had, to our great regret, to be abandoned at the last moment. We must be content then to reiterate our congratulations to our XV on their splendid successes. They remain unbeaten and without a single try registered against them.

\* \* \*

JUDGED only by our own records our experiences from the weather are such as to deserve careful description, but they are overshadowed by reports from most other parts of the country: the unfamiliar depths plumbed by our thermometers seem shallow compared with those reached elsewhere. The truth is that when our founders chose this site, sheltered behind a northern and an eastern hill, they doomed us to be meteorologically undistinguished; and it is enough to say that snow was heavy and frost severe during most of the term, and both were intermittent during the remainder. Yet occupation for leisure hours was plentiful. Sledges (to use our inaccurate but current name) and skates provided it during the earlier weeks, and when hounds and footballs reappeared they took a secondary place, and pre-eminence passed to the spade.

\* \* \*

THE health of the School has not suffered from the arctic cold. In fact the portals of the isolated Infirmary were never opened to receive any of us. They have now been closed for so many consecutive terms that the authorities regard it as a special dispensation of Providence. On the other hand we feel that some enemy is destroying all the kindly germs which obtain for boys a respite from their labours for a few days in the year. We have known farmers to keep goats which they have credited with dispelling diseases among their cattle, but we know of no such animal, in the environs of the School!

## School Notes

ON the sledging track all previous recorded achievements were surpassed. That one who adhered to the course and to his sledge should not pass through the Gap was hardly known; to stop before the gasworks was to fail; a swift and perilous path led right down to the railings of the cricket ground. The efforts of a local carpenter were enlisted to supplement the existing stock of sledges by some forty more. His handiwork compared ill in appearance with the graceful fliers hailing from or designed for Alpine slopes, but passed the supreme test by reaching the bottom of the course quite as often. The growing prevalence of single and two-seaters rather than larger vehicles has always seemed to us regrettable: it is anti-social; it has removed an impressive illustration of the strength and safety secured to members of an alliance if their union be close-knit and their mutual adherence tenaciously maintained. But it was justified this term. No sledge carried four or even three occupants the full length of the course. Such parties did start, but the pace was too great; either they shed their rearmost members at intervals along the track, or more commonly the onlookers saw a sudden cloud of snow arise, and perhaps an empty sledge strayed disconsolately down the hill.

\* \* \*

PARCHED when the sledging track became so hard that hills were unpleasant, the ice was declared ready for the skating. One of the football grounds had been flooded as usual, and the embankments held so faithfully, after one or two flaws had been repaired, that an ample area of ice was secured, whose surface was only slightly roughened by an untimely fall of snow. This, and the wastage of daily attrition, were remedied under the leadership of C. R. Simpson by the Upper Forms who spent the early hours of many nights strenuously and uproariously, sweeping and flooding. Thanks to their efforts the ice soon became very good and continued to improve. To facilitate the flooding some of our men of science took great trouble to set up a pump of ingenious design which should convey the water direct from the brook to the ice, but the workers after a trial went back to their



## The Ampleforth Journal

buckets. We commend this incident to the authors of *Science and the Nation* as a fresh instance of the British fault which they deplore.

\* \* \*

WE have had so little skating in recent years that most of the school were learners, but painstaking patience was quickly rewarded, and, after the first few days, games were wilder and more crowded than we remember before, and the mysteries of "figures" more generally mastered.

\* \* \*

HOCKEY has not been possible and a wise decision has postponed the sports. In fact football has been the only game essayed. Great energy was displayed in digging a new potato patch in the enclosure below the monastery slopes. On many days some of the Sixth Form were to be seen at work in the early morning before breakfast! Disparaging remarks have been made by professional agriculturists, but the task has been persisted in, and we shall be disappointed if we do not materially increase the local output of potatoes. Our efforts may lack the finish and the even precision of skilled gardeners, but there is no lack of faith in the kindness of the soil or the productivity of the fecund root.

\* \* \*

WE have been wrestling with the food problem not only on the potato patch but at table. Many devices have been resorted to by those who preside over the domestic department, of which perhaps the most interesting was the introduction of rye bread. At first viewed with suspicion, rye bread has now won our hearts. Its sobriquet "Black Death" does not do it justice, and no doubt was suggested by the "Sudden Death" familiar to many generations of boys here. The fame of the "Black Death" has spread abroad. We are informed that numerous applications for the recipe have come to the school authorities. Restrictions on purchasing power in 'the office,' to use our own peculiar name for the 'tuck shop,' have been introduced and have successfully reduced consumption.

## School Notes

THE local V.T.C. are being trained by the officers of our O.T.C. contingent. Spectators are not officially encouraged, but we have seen enough to speak highly of the results of the training. They have already acquired the hundred and twenty paces to the minute on "the barrack square," although at other times we have not noticed any material acceleration of movement among those volunteers who are familiar to us. But we must not deny to some an acquired martial bearing, which does our O.C. credit.

\* \* \*

AT Shrovetide the spirit of carnival in unmistakable twentieth-century habiliments descended upon us, and inspired our masters of the revels to a production on the lines of the *revue*. They were emboldened to this by the success of a series of charades by which they had sought to relieve the tedium of adverse weather at the beginning of term. The present production was a succession of scenes without any connecting link, in which each scene presented a parody of the methods employed on the lighter contemporary stage. The fun was contagious, and the literary satire, the topical hits, and the general feeling of insecurity among the audience were all in the best sense of the word Aristophanic. For instance, we had a modern version of the Nunnery scene in "Hamlet," in which Hamlet (Simpson), turning from the telephone where he has been discussing the advantages of suicide with Horatio, is confronted by an *ingénue* Ophelia (de Zulueta)—her irresponsible entrance was one of the 'movements' of the evening—who returns his ring on account of his violent manner of handling the furniture when roused. Again there was a scene mocking gently at the Oriental conjuror, with his unintelligible babble, his interpreter, and his 'illusions,' and a third representing the vagaries of a waiter in a little-patronised restaurant. A "Ballet of Towns" gave opportunities for pillorying those members of the audience who were so unfortunate as to live in the localities misrepresented on the stage. "The Dream Man" was a song well delivered by Lancaster, sartorially immaculate, with a 'pyjama' chorus enacted by the members of the Sixth and Fifth Forms. But perhaps the best-sustained

## The Ampleforth Journal

piece of humour was the representation of a musical comedy in which Lancaster again sang as the blond hero, Hawkswell danced as the Eastern Princess, and the chorus, led by Spiller, went through various evolutions of calculated inanity. Our thanks are due to all concerned for a witty entertainment. Subsequently the 'company' went on tour as far as the hospital at Hovingham, where the entertainment was repeated for the convalescent soldiers,—an exhilarating audience.



DOM DUNSTAN POZZI, who had given us a most interesting lecture on the last day of the previous term at the Great Basilicas of Rome, this term lectured on "Some Towns of Central Italy." Both lectures were illustrated by numerous lantern slides which Dom Dunstan's intimate knowledge of the churches and cities of Italy enabled him to explain to us with a great wealth of detail and anecdote. We offer him our best thanks.



On March 21st Dom Raphaël Williams lectured on "Line in the Old Masters." Pointing his moral from a candlestick of bombastic outline, which he threw upon the screen, he showed how much the artistic value of pictures depends on purity and strength of line. His illustrations, which were numerous, included works by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Fra Angelico, Correggio, Massaccio, the Lippis, and Ghirlandajo. He drew an interesting analogy between the scholastic doctrine of habit, or self-possession, and the restraint of the artist in the matter of line, which indicates the master-hand.



MR HATTERSLEY gave a pianoforte recital, of which we can only complain that it was all too short. It was designed to illustrate various styles of music and the pieces selected, each prefaced by a short explanation, ranged from the classical masters—Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann—to representatives of the modern school, such as Debussy and Cyril Scott. As an encore Mr Hattersley played a "study" of his own. We hope this will be the first of many such recitals.

## School Notes

THE series of lectures on Music was continued this term by Dom Bernard with a lecture on "Sonata Form." After a short account of this form in detail, and of its wide application, a number of examples were given, including the first movement of Beethoven's "Pathetic" Sonata, on the piano, and, on the gramophone, overtures of Mozart and Beethoven and the "Unfinished" Symphony of Schubert. Of these examples Beethoven's "Leonora No. 3" was perhaps the finest music; but Grieg's Violin Sonata in C minor gave much pleasure.



We have to thank Fr Denis Czuzner, O.P., for the retreat which he gave in Holy Week.



OUR readers will all be sorry to hear of the death of Mr John Eddy our music master. Mr Eddy came to Ampleforth in January, 1903. From 1903 to 1907 he was resident here. In 1907 he lived in York and spent only certain days in the week at the school. In 1908 he married and took a house in the neighbourhood. During all these years he has had charge of the music at Ampleforth. As a master Mr Eddy was exacting and insistent upon work. From the talented he drew the very best, and if his weaker pupils found him rather awe-inspiring they must readily forgive when they remember the purgatory to which a music master, keenly sensitive to every discord, is subject. He was himself an excellent pianist and excelled in accompaniment. He played the organ and the violin, but his favourite instrument was the 'cello. All who knew Mr Eddy respected him as a man of great sincerity, large hearted and high principled. His untimely death at the age of 43 occurred in the Purey Cust Nursing Home in York on February 17th, as a result of an operation performed a few days previously. May he rest in peace. To Mrs Eddy his widow we offer our heartfelt sympathy in her great sorrow.



THE sum of £15 was collected in the school for the Ampleforth Hut, of which Mr R. Worsley Worswick is the organiser. The money has been devoted by Mr Worswick to the purchase of vestments for the chaplain of the Hut. Elsewhere in this

## The Ampleforth Journal

number will be found an account of the work done at the Hart, which Mr Worswick has sent us.



For the opinions expressed in the following fragment of an essay by a boy in the Lower Third Form the Editor takes no responsibility. Indeed he deprecates the pessimism suggested by the chronology and the audacity of the theological and political conceptions. For the last alone he finds some explanation in the un-English sound of the boy's name.

"... A vast crowd surged outside the Louvre, and on the road, lined by soldiers, from it to the Tuilleries. Over the great museum and palace waved a broad tricolour flag side by side with a scarlet banner emblazoned with a golden eagle. And why all this ado? The great war had now raged for six years; since 1917 tremendous developments had taken place, but the talk of the world and especially of Paris was the man now closeted with old M. Poincaré and the new President of England (a Republic, and Catholic, for the last twelve months),—no less a personage than the 'Divine Emperor,' Caius Julius Caesar of ancient Rome. For it was now Christmas, and in late November after astounding phenomena the tomb of Caesar on the Appian Way had opened to let out the great Emperor, whose soul, as the Pope, Peter II, had declared to St Peter's, had been permitted to rejoin his body to help the just cause of the Allies and to lead them successfully to the end of the war. (As to Caesar having gone to heaven, *etc.*, all had been theologically proved). The crowd were now waiting to see Julius drive out to the Tuilleries, there to enter an armoured car and set out for the Flemish front to begin operations. Suddenly the great gates flew open, and amid the fanfares of trumpets three figures descended the steps and entered the State carriage (the windows of which were nearly broken by the soldiers themselves in their eagerness to see the wonder). After the progress to the Tuilleries they enter the armoured car which awaits them. As it leaves Paris, guarded by eighty smaller cars and by three aeroplanes hovering above, the air is rent with cheers. Immediately the three figures rise to acknowledge them; and, though Poincaré

## School Notes

and Mr Lloyd George are remarkable, all eyes are fixed on their companion, now termed the Emperor of the Allies. We need not describe the noble profile, the clear-cut features and the aquiline nose, appearing above the rich red velvet cloak which in its turn shows brightly above the steel-plated car. The car is behind the lines now. 'Quid—what are these long *fusae* for, which are filled with men?' asks the Emperor, after having spent half an hour in questions concerning the guns. 'They are trenches, your Imperial Highness,' replies Mr Lloyd George, and he proceeds to explain them. 'And what is this wagon,—ho! the enemy come! I declare I never saw such helmets since I beheld the Swiss Guard of the Pontifex Maxi,—I mean the Pope, last year. My soldiers had no such glittering headgear as this. Their helmets had plumes, and my imperial ensign—Aha!' The Huns were charging now, and as soon as Caesar saw them near, his martial spirit stirred, and he leapt, . . . .'

"A.M.deZ."



The following boys are head of their forms:

Upper Sixth	J. M. H. Gerrard	Fourth	R. T. Browne
Sixth	F. Cravos	Higher Third	G. B. King
Fifth	L. Bévenot	Lower Third	A. M. de Zuluetta

The School staff is at present constituted as follows:

Dom Edmund Matthews, M.A. (Head Master)

Dom Justin McCann, M.A.	Dom Hugh de Normannville, B.A.
Dom Wilfrid Willson	Dom Illyd Williams
Dom Placid Dolan, M.A.	Dom Bernard McElligott, B.A.
Dom Dominic Willson, B.A.	Dom Ethelred Taunton, B.A.
Dom Paul Nevill, M.A.	Dom Clement Hesketh, B.A.
Dom Dunstan Pozzi, D.D.	Dom Stephen Marwood, B.A.
Dom Adrian Mawson	Dom Cyril Maddox
Dom Herbert Byrne, B.A.	Dom Raphael Williams
Dom Sebastian Lambert, B.A.	Dom Gregory Swann, B.A.

Dom Felix Hardy, B.A.

F. Kilvington Hattersley, Mus.Bac. (Cantab.), A.R.A.M. (Music)

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

Nurse Grimshaw | Matrons  
Nurse Wood

## AMPLEFORTH AND THE WAR

### Roll of Honour

#### KILLED

AINSCOUGH, C., *Captain*, Manchester Regiment.  
 BARSETT, REGINALD, 1st (Royal) Dragoons.  
 CLAPHAM, A. C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, East Yorkshire Regiment.  
 CRAYOS, C., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.F.C.  
 FISHWICK, J. L., *The King's* (Liverpool Regiment).  
 HALL, G. F. M., *Lieutenant*, Royal Berkshire Regiment.  
 HEFFERNAN, W. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Irish Regiment.  
 HINES, A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Durham Light Infantry.  
 HINES, CHARLES W., *Major*, Durham Light Infantry.  
 LISTON, W. P. St L., *Captain*, Leinster Regiment.  
 MARTIN, E. J., *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MILLS, L., *The King's* (Liverpool Regiment).  
 NAREY, V. G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, The Duke of Wellington's  
 (West Riding Regiment).  
 NEVILL, J. H. G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.  
 OBERHOFFER, G., Royal Fusiliers (Public Schools).  
 PUNCH, S., *Surgeon*, H.M.S. "Indefatigable."  
 SHARP, W. S., Northern Signal Company, Royal Engineers.  
 TEELING, A. M. A. T. DE L., *Lieutenant*, Norfolk Regiment.  
 WHITAM, F. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 WILLIAMS, L., *Lieutenant*, South Wales Borderers.  
 WILLIAMS, O. M., *Major*, Monmouthshire Regiment.

#### DIED A WOUNDED PRISONER IN GERMANY

LONG, F. W., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.

#### DIED OF SHELL SHOCK

CADIC, B. F., *Captain*, R.G.A.

#### DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

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

#### KILLED AT SEA

CHAMBERLAIN, P. A., *Engineer*, Merchant Service.

## Ampleforth and the War

#### MISSING

ALLANSON, H. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.  
 BODENHAM, J. E. C., *The London Regiment*.  
 CALDER-SMITH, R. A., 2nd *Lieutenant*, London Regiment.

#### WOUNDED AND MISSING

HONAN, M. B., *Captain*, South Lancashire Regiment.

#### WOUNDED

ADAMSON, R., *Captain*, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 ALLANSON, H. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.  
 BOOCOCK, W. N., *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 BOCKLEY, J. M., *Captain*, Rifle Brigade.  
 CARTER, H. G., *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.  
 CAWKELL, E., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Rifle Brigade.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, G. H., *Captain*, *The King's* (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CHAMBERLAIN, W. G., 2nd *Lieutenant*, *The King's* (Liverpool Regiment).  
 COKRY, E. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 COURTNEY, F. T., *Captain*, Royal Flying Corps.  
 CRAWLEY, C. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 CREAN, G. J., *Captain*, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.  
 DABBY, A. F., Canadian Contingent.  
 DAWES, W. S., Rev., *Chaplain to the Forces*.  
 DENT-YOUNG, W., Australian Contingent.  
 DOBSON, J. I., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters.  
 DUNBAR, T. O'C., *Lieutenant*, A.S.C.  
 DWYER, G., *Captain*, Royal Canadian Regiment.  
 EMERSON, G., *Lieutenant*, Newfoundland Contingent.  
 EMERY, H. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, South Staffordshire Regiment.  
 FOREYTH, J., Scots Guards.  
 HAYES, F. J., 2nd *Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.  
 HINES, A., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 HONAN, M. B., *Captain*, South Lancashire Regiment.  
 JOHNSTONE, J., *Captain*, Australian Contingent.  
 KEOGH, E., Motor Transport.  
 KELLY, A. P., 2nd *Lieutenant*, A.S.C. (attached R.F.C.)  
 LINDIAY, G. W., 2nd *Lieutenant*, R.G.A.

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LONG, A. T., Australian Contingent.  
 MACKAY, C., *Captain*, M.C., Leinster Regiment and R.F.C.  
 McCABE, H. R., *Lieutenant*, Black Watch.  
 McCORMACK, G., *2nd Lieutenant*, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 McKenna, J. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MACPHERSON, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, Gordon Highlanders.  
 MARTIN, C. J., *Captain*, A.S.C.  
 MARTIN, M., *Captain*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MILLERS, P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 MORICE, R., Welsh Guards.  
 MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A., *Lieutenant*, Royal Munster Fusiliers.  
 PARLE, J. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 PILKINGTON, J., Australian Contingent.  
 ROCHFORD, C. E., *Captain*, London Regiment.  
 ROCHFORD, H., *2nd Lieutenant*, London Regiment.  
 SMITH, J. K., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.  
 STOURTON, E. P. J., *Major*, D.S.O., The Hon., K.O.Y.L.L.  
 TEELING, L. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G., *Captain*, Royal Engineers.  
 WEIGHILL, E. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, Yorkshire Regiment.  
 WRIGHT, H. D. M., *Captain*, Sherwood Foresters.  
 WRIGHT, M. F. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.

### PRISONERS OF WAR

COLLISON, C. B. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CRAWLEY, C. P., *2nd Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 McDONALD, D. P., *Lieutenant*, Lovat's Scouts, attached R.F.C.  
 ROWE, R. D., *Sub-Lieutenant*, H.M.S. "Nestor."  
 TEELING, T. F. P. B. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, K.O.S.B.



The following Old Boys are known to be serving in His Majesty's forces. We occasionally hear of new names, and the Journal Committee will be grateful to correspondents for any further information—additional names, corrections or promotions.

## Ampleforth and the War

We are no longer allowed to publish the battalion and certain other details. This we fear will detract from the interest of the list, but we shall be grateful if correspondents will continue to send us details, including the battalion, for our private information.

ADAMSON, C., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 ADAMSON, R. (wounded), *Captain*, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 AINSCOUGH, C. (killed), *Captain*, Manchester Regiment.  
 AINSCOUGH, M., R.F.C.  
 ALLANSON, F., H.A.C.  
 ALLANSON, H. P. (wounded and missing), *2nd Lieutenant*, Suffolk Regiment.  
 ALLANSON, J. B., London University O.T.C.  
 ANSTETON, C., R.A.M.C.  
 AUSTIN, SIR W. M. B., *2nd Lieutenant*, Yeomanry.  
 BARNETT, G. S., *Surgeon*, H.M.H.S. "Seal."  
 BARNETT, REV. H. A., *Chaplain*, H.M.H.S. "Neuralia."  
 BARNETT, R. (killed), *Dragoons*.  
 BARNETT, W. R. S., *Yeomanry*.  
 BARNWALL, THE HONBLE. R. N. F. M., *2nd Lieutenant*, Leinster Regiment.  
 BARTON, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 BARTON, O., *2nd Lieutenant*, Yorkshire Regiment.  
 BEACH, G., *Manchester Regiment*.  
 BEGG, J., *Sub Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.  
 BIRMINGHAM, F., R.N.A.S.  
 BRIGOOD, J. W. W., *Midshipman*, H.M.S. ———  
 BRACKLEDGE, E., *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regt.)  
 BRACKLEDGE, R. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regt.)  
 BODENHAM, J. E. C. (missing), *London Regiment*.  
 BLACKMORE, A., *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C.  
 BOOCOCK, B., *Canadian Contingent*.  
 BOOCOCK, W. N. (wounded), *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 BRADLEY, B. R. D., *2nd Lieutenant*, London Regiment.  
 BRADLEY, W. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, Prisoners of War Section.  
 BRIDLEY, J. M. (wounded), *Captain*, Rifle Brigade.  
 BUCKNALL, E. D., *Captain*, Canadian Contingent.  
 BOGANS, REV. W. B., C.F.  
 BULLOCK-WEBSTER, L., *Major*, Canadian Contingent.  
 BURGE, B. E. J., *Lieutenant*, London Regiment.

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BYRNE, A. J., *Lieutenant*, Cameron Highlanders.  
 BYRNE, REV. W. A., C.F.  
 CADIC, B. F. (*died of shell shock*), *Captain*, R.G.A.  
 CADIC, L., *Captain*, Royal Engineers.  
 CALDER-SMITH, F., *Rifle Brigade*.  
 CALDER-SMITH, R. A. (*missing*), *2nd Lieutenant*, London Regiment  
 CALDWELL, J. B., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 CARTER, H. G. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, Grenadier Guards.  
 CAWKELL, E. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, Rifle Brigade.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, G. H. (*wounded*), *Captain*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CHAMBERLAIN, N. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A., attached R.F.C.  
 CHAMBERLAIN, W. G. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CHENEY, H. J., *Captain*, The Buffs (East Kent Regiment).  
 CLANCY, F., *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CLANCY, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C.  
 CLAPHAM, A. C. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, East Yorkshire Regiment.  
 CLAPHAM, W. V., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 CLARKE, C. W., *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CLARKE, J. O., Manchester Regiment.  
 CLORAN, G., *Sub-Lieutenant*, Royal Naval Reserve.  
 CLORAN, M., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 COLLINGWOOD, B. J., *Lieutenant*, Army Ordnance Corps.  
 COLLISON, B. R., *Captain*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment), Headquarters Staff.  
 COLLISON, C. B. J. (*prisoner*), *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 CONNOR, E. A., *Lieutenant*, South Lancashire Regiment.  
 COOKE, W. C., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 COONAN, P., R.G.A.  
 CORRY, E. J. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 COURTNEY, F. T. (*wounded*), *Captain* (Croix de Guerre), R.F.C.  
 CRAWFORD, C. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.C.  
 CRAWLEY, C. P. (*wounded and prisoner, mentioned in despatches*), *2nd Lieutenant*, Dorsetshire Regiment.  
 CREAN, E., *Flight Lieutenant*, R.N.A.S.  
 CREAN, G. J. (*wounded*), *Captain*, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers Staff-Captain.  
 CREAN, H. T., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A. (acting A.D.C.)  
 CROSKELL, A. C., *2nd Lieutenant*, Bedfordshire Regiment.  
 DANIEL, P., R.A.M.C.  
 DARRY, A. F., (*wounded*) Canadian Contingent.  
 DAWES, E. P., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.

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DAWES, REV. W. S. (*wounded*), C.F.  
 DEASE, E. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, Rifle Brigade.  
 DEES, A., R.N.A.S.  
 DEES, H., Australian Contingent.  
 DEES, V., *2nd Lieutenant*, The Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment).  
 DEES, W.  
 DE NORMANVILLE, REV. C. W., C.F.  
 DE NORMANVILLE, E., *Captain*, R.E.  
 DILLON, H.  
 DOBSON, J. L., *2nd Lieutenant*, Sherwood Foresters, attached A.S.C.  
 DOBSON, W., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.C.  
 DOHERTY, F., Royal Welsh Fusiliers.  
 DUNBAR, T. O'C. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, A.S.C.  
 DWYER, G. (*wounded*), *Captain*, Canadian Contingent.  
 EMBERTON, G. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, Newfoundland Contingent.  
 EMERY, H. J. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, South Staffordshire Regiment.  
 FARMER, C., Army Ordnance Corps.  
 FARRELL, G. E. J., *Lieutenant*, Leinster Regiment.  
 FARRELL, G. W., Canadian Contingent.  
 FEENEY, F. J. E., *Flight Lieutenant*, R.N.A.S.  
 FINCH, R. (*mentioned in despatches*), *Captain*, A.V.C.  
 FISHWICK, L. J. (*killed*), The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 FOOTE, W. Sr. G., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 FORBES, F. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 FORSTER, W., R.A.M.C.  
 FORSYTH, J. (*wounded*), Scots Guards.  
 FOSTER, H., *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C.  
 GATELEY, A. J., *Captain*, The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 GAYNOR, G., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 GIBBONS, A. B., Oxford University O.T.C.  
 GOSS, A., New Zealand Contingent.  
 GOSS, F. H., *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 HALL, G. F. M. (*killed*), *Lieutenant*, Royal Berkshire Regiment.  
 HANSON, V. J. R., *Captain*, South African Contingent.  
 HARDMAN, B. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, Lancers.  
 HARDMAN, E., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, R.N.A.S.  
 HARRISON, R., *2nd Lieutenant*, East Yorkshire Regiment.  
 HANKSWELL, B., *2nd Lieutenant*, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 HAYES, F. L., Cadet Battalion.  
 HAYES, G. A. M., A.S.C.



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HAYNES, R., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 HEFFERNAN, J. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, Irish Guards.  
 HEFFERNAN, W. P. (killed), *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Irish Regiment.  
 HESLOP, J., Durham Light Infantry.  
 HEYES, F. J. (wounded), *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Engineers.  
 HEYES, T. F., Royal Engineers.  
 HICKEY, H., *2nd Lieutenant*.  
 HILL, E., *2nd Lieutenant*, Yeomanry.  
 HINES, ARTHUR (wounded), *Captain*, R.A.M.C.  
 HINES, AUSTIN (killed), *2nd Lieutenant*, Durham Light Infantry.  
 HINES, C. W. (killed), *Major*, Durham Light Infantry.  
 HONAN, M. B. (wounded and missing, mentioned in despatches), *Captain*, South Lancashire Regiment.  
 HOPE, J. L., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 HUDDLESTON, R. M. C., *Captain*, Royal Scots.  
 HUNTINGTON, R. H. (mentioned in despatches), *Major*, D.S.O., Somersetshire Light Infantry.  
 HUNTINGTON, T., *Lieutenant*, Royal Fusiliers.  
 IPPOTSON, T. J., Australian Contingent.  
 JACKSON, J., Royal Engineers.  
 JOHNSTONE, B. (mentioned in despatches), *Major*, Royal West Kent Regiment, Headquarters Staff.  
 JOHNSTONE, J. (mentioned in despatches), *Captain*, Australian Contingent.  
 KELLY, A. P. (wounded), *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C., attached R.F.C.  
 KELLY, J. O., Officers' Cadet Battalion.  
 KEOGH, E. (wounded), Motor Transport.  
 KEVILL, J. B., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 KILLEA, P. J., Yeomanry.  
 KNOWLES, V., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 LACY, L., Northumberland Fusiliers.  
 LANCASTER, C. B. J., *Captain*, Highland Light Infantry, (attached R.F.C.).  
 LEACH, E., *2nd Lieutenant*, Machine Gun Corps.  
 LEE, J. E., Highland Light Infantry.  
 LEESE, C. F. W., *Lieutenant*, Punjab Regiment, attached King George's Own Baluchis.  
 LE FEVRE, F. L., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 LIGHTBOUND, Rev. A. A., C.F.  
 LINDSAY, G. W. (wounded), *2nd Lieutenant*, R.G.A.  
 LISTON, W. P. St. L., (killed), *Captain*, Leinster Regiment.  
 LISTON, R. P. St. L., Edinburgh University O.T.C.  
 LONG, D. T., *2nd Lieutenant*, Hazara Pioneers.

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LONG, F. W. (died of wounds as a prisoner), *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 LONG, A. T. (Military Medal), Australian Contingent.  
 LONG, W. C., *Major*, R.A.M.C.  
 LOVELL, H., British Red Cross Motor Ambulance.  
 LOVELL, S. C. A., Ceylon Mounted Rifles.  
 LOWTHER, C., Yorkshire Regiment.  
 LYTHER, L. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, Cheshire Regiment.  
 MCCABE, F. L., *2nd Lieutenant*, Black Watch.  
 MCCABE, H. R. (wounded), *Captain*, Black Watch.  
 MCCANN, A. J., *Lieutenant*, Royal Dublin Fusiliers.  
 MCCORMACK, G. (wounded), *2nd Lieutenant*, West Yorkshire Regiment.  
 MACDERMOTT, G., *Lieutenant*, Highland Light Infantry.  
 McDONALD, A. J., *Lieutenant*, Lovat's Scouts.  
 McDONALD, D. P. (prisoner), *Lieutenant*, Lovat's Scouts, attached R.F.C.  
 McEVOY, P., Yeomanry.  
 McGUINNESS, R., Royal Engineers.  
 MACKAY, C. F. (twice wounded), *Captain*, M.C., Leinster Regiment and R.F.C.  
 MACKAY, G. F., *2nd Lieutenant*, Leinster Regiment and R.F.C.  
 MACKAY, L., *Lieutenant-Colonel*, R.A.M.C.  
 McKESNA, J. J. (twice wounded), *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 McKILLOP, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, Queen's (Royal West Surrey Regiment).  
 MACPHERSON, J. (twice wounded), *2nd Lieutenant*, Gordon Highlanders.  
 MACPHERSON, C. F., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.C.  
 McSWINEY, F. E., Royal Engineers.  
 MANLEY, M.  
 MARTIN, C. J. (wounded), *Captain*, A.S.C.  
 MARTIN, E. J. (killed), *Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, HAROLD A., Officers' Cadet Battalion.  
 MARTIN, HOWARD, *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, HUBERT A., *Lieutenant*, M.C., Highland Light Infantry (attached Royal Engineers).  
 MARTIN, J. A.  
 MARTIN, M. J. (killed), *Captain and Adjutant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, O. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, South Staffordshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, W., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MARTIN, W. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, Royal Warwickshire Regiment.  
 MAKWOOD, B., *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.

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MARWOOD, C., *Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 MARWOOD, G., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 MASSEY, E. J., *Liverpool University O.T.C.*  
 MILBURN, A. L., *London University O.T.C.*  
 MILES, L. (*killed*), *The King's (Liverpool Regiment)*.  
 MILLS, C. W., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Royal Engineers*.  
 MILLERS, P. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, *Lancashire Fusiliers*.  
 MORICE, G. F., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Royal Engineers*.  
 MORICE, H., A.S.C.  
 MORICE, R. (*wounded*), *Welsh Guards*.  
 MORROGH-BERNARD, F. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Royal Munster Fusiliers*.  
 MURPHY, J., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.  
 MURPHY, P. J., *Lieutenant*, *Hampshire Regiment*, *Staff Officer*.  
 NAREY, P., *2nd Lieutenant*, *West Yorkshire Regiment*.  
 NAREY, V. G. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, *Duke of Wellington's Regiment*.  
 NEAL, A., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.C.  
 NEVILL, G. W. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, A.S.C.  
 NEVILL, J. H. G. (*killed*), *2nd Lieutenant*, *Grenadier Guards*.  
 NEVILLE, M. M., *Captain*, *Worcestershire Regiment*.  
 NEWTON, A., *Connaught Rangers*.  
 NEWTON, J., *Connaught Rangers*.  
 OBERHOFFER, G. (*killed*), *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. (*wounded*), *2nd Lieutenant*, *The King's (Liverpool Regiment)*.  
 PEGUERO, P., *New Zealand Contingent*.  
 PIKE, Rev. C. B., C.F.  
 PIKE, H., *Cadet Battalion*, *Jesus College, Cambridge*.  
 PIKE, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Royal Warwickshire Regiment*.  
 PIKE, S., *Assam Light Horse*.  
 PILKINGTON, J. (*three times wounded*), *Australian Contingent*.  
 PLUNKETT, HONBLE. G. W. D., *Trinity College, Dublin, O.T.C.*  
 POLDING, H., *Yeomanry*.  
 POLDING, J. B., *Major*, *East Lancashire Regiment*.  
 POWER, A., *Motor Transport*.  
 POWER, C., *Dublin University O.T.C.*  
 POWER, D., *Surgeon*, *Royal Marine Depot*.  
 POWER, R. J., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Punjab Regiment*.  
 POZZI, F. W., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*.  
 PRESTON, E.  
 PRIMAVESI, C., *South Wales Borderers*.

## Ampleforth and the War

PONCH, S., (*killed*), *Surgeon*, H.M.S. "Indefatigable."  
 QUINN, C., *Canadian Contingent*.  
 QUINN, F., *Captain*, *Canadian Contingent*.  
 QUINN, J., R.A.M.C.  
 QUINN, JHN., R.F.A.  
 RANKIN, A., A.S.C.  
 READMAN, W., *Dragoon Guards*.  
 REARDON, J., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.A.  
 RIGBY, A., *2nd Lieutenant*.  
 RIGBY, L., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Manchester Regiment*.  
 RILEY, J., *The King's (Liverpool Regiment)*.  
 ROBERTSON, E. A., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders*.  
 ROBERTSON, J., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.  
 ROCHFORD, B., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Household Brigade*.  
 ROCHFORD, C., *Lieutenant*, *London Regiment*.  
 ROCHFORD, C. E. (*twice wounded*), *Captain*, *London Regiment*.  
 ROCHFORD, CLEMENT, *2nd Lieutenant*, *Essex Regiment*.  
 ROCHFORD, E., A.S.C.  
 ROCHFORD, H., *2nd Lieutenant*, *London Regiment*.  
 ROCHFORD, L., *Flight Sub-Lieutenant*, R.N.A.S.  
 ROCHFORD, R., *2nd Lieutenant*, R.F.C.  
 ROCHFORD, W., *2nd Lieutenant*.  
 ROWE, R. D. (*prisoner*), *Sub-Lieutenant*, H.M.S. "Nestor."  
 RUDDIN, L. G., *Captain*, *Cheshire Regiment*.  
 RUDDIN, T. V., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Cheshire Regiment*.  
 SHARP, C., *Motor Transport*.  
 SHARP, W. S. (*killed*), *Royal Engineers*.  
 SINNOTT, R., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Yorkshire Regiment*.  
 SMITH, A., *Canadian Contingent*.  
 SMITH, J. B., *Motor Transport*.  
 SMITH, J. K. (*wounded*), *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C.  
 SMITH, N., *Manchester Regiment*.  
 SMITH, P., *Lieutenant*, R.A.M.C., *South African Contingent*.  
 SMITH, W. T., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Lancaster Fusiliers*.  
 SPEAKMAN, H. J., *Cheshire Regiment*.  
 STOUTON, HONBLE. E. P. J. (*wounded, mentioned in despatches*), *Major*,  
 D.S.O., K.O.Y.L.I., *Brigade-Major*.  
 SWALE, W. H., *2nd Lieutenant*, *Pay Department*.  
 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.

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TEELING, T. F. P. B. J. (*prisoner*), 2nd Lieutenant, K.O.S.B.  
 TEMPLE, J., 2nd Lieutenant, Yeomanry.  
 TRAVERS, D. G. L. M. G. (*wounded*), Captain, Royal Engineers.  
 UNSWORTH, L., Manchester University O.T.C.  
 VETCH, G., 2nd Lieutenant, R.G.A.  
 WALKER, D., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 WALKER, V., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 WALLACE, P., Irish Guards.  
 WALSH, J., Lieutenant, R.A.M.C.  
 WALSH, M. P. (*mentioned in despatches*), Major, A.V.C. Staff Officer  
 WALTON, F., Leeds University O.T.C.  
 WALTON, L., Reserve Battalion.  
 WARD, F., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 WELCH, F., South African Horse.  
 WELCH, G. W., Canadian Contingent.  
 WEIGHILL, E. H., Lieutenant, Yorkshire Regiment.  
 WEISSENBERG, H., The King's (Liverpool Regiment).  
 WESTHEAD, J., 2nd Lieutenant, King's Own (Royal Lancashire Regt.).  
 WHITAM, F. J. (*killed*), 2nd Lieutenant, Lancashire Fusiliers.  
 WILLIAMS, L. (*killed*), Lieutenant, South Wales Borderers.  
 WILLIAMS, O. M. (*killed*), Major, Monmouthshire Regiment.  
 WOOD, B. (*died of blackwater fever*), British South African Police.  
 WOOD, W., Canadian Contingent.  
 WRIGHT, A. F. M., Lieutenant, Sherwood Foresters, attached A.S.C.  
 WRIGHT, H. D. M. (*wounded*), Captain, Sherwood Foresters.  
 WRIGHT, M. F. M. (*wounded*), Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.  
 YORKE, F. ST. G., 2nd Lieutenant, M.C., Highland Light Infantry.  
 YOUNG, A. DENT, 2nd Lieutenant, Machine Gun Corps.  
 YOUNG, W. DENT, Australian Contingent.

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Woolwich.	Sandhurst.	Wellington (Mairns).
GERRARD, J. M. H.	BARRY, W. H.	LYNCH, R. J.
SIMPSON, C. R.	BADLEY, V. J.	WELSH, T. V.
	KNOWLES, C.	
	MORROGH-BERNARD, J.	

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*Note.*—COUNT JOSEPH TELFENER, Lieutenant, Italian Army.  
 JOHN D. TELFENER, Italian Army.  
 PAUL VUYLSTEKE, Belgian Army.  
 PIERRE VUYLSTEKE, Belgian Army.



2nd LIEUT. CYRIL S. CRAVOS, Welsh Regiment (attached R.F.C.)

## Ampleforth and the War

### 2ND LIEUTENANT CYRIL S. CRAVOS.

Cyril Cravos was killed on March 2nd in his 'plane somewhere over the German lines.

Of his death no details are known and for some time hope was entertained that he was a prisoner. He joined the H.A.C. in February, 1915. In the following August he obtained a commission in the Welsh Regiment and last summer joined the Royal Flying Corps. He got "his wings" in December, and went to the front in January. In a letter to Mr Cravos his commanding officer wrote:

I regret his loss immensely as he was very keen and could always be relied upon to carry out his duties with courage and cheerfulness. He was a very clever pilot.

That is precisely what we at Ampleforth would have expected of him. He was courageous to recklessness and buoyantly cheerful. Qualities he displayed not only in the Rugger XV but also in the boxing ring.

Cravos entered the School in May, 1908, and left in April, 1913. By nature he was a singularly generous and kindly boy, he was ever ready to play his part in every department of the school life, shirking nothing and always giving of his best. Of such a character it goes without saying that he developed into a fine specimen of young manhood notable for his upright and faithful adherence to all duties among which he counted not least his religion. May he rest in peace.

To Mr and Mrs Cravos and their family we offer our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

PETER AUGUSTINE CHAMBERLAIN lost his life on Sunday, March 25th, in the sinking of the transport —, on which he was engineer.

He entered this school in January, 1905. At that time few would have thought that he would ever attain either the physical hardiness or the mental qualities of the kind required by the exacting profession which he afterwards adopted. For he was a

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frail, delicate child, he was not sharp, and he aggravated the effects of these deficiencies both on himself and on others by his sensitiveness and diffidence. But he compensated, and more than compensated, for them by sheer courage. As he grew older, too, he showed literary taste, a capacity for independent and constructive thought and for clear self-expression, qualities, however, which would, one feels, have lain undeveloped but for his uncommon determination to do the best that was in him. He left school in 1908 in the fourth form, too early to take a leading part in school life. But he was already beginning to show his powers. He could generally produce a creditable result when his task was one that gave scope for independent thought or action. He was an excellent speaker and debater, and under the system of school government which then prevailed here he was official leader of the Opposition over members of two higher forms. He was a great reader, and his essays were above the average. The issue of this JOURNAL for May, 1908, contained a prize essay by him, which is a striking piece of work for a boy of fifteen. His companions liked him, for he was particularly unselfish and sympathetic; they viewed him with some awe, too, as one who in spite of his unassuming manner and his habitual underestimate of himself, could not be overawed or coerced. This was certainly the most striking feature of his character; he formed his own views, planned his own course of action, and deferred to nothing except cogent reasoning. And yet he was markedly diffident of his powers. There were other traits too which those who knew him well appreciated and will treasure in their memory now. He was an extremely unselfish man, tender-hearted and affectionate: the sight of sorrow stirred him deeply, and he gave help, and continued to give it, regardless of the cost to himself.

When the war broke out he had just finished his apprenticeship in an engineering firm, and he served



PETER AUGUSTINE CHAMBERLAIN







CAPT. WILLIAM P. ST. L. LISTON, Leinster Regiment

## Ampleforth and the War

on various ships in Government employment. In this work he led a varied and eventful life in many parts of the world, and being an interested and thoughtful observer found it attractive in spite of its hardship. His ship was returning from Cuba and was within a few hours of port when it was torpedoed at a quarter past four in the morning, and sank in four minutes. His watch had ended a few minutes earlier and he was probably in his own quarters at the time of the explosion. He was not seen again. May he rest in peace.

To Mr and Mrs Chamberlain, and to all Peter Chamberlain's relatives, we offer our sincere sympathy.

### CAPTAIN WILLIAM P. ST. L. LISTON.

William Liston was killed on April 12th in the Battle of Arras. He was shot while leading his company into action at Souchez. Liston left the school in August, 1914, and obtained his commission in February, 1915, in the 5th Battalion of the Leinsters. He held first-class certificates for bombing, bayonet fighting, sniping, musketry, gymnastics and as a machine gun officer. We can well understand that his commanding officer described him as "a very capable officer." He left for the front in December, 1915, after recovering from pleurisy, and fought in the Somme battle. On January 21st, 1917, he was gazetted Lieutenant, and on March 12th Captain. Latterly he was attached to the 2nd Battalion of the Leinsters, and one of his brother officers in that battalion writes of him:

He was one of the finest fellows that ever came to our battalion, and was loved by officers and men alike.

William Liston entered the school in April, 1912. His fine athletic build marked him as a gamester. In 1913 he occasionally found a place in the Rugger XV, and in 1914 was a regular member. He played half back for the Hockey XI and was in the Second XI at cricket. In the O.T.C. contingent he was a

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Lance-Corporal and a member of the band. In 1913 he was the winner of the 'Marwood Golf Prize.' His love of athletics he retained to the end, and while at the front was laid up in hospital with a sprained ankle—a result of 'Rugger' while playing for his company.

Among strangers shy and retiring and very sensitive to a harsh word Liston was popular and lively among his fellows, and although no student and no real lover of school life, he was attached to his old school. Only recently he wrote to one, who was never at Ampleforth, "I hope to spend some of my next leave at Ampleforth, my *Alma Mater*, to thank them all for what they have done for me." Need we say how sorry we are that he never lived to enjoy that leave so shortly due. Liston was a sincere and devoted Catholic. His brother writes: "He wrote to me from France lately and repeated what he had often written. I thank God I was brought up a Catholic, for therein lies all peace and contentment." He received Holy Communion at the hands of Father Maloney, *c.s.*, immediately before the action in which he was killed, and was buried in No Man's land near Souchez. May he rest in peace.

To Mr and Mrs Liston, and to all relatives, we offer our sincerest sympathy.

\* \* \*

HEARTY congratulations to Lieutenant H. A. Martin on being awarded the Military Cross. The following is the official announcement:

When in command of his company, which had been detailed as a carrying party, he handled it with marked ability, and brought up the stores almost as soon as the hostile trenches had been entered, thereby enabling the attacking force to proceed with the consolidation of the captured position without delay.

\* \* \*

In the list of those mentioned in despatches given in our last number we omitted the name of Captain R. Finch.

## Ampleforth and the War

News has reached us that Leo Miles is now definitely known to have been killed. In our next number we hope to be able to give his photograph and some details of his career and of his death. R.I.P.

\* \* \*

LIEUTENANT DONALD P. McDONALD is reported "missing." The following extract from a letter of an officer of his squadron gives all that we know:

He was sent over the lines with two other experienced pilots to get some photographs. The three machines were busy taking photographs when they were set on by six or eight Huns—as far as I can make out—and only one of them got back. He did not see either of the others go down as he was too busy himself. Donald had a very good observer with him, and I think there is a very good chance of both getting down safely. He was not out here many days, but from what we saw of him he seemed to be a very good pilot and every one here thought a lot of him.

\* \* \*

CAPTAIN CYRIL MARTIN we have only recently heard was wounded at Suvla Bay.

\* \* \*

In our last number we recorded that R. J. Lynch who was on his way to Wellington (Madras) suffered the unenviable but now too common experience of having his boat torpedoed. He writes:

On Monday morning the weather very fortunately became very calm. In the morning between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m. (I was on watch at the time) we passed Malta. From 10.15 a.m. to 11.15 a.m., we were to have class in Hindustani, at about 11.15 a.m. while we were still at class the vessel was struck. The explosion made a noise quite unlike that which I expected, but it was a noise which it is not easy to forget. Everybody moved away immediately to get their life belts and went to their allotted places. There was not the slightest trace of panic among the passengers although the Lascars were very perturbed. The ship had been struck on the port stern, and one boat had been smashed. It was evident that we were going down by the stern. One fortunate boat with all its passengers got away within ten minutes. The boat next to us was not so fortunate. One of the ropes jammed—leaving one end down. The boat had to be cut away and dropped eighteen feet. Fortunately it was not broken but most of the

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people left it and the ship's doctor was crushed to death between the boat and the ship. Some in this boat, especially the children, had miraculous escapes.

Some of the cadets who had their cameras got some good photographs showing the smashed boat and the boat in difficulties. By the time we had got away the stern was nearly on a level with the water. As soon as the gun was partially submerged we saw the periscope of the submarine 'nosing' about to see the effects of her work. (We were told that she was sunk by some French destroyers on the following day). At about 11.30, twenty minutes after she was struck, the bows reared right up and with a loud explosion of the boilers the ship slid under. The captain who went down thirty feet with the boat was picked up later. The next hour or so was spent picking people out of the water, and after three hours in the boats we were picked up by a hospital ship. While the incident lasted everybody kept their heads wonderfully, but most of us suffered from nerves for the next couple of days.

\* \* \*

CAPTAIN F. COURTNEY, R.F.C., has written many interesting letters, from which we are able to give only one extract.

The first time I went over the lines with this squadron, the Huns obliged me by 'strafing' my new and very good observer. We were rearguard on an offensive patrol, and whilst examining something we got separated from the others and were easy prey for Hun scouts. I went full out to try and catch up the others and then I heard a crack—crack—crack rising to a tremendous roar as four Hun guns rattled away. One Hun attacked from below, another climbed quickly past us and then dived, and each had 'let rip' with two guns. My observer's knee was smashed by a bullet. My tanks were hit, and the petrol poured out, and engine was riddled. My observer, however, got his gun on one Hun as I made a sharp turn, and he emptied about a hundred rounds into him at about twenty yards range. We never saw that Hun again! But my engine was stopped and I had to make a zig-zag dive for our lines—ten miles away. I was twisting and turning so much that poor Mr Hun No. 2 must have had a 'rotten job' trying to get bullets into me. Eventually he gave it up as a bad job and a very strong east wind got us over our lines. The Huns hit everything except me. So long as they go on missing me I don't mind!

\* \* \*

2ND LIEUTENANT C. B. J. COLLISON writes from Gütersloh: We have made a good skating rink, and it is quite possible to play ice hockey. The winter has been very severe here, and even before

## Ampleforth and the War

Christmas there were several spells of hard frost and snow. Since Christmas the frost has been continuous. Of course no Rugby can be played. C. C. Frank is here, and he was very pleased to hear that I came from Ampleforth. He used to play cricket against us ten years ago. I am getting on with my Russian and German, and I converse in French with the French priest. I teach him English and we are reading Shakespeare together as he really talks very well. He belongs to a French Missionary Society for Africa and was stationed near Winchester before the war. He has been a prisoner for more than two years now.

\* \* \*

2ND LIEUTENANT F. CLANCY writes:

I had a trip into the vacated German lines with our Battery Major on the day after they retreated to reconnoitre roads for guns. At one time we were 4,000 yards in advance of our infantry, but saw nothing of the Bosche. It was really marvellous the way that everything of any military value had been removed—not so much as an empty bully beef tin in the five miles of 'Hunland' we travelled. The only things they left behind were 'booby traps'—dug-outs ajar with bombs behind—and mined roads, all of which in our sector at least were discovered in time.

\* \* \*

Here is an extract from a letter of an old friend of Ampleforth, Mr Charles Staniforth, who describes himself as "a sort of foster-son of Ampleforth":

I do not know whether any of my old friends of twenty years ago will still remember me, but if any there are who do I beg that you will let them know that I am in the land of the living and can still remember that 'It looks upon a vale, a vale,' though I am told that Ampleforth has grown out of all recognition. I have been invalided home after twenty months' service in France, where I had great pleasure in meeting several old friends from Ampleforth doing their duty to king and country. Radcliffe I met up country. Father Dawes and Wooswick at No. 1 Base. Father Dawes I had not seen for over twenty years. I am told he did splendid service up at the front, and I know he was popular at the Base with men of every denomination, and is looked upon as a grand *padre* and an all-round, good sportsman.

\* \* \*

CAPTAIN J. M. BUCKLEY who was wounded last year has now returned to the front. Here is an extract from a letter written dated April 17th:

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I have now been through my second 'battle' and have again come out unscathed. What is most important my command, which now on this occasion consisted of two companies, only lost three killed and thirteen wounded, while we took seventy-six Hun prisoners and captured a machine gun. Naturally we are all in the highest spirits, and have entirely lost our respect for the Bosche which on occasions in the past assumed enormous proportions—notably on Sundays when he shot the unexpended portion of his week's 'Minnie' ration at us. Those days have gone we hope never to return. That the Hun will never be the man he was we know for certain. On the Somme his morale was shaken, to-day it is pitiable. The completeness of this initial success has undoubtedly been due to the abundance of shells with which workers at home provided us. After seeing such torrential shelling from our batteries it is hard to realise those bad old Ypres days, when the torrent flowed from the Hun on to us. Now with our tails up and the Hun's down we are all hoping to chase him back to the Fatherland. The weather of course has been atrocious and our march back from — (much mentioned in English papers of late) beggars description. The force of the blizzard was such that for half an hour it was quite impossible to keep one's eyes open. Many a tea-totaller tasted rum at the finish of that march!

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CAPTAIN H. D. M. WRIGHT, who was recently reported wounded, was hit in the arm. He is now rapidly recovering. His brother Lieutenant M. M. Wright, R.E., is again in France with his old company, while Lieutenant A. F. M. Wright is in Palestine. On his journey he met and Lieutenant N. J. Chamberlain who is with the R.F.C. in Egypt, where Captain Cyril Lancaster, R.F.C., has been until recently. Captain Lancaster is now with the Salonika forces.

\* \* \*

LIEUTENANT A. F. M. WRIGHT, in a letter dated February 1st, says:

I am writing in the desert with sand on all sides. We have just finished dinner—or what is called dinner—which consisted of a little sand rabbit soup (the animal was caught by one of our patrols) and a little dry bread for the first course. The second consisted of bully beef stew and the third a luxury supplied by an officer who has just arrived—

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sardines. Our only beverage was water, of which we have a plentiful supply. Our clothing is of the scantiest, but it is more than enough in this heat.

\* \* \*

JOHN PILKINGTON, who has not hitherto appeared in our lists, has had many experiences since the war broke out. He sailed in the first boat from Melbourne with the Australians, but caught measles on the vessel, and was put down at Albany, West Australia, where he spent two months. He was then sent back to Melbourne, and received his discharge as "totally unfit for service." But sailed again the same night from Melbourne after he had joined another regiment. He was twice wounded in the Dardanelles, and was sent from there to Cairo Hospital. He returned to Anzac, and was in the last boat to leave that tragic shore. He has also been a despatch rider astride a camel 'somewhere in Egypt.' On September 12th he was wounded for the third time on the Somme, and is now once again in France.

\* \* \*

MR. R. WORSLEY WORSWICK writes to J. M. H. Gerrard, head monitor, from the Ampleforth Hut somewhere in France.

Thank you very much for your letter of March 31st, and for the splendid gift of £15 from the school. . . . We have been rather badly off for things for the chapel. I therefore propose to devote the money to this purpose.

The hut has had the most extraordinary good fortune since we started on August 15th last year. It is always crowded both on the chaplain's and on the social sides, the latter being open to all British troops of whatever creed. All the huts in France, quite early in the war, degenerated from recreation huts and practically became buffets, and we here consume a surprising amount of stores.

(Mr Worsley Worswick then gives detail of the regular stores supplied, which contrasts so favourably with diet at home that we refrain from printing them).

I sometimes see Ampleforth boys here. Mr Millers called on his way through. He told me he left Ampleforth eleven years ago. Mr Frank Courtney, R.F.C., landed in his plane close to the Hut and seeing

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the name came in and remained a few minutes with his observer. On going up again he gave us a display of trick flying, and did a good loop just over the roof of the Hut before setting off for his base behind the line. Father Dunn, C.F., was attached to the Havre hut when I was there. He left Ampleforth in 1873. Father Stephen Dawes was also with us after he came down from the line wounded. He and Mr Raby were the only two, whom I have met, who were in the school with me. The latter was at the Havre hut for some time.

As to the religious side of the hut, which is kept apart from the social life, there are two or three Masses every morning and Benediction on Sundays at 5.30 and Thursdays at 8 o'clock. The day always ends with Rosary and night prayers, and the Chaplain can be seen any time, but his regular hours for confessions are between 3 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. every day.



FLIGHT SUB-LIEUTENANT L. ROCHFORD, R.N.A.S., WRITES ON March 7th:

I have been having a quiet time out here until the other day when I had an exciting fight. Two of us were attacked by five Huns, who dived on us from above. By a great piece of luck I managed to bring a Hun down apparently out of control. It was a terrifying experience to hear machine guns firing away and often not able to see them. I threw my machine about and always seemed to manage to shake them off, but they would return, and they always had us on the defensive as they outnumbered us and were above us. My machine was only hit once—a bullet entering the 'cockpit,' and missing my leg by a few inches and eventually passing through the wing.

About three weeks ago I was lost and landed at an aerodrome where A. P. Kelly's squadron is stationed. I stayed there the night, but I did not see Kelly as he was in hospital, having burnt his hand rather badly. My cousin (Captain C. E. Rochford) is in hospital at Boulogne. He has had a pretty rough time since he first came out here.



HERE is an extract from a letter of Dom Ambrose Byrne, C.F., dated March 29th:

You can have no conception of the state of the country over which the Hun has withdrawn. . . . My duties took me lately to what perhaps was the strongest point in the old Hun line. . . . We held a village we will call x and the Hun a village y. They were almost adjacent—these villages—not five hundred yards between, while the

## Ampleforth and the War

front trenches of the two lines were about one hundred and eighty yards apart. Our village was of course hopelessly shattered by the Huns. Not a sound wall and very little in the way of a roof. . . . The church had no roof, an east wall of about twelve feet, the west wall in a comparatively upright posture, no south wall at all, but the north wall fairly intact. And right in the centre of the north wall there hangs a crucifix. Of course the wall is pocked and pitted everywhere with holes from bits of shell, the crucifix surrounded by them, all but absolutely untouched. You have heard these stories of the miracle of the crucifix before. I have seen some "Calvaries" that seemed to have had marvellous escapes, but this one is the most remarkable I have seen. The only damage done to it was that the left nail of the inscription I.N.R.I. had fallen or been taken out, and the piece of metal was hanging down by the right nail. . . . Then I walked across No Man's land to the village y held by the Hun. The damage done to our village was as nothing to that done to the Hun's. Imagine yourself standing on a lonely part of the moor road, and being told you were in the main street of a village; as far as buildings are concerned the likeness is exact, but here every foot of ground was covered with shell holes and deep craters formed by our trench mortars, whose cubic capacity would be about that of the tower class room. . . . The village was situated practically in the clearing of a wood. The wood had been blown to pieces by our artillery. Just the stems of trees marked and torn and amputated by our shells as though all the devils from hell had been let loose there. A scene of complete horror, and one thought of all the horrible scenes one had read in literature—Spenser's picture of the House of Sin and Pride, and descriptions of Hell in the early books of *Paradise Lost*—and they all seemed weak and flat compared to this. Two remains of gate posts marked the entrance into what was the cemetery. Not a vestige of the church remained, and the whole cemetery was dug up by our shells and remained a mass of craters with skulls and bits of human beings lying about. I went on through the village and came across half a dead German—ribs and pelvis showing through his clothing—and later on two more recently killed, and then a couple of dead horses. Just as I turned to come back a lark began to sing! . . . In the village I met two French civilians, an old man and a woman, who had come up, not to look for their house which they knew could not exist, but to see if there was "quelque chose" remaining.

I met Gerard Chamberlain marching out of the line with his battalion and tacked myself on to him for a bit. He looked fit and well.

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Charles Rochford (not C. E. who is in hospital with diphtheria) sent me word he was near, and I rode over and discovered him in a field ambulance recovering from bronchitis. We had a long talk.

\* \* \*

SINCE the New Year Captain C. J. Mackay, M.C., who is a squadron commander in the R.F.C., has been "resting" in England. He has been in charge of the Flying Corps Cadets at Jesus College, Oxford, and lecturing on Aerial Photography at Oxford, and at Reading. He also gave the Newman Society at Oxford a lecture, illustrated by numerous slides, many of which were the fruit of his own work in France. The lecture consisted of two parts, the first was explanatory and dealt summarily with the different types of machine, whilst the second showed the significance and utility in battle of the aeroplane. The slides, we are told, were most illuminating when once the eye had grown accustomed to regarding a picture taken from the air on a vertical screen.

\* \* \*

WE are glad to say that 2nd Lieutenant W. G. Chamberlain is rapidly recovering from the wounds recently received.

\* \* \*

A STAINED glass window has been placed in the Lady Chapel of the Catholic Church, Parbold, in memory of the late Captain Cyril Ainscough, by Mr. and Mrs. James Ainscough. The window consists of three lights and represents, in the centre light, Our Lady bestowing her patronage and protection, over the Arms of England and France, depicted on the shields at her feet; whilst in the dexter light is shown the figure of St George in armour, with his banner of triumph, representing England as in Patron Saint. In the sinister light is Blessed Joan of Arc also in armour, with her victorious banner, representing France. Both are kneeling in intercession of the Blessed Virgin's protection. The lower part of the window is filled with a geometrical pattern, whilst in the tracery opening above is represented the "Spiritual Armour of St Paul," with the Badge of the 5th Battalion Manchester Regiment.

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and the Royal Badge of the Houses of York and Lancaster. The White and Red Roses are surmounted by the Royal Crown.

\* \* \*

F. WELCH served through the whole of the German South African Campaign under General Botha, and is still in the South African forces. His brother G. Welch is in the Canadians, and when we last heard a few months ago he was at Crowborough.

\* \* \*

DOM ANTHONY BARNETT, who is chaplain on a hospital ship writes:

The crew are chiefly Goanese and very good Catholics. There were fifty or sixty coolies at my Mass this morning. They attend Mass every morning—I mean, of course, all who can get off duty. Sunday's early Mass at 5.30 is crowded.

Dom Anthony's last attack of dysentery was very serious, but life on the water seems to be giving him new strength we are glad to hear.

\* \* \*

LIEUTENANT HON. R. N. F. BARNEWALL writes from the front:

One night in the trenches we had twenty-five degrees of frost. The ice was ten inches thick in parts, and even our milk contained large pieces of ice. The thaw came very suddenly and the trenches are now wet and thick with mud beyond description. I long for the summer and a move. The trenches in such a condition are a great strain, mental and physical. We heard Mass last Sunday and went to Holy Communion. It was a fine sight to see all these Irish Tommies receiving the Blessed Sacrament within sound of the guns. Gerald Farrell is out here with us.

\* \* \*

LIEUTENANT A. P. KELLY writes:

I have been home in England as a result of an accident in France. On some night flying operations I was in charge of the petrol flares on the aerodrome, and in lighting one of them I caught fire from head to foot. My right hand and arm got rather badly burnt. The rest of



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my body just got scorched. I was in hospital in Park Lane for a month, and for five after that in Brighton. While there I met H. Rochford and G. Emerson who were both in hospital.

\* \* \*

LIEUTENANT G. EMERSON has been in hospital many months with a fractured leg caused by a shell wound.

\* \* \*

J. O. KELLY in a letter, dated April 19th, describes a recent meeting with Dom Ambrose Byrne :

I am writing to let you know that I have arrived home out of the thick of the Battle of Arras and am at present on leave before proceeding to a cadet school. I left the trenches or rather the shell holes last Thursday and worked my way down the line bit by bit and crossed to England last Saturday. On my way I had the extraordinary good luck of meeting Fr. Ambrose at No.—Casualty Clearing Station. It was the strangest but luckiest meeting I have ever had, as I was pretty hungry and practically destitute. Fr Ambrose gave me to eat and the means to continue my journey in comparative opulence, and induced the Railway Transport Officer to put me in the guard's van of a hospital train.

\* \* \*

THE two following items of news reached us after this number went to press. Lieutenant Donald P. McDonald is safe we are glad to hear, and a prisoner of war at Karlsruhe.

\* \* \*

Captain M. J. Martin was killed in action on May 9th. May he rest in peace.

## SENIOR LIBRARY LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE first meeting of the term was held on Sunday, January 21st. Mr Bévenot was elected secretary for the term, and Messrs Gerrard, Simpson, and Viscount Encombe were elected to serve on the committee.

Mr Moran moved "That the government of Ireland by England during the war has not been in accordance with the expressed principles of the English Government." He asked, rhetorically, whether England were giving to the small nationality, Ireland, the fair play which it claimed in virtue of its sacrifices. Ireland wanted not independence but the liberty similar to that enjoyed by the Colonies. The poverty in Ireland was due to ancient oppression by the English who turned all the industry of the country into Ulster. Mr Moran stigmatised the delaying policy of the late Government which made the whole of Ireland dependent on the decision of the Ulster minority. And despite the unreasonable belligerent attitude of the minority, a rising of three thousand uneducated peasants under Casement was treated with full severity.

Mr Connolly, who opposed, spoke of the tedious parliamentary negotiations on the subject of Home Rule in 1913, and maintained that the resulting deadlock was not the fault of the English Government. So far from the Government having been too severe, its leniency had actually been disastrous. A treacherous rising like that of the Sinn Féin was justly to be punished by the execution of the ringleaders, and this adherence to justice is of more eventual avail than any misplaced leniency.

Mr Simpson said that England's government of Ireland had been disastrous ever since Cromwell's men had ruined her industry. The Government had shown itself afraid of Ulster, and weak enough to permit the gun-running.

Mr Forbes said that Ireland's attitude towards Germany was dictated by selfish motives.

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Messrs Foley, Spiller, Morice, B. J. D. Gerrard, and Hawkswell also spoke.

The motion was won by a majority of one vote.

On February 11th Mr Foley moved "That the execution of Charles I was unjustifiable." After a general review of King Charles' conduct and character, he went on to deal with the procedure leading up to the trial. This he maintained to have rested on unconstitutional ground. But the will of Cromwell proved superior to the law.

Mr Morrissey, in opposition, considered that the extent of Charles' vagaries as king was such as to constitute him a tyrant; and this, combined with the growing importance of Parliament as a factor in state politics brought about a condition of affairs, of which the only possible outcome was the decapitation of Charles.

Mr Simpson said that the base act of regicide was due to the exaggerated sense of importance possessed by the members of Parliament. As it was, Charles was condemned by a minority and died nobly.

Mr Baines denied Charles' disloyalty to his friends. The nation did not want his death.

Messrs Spiller, Hawkswell, L. Knowles, Fishwick, B. J. D. Gerrard, Forbes, Leese, Davey, and Br Felix also spoke. The motion was won by 33 votes to 17.

On February 25th, Mr B. Gerrard read a paper on "William Pitt, the younger." He outlined the career of Pitt, and sketched his political schemes and combinations in the maze of contemporary politics. His relations with the King, with Fox, with Lord North, and other prominent men of the time were dealt with, and after eulogising his genius for internal administration, Mr Gerrard described his failures as a Minister of War.

Messrs Smith—who drew a comparison between Pitt and the great democratic leader Pericles—Simpson, Baines, de Guingand, MacDonnell, Hawkswell, Emery, C. Robinson, Forbes, Spiller, Davey, and Bévenot took part in the subsequent discussion.

On March 4th, Mr Unsworth moved "That the so-called advance of civilisation is a retrogression." Citing the present

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war, he maintained that the main outcome of modern science was the facilitation of slaughter. Apart from this, the perfecting of inventions spelt indulgence and laziness. The growth of factories and industrial competition had stifled the joy of free craftsmanship in the working man. Happiness and beauty are sacrificed to fill the pockets of capitalists.

Mr Marsden, who opposed, recounted the various stages of civilisation, showing the growth of the power of man over the brute forces of nature. He pointed also to the growth of the general conscience in matters of right and wrong. The evils of civilisation are accidental, and must not be laid to the charge of science.

Mr Morrissey praised the cartoons of Raemaekers as examples of civilised moral feeling, and asserted that Shakespeare was not superior to modern writers.

Mr Spiller traced the retrogression of modern civilisation to the substitution of the scientific for the moral basis of action.

Mr Gerrard said that the ancients, who did not know Christianity, and who upheld slavery, could not be called civilised in the true sense.

Messrs Simpson, Foley, Hawkswell, Milburn, Davey, Moran, Rochford, B. J. D. Gerrard, Fishwick, Leese, Forbes, and Bévenot also spoke. The motion was defeated by 34 votes to 12.

On March 11th Mr Vanheems read a paper on "Charles Dickens." He showed how the trials and uncertainties of the author's life—his experiences of the slums, the Marshalsea, Warren's Blacking Factory—accounted for the range of character-study and the knowledge of humanity contained in his works. His adoption of literature and the growth of his fame as a novelist and satirist were illustrated, and Mr Vanheems went on to consider the circumstances of production and the characteristics of some of the famous books.

Mr Connolly compared Dickens with Thackeray, denying to the former the quality of true imagination.

Mr Simpson drew attention to the preoccupation with squalor and misery discernible in Dickens' works.

Messrs B. Gerrard, Rochford, Morrissey, Spiller, Hawkswell,

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Ffield, Morice, McArdle, Davey, Forbes, Liston, B. J. D. Gerrard, and Bévenot also spoke.

On March 25th, Mr Foley moved "That modern education has become too complex." To educate men, he said, was to train them in initiative and grasp of a situation. Human nature was in its elements simple, and a complicated system of education tended to distort the simple aims of nature. The examination system with its standards of "efficiency" was crushing the life out of real education. For his own part, he adhered to the 'musical and gymnastic' curriculum of Plato.

Mr Marsden in opposition, said that as modern men lead a varied life, they must know a variety of subjects. Increased international communication has made a knowledge of modern languages and science necessary to the commercial life of the country. The educational systems of Greece and Rome were simple, and inadequate. The rhetorical training of Athens, and the pride of militarism at Rome, eventually led to the downfall of these great empires. Education must extend to the whole man, moral and intellectual.

During the discussion, which concerned the value of classics and science, of specialisation, and of university life, the following members spoke: Messrs Gerrard, Milburn, Moran, B. Gerrard, Connolly, Forbes, L. Knowles, Morrissey, Davey, Morice, and Bévenot. The motion was lost by 31 votes to 5.

On April 1st Mr Fishwick read a paper on "William Thompson, Lord Kelvin." He described his early studies at Glasgow, Cambridge, and Paris. Passing on to speak of Thompson's essays in experimental research, Mr Fishwick described the laying of the Atlantic cable, and the scientific discoveries with which Thompson's name is connected. A knighthood, and later a peerage as Lord Kelvin came as a fitting crown to a great scientific career.

Messrs Hawksell, Morice, Baines, Connolly, and Gerrard took part in the subsequent discussion.

L. BEVENOT,

*Hon. Sec.*

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY

THE debates this term have been of less even quality than those of last term; for there was a short period at the beginning when life and spirit seemed to have departed from our body, but from the moment when Mr T. Wright moved a resolution, that the three hundredth meeting should be suitably commemorated, a new and more vigorous spirit entered into us. The discussion of his resolution was the first sign of returning life and was conducted with truly Gothic freedom of imagination and disregard for convention. The supper itself was held amid great good-fellowship and with great making of speeches.

Mr R. Douglas has been our secretary, and it is, perhaps, not unfair to say that his work in that capacity has provided matter for much interesting discussion. At times he has disarmed his opponents by the frankest recognition of his mistakes, at others he has turned aside the attack by a jest, as when, upon being taken to task for not dotting his 'i's', he diverted attention by a prompt pun.

Widely various subjects have been discussed. We began with a rather one-sided debate on the effects of cinema theatres. Mr Smith defended them on the novel ground that, at the worst, they are no more harmful than bad dreams. A quite interesting debate took place on the subject of women's suffrage. Mr Douglas opposed the motion in a clever speech in which he juggled with phrase and quotation. Mr Chamberlain, who is usually a serious and earnest debater, treated the question with levity, and dwelt at some length and with humour upon certain local celebrities, arguing that, if a right to vote was granted to a man who could enquire, on first seeing an aeroplane, "Why did it not flap its wings?" there was no woman to whom it could be reasonably denied. He has spoken well throughout the session, and did much to win the house to the support of Lancashire when the Indian cotton duties were discussed. On that occasion rivalry ran high and an ingenious placard with a painted Red Rose was

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hoisted at the critical moment. To this Mr T. Wright opposed, without comment, the Imperial flag. He conducted the defence of the cause of India, but unfortunately when collecting supporters he had failed to secure his brother, and this failure proved fatal when the votes were taken. There was close criticism of the workmanship of the rival banners. Mr Kelly remarked on seeing the Red Rose, that the artist had forgotten the thorns. But Mr Hague was not found wanting, and replied that the thorns could only symbolise a government that he would willingly exclude from anything to do with the Red Rose. Mr Kelly is a speaker who has not yet realised his power. He speaks in a crisp and forcible manner, and it would be literally true to say that when once on his legs he finds difficulty in resuming his seat. On the subject of food restrictions he thought that Mr T. Wright was right to a 't.' That debate, when once the said Mr Wright, who moved the motion in a speech which betrayed no lack of imaginative power, had sat down, fell rather flat, for members seemed too much inclined to limit the question to private, often personal, considerations.

Two debates are worthy of very special mention, that of the three hundredth meeting, on the relative merits of town and country life, and one held a fortnight later, on the value of examinations. Mr B. Wright moved the former motion, giving us a picturesque view of country innocence and then dwelt upon its artistic value. There was no flower of the field too simple for the poetic mind, but who could conceive of anyone wishing to paint a row of legs of mutton hanging in a butcher's shop? Mr Roach, cosmopolitan and free thinking, professed a preference for picture palaces, clean baths, theatres, and newspapers every half-hour. Mr Cary-Elwes, who is steadily improving and gives promise of greater things yet to be, disconcerted the House by pointing out, that if God had thought the town better than the country He would have created towns in the beginning. It was left to Mr de Zulueta to answer this. He spoke towards the close of the debate, as is his habit, having sat in deep and fruitful meditation up to the last minute. After answering Mr Cary-Elwes, he pointed out that even the blackest of blacks have

## Junior Debating Society

their kraals. And why? For society. In towns you get no end of society!

It was Mr de Zulueta who moved that too much importance is attached to examinations. Mr Smith opposed. In this Homeric contest Mr de Zulueta spoke as one who was conscious that he was upholding a popular cause. He even sought to cajole the chair into his support, suggesting how nice it would be for masters to have no examination papers to correct. He spoke from a few pages of notes, for a considerable time, without any hesitation and choosing his words with excellent success.

Mr Smith had the difficult task of opposing a strong presentation of a popular cause, but he seemed undaunted. He too addressed us, in a confident manner, for ten minutes from one small page of notes. He has not of late been so fluent as formerly, but one always feels that if his speech labours, it is at least staggering under a burden of weighty thought. Mr Parker, who, we are glad to say, has spoken fairly often, proved an unqualified opponent of examinations, and set forth all the advantages of ignorance.

Any account of this term's meetings would be incomplete without the mention of Mr Hague's name. He has not failed us once. Though smart in repartee, it is primarily as a lover of strange analogies that he is distinguished, and these he sets forth with a degree of pleasing and fresh humour, which is heightened by the strange, almost acrobatic, postures he assumes.

Mr Saldanha has unfortunately been absent from several of the debates, but has spoken extremely well on more than one occasion. Nor yet must we omit the names of Mr Emery and Mr Carus. The former has taken an active part in most of the debates, while the latter, an unobtrusive speaker, did very well when opposing the motion on town and country life.

## SCIENTIFIC CLUB

FOR some years past Ampleforth has been a meteorological station, and records have been taken continuously since 1903 at least. Now the Club has made itself responsible for the work of the station, and three of its members—Messrs Moran, Fishwick and Hodge—have been appointed to look after the instruments and make the daily observations. It was fitting then that at the fifth meeting of the winter session, held on February 1st, the President should preface his report of the previous year's weather at Ampleforth by a paper on "Meteorology." As for the majority of people rainfall is the subject of paramount interest, he began by explaining its formation. Rain is caused by the condensation of the water vapour in the atmosphere through cooling. This may be caused by expansion (an interesting demonstration was shown of this), or by the air meeting some colder body, e.g. a mountain. The quantity of water vapour present varies, and is largely dependent on wind direction. As a barometer is essential for forecasting wind direction it is of chief importance in meteorological work. A short account, with many illustrations and diagrams, was then given of the method of plotting barometric readings, drawing the isobars, and interpreting resulting cyclonic, anti-cyclonic, or wedge-shaped forms obtained. In the second part of the paper the utility of weather forecasts and conditions was insisted on. In peace time they are of service to agriculture, shipping, and mining; in war for correcting the ranges for gun firing, and anticipating Zeppelin visits. To illustrate this last point a chart was shown of the barometer readings at Ampleforth during the summer and autumn of 1916 with the Zeppelin visits, as well as the phase of the moon marked on it.

Finally a short summary of the local weather during 1916 was given, and a comparison made with the known averages and certain historic records of English weather.

At the sixth meeting Mr Greenwood read a paper on

## Scientific Club

"The Moon." As an introduction he explained the formation of the mountain ranges, gave some measurements of its size and surface, and showed how by the use of Newton's law of gravitation its weight and mean density had been found. The main portion of the paper was devoted to a detailed scrutiny of the surface of the moon, and in illustration many beautiful slides of the mountain ranges and craters were shown. In Copernicus the rampart rises to a height of 14,000 feet, but some of the cones attain a height of 24,000 feet. Gassendi, Aristotle, Eudoxus, were passed in review with many others, including those two giants, Ptolemy and Archimedes. Some diagrams were then shown in explanation of the formation of the central cones, and the cause of the "streaks," so prominent round Tycho and Copernicus, was analysed. In conclusion he pointed out that in the lunar development the craters were formed after the mountain ranges, but that the moon had now attained its final state and all volcanic action was over.

Prominent in the ensuing discussion were Messrs M. Gerrard, Fishwick, Liston, Emery, J. B. Gerrard, Bèvenot, Hawkswell, Morice and Simpson.

A paper dealing with geological matters was postponed in order that Fr Dominic might read one of topical interest on March 1st. The subject chosen was "National Food Problems." The first part of the paper dealt with functions which food has to fulfil: Making good daily loss owing to wear and tear of tissue, in youth aiding growth, supplying energy for work and maintenance of heat. It was pointed out how the different essential constituents of food-stuffs supply these wants, and special stress was laid upon the methods by which the energy value of various foods may be accurately determined. After pointing out the energy value of the allowances of bread, meat, and sugar, allowed by the Food Controller, he offered various suggestions for supplying the deficit of necessary energy by other articles of diet. In the second part of the paper a brief analysis was given of the Report of the Committee of the Royal Society on National Food Supplies and possible methods of economy. The conclusion dealt with the Government's policy outlined in the

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speech of the Prime Minister on February 23rd. The hope was expressed that with the application of science to intensive cultivation the country might in future become to a great extent self-supporting, and so be freed from the submarine menace in warfare, which must always exist so long as we are almost wholly dependent on imported food-stuffs.

## MONTHLY SPEECHES

### MARCH

THE monthly speeches were held in the study. They did not offer much matter for comment. Greenwood spoke a fine poem well; and the five collaborators in "Jack and Jill" well earned the applause they received. Bévenot began well; but the *ballade* he played is a difficult one to "hold together."

### PROGRAMME

PIANOFORTE SOLO		Choir
L. BEVENOT.		
Killed in Action		Longfellow
J. AINSOOGEL.		
Variations on "Jack and Jill"		
after T. Carlyle	J. R. CRAWFORD	
" Penny O'Linios	E. M. VANHEEMS	
" Sir Walter Scott	J. G. RUDEN	
" J. H. Newman	J. F. LEESE	
Prologue	E. C. KELLY	
Meditation on a Broomstick		Scott
R. T. BROWNE.		
The Execution of Mootrose		W. Ayton
H. GREENWOOD.		
Wolsey's Farewell to Cromwell		Shakespeare
J. A. BLOUNT.		
From the "Ballad of the White Horse"		Chesford
C. A. HASELFOOT.		
From the "Prelude"		Wordsworth
I. G. FORBES.		
From "Henry IV"		Shakespeare
W. R. EMBRY and G. CROOK.		

## Monthly Speeches

### APRIL

On Easter Monday evening scenes from Molière's "Le Médecin Malgré lui," were 'presented' by the Higher and Lower III. Those of us to whom the days of earnest enquiry about the pen of our aunt had become a perished memory were a little doubtful whether the actors would be able to convey to us the exact sense of the (very few) phrases which we might inadvertently miss. But we need never have feared. We found ourselves laughing at the right places. And the acting was excellent. R. W. S. Douglas in the principal rôle was voluble and alive, and the graceful piroquettings of T. M. Wright as the superior footman raised the level of the scenes in which he appeared. But perhaps the chief honours went to A. M. de Zulueta, whose representation of the elderly Gêronte was an excellent piece of restrained and witty character-study. The staging was again successful. The opening of the third scene, with the firelight playing on the old armour, was quite striking, and the vision that swept into the ancestral hall as Lucinde made us wonder whether the house of Worth had flourished in the seventeenth century. Appended is the cast:

Sganarelle, a woodcutter	R. W. S. DOUGLAS
Gêronte, a rich citizen	A. M. DE ZULUETA
Valère   servants to Gêronte	T. M. WRIGHT
Lucas	C. H. GILBERT
Léandre, in love with Lucinde	A. MORAN
Lucinde, daughter to Gêronte	C. M. MILLS
Jacqueline, her nurse	E. H. GEORGE
Martine, wife of Sganarelle	R. G. HAGUE

Our appreciation of the play was greatly aided by an address on Molière which was read before the play by Dom Iltyd Williams. It dealt with Molière's life, his conception of comedy, and his place among the paladins of the Drama. Before the play also, recitations were given by J. W. B. Fitzgerald ("Gallipoli": *Rupert Brooke*) and G. B. King ("Domine Quo Vadis": *William Watson*), and in the intervals D. Rochford played Chopin's Ballade in A<sup>9</sup>, and Mr Hattersley and L. Bévenot played the 3rd movement of Tchaikovsky's "Symphonie Pathétique," arranged as a pianoforte duet.



## OFFICERS TRAINING CORPS

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

O. Hawley, T. O'Shaughnessy, N. A. Geldart, R. G. Hague,  
J. E. Smith, H. C. F. C. V. Dunbar, F. van de Walle.

Much time has been devoted throughout the term to squad, platoon, and company drill. The N.C.O.'s have been put through the mill with success, and have not hesitated to use their position to check faults in the ranks as occasion demanded. Their orders are clearly and decisively given. So much of the contingent's efficiency depends upon them that we hope their keenness and alertness may become a tradition. Open order drill has also been practised sometimes under atmospheric conditions worthy of the genuine article in France. On the other hand much instruction has been given under cover, which ought to bear good fruit next term. The trench which had been dug for bombing practice now forms part of a potato patch! It seems impossible for agriculture and military necessity to agree even in so small a world as ours is.

The band has been, as ever, assiduous in practising. They have suffered greatly from the loss of Band Sergeant T. V. Welsh, who has been one of its members since its formation.

Lectures have been given by Lieutenant R. Perring, 2nd Lieutenant C. R. Simpson, and 2nd Lieutenant F. L. Le Fèvre. Their general aim was the co-ordinating of the different branches of the service with a view to giving cadets an elementary idea of their respective functions and the co-operation existing between them. Lieutenant R. Perring, who has seen long service (as signalling officer) at the front, lectured on the Signal Section. 2nd Lieutenant C. R. Simpson gave two excellent lectures on the use of Cavalry, and he illustrated his lecture by the cavalry tactics of Stonewall Jackson in the American Civil War. His two lectures were greatly appreciated by all. Second Lieutenant F. L. Le Fèvre, R.F.A., lectured on Artillery. The subject

## Officers Training Corps

was necessarily technical, but the general principles were so clearly stated as to be within the grasp of the meanest intellect and proved of very great interest.

The severe weather has precluded the use of one of the shooting ranges, and the second which has only a covered target and shooting point has been almost equally useless. Musketry has therefore been somewhat neglected, and regular shooting was possible only for a few days. We had one shooting match with the Oratory School, and though we may plead in extenuation of our very poor targets the fact that we shot in a blinding snowstorm, we are bound to say that our team was so thoroughly trounced as to demonstrate its inferiority beyond all doubt.

Appended are the results of the competition:

THE ORATORY		AMPLEFORTH	
Sergeant Gough	43	Sergeant Gerrard	34
Sergt. Fitzherbert Brookholes	45	Sergeant Knowles	34
Sergeant Stratford	35	Corporal Viscount Encombe	26
Corporal Robinson	40	Corporal Simpson	33
Lance-Corporal Bent	35	Lance-Corporal Fishwick	34
Cadet Dean	49	Lance-Corporal Morice	33
Cadet Parisot	42	Cadet Moran	43
Cadet Scrope	47	Cadet Ffield	24
	336		258

This term's Field Day was on March 30th. A successful day was spent on the ground between the College and Nunnington. The operations were really twofold. The first part was practical demonstration of the principles of protection on the march, while in the second we fought a rearguard action from Nunnington. Four sections—the Brown Force—representing an enemy from Scarborough were opposed to the White Force in retreat. Some misunderstanding of exact boundaries led to an unlooked-for manoeuvre by the Brown Force, and after its being corrected, operations were just becoming interesting again when the White Force hurriedly retreated in the direction of the College, prompted, it was said, by the pangs of hunger. Their hurried retreat

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was viewed with grave suspicion by their opponents, but mutual recrimination was forgotten in doing justice to the excellent supper we found prepared.

Four members of the Corps entered for the examination for Certificate A, which gives an additional four hundred marks in the Army Entrance examination, and were all successful. We offer our congratulations to Sergeant Gerrard, Sergeant Knowles, Corporal Emery and Cadet Hon. C. Barnewall, the successful candidates.

## THE BEAGLES

"First it rained and then it blew  
Then it froze and then it snow."

IT is devoutly to be hoped that we shall never have to record a worse hunting season than that which we have just survived. Only one other season in the annals of English hunting can compare with it—that of 1894-5, when rain flooded the country in preparation for a frost of ten weeks, broken only by a series of storms which decimated our forest trees.

During January and February, rather out of compassion for the hounds than from any expectation of sport, we made a weekly attempt to hunt in deep snow. Scent was sometimes quite fair, but more often we encountered blizzards which prevented us from even "pricking" a hare. However we awaited March, for our comfortable optimism trusted in a benign and gentle spring that should compensate for the rigorous winter, but with March there was a recrudescence of polar weather.

On March 14th we had fine weather and the only hunt of the term worthy of the name. We met at Priest's Barn, and, within a minute of putting the pack into a field near by, the huntsman viewed a large dog-fox stealing away. The pack—for whom a fox-line is a mere nursery puzzle—were after him before the field quite realised what was happening. Reynard opened the run by swinging left-handed and sinking some four hundred and fifty feet down High Woods, as though

## The Beagles

his point were Coxwold. However, at the foot of Jerry Carr he changed his mind and described a figure eight in the long spinney west of the Water Gate. Hounds had now pursued him for about thirty-five minutes and had left the Hunt far in the rear, when Guilty put up a fine hare and recalled the pack to serious work. It led them down the spinney and turned out on to the road south of Fairfax House, where we had a brief check before it was ascertained that she had swung left-handed back to Jerry Carr. At the foot of High Woods the hare played hide-and-seek with the hounds in some thick bushes, but she was bolted and raced down the spinney again in a straight line towards Plantation House. The pack were again at fault for some minutes in a water-logged lane, but a view-holloa gave them the clue and the last lap began. Their quarry had doubled sharp back and led through St Hilda's churchyard when she was viewed right ahead. A field or two further on the pack came up to the hare as she was threading a way through a thick hedge, and Chaucer pulled her down after a fast run of an hour and ten minutes. As the pack had changed on to their hare from the fox without a pause, they had been going the best part of two hours, and well deserved their success. A weary field attended the last rites, when the pack gave a fascinating demonstration in dissection.

We wish to thank Captain H. Howard-Vyse for his generous gift of four couples of his famous Stoke Place Beagles, which adds some valuable breeding stock to our kennels. Nor must we forget Mr Stephen Cravos for his present of a cooking apparatus which has been the means of enhancing the cuisine of the kennels.

## OLD BOYS

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr J. P. Smith who has been admitted to the freedom and livery of the City of London in the Feltmakers' Company. The ceremony took place in the Guildhall and was attended by the Lord Mayor (Sir William H. Dunn) and the Sheriffs of the city. Major Richard Rigg (Special Commissioner of the War Savings Committee) had many flattering things to say of Mr Smith, and the nomination was seconded by the senior Sheriff of the City (Alderman Newton).

\* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS to the Rev. Cuthbert James who has recently been ordained priest at Oscott.

\* \* \*

We had the pleasure of visits from the following 'old boys': Lieutenant G. F. Mackay, Lieutenant Basil Marwood, Captain E. P. Dawes, and Lieutenant F. L. Le Fèvre, and Lieutenant Clement Rochford, Sidney Rochford, Leo Pollack, J. P. Raby, O. Chamberlain, G. McLaughlin, Major B. Johnstone.

\* \* \*

CONGRATULATIONS to Captain C. J. Mackay, M.C., who was married on February 5th in Dublin to Miss Violet Flynn, second daughter of Mr and Mrs J. Flynn, of 5, Upper Leeson Street, Dublin.

\* \* \*

We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Fr Bridges, for many years rector of St Mary's, Fleetwood, where he built a new church. Fr Bridges came to Ampleforth in 1847. By an oversight we neglected to record his death in our last number.

\* \* \*

Two other 'old boys' have died lately. Thomas Anderson who was probably the oldest living Ampleforth boy, for he entered the school in 1844, and Richard Brown (1874). May they rest in peace.

## THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

THE following boys joined at the beginning of term :  
T. A. Baines, R. P. Drummond, A. B. C. Gibson, T. Hardwick Rittner, G. S. Hardwick Rittner, T. Rochford, D. E. Walker.

E. C. Drummond has been the captain for the term and P. Hodges vice-captain.

\* \* \*

For some weeks we had sledging in the field known as Michael's Field. The track is not as long or as steep as that of the College, but it provided ample excitement and good fun. Two or three days were spent on the ice. The number of skaters in the school was very limited, but trips on ice sledges formed a welcome diversion from the uncomfortable process of learning, and tea prepared by the Scouts on the banks of the pond gave zest to these most exhilarating days.

\* \* \*

The number of cameras has greatly increased. Not many have passed the stage of novices, but want of skill is compensated for by the keenness of the devotees. The dark room is excellently fitted, and easily accessible. An entirely new feature is carpentry, to which Dom Maurus devotes much time with a growing *clientèle* of young artisans, who as term advanced produced numerous wooden constructions, most of which were proudly carried home for the admiration of less critical eyes.

\* \* \*

This term as a whole has not been a good one for Natural History, as the wintery weather has been such as to hide most things from view saving the starving birds. But an excellent microscope has been acquired by Dom Basil, under which we are able to examine carefully all manner of creeping beasts whose conformations are wholly unfamiliar to the naked eye. The denizens of a glass aquarium — another

## The Ampleforth Journal

new acquisition—deserve enumeration, if only for the constant interest they afford. Many a battle has been fought and won under human observation within this little world of glass and water, in which dwell daphnia, newts, water boatmen (*notonecta glauca*), frog spawn—contributed by Sykes—which is developing into fine healthy looking little gentlemen in tight-fitting parsonic waistcoats, and lastly the dragonfly larvae.

\* \* \*

ST AELRED'S FEAST was celebrated not only by a holiday but by our first High Mass which Fr Prior sang.

\* \* \*

We have to thank Mrs Romanes for a very beautiful statue of Our Lady which she has presented for the chapel.

\* \* \*

DOM HERBERT BYRNE gave the retreat on Good Friday and Holy Saturday. We tender him our best thanks.

\* \* \*

THANKS to the vigilance of the matron, Nurse Costello, sickness has been almost wholly unknown in our midst since the school opened in September. We have escaped with nothing more serious than a few colds and one slight accident while sledging.

\* \* \*

THE grounds remain in the unfinished state recorded in our last number, and will continue to do so we presume until the days of peace!

\* \* \*

R. H. LAWSON was the winner on points of the Headmaster's boxing prize. The following entered for the competition: N. J. Caffrey, R. H. Lawson, F. M. Sitwell, T. Hardwick Rittner, B. Dee, E. Dee, W. H. Lawson.

\* \* \*

£3 7s. 10d. has been collected for the Ampleforth Hut "somewhere in France." The boys have contributed generously, although kind friends have also helped.

## The Preparatory School

A TROOP of Boy Scouts was formally registered at the beginning of last term and has made quite a good start. Weather conditions, it is true, precluded any very ambitious attempts at scouting proper—crawling about in the snow is not encouraged—and, in consequence, our work was largely confined to marching, drill, "test" work and such operations as could be carried out along the roads.

The troop now consists of four patrols as follows:

*Buffalo.*

N. J. Caffrey (Leader), A. Ainscough (Second), L. George, H. J. G. Grisewood, J. J. L. Haidy, W. H. Lawson, J. B. Massey, G. C. Romanes, F. M. Sitwell.

*Peewit.*

P. Hodge (Leader), T. Hardwick Rittner (Second), T. A. Baines, R. Cravos, B. Dee, R. Kevill, R. Lancaster, S. E. Saldanha.

*Tiger.*

J. D. Kevill (Leader), K. R. Greenwood (Second), E. Dee, R. H. Lawson, G. S. Hardwick Rittner, J. C. Tucker, D. E. Walker.

*Bulldog.*

C. Cravos (Leader), T. Rochford (Second), H. G. H. Butcher, P. H. E. Grisewood, J. W. Hodgkinson, T. M. O'C. Robinson, P. H. Rooke Ley, R. T. Sykes.

E. C. Drummond acted as Troop Leader—an office corresponding to that of a Minister without Portfolio. His work was most efficient.

\* \* \*

Two inter-patrol competitions were held, marks being scored for general efficiency and smartness.

In the first competition, the order was, Buffalo, Peewit, Tiger, Bulldog. In the second, Tiger, Buffalo, Bulldog, Peewit.

In the course of the term every boy with one exception passed his "Tenderfoot" test. This includes Scout signs and salutes, knots, flag and Scout law. A number of boys have also nearly completed their work for the "Second-Class" test, and some are working for special badges.

First-Aid classes have been held twice a week under the direction of Nurse Costello. Some excellent work has been

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done, and a number of boys have been passed as proficient in bandaging, artificial respiration and stretcher work.

The O.C. of the College O.T.C. inspected us at the beginning of March, afterwards paying us a number of compliments, which, in the Scoutmaster's opinion, we did not entirely deserve, and also gave us some good advice which, according to the same authority, we badly needed.

\* \* \*

ON the feast of St Aelred we marched to Shallowdale where we lit fires and did some cooking. We were engaged in this occupation when some bright glares were observed about half a mile away. We hurried to the rescue in the hope of doing a "good turn"; to find alas that our services were not required as the illumination were caused by burning gorse, lit apparently with the object of smoking out rabbits.

\* \* \*

ST BENEDICT'S DAY was spent at Foss. The weather was not encouraging, snow fell at intervals as we marched there. Nevertheless, in due course, we arrived. Fires were lighted in a sand-pit, and we succeeded in enjoying ourselves in spite of the steadily falling snow. Wrapped in our waterproof capes we were crouching over our fires when several of the Olympians approached (on their way to fish). Great was our joy when they condescended to receive some hot cocoa at our hands, and so passed on their way rejoicing.

\* \* \*

WE were indebted to Dom Illyd for some excellent slides, illustrating Scout work. These were explained to us by Br Francis on the evening of St Benedict's Day. The realistic colour effects of some of the slides evoked especial appreciation.

\* \* \*

As regards Scout work in general we have done what was possible. We had several flag raids, tracking games, ambuscades, &c. Great keenness has been shown throughout the

## The Preparatory School

term, and especial praise is due to the patrol leaders who have entirely justified their selection, and to whom a large measure of whatever success the troop has so far achieved must be attributed.

\* \* \*

At the close of the term we made our initial attempt at speech-making.

The following is a list of those who essayed this task and of their respective contributions:

H. J. G. GRISEWOOD	Mark Antony's Oration from "Julius Caesar"
D. E. WALKER	"The Isles of Greece."
J. B. M. MASSEY	"The Pied Piper of Hamelin."
E. C. DRUMMOND	"Scots wha hae."
L. GEORGE	"All the World's a Stage."
K. R. GREENWOOD	"The Brook."
H. G. H. BUTCHER	"The Battle of Agincourt."
T. HARDWICK RITNER	"The Yarn of the Nancy Bell."
J. J. L. HAIDY	"The Sultan Mahmoud."
F. M. SITWELL	"Home they brought her Warrior dead."
J. D. KEVILL	"The Inescape Rock."
T. HARDWICK ROCHFORD	"The Sea."
B. DEE	"The Stag Hunt."

\* \* \*

At the close, Fr Prior offered a number of helpful criticisms and referred to some of the speeches as "extremely good."

Grisewood and T. Hardwick Ritner were particularly successful, the former showing distinct talent for tragic declamation, the latter a keen appreciation of Sir W. S. Gilbert's humorous verse.

Massey, Walker and B. Dee also deserve commendation, all getting through poems of some length without mishap. George also deserves praise for a really serious effort to enter into the spirit of Jacques.

Most of the others suffered rather from that unfortunate feeling—common to those who appear for the first time before the public eye—which prompts one to "get it over" as

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quickly as may be and to retire into obscurity at the earliest possible moment. Still it was quite a good beginning.



We have to thank Dom Austin Hind who has lent us a magic lantern of a very recent type. This was used by Br Francis in his lecture to the Scouts. Dom Maurus lectured to us on Art, and on another occasion he showed us pictures of the Ampleforth of past years. We must not forget to record a lecture from Captain E. P. Dawes, to which we may be allowed to give the high sounding title of Elementary Physiology. We owe these kind lecturers our best thanks.