

THE  
**A**MPLEFORTH  
JOURNAL

FLOREAT COLLEGIUM SANCTI LAURENTII

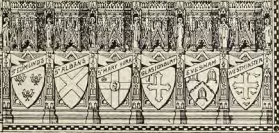


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# THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

*Published at Easter, Midsummer and Christmas.*

Subscription 4/-, per annum, post free, paid in advance.  
or 1/6 for each separate number.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLS. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., VII.  
VIII. AND IX. OF THE JOURNAL CAN BE OBTAINED FROM

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Ampleforth Abbey, York.

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## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. XI.

JULY, 1905.

PART I.

### *Life as a Directive Agency.*

It is sometimes a difficult and perplexing question to know what meaning we attach to the words 'life' and 'death' when we speak of grace and sin as the life and death of the soul. It is common enough to speak of a new life, a higher life, the opening of a new and happier life; but by this we only mean a new way of living, the transfer from one channel to another of energies that must flow in some channel and cannot flow in all; as when the carriage-horse begins a new life, in front of an omnibus. This cannot be the meaning here; the life of grace cannot be simply one out of many possible ways of living. We feel that grace is not some alternative for other states or activities of the soul, but something higher superadded; if it is not there, nothing can replace it. And the question remains, is it a figure of speech to call this higher something a new life; or is it meant literally that life can be added to life, in layers so to speak; that a man who is very evidently alive for social and intellectual purposes is yet capable of receiving a higher life in addition to what he has, and for want of it is, so far, dead?

A little examination of the lower world suggests the conclusion that the literal interpretation is the true one. It

soon becomes evident that this addition of life to life is one of the most universal facts around us. We class organisms as higher and lower; and we find that the superiority of the higher consists not in replacing the lower life by something better, but in utilising the lower life as a means to something better. It has all that the lower has, and more. As if I had a machine for manufacturing colours; and embodied many such machines in a machine for manufacturing pictures; the higher machine has all that the lower has, and must keep the manufacture of colours going steadily; but it has something far higher, and gives pattern and form, things wholly beyond the scope of the lower machine. So cell-life is embodied in higher life, for the making of something far higher than cells; and throughout the range of life the higher embodies and preserves the lower, and transcends it.

In the lowest life, where each cell is a complete individual, the newly-formed cell separates from the parent, and faces the world independently. In the higher life, the new cell is equally independent of the parent; in fact, of the two cells it would be hard to say which is parent and which offspring. But though independent of each other, they are both dependent on something above them; they do not escape to face the world like, say, yeast cells, but are kept under control. In part we may liken the change to the change made when horse or dog or apple-trees are taken from the natural state and controlled by man. He does not make them do anything that they cannot do naturally; but of the things they can do, he selects which they shall do and which not, making the tree spend itself more in fruits and less in branch and leaf, and controlling all their actions to serve his own ends. So the cells in a higher organism find themselves retained under control and set to this or that work according to their position.

But the analogy only holds in part; for in the one case the powers of the lower animals are annexed for higher purposes by someone else—man; whereas in the organism

both higher and lower works are the works of the same individual. There is no one cell of higher life guiding lower cells, as one man drives the team of horses. Each cell is the abode of the lower life; all are together the abode of the higher. It is impossible therefore to imagine independent lives side by side in different parts of the same body, one controlling the rest; and since the one body lives all the lower life and the higher life as well, the only remaining explanation is that the one higher life is all that the lower was and something more.

Beginning at the lowest step of the ladder of life, compare these two extracts; one dealing with independent cell-life, the other with cell-life appropriated as the foundation of a higher organism.

"If the *Torulæ* [yeast cells] are examined as this process of multiplication is going on, it will be found that they are giving rise to minute buds, which rapidly grow, assume the size of the parent *Torula*, and eventually become detached; though generally not until they have developed other buds, and these yet others. The *Torulæ* thus produced by gemination, one from the other, are apt long to adhere together, and thus the heaps and strings mentioned as ordinarily occurring in yeast are produced. . . . Multiplication may take place in another way. The *Torula* does not throw out a bud, but its protoplasm divides into (usually) four masses, termed ascospores, each of which surrounds itself with a cell-wall, and the whole are set free by the dissolution of the cell-wall of the parent."\*

Observe the 'heaps and strings'; the life here described has done its highest work when it has produced a cell like to the parent cell; the new cells once formed are no longer under control; they wander anywhere. With this contrast the growth of cells for a higher purpose.

"At first the egg behaves exactly as any other singled-celled organism, as for instance that of the amoeba, which is considered the simplest form of organised life. It contracts in the middle and divides into two cells, each with its nucleus and each an

\* Huxley and Martin, *Practical Biology*.

exact counterpart of the original cell. These two subdivide into four, the four into eight, and so on, until at last a cluster of cells is formed which is called a *morula* from its resemblance to the fruit of the mulberry-tree. Development goes on, and the globular lump of cells changes into a globular bladder whose outside skin is built up of flattened cells. Then condensation takes place, from the more rapid growth of cells at particular points, and the foundation is laid of the actual body.\*

By contrasting these two examples we realize the relation of a higher life to a lower. Cell life is capable of being utilised to build organized bodies, and it is also capable of an independent existence. In the *Torula* the living principle controls the components of the cell only so far as to make cell reproduce cell; once produced, the new cell and the old are no longer under one control. But in the second case, as the cells multiply, it is evident that some higher power has taken possession of the whole process; the newly formed cells do not escape from control, but are marshalled in fixed directions, are here flattened and there left in their normal shape, are produced more rapidly at given points; in fact they are no longer produced for their own sake, but only as material for the execution of a higher plan.

It is evident that the higher depends on the lower only as the architect depends on the brickmaker; the higher principle must be able to keep going the process of cell-production, or it will come to a standstill. The higher, that is to say, does not destroy nor displace the lower, but takes it over as a going concern. The finished product of the lower life is the raw material of the higher; and the very meaning of higher organization is that the living principle both manufactures cells as perfect as if they were manufactured for their own sake, and also employs them for purposes that are far above and beyond the powers of mere cells. The higher incorporates and preserves the lower, while transcending it.

Let us briefly trace this super-imposing of life on life in some higher stages. Cell-life is the basis of the growth by

\* Samuel Laing, *Modern Science and Modern Thought*, p. 66.

which are built limbs, muscles, nerves. These in turn are the basis of sensitive life. Seeing, feeling, hearing, are in a different world from muscular contraction or vibrations of nerves; they need these, and use them, but are not made of them. In some flowers a touch at the right spot will make the petals close on the intruding pencil; the touch has caused a vibrating shock, and the quasi-muscles contract immediately. The same process occurs in some of the lower animals; and in the higher it is retained in some cases where a particular intrusion needs to be dealt with instantly in a particular way. But no amount of such inward vibrations or consequent movement constitute a sensation; that is something higher and different in kind. When the patient is under chloroform the two may be separated; the image may form on the retina, the nerve may thrill and the limbs convulse, and yet there is neither seeing nor feeling. It is worth noticing too how sensation controls the physical movements, as the organising life controls the cell-multiplication. Without sensation, every shock from without causes the same unvarying movement; how great a change when the intruder can be seen and heard and felt, and all movement reserved for the right moment and the right direction!

Above the life of sensation comes the life of the passions and emotions. It is a great step from seeing, feeling, tasting, to the enjoying these acts, and craving for them or recoiling from them; and there does not seem to be any necessary connection. We think of the passions and emotions of the lower animals nearly always as connected with feeling rather than with the nobler senses. Here again the higher presupposes the lower, and builds on it, and controls it. The powers of seeing and feeling and moving are in themselves aimless and undetermined; but fear, and anger, and other attractions and repulsions direct these powers to very definite objects, and give to their acts an energy, intensity, and concentration that they would never have otherwise.

Above the passions is the life of intellect and will. Here



is a power above the passions and all the lower lives; a power which can see the tendency of each movement and of each passion and emotion, and can see how to combine them and employ them to produce a given result; and moreover can choose which of many results it will work for, and use passion and emotion, sense and movement accordingly.

This controlling and over-ruling of passions and emotions is sometimes called unnatural, an attempt to go against human nature. It is evidently as natural as the first interference which we saw, by which the cells of our bodies are not left free to form in heaps and strings or to separate like the yeast cells, but are controlled by a higher power to build a body of a definite pattern. The passions have their own power of controlling and intensifying the acts of lower faculties; but they are subject to authority, and are merely instruments for reason to work with. In our own human experience there are facts that help to make clear how the lower life may be separate from the higher and can exist without it. In a fainting fit all seems to be suspended from sensation upwards; and even some of the lower movements may cease. In a paralysed limb similarly sensation is lost, while functional action may be perfect. In sleep, only the life of reason seems to be suspended; the passions and emotions are often at their liveliest; sensation and movement are feeble, but not wholly suspended. When a person is unconscious for a long time, though taking nourishment, it seems as if reason were wholly dormant, and the passions and emotions nearly so, while sensation is fairly active. Perhaps the most instructive example is the child before reaching the use of reason. The supreme controlling power in him is at first the craving for food and sleep, which belongs to the stage of the lowest sensation; then this is supplemented as the higher senses develop by a curiosity to see and hear; then the passions of fear and anger may appear, and while in action they are supreme; and only later is there any sign of reason controlling the lower powers.

From all these instances it is very clear that the same individual is now with and now without some of the higher kinds of life; and that he grows towards full manhood, full consciousness, full activity, by the addition of something to what he already has, and not by replacing one power by another. Cell life, the power of self-nourishment and of growth, becomes servant to the life of organic action and movement; these are servants to sensation; the senses are servants and instruments of passion, emotion, imagination; these in turn become but servants and tools of intellect and will. Of the lower creatures, some stop short at each stage; the child passes through them all. There is no difficulty in seeing then that he may go a step further; that above his intellectual life there may be yet a higher life of grace, where intellect and will, the lords of all lower life, may themselves be brought into the captivity of a higher control, captivity to the friendship of God, and that this higher life may consist in the power to do what was beyond the lower life. For all up the ladder of life these have been the two notes of a higher life, the power to do something that was inconceivable in the lower, and the control which this higher assumes over the lower. As you cannot express a statue in atoms and molecules, so you cannot express muscle or limb in terms of cell-life; nor sensations,—a tired feeling, a discord—in terms of muscle and movement; nor a change of mind in terms of sensation. If the life of grace is above reason, it is then only natural that reason should fail to picture it very clearly; though indeed it would seem that our idea of grace is as clear as our ideas of many of the lower forms of life. Yet the testimony of many saints seems to be unanimously in agreement with St. Paul's, that the activities of grace are secret words, which it is not given to man to utter. They speak of the pinnacle of the soul, of transcending reason, and all the analogy of lower life shows that they are speaking the literal truth.

Let us linger a little on this point. For all the saintly

man's acts must be outwardly acts that are possible to other people, and a shallow wit might ask to see what the good man can do that we cannot do. Now the fact is that most of his outward conduct is intelligible to all of us, and we understand his motives; only at times he does the unexpected, and we say it is heroic, or it is a sublime foolishness, or it is beyond me; but we feel that the controlling power behind his conduct is something we cannot understand. Now compare this with any other act that is done both by the higher and the lower. Here are the astronomer and the baby both looking intently at the same moon, the baby perhaps the more intent of the two; but the astronomer's gaze is a very different thing from the baby's. Yet when you try to express the difference, you find you cannot express it in terms of seeing, but have to bring in reason and understanding, which make the astronomer's gaze quite a different and higher act. So also when you are asked to explain what difference grace makes to a man's conduct, you find you cannot do it in terms of conduct, but only in terms of grace and the supernatural.

But watch the astronomer's conduct for a few minutes; he looks, he turns screws, he puts down figures, he makes his calculations, and then prophecies the comet's position for tomorrow night. All his outward actions, looking, writing figures, might be done by a child of five or a labourer; and the child might say, I can do everything that he can do; but the labourer will at least have the sense to feel that the intelligence which is controlling and directing all these outward acts is beyond him. And so the world has felt that a saint's conduct is guided by an influence that is above and beyond the world.

I have dwelt on these two facts,—that the higher is not to be expressed in terms of the lower, and that it controls the lower—because men sometimes talk as if the contrary propositions were self-evident axioms; the higher must be imaginary if it cannot be expressed in terms of the lower; or

at any rate if it cannot be so expressed then it cannot possibly have any control over the lower. That is running in the face of all experience; as if a cell could only be controlled by a cell, an action by a counteraction, a passion by a contrary passion. In the cell that we saw subdividing into 2, 4, 8, cells, to build a body, is it imagined that one cell is controlling the others? We are told that each is counterpart of the original cell; no one of them has inherited the rights of the parent cell more than the rest. And yet it is evident that some controlling force is holding them together, determining their shape, checking or encouraging their very birth. The cell life is controlled by something higher which uses cells to build an organized body. And so all the way up, the higher uses the lower for its own purposes. The astronomer's actions are guided and directed by ideas and intelligence; passions are checked or aroused not merely by other passions, but by the will acting from above them.

Two remarks may be made in regard to the lower animals. We have seen the great difference there may be between apparently identical actions when done by the baby and by the man of science; the same difference in varying degrees will hold between the similar acts of man and beast or of different animals. It has been well pointed out that we cannot argue from our own pains and pleasures to those of the lower creation; the sobbing of the rabbit may be like the moaning of the unconscious subject of an operation, or like the tears of a child who stops to listen to a story and then continues crying; but it cannot resemble at all the anguish of a human soul expecting the stroke of the lash.

Again, in an animal whose highest powers are its passions it is perfectly natural and unobjectionable that these passions should completely govern its whole being; in man the passions are not the highest power, and it would be correspondingly unnatural that they should be liberated from control and usurp supreme power.

It will be observed that the line of thought followed in

this paper does not suggest the possibility of the existence of the soul apart from the body. For all through we have found that the higher life while transcending the lower, still preserves it and depends on it; the lower is the basis, and whatever else the organism may do, it must always keep its nutritive life going or all else will stop. Up to the stage of the passions and the imagination, I think this is perfectly true; in our philosophy it is always insisted that these and the lower powers are only possible in creatures compounded with matter, so that we may infer that the possession of passions naturally implies the possession of the lower life. As far as I understand, the only natural indication we have of the soul's independence is found not at all in the connection of life with life, but in the power we have of knowing things utterly immaterial, such as independence, evolution, injustice.

It has been pointed out above that in the successive steps of the evolution of the child, the higher life when it comes does not replace the lower, but takes it over as a going concern. If tissue was diseased before the dawn of consciousness, it remains so afterwards. If the temper or the digestion has been spoiled before the age of reason, the coming of reason does not cure them. The higher life is not a new start in the lower, but only in its own order. This seems to throw light on the inheritance of original sin, so far at least as concerns the wounds of the lower nature, in the passions and appetites. For at whatever stage the human soul is created, it takes over the human body as a going concern with all its inherited passions and instincts; and it would be contrary to all analogy that in taking it over it should set right all that was wrong and make a new start.

In many of the instances that we have considered it seems that the lower functions are performed more perfectly for being under higher control, even as it is said that a mounted horse can always catch an unmounted. Bodily organs develop by use; that is to say the growth is improved by

the constant use for organic purposes. The lion's anger makes its attack far more effective than if it were unimpassioned; the passion of fear lends speed to the quarry. We must expect then that the higher life of grace will not stunt the lower nature but will perfect it.

How are we to class the life of grace? As a higher development, to which the species may or may not attain? Or like consciousness, a normal possession of every individual, which yet may be periodically laid aside in sleep? Or is it like the control of the will over the nerves, or of the intellect over the imagination, a normal possession whose loss means disease, paralysis or madness? This last seems the true parallel. For the life of intellect and will,—the power to know and love,—leads naturally and normally to the living in dependence on the will of God. And, given that God so reveals Himself as to make personal friendship possible, an intellectual creature is not living naturally unless he is wholly under the control of that friendship.

J.B.McL.

## Lanherne.

THERE is hardly any Saint whose personality is more intensely interesting than that of St. Teresa. Whether we regard her spirit of high contemplation, or her strong common sense, her unbounded attachment to the Faith or her practical power of business, her sharp discernment and discretion or her ready obedience, her life is so spiritual and at the same time so active that we are forced to look upon her as a marvel and admire the secret which we can but feebly understand. The difficulty is all the greater because the perspective of three hundred years throws back the view of her into times very different from our own; and the difference also of country in which she lived, so unlike our own, tends to blur our line of vision. Anything, therefore, that may tend to bring her into closer relationship and more intimate knowledge may be worth at least a passing thought.

Away down in Cornwall, four hours express journey south from Bristol, and then two more hours off at a slow tangent west from Parr, stands the Convent of Teresian Carmelites known by the name of Lanherne. It is the name of the house, not of the locality. It lies in a small but pretty valley—one of those sudden dips in geological formation which so delights the traveller to come upon after miles of level road where the hedgerows on either side have determinedly blinked his view. It is a little dell, where the plainness and sameness and here and there the bareness of field after field breaks away into curves of beauty of outline, into the soft thin ringlets of brushwood and tree, into budding gardens with a shining stream

threading between. It is an ideal enclosure, hidden away and self contained. The Convent building has the reverence of age upon it. It is grey with years, and shows somewhat the feebleness that comes with time. It has served the nuns as a shelter for a hundred and ten years, but it was old when it first opened to them its hospitable arms. For a long time previous, certainly as far back as the reign of Henry III., perhaps the Conquest, it had been the home of the Catholic Arundels. And it was a home. The style of its roof and gable, its simple mullioned windows, its wide door and ample entrance hall, proclaim it to have been no camp or castle built for war, but for the domestic offices of peace.

To the left as you enter is the housekeeper's room; to the right apartments for the chaplain. In front of you is an inner door which leads to the cells of the Nuns. It never opens but for the entrance of a novice, or for the exit of the dead. One wing of the building, or side of the square, is the old ball-room, now the chapel. The chapel is used by the village Catholics, who number a few score, and it contains two altars of elegant design. One is the high altar facing the people, the other is in an apse in the south wall of the sanctuary, and faces the grill behind which is the nuns' choir. There is a painting here in the chapel of much merit. It is of Christ at the pillar of scourging. It is devotional and realistic. They say it is a "Rubens." If so it must be of some value. There is no known copy of it anywhere.

Separated from the house by just a rough wall stands the old Parish Church of St. Mawgan. It dates from the 14th century, and though it has about it a strange look of Protestant desecration, it still bears many traces of its Catholic purpose. The emblems of the Passion are still boldly distinct upon the end uprights of the oaken pews. The Chalice and Sacred Heart are in high relief on the front wooden panel of the pulpit. The brasses of many an Arundel Knight and Lady stand silent witnesses on the wall. Amongst them there is the figure of a Priest in his vestments

still seemingly on guard. On one side stands a chauntry, where the bones of many of the first Sisters repose, but which modern degeneracy has turned into an organ chamber. The Church has its aisles and its side altars and screens, so arranged and adorned as to suggest, what a printed tablet on one of the pillars unblushingly asserts, that this is the Catholic Church of the centuries, continuous in ritual as in faith. And indeed the *destroying demon* seems to have smitten gently here, overawed perhaps by the blessed Sacrament, that never lost its sanctuary close by. Catholic memories and practices seem still to linger lovingly on in this quaint old spot. Outside in the cemetery stands an ancient carved cross. Its present site is but recent. It used to stand in a field near by, called the "Chapel close", and was probably a wayside or perhaps a market cross. It may date from the ninth century, but is fairly well preserved. The figure has its arms stretched out straight, and the loins are covered with a short skirt. Some trellice work covers the shaft, and the base is adorned with letters or hieroglyphics which still await the advent of the archaeologist to whom they may reveal their meaning.

It is a wonder that so much rather than so little has been preserved, when it is remembered that Lanherne and the adjacent village was for years previous to 1794 the resort of smugglers. These would hold little sacred. Even life to them would be cheap. They actually had their ill-gotten treasures stored in the disused portions of the house. From it they would go forth on their excursions by sea and land and hold the neighbourhood in terror. Hardly a fit place, one would think, for a few fugitive nuns to come to and knock for admission; yet so it was. This is how and here it is, that St. Teresa steps forth from the far off picture, and becomes a thing of flesh and blood to us upon our own English soil. No longer a foreigner, no longer a wonderful rumour or a faint impersonation conjured up by the pages of a book, but herself and her living spirit, her habit and her



rules, her mode of life and her ideals are here, while pervading all is the motive that gave power and charm to all she said and did.

Previous to the Reformation there was no foundation of Carmelite nuns in England, but it was precisely at that sorrowful time of defection from the Faith that St. Teresa stretched forth her hand from abroad and drew many English ladies to her side. One, Mother Anne of St. Bartholomew seems to have become her very companion in life, and to have taken a prominent part afterwards in the founding of an English Carmelite house in Antwerp. This was in 1619, only 37 years after the Saint had died in her arms. Mother Anne of the Ascension, whose family name was Worsley, was chosen the first Prioress of this convent, and she had for her first Community five Sisters whose training had been, if not under St. Teresa herself, under those at least who had lived with her. It was moreover an English woman, the Lady Mary Lovel, daughter of Lord Roper of Teynham, who, by her liberality and personal effort, supplied the temporalities.

How nobly and how well these first English Carmelites lived up to the model that had been shown them, and how zealously they strove to reproduce that model in their lives, may be gathered from a manuscript kept at Lanherne, containing the autobiography of a nun who entered at Antwerp in December, 1693. It was compiled by Father Hunter, S. J., at the request of the Community, a few years after the nun's death. It was published in book form by Burns and Oates, 1876. From the record therein, worthy of all credence, may be gathered what was the nature of that soil out of which such virtue could spring. Her advance in prayer, and her trials and consolations therein, her wondrous visions and her ecstatic state, her temptations, her spiritual discernment, all combined to form in her a reflexion of the Great Saint of Reformed Carmel, even as the sparkling water reflects the summer sun. Her name in religion, Xaveria, adds but lustre to her family name of Catherine Burton. Though

born in Suffolk, her father was a Yorkshireman. Her mother, Mary Suttler, belonged to Norfolk.

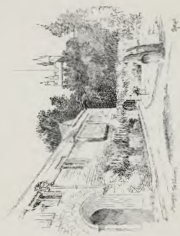
For a hundred and seventy years the English Carmelites dwelt in Antwerp as in a land of peace. War at last invaded their territory and showed no human respect. When the French army passed the frontiers of the low countries, the Sisters had to flee. Being English their first thought was the Mother country, and thither they embarked, clad in all sorts of betraying disguises, on the first crazy sailing ship they met. They arrived in London. What chance had they of a welcome? Little if any. Napoleon had made the name of the foreigner not only hated but despised. The shores were watched. But, ye worldly heroes and puppets of an hour, it is not human history ye are weaving out, it is God's! Though but one person in the crowd, and that a woman came forward to greet them, yet the magic cry of "English Sisters" soon changed the oaths and hisses of the sailors into words of welcome as they doffed their caps and bowed their apologies. Lodgings were found in a house near Portman Square among Catholics. They were not there long. On receiving from Lord Arundel the offer of Lanherne house, they set off at once on their 257 miles of travel. They numbered fifteen, twelve choir nuns and three lay sisters. The journey over and their goal reached, great was their dismay to find that the promised land was hardly a land of promise. There were eighty three acres of it; that was good, but the building was in a lamentable state of disrepair. And what about the smugglers? They fled, and the nuns remained. The sight of a brown habit and black veil and white whimple, of a silent figure and a noiseless foot, was too much for men to stand, who were used to facing only death and peril. Cowards at heart, they quailed before the apparition that their own superstitious minds had taken for a ghost, and they were heard of no more.

The nuns then betook themselves to the trowel; that is, they hired labourers. Alas! these were of the British work-

man species, thirsty and slow, and so the restoration crept but wearily on. In time things got so far arranged, that Bishop Walmsley, the Vicar Apostolic, could come and establish the enclosure. The joy of difficulty overcome made the nuns supremely happy. And now when the story comes to be told, it seems but a page rewritten from the record of St. Teresa's own foundations.

Lanherne looks now very much as it did then, for few further alterations have been made. Perhaps it is time to rebuild, keeping pace with the expansion of the Church's royalty in this land. But, at any rate, if the walls have begun to totter, having long lost the elasticity of youth, the life that throbs within has not slackened in its pulse, nor has the "Decor Carmeli" lost its bloom.

Saint Teresa, anglicised is here. She is here in all the weird attractiveness of her asceticism, in her lofty ideals, in her strength of purpose. Here is the "Pati aut mori,"—penance carried to the limit of human endurance, with a sublime indifference as to whether life is long or short. The interpretation of Poverty is St. Teresa's—the neat but coarse dress, the hempen sandal, the plain furniture and the plainer walls. The abstinence is perpetual, the fasts are frequent, the silence has little exception. There is a 'speak room,' but it is partitioned off by a curtained lattice through which the voice of the outer world may filter at times, but that rarely. If the curtain is drawn on a rare occasion, a thick black veil completely covers each Sister's face and shoulders: so strongly does St. Teresa disavour all secular discourse. There is the daily office in choir, but such parts of it as are sung must never rise or fall more than a tone and a half, lest the chaunt of God's praise might ever be ill used to the glorification of man. It is St. Teresa's "motu proprio." And lest all this should seem to be without a motive, here it is, again in the Saint's own words, "the union of the highest contemplation with the most apostolic Charity." That principle of Charity





lies at the very foundation of the Teresian reform, the why and the wherefore of its being—and it practically is the "Conversion of the heretic." A Huguenot Captain once said of the first Teresians; "if they go on like this they will soon make us all Papists." Whether or no he himself led the way, history does not tell. But here, in an heretical land, during these last hundred years, there have been so many conversions that seemed spontaneous and for which no adequate cause was evident, that it may not be too bold to point to the coming of St. Teresa to our shores and say: "the hidden spring is there from which such waters flow."

It is interesting to note here how, on the arrival of the Nuns at Lanherne, the Rev. John Basil Brindle, a professed monk of St. Lawrence's, was the priest in charge who welcomed them. Dom Wilfrid Strutt, a monk of Lamspring had been there before in 1755, Dom Boniface Hall, of Lamspring in 1771, and Dom Placid Bennet, of St. Lawrence's in 1781.

More interesting still is the collection of ten small pictures of English Martyrs, which the nuns brought with them. They were treasures which, if all else were abandoned, could not be left behind. They are portraits, and were actually painted in prison by a fellow captive, who luckily escaped and afterwards had them finished by a skillful hand.

Most interesting of all is the large relic of the Blessed Martyr Cuthbert Mayne. It is the top portion of his skull, and in it can be seen the square hole cut by the sharp pike on which the head was impaled. Tradition says that Blessed Cuthbert visited Lanherne and said Mass there.

All these things conjure up hallowed memories of prayer and of labour and of suffering for the Faith that linger fittingly around the Convent of Lanherne.

For here they are not empty memories, nor are they idle dreams. They have become concreted into the living present, and embodied in the realities of life. While the un-

cloistered nun goes out into the hurry and din of the fray, St. Teresa stays behind to guard the fortress, and to gather in the stores so essential, and the supplies and the munitions of war. Hers is the corn and the wine and the oil, and the ransom of the prisoner and the price that must be paid for conquest. Her weapons are to pray and to labour and to suffer and be silent.

J. S. C.

## St. Helred. Abbot of Rievaulx.

*(Amplified from the 1d. biography published by the Catholic Truth Society.)*

*(Continued.)*

### VI. Helred and the Incarnation.

We have admired the Saint in his life, have listened to his powerful exhortations, and wondered at his great influence for good, at his arduous and wearing fasts, his fervour in prayer, his vigils over the Sacred Page; and have been edified by his carefully penned reflections. To consider others of his gifts, his miracles and prophetic power and zeal for the honour of God's Saints, may be our privilege and pleasure later.

In these things we can scarcely hope to imitate him, but must rest content to glorify God, thus manifest in His wonderful work, a soul raised to the most sublime height of sanctity. For many things that we thus admire from afar were means to an end,—to subdue the fire of concupiscence, to prevent the wanderings of Aelred's mind amid unprofitable and worldly recollections, to overcome all obstacles in attaining to eternal life, the knowledge of the true and only God and of Jesus Christ, whom He has sent.

Others, again, are but the manifestations and outcome of his holiness. The mainspring of that holiness, its *sine quâ non* indeed, the whole secret of his sanctity, would seem to be that devotion, most practical and imitable for ourselves, which is conspicuous throughout his works, his ardent love of the Word made flesh, and of that "Woman, too, of whom, in the fulness of time, He was made." (Gal iv. 4.)

So at least his own words would imply, when he writes of the practical and fruitful nature of devotion to the Incarnation.

"He injures himself, who corrupts himself by vice or by the stain of any turpitude. And as the pleasure and delight of the flesh mainly leads to such corruption, so does one easily spurn or shun it, if he conceives a pious affection towards the flesh of our Saviour, and rejoices to contemplate with the eyes of the soul the Lord of majesty, bowed down to enter the narrow crib, clinging to the Virgin's breast, strained in His mother's embrace, kissed by the happy lips of the trembling old man, holy Simeon. If too, he deems it sweet to picture in the secret chambers of his mind, how meek He was in looks, how kind in speech, how patient with sinners, how condescending to the weak and wretched; how with wonderful kindness He shuns neither the harlot's touch nor the publican's company at table (*Luke vii*); how of one adulterous woman He champions the cause to save her being stoned (*Matt ix.*), and with another He converses, so that of the adulteress is made, in a sense, an evangelist. (*John viii.*

& *iv.*) Who is there to whom, at this beautiful scene, all the delight of fetid flesh will not show out in its true filth. From such contemplation readily well forth sweet tears, which quench all fire of concupiscence, temper the flesh, repress the undue cravings of appetite, and suppress all ticklings of vanity. Furthermore, nothing so animates us to love of our enemies, in which consists the perfection of fraternal charity, as does the pleasing contemplation of that wonderful patience with which the 'Beautiful among the sons of men' gave up His lovely face to impious men to be spat upon, submitted those eyes that by their look direct all things, to be blindfolded by wicked men; the patience with which He laid bare His sides to their scourges, submitted His head before which Principalities and Powers tremble, to the sharp thorns, and delivered Himself to insult and contumely; the patience, in short, with which he endured without complaint the cross, the nails, the spear, the gall and vinegar, in all things gentle, mild and tranquil. In fine He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and was dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and He opened not His mouth. Consider, O human pride, O proud impatience, what He bore, Who bore it, and how He bore. Let these things be considered, pray, not written. Who is there, whose anger will not cool down forthwith at this wonderful sight? Who, on hearing that marvellous word, full of sweetness, full of charity full of immovable tranquillity, 'Father, forgive them', does not straightway in all affection embrace his enemies? 'Father,' He says, 'forgive them.' Could any meekness, any charity be added to that prayer? But add it He did. It was a small thing to pray: He would excuse as well. 'Father' He said, 'forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Great sinners indeed are they, but puny thinkers; therefore, Father forgive them. They crucify, but whom they crucify, they know not, for 'if they had known it, they would never have crucified the Lord of Glory' (i Cor. ii. 8); therefore, Father, forgive them. They think Me a violator of the law, they think Me

a usurper of divinity, they think me a seducer of the people. I have hidden my face from them, they have not recognized my majesty; therefore, Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do. . . . Hence, that a man may not yield to fleshly desires, let him stretch out all his affection to the sweetness of the flesh of the Lord. Further that he may rest more perfectly and more sweetly in the delight of fraternal charity, let him clasp even his enemies in the arms of true love. . . . (*Mirror*, III. c. v.)

Elsewhere he reflects: "What relish it gives me to see the Lord of Majesty deporting Himself, in the matter of bodily actions and human affections, not after the manner of the strong, but after the manner of the weak! How much does this strengthen me in the my infirmity! Certainly this weakness of my Lord is without doubt the strength and support of my weakness." (*Serm. ii. for Christmas*.)

Christ and his Mother; these were our Saint's favourite topics in the pulpit,\* as the list of his sermons shows; and it is highly probable that the last sermon he preached was about our Blessed Lady. It was with an especial joy that he approached these subjects, a joy that he invited his hearers to share.

"Now, my brethren, it is certainly a great good and a great joy to know our Lord Jesus Christ according to His Humanity, and so to love Him and to think of Him; to witness as it were in our own heart, His birth, His passion, His wounds, His death, His resurrection."

"Blessed be our Leader, who does not cease to visit His poor family. Sometimes, my dearest brethren, it is by some one of His servants He visits us, sometimes by several, sometimes by His dearest Mother, sometimes, which is a much greater thing, in His own person."

"For this cause, brethren, are instituted festivals in the Church, that by the setting before us, now of His Nativity,

\*Out of fifty-seven of his extant sermons, forty-three are for Advent, for feasts of the Sacred Infancy and of our Blessed Lady.

now of His Passion, Resurrection and Ascension, there may ever be fresh in our memory that kindness, that sweetness, that pure charity which in all these things He showed towards us. By them too our faith ought to greatly profit, when we hear with our ears, and see as it were before our eyes what Christ endured for us, what even in this life He gives us, what, after this life, He promises us."

"You know, dearest brethren, that to-day we celebrate the Birth of Our Lady Saint Mary; and therefore it is just that we rejoice in the Lord, and recall to mind how great the joy that came to us through her birth, for at her birth all our joy began to appear."

"We ought at all times to praise and honour Mary, and with all devotion to meditate on her sweetness; but to-day, on the feast of her Assumption, we should especially rejoice with her, for to-day was her joy made full."

(*Exordia of Sermons on All Saints, the Annunciation, Assumption and Nativity B. V. M.*)

As we may safely apply to Aelred the praise of St. Benedict which he quoted from St. Gregory, "he lived as he taught, and could not teach otherwise than he lived"; since his biographer assures us, "what he commended in his writing he took care to fulfil in his life;" it will now suffice to quote some further passages to bring out his devotion to the Incarnation.

"Myrrh," said the prophet, 'and stacte, and cassia perfume thy garments,' (Ps. xlv. 9.) O Christ, O Anointed One, how fragrant are these Thy garments. His garments are the members of the body assumed for us: 'the Word was made flesh.' There is myrrh, and stacte, and cassia. Oh! Sweet ointments of our Anointed One. He who in Himself is life eternal, for us is become mortal; here is the myrrh. He who by the presence of His Divinity fills all things, for us has emptied Himself, becoming as water poured out: here is the stacte (*gutta*.) He before whom the angels tremble, 'humbles himself, becoming obedient unto death, even the death of the cross,' (Phil. ii.) here is the cassia. . . .

"Of right therefore art Thou the Christ, of right the Anointed One, of right is Thy name oil poured out: therefore have the young maidens, perceiving this odour of Thy ointments, loved Thee, whom at first they feared. Therefore, my brethren, let us rub these ointments by sedulous meditation in the heart. Let us reflect how sweet to us ought to be the myrrh of His mortality, by which we are set free from all mortality; how sweet the lowering of Him, by which we are uplifted to heavenly things; how sweet His lowliness, by which we are exalted." (*Sermon ii, for Christmas.*)

Surely that must have been the most tender of devotion which inspired the following passages on the three days' loss and finding of the Holy Child.

"Let us consider how great was their happiness, to whom it was granted for so many days [during the journey to Jerusalem] to look upon His face, and hear His honeyed words; to observe certain signs of heavenly power shine forth in a human being, and Him a boy, and the mysteries of saving wisdom interwoven in the conversations that they held with Him. The old men are astounded, the young full of wonder, and the boys of His own age overawed at the seriousness of His ways and the gravity of His words. For I believe that in that most beautiful countenance there sparkled such brightness of heavenly grace, as to draw upon Him every eye, make alert every ear, attract every heart. See, I pray you, how He is seized upon, and taken possession of, by each and all. The old men kiss, the young embrace Him, the children seek to be near Him. How the children weep, when the old keep Him too long to themselves! How the holy women complain, when He delays at all with His father and companions. I believe that all with heartfelt affection cry out: '*Let him kiss me with the kiss of His mouth.*'"

"During those three days where wast Thou O Good Jesus? Who gave Thee food or drink, who prepared Thy couch, who drew off Thy shoes, who cared for Thy childish

limbs with ointments and baths? I know indeed that, as of Thy own will thou didst assume our weakness, so, at will, Thou didst show Thine own power; and so, at will, didst not need such services."

"Where wast Thou, dear Child, where lying hid? Whose hospitality didst Thou accept, whose company didst Thou join? In heaven? or on earth? Or didst Thou stay the while in some house, or at least, with some children of Thine own age in a hidden spot pour out to them the mysteries of Thy secrets, according to that word of Thine in the Gospel, '*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not?*' Happy, if such there were, whom for so many days Thou didst in a way so familiar gratify with Thy presence."

"But why, my sweet Lord didst Thou not compassionate Thy most Holy Mother as she sought Thee, and sorrowed and sighed? For at least she and Thy father sought Thee sorrowing. And thou too, my sweetest Lady why seek the child, who, as thou wast aware, was God? Didst fear He would be tormented with hunger, pinched with cold, hurt by some boy of His own age? Is it not He who feedeth all things, supporteth all things, who doth so clothe and array in more glory than Solomon, the grass of the field, which is to-day, and to-morrow is cast into the oven? Nay more, my Lady,—forgive me saying it—why so easily lose thy dearest Son, take so little care of Him, and be so long in missing Him?" (*of the Child Jesus in the Temple, 1, 2, 5.*)

And few, if any, have surpassed our Saint in appreciation of the mercy of the Word made flesh, and of the power of His Passion, which the following extracts manifest.

"But since you dwell more willingly upon the contemplation of His goodness, enter, pray, into the house of Simon the Pharisee: look attentively with how kind and sweet and pleasing and merciful a countenance He regards the woman that was a sinner prostrate at His feet: with what compassion He lets those most holy feet be washed by

the penitent's tears, and wiped by the hair that hitherto pride and lust have claimed for their own, and sweetly kissed by the lips that so many filthy crimes have polluted.

Thanks be to thee O most happy sinner, thou hast shown the world a place safe enough for sinners: the feet, namely of Jesus, which spurn none, reject none, repel none, receive all, admit all. There surely doth the Æthiopian change his skin, there the leopard varies his spots, there the Pharisee is the only one that does not vomit his pride. What dost thou my soul, O wretched and sinful one? Surely hast thou where to offer the libation of thy tears, where to purge away thy impure kisses with holy kisses; where to pour out all the ointment of thy affection securely without any taint or movement of alluring vice. Why dissemble? Burst forth, O sweetest tears, burst forth: let none check your flow. Water the most sacred feet of my Lord, my Saviour, who receives me. I care not if any Pharisee murmurs, if he thinks me one to be kept from his seat; if he judges me unworthy to touch the hem of his garment: he may sneer, he may ridicule: he may turn away his eyes, stop his ears: nevertheless I will cling to thy feet, O good Jesus; I will clasp them in my hands; I will press my lips upon them, and will not cease to weep, to kiss, until I hear; *Many sins are forgiven him, because he hath loved much.* (Of the Child Jesus in the Temple, 26, 27.)

"In these days of the Passiontide you have tasted how sweet is the Lord, you especially who have seen and considered as though in your very presence Jesus Christ on the Cross; who have seen those sacred arms stretched out as if to embrace you who have considered that dear breast laid bare, as though to refresh you. All these things, brethren, although they took place but once,—for the Apostle says, *Christ was offered once to exhaust the sins of many* (Hebr. ix. 28.); yet have you seen all these things much better and more clearly with the eyes of the soul, than many did with the eyes of the body, at the time they took place. In all

these things you have tasted how sweet is the Lord. Sweet, humble, meek, merciful, sweet and kind." (*Serm. for Easter.*)

"Upon a dark mountain the standard of the cross is uplifted, that by its power it may crush the power of the world; may shut up against the proud the mysteries of our redemption, but in the eyes of the meek and humble surpass all earthly glory."

"For what my brethren, is so burthensome to worldlings, as the cross? In the cross is commended the contempt of glory which they seek; commended the affliction of the flesh which they vehemently shun; commended mortification of one's own flesh, which they hate; commended poverty, and the stripping-off of worldly things, which they detest. . . . Hence it is that many of the disciples of Christ, hearing of the mystery of the Cross, went back and walked no more with Him. Let us strive then, my brethren to expel from our hearts whatever of the world is left in us, and to blot out, if possible, all traces of Babylon in us, that we may experience what sweetness, what safety and glory, there is in the Cross. For it brings forth love, than which nothing sweeter; martyrdom, than which nothing more secure; contempt of the world, than which nothing more glorious. (*Of the Burdens: Serm. iv. vi.*)

"Thanks be to Thee, O Lord Jesus, who hast lifted up Thy rod over the sea, laying low before Thy cross the pride of the world, and subjecting to it principalities and powers. Truly, O Lord does Thy cross press down the billows of the world, calm the tempests, and mitigate the storms of persecutions and temptations. Thou has lifted it up in the way of Egypt; that closing the broad road that leads to death, Thou mightest point out the strait and narrow way that leads to life. Do you not know it brethren? do you not feel it, do you not experience it? The heat of concupiscentia burns in the flesh, at times anger rages in the heart, words of indignation and bitterness break out, and like the sea lashed by the wind, all a man's interior is disturbed;

but when Jesus lifts up His cross over this sea, all is calmed, all is still," (*Serm. I. of the Bardeus.*)

"I will embrace Thee the while, Lord Jesus, Thee made poor, I the poor; Thee made weak, I the weak. Thee made man, more will I say, a poor man, I the man. . . . I will run after the odour of Thy ointments . . . I will follow Thee, Lord, though not to the mountains of spices, where Thy spouse found Thee; even in the garden, where Thy flesh was sown. (*Ib. XVIII.*) There indeed Thou leapest, here Thou sleepest. Here Lord, here Thou sleepest, here Thou liest, Thou rearest for the space of a sweet Sabbath. May my flesh be buried with Thee Lord, that as I live in the flesh, I may not live in myself, but in Thee, who didst deliver Thyself for me. May it be anointed along with Thee, O Lord, with the myrrh of chastity; that sin may no more reign in my mortal body, that I may not become like the beast rotting in its own filth. But whence didst Thou come into the garden? Whence but from the cross? Would, O Lord, that I may take up my cross, and follow Thee. But how follow Thee? 'How,' sayest Thou, 'hast thou departed from me?'—I think, Lord, not by step of foot, but by affection of heart. Not being willing to preserve the substance of my mind for Thee, I took it to myself, and wishing to possess myself without Thee, I lost even myself. And I am become burdensome to myself: I am become to myself a place of misery and darkness, a place of horror and a region of famine. I will arise therefore, and go to my Father and will say to Him, *Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee.*" (*Mirror, bb. 1. c. vii.*)

We know that Aelred strove to mould himself on St. Bernard's lines. Doubtless he knew by heart and constantly practised that Saint's words which occur in the famous letter 174.—"Honour the integrity of her flesh, the holiness of her life; marvel at fecundity in a Virgin, venerate her Divine child. Extol her who knew not concupiscence in conceiving, nor pain in giving birth. Proclaim her revered

of the Angels, desired of nations, foreknown to Patriarchs and Prophets, chosen out of all, preferred to all. Magnify her who found grace, the mediation of Salvation, restorer of worlds: exalt her, in fine, who is exalted above the choirs of Angels to the heavenly Kingdom."

For how does Aelred address the Blessed Virgin? It is as "my sweetest Lady, Mother of my Lord." If he alludes to her, she is "the mother of mercy, who insomuch as she has clearly more power than the rest of creatures, her kindness is thereby the more efficacious." (*Geneal. of Eng. Kings.*) She is again; "the adornment of the whole human race, the wealth of the world," the glory of heaven, the refuge of the miserable, comfort of the afflicted, solace of the poor, support of those in despair, reconciliation of Sinners, in fine, the mistress of the world and queen of heaven," (*Rule for Recluses, ch. 39.*) She is the virgin purer than all virgins, holier than all women, more valiant than all men, more resplendent than the sun, more ardent than fire itself."

Of Mary sorrowing he writes; "She sought Him after his passion, after His death. Clearly was that search full of sorrow and of anxiety. For then was fulfilled of her what holy Simeon had prophesied: *And thy own soul a sword shall pierce.*" (*Luke ii. 35.*) A sword of grief, a sword of sadness, a sword of compassion. What floods of tears then burst forth from her most chaste eyes, when she saw her Son, and such a Son, hanging on the Cross, given gall to drink, mocked by impious men.† With what grief did she hear the words, "*Woman behold thy son,*" bidding her to take a disciple in place of her Son; Then indeed, did the sword of sorrow, pierce through her heart, *reaching well nigh unto the division of her soul* and of her body. Of her natural affection, I doubt not she wished then to free her Son from that death, to rebut

\* *Opes mundi* = possible a copyist's or printer's slip for *Spes mundi*, hope of the world.

† Acquainted no doubt, with St. Ambrose's saying: "I read of her standing, I read not of her weeping." Aelred evidently does not share this view.

the jeers of the Jews, or even, if she could, to suffer death herself. Then too it was night because excess of adversity obscured all her joy, excess of sadness in His death had well nigh darkened the power of reason. She sought then but found not, because that inferior will of hers, by which she willed that her Son should not suffer, was not fulfilled, but rather the superior, the spiritual will, by which she willed that by her Son's death the work of eternal salvation should be accomplished." (2nd Serm. on the Assumption.)

In fine, if our readers desire to learn further how Aelred spoke and wrote of God's eternal predestination and preparation of Mary, of her co-operation with grace, of her beauty and likeness to her Son, of her life before the Incarnation and after the Ascension, of her virtues and her power; to listen to his continual exhortations to his monks to honour and imitate her; we refer them to the gems from his works collected under various headings by the late Fr. Bridgett. (*Our Lady's Dower: how England gained that Title.* Burns and Oates.)

(To be continued.)

A. J. S.

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## Arden Hall.

PILGRIMS to Arden will scarcely recognise Fr. Maurus' excellent sketch. However the picture is a true representation of the New Wing built by the Hon. John Henry Savile, who has bought the property and estate from Mr. Tancred.

The history of Arden declares itself in its olden name of Nun-Arden. It appears that about the middle of the twelfth century one Peter de Hotou built a small convent for Benedictine nuns in this moorland wild, and dedicated it to St. Andrew. Those who visited Arden when Mr. Tancred lived there, will remember the small piece of stained glass, a picture of St. Andrew, over the door-way. Arden is mentioned among the list of smaller monasteries suppressed in 1536. According to Speed, at the time of dissolution there were nine nuns in the community at Arden. The only fragment of monastic building now extant is what was the kitchen chimney. Mr. Savile has ingeniously contrived to let this stand and form the fire-place of the dining room in the New Wing. In the wood at the back of the Hall is a curious old well still used and called the Nuns' Well. The yew hedge that one sees in the picture has developed from a series of single yew trees planted in what was the nuns' cemetery. When the foundations for the new building were dug, a number of bones and parts of coffins were discovered, which Mr. Savile had reverently buried again not far from where they were found. The oldest part of the present house, known as "the tiled wing," but formerly thatched, was built in the reign of Henry VIII, by the ancestors of the Tancred family,



which family kept it until 1900. The main part of the building was erected in the reign of Charles I. The walls of the morning room are panelled with oak which to-day is almost jet black. Over the fire-place the date 1631 is carved. Up stairs is a very curious old bedstead in the room in which Mary Queen of Scots is said to have slept.

There is an interesting document in the entrance hall. It is a special pardon, dated 1670, from Charles II. to Charles Tancered of Arden for his support of the Parliamentary cause in the great Puritan Revolution.

In olden days Arden was served from Rievaulx Abbey about four miles distant. It was with mixed feelings of sorrow and joy that the writer of this note, on September 18th, celebrated Mass once again in this hallowed spot. Those familiar words of our hymn to St. Benedict seemed once more exemplified.

"Still in this land of ruins glows Divine  
The spirit kindled here in happier days;  
Still, Father, there are English hearts all thine,  
And English lips that fain would sing thy praise."

May the good nuns, through whose prayers, no doubt, this property has returned to Catholic hands, pray for its possessors. Some of our readers will be interested to know that the grandfather of the present owner of Arden was Mr. Raphael of Kingston-on-Thames, whose munificent charity to Fr. Hodgson is recorded by Fr. Burge in a previous number of the *Journal*.

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## Some Benedictine Letters of the Seventeenth Century.

THE letters which are here brought to the notice of our readers are not appearing in print for the first time. Some of them can be found in the three ponderous folio volumes of the Clarendon State Papers published more than a century ago. Many therefore may have seen them before, but to the majority they will be new and perhaps interesting.

For the better understanding of the letters some information about the Correspondents will be useful. Abbot Allanson's biography of Fr. Leander Jones is as follows:—

"Fr. Leander Jones, alias Scudamore, better known as Fr. Leander de Sto. Martino, was born in London, though originally of a family at Llan Wrinach in Brecknockshire. He was educated in Merchant Tailors School, whence he was elected a scholar of St John's College Oxford in 1591, being at that time 16 years old, and soon after became chamber-fellow there with William Laud who was afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. On leaving the University he entered in a jurist's place, applied himself diligently to the study of Civil Law, took the degree of Bachelor in that faculty and was made fellow of the College. His religious convictions, however, now led him to the Catholic religion; so he left the College, his friends and country, and proceeded to Spain, where he was professed at the Benedictine monastery of St. Martin's, Compostella, about 1600. It was at this time he dropt his surname, according to the practice of monachism in that country, and took that of a Saint and was ever afterwards called Fr. Leander de Sto. Martino.

"Fr. Leander now pursued his studies at Salamanca and after taking the degree of Doctor of Divinity, he was directed by the Spanish General, 1605, to join the other English Fathers of the Spanish Congregation in England. As he took his journey through France, he was most earnestly entreated at the Abbey of St Remigius at Rheims to stop a few months, in order to train their novices in piety and learning, which he did to their great satisfaction. On reaching Douay he joined his brethren and acted as master of the novices in 1607, and was employed also in giving catechetical discourses in Marchienne College. In 1612 he was appointed Vicar General over all English residing out of Spain. In the long contest which followed respecting the union of the different Benedictine Congregations employed on the mission, he necessarily from his office took a prominent part and showed himself strongly addicted to the interests of the Spanish party, and shared in all their prejudices against the old English Congregation which had been lately revived. In 1613 he proposed what is termed "the union of four articles" in which it was stipulated that the fathers of the English Mission should unite during the schism into one body under the name of the Spanish Congregation; yet that this Body should comprise within itself twelve persons, in whom all the rights of the old English Congregation should be preserved; that it should not be lawful to increase that number, and that when any of these twelve persons died the Vicar General should nominate others from the Spanish Congregation to fill up their places; and finally, that the monks of the Spanish Mission, who did not return to Spain, when the schism in England ceased, should then form and be styled the English Congregation; but until that time came they should be really of the Spanish Congregation subject to the Spanish General. The terms of this union were approved of by the General Chapter in Spain and agreed to by a large majority of the Spanish Party in England and were accepted by Fr. Robert Sudler in the name of the old English Congregation. But as

doubts were raised as to the real meaning of some of the articles, its publication was suspended. In the meantime a copy had been forwarded to Rome to Fr. Anselm Beech, who had been lately elected the Superior of the Cassin and of the old English Congregation, in place of Fr. Thomas Preston who owing to his trouble about the oath of allegiance, had been obliged to resign his authority. This eminent man strongly objected to these articles of Union. He considered it highly dishonourable that the English Benedictines should form a Spanish Congregation subject to a foreign Spanish General, when there had been for centuries in his own native land, an independent English Congregation, so he exerted the influence which he preserved, in virtue of his new office, over the members of the Old English Congregation who had agreed to the article, and induced them to recall their consent; and succeeded in preventing a Spanish Congregation being established in England. Thus, in the eleventh hour, the English Benedictines, who now glory in the independence of their Congregation, were prevented from bearing the name of a foreign Congregation and from becoming the vassals of a foreign general. And the name of Fr. Leander was rescued from the ignominy which must forever have attended him if he had succeeded in carrying this disgraceful union.

"On the election of nine Definitors, in 1617, to draw up the terms of union between the Spanish and Old English Congregations, Fr. Leander was the first on the list and as soon as the terms were agreed to, he was elected President and Elect, but as Dr. Gifford the 1st Elect President was promoted to the Bishopric of Archidale before the union was confirmed at Rome, the honour of becoming the first President of the present English Congregation devolved on Fr. Leander, and he assumed office in 1619, as soon as his Holiness Paul V. had confirmed the union and erected the English Congregation.

"On the meeting of the first General Chapter, as it was not usual at that period for Superiors to be re-elected to the

same office, Fr. Leander became the Prior of St. Gregory's and professed twenty Choir monks during his quadriennium. At this Chapter of 1625 he was appointed first Definitor Judge. At the following chapter he was again called to the Priorship of St. Gregory's and received a special mark of the regard of his Body in being elected the first Cathedral Prior of Canterbury. At the chapter of 1633, the last which he lived to attend, he was again called to the Priorship and was elected Abbot of Cismar, which at that time the Benedictines had the prospect of getting into their possession. In the following year this eminent man had the satisfaction of seeing the Congregation firmly established by Urban VIII. in his celebrated Bull 'Plantata,' which was published by St. Gregory's on the 23rd of April, 1634.

"Fr. Leander was noted for his extraordinary eloquence, for his general information on all arts and sciences and for being a great master of the Oriental languages. Though he was employed for many years in public life, yet he endeavoured to discharge the office of public professor of Divinity and Hebrew, during twenty-four years, either in the College of Marchiennes or in that of St. Vedast.

"It is frequently stated that Fr. Leander was invited into England by Dr. Laud, the Archbishop of Canterbury, his former acquaintance, and that he proceeded to London in the spring of 1634. But the real object of his journey was to execute a difficult commission to which he had been appointed by the Court of Rome. The marriage between Charles I. and Henrietta of France had produced a correspondence of courtesy between the King and Pope. And after long continued dispute between the secular and the regular clergy, it became a matter of great moment with Urban VIII. to be put in possession of the real state of things in England, so he took the favourable opportunity of selecting Fr. Leander for his piety, learning and experience, and of sending him as the credited agent of Rome. Perhaps it was an injudicious appointment; Fr. Leander had

been a party in the late contest with Bishop Smith about Faculties; he had all along been residing at St. Gregory's with Dr. Barlow the President, and as a Definitor had agreed to the letter beginning 'Mandatum' which had given so much offence, and he must have felt the delicate position in which he was placed. His statements regarding the Oath of Allegiance and his rejection altogether of the deposing power of the Pope gave offence, and his mission proved a failure.

"Soon after, he fell sick and, after a long protracted illness, he closed his long and useful life in London, in his seventieth year, on the 27th of December, 1635. He was honourably buried in the Chapel of the Capuchins at Somerset House, which had been consecrated four days before for the service of the Queen. So he was primitive dormitium ibidem."

Fr. Leander's correspondent in Rome was Fr. Wilfrid Selby, of whom Abbot Allanson gives the following account: "Wilfrid Selby, or Reede, of the ancient family of that name, was born in the county of Durham and was professed at St. Gregory's on 21st of March, 1620, during the priorship of Dr. Barlow. This eminent father was sent as Procurator to Rome in 1629 and was continued in that Office till the Chapter of 1645. During this time he rendered the most signal service to his congregation by obtaining for it the celebrated Bull 'Plantata' and many others Breves from Urban VIII. by whom he was held in great esteem. At the Chapter of 1641 he was honoured with the Cathedral Priorship of Chester. And although he wrote to the following Chapter of 1645 that he might not be elected to any other office during the quadriennium, yet no attention was paid to his request and he was elected President of the Congregation. As soon as his Election was announced Fr. Paul Robinson, being commissioned to act for him, resigned the office in his name, but this resignation was unanimously rejected, and the Regimen were authorised to impose an order of obedience to accept it, if it should be

found necessary. At the same time the Chapter left him free to reside where he pleased out of England.

"Abbot Cajetan had given the College of St. Gregory's at Rome to the Congregation in 1638; and, as Fr. Wilfrid took a lively interest in this establishment and was allowed to embark upon it on his own personal responsibility, he not only continued to reside there during his Presidentship, but after the expiration of his term of office he remained there during the remainder of his life and became involved in pecuniary difficulties. On the death of Abbot Clement Reyner, the Conventuals of Lamspring elected Fr. Wilfrid his successor. But this eminent man was void of all ambition to govern others. At the same time, being aware of the powerful machinations of those Lutheran Nobles, who envied the English Benedictines the possession of the Abbey, and who only waited the first favourable opportunity to wrest it from their hands, he felt he had now an opportunity of defeating their projects, so he resigned the Abbey into the hands of the reigning Pontiff, Innocent X, and through the policy of this measure he probably secured its lasting possession, because Fr. Placid Gascoigne, who was appointed Abbot on his recommendation by the Pope, would be supported in his charge by the civil and ecclesiastical tribunals of the country.

"After Fr. Wilfrid had rendered this service to his brethren he endeavoured to complete the buildings of the College of St. Gregory's and shortly before his death he offered to resign it into the hands of the Congregation, but before the measure came to be deliberated at the approaching Chapter, this humble and eminent man was swept away by the pestilence at Rome on the 18th of February, 1657."

The 'Right Honourable' to whom several of Fr. Leander's letters are addressed is Sir Francis Windebank, the eldest son of Sir Thomas Windebank of Berkshire. He first became acquainted with Fr. Leander, when they were together at St. John's College, Oxford. At the same time

he also formed a lasting friendship with Laud, who obtained for him the position of Secretary of State on the death of Sir Dudley Carlton. Whilst in office he proved a great friend to the persecuted Catholics which led to his impeachment. He retired to France in 1640 and died a Catholic at Paris in 1646.

Right Honourable, \*

Being to go down into Wales to see my friends I went to Croidon first, to take leave of my Lord of Canterbury† and receive his commands; and desiring to use the same duty to your Honour, I found you were departed the city; so that what I could not do in person I do by this letter in as humble sort as I may, and by my friend, who delivers this into your hands, whom I presumed to commend unto your honour, and for whom I do undertake you shall find him as faithful and loyal in his comportment, as moderate in his carriage in religion, as judicious and intelligent in any matter of moment, and as trusty to be believed in whatsoever he shall happen to deal with your Honour, as any of our Catholics in England.

I have included in this letter the copy of that letter which I wrote verbatim to my Lord Cardinal Bentivoglio. The original I have sent faithfully to Rome to your procurator to deliver, with whom if your Honour vouchsafe to keep correspondence, I have commanded him to be diligent and careful, and I dare promise he shall be faithful and loyal. The inscription to him, if your Honour should write to him, about any business, may be "al Molto Reverendo Padre, Il Padre Giovanni Wilfrido Rosdo, Procuratore de la Congregatione dei Monachi Inglesi di S. Benedetto," and it is to be included in a cover to Paris in this sort:—A Mons. Cramoisy, Marchant Libraire, aux Cjgoignes en la rue de S. Jacques, pour le Reverend Père Bernard, à Paris.

\* Cl. S. P. No. 379.

† Archbishop Laud.

I most humbly entreat your honour to continue your good favour to me and your favorable opinion of me, which I trust in God I shall not mis-deserve by any misdemeanour; yet because I am much noted in England, being of some estimation (above my deserts) among catholics, as having been many years Superior of my Order, the freedom which I now enjoy being not altogether unknown, especially by reason of the ancient friendship which many have understood in times past was between my Lord's Grace and me in our younger years, I do much fear lest the various surmises of men (who used to speak by their conjectures of men's actions, which they do not well comprehend) may do me some harm, either in magnifying my favours received as if they were due to my endeavours, or in mistaking my endeavours as if I performed but weakly the part of a good Catholic. For this second I pass not much because I refer my conscience to God alone, but for the first I must crave your Honour's favourable judgment of my modesty, that I give no occasion neither by word nor deed to any such matter, but that they be but conjectures of curious brains, who many times speak such things that they may seem to know what indeed they are ignorant of. Howsoever men speak of me, my purpose and endeavour shall always be to behave myself dutifully and thankfully, and to pray continually for your Honour's health and salvation. 26 Aug., 1634.

Your Honour's obliged servant,

JOHN JONES *alias* SCUDAMORE.

Dear Sir \*

I have received yours of the 25th of August with the enclosed to C[ardinal] B[entivoglio] and another to the chief of the Dominicans. It was no less joy to me to receive these letters from you and concerning you, for I was troubled to hear some surmises against you, both your person and honour being so dear to me. Your letters though I imagined they were writ to C. Bentivoglio yet being in legal style and

\* Cl. S. P. No 394. Addressed to Mr. Leander Jones, London.

manner that I might give them to Cardinal Barberini, I will give them to the latter: first because he is the protector of the nation and order: 2nd because he governs all, and therefore they were more properly to be given to him for many respects, which were too long to discourse here. I could wish I had them from you to C. Bentivoglio to this effect, but more of this when I shall have delivered those sent last by you, which as yet I could not do, His Holiness and the Cardinal being both absent at Castel Gandolfo, a place of recreation, and not coming home till the end of the month; till then I give no answer but by my own conjectures, which I am loath should be impertinent in this first letter of my correspondence with you. Yet if I must needs be rash I think they can have no ill effect, both being of so grateful a subject and so desired, as also for the great opinion and esteem you have of your Majesty's virtues and discreet government, with the general satisfaction of the people and the general quiet and peace you enjoy, all Europe being in war; and this is not only the vulgar opinion but the Pope's also, as one will relate at large, to whom His Holiness testified so much since the beginning of this month, as also his singular affection to the King and crown of England.

I did what I could to hinder the forbidding of S. Francis Clare, his book, concerning which all I have to say is, that order was given to print the prohibition of it, yet since the order was suspended and as yet nothing appears against it; so that with the help of this last letter of yours I hope to stay the prohibition of it according to your desire and wish. Nothing else occurring, I remain,

Yours

B. John Wilfrid, [Selby.]

23 October.

Right Honourable<sup>o</sup>

I have received an answer from my friends in Paris that my letters are safely sent up to Rome, but it was long

\* Cl. S. P. No 407. On the back it is dated 13 November 1634.

ere they could send them by reason of the uncertainty of the messenger and I warned them not to send but by a sure hand. So that as yet it is not time to receive an answer because the Cardinals do not meet so soon. But I have received an answer from our Procurator of another letter of mine unto him, by which you shall see how sincerely he dealeth, which I bring to your Honour to see as you please; it is noted on the front with this letter A.

In it there is mention made of much talk of my person at Rome; for being of some of the Cardinals loved for my plain dealing with them, and not wanting many eyes that look here upon my action, it is likely that many conjectures are there buzzed into their ears concerning the favour which I find here of his Majesty and my loving patrons, especially by those who are not ignorant of my moderation and sincerity in matters of disputable questions.

This makes supplicate to your Honour [that] the informations which I have and will give may be so accepted and used as may not be prejudicial to my credit in the court where I am of some esteem. Not that I fear much though they and all the world knew what I do inform, since I will by God's grace inform nothing against truth and good conscience; but because the continuance of that good opinion, which there they have of my sincerity, may be more to that honest and harmless service, which I do desire and promise to do to God and my sovereign and country according to my innocent vocation.

Another letter I bring your Honour from my friends at Rome by which your Honour shall see the humour of that State and the estimation they have of his Majesty, as also how they begin, in consequence of that estimation, to pick quarrels with my poor brethren in France to drive them from their convents there, as also to subject them to a great deal of inconveniences, which, if I durst, I could desire his royal Majesty would take to his merciful consideration. This letter is marked with the letter B.

I have also another advice to give your honour concerning the French Capuchins, which I esteem a matter of moment, and it is as follows. Some months passed (past) two English Capuchins and two Scottish Capuchins sent for their mission into England unto His Holiness in Rome. But the French ambassador there opposed himself, showing His Holiness his instruction from the Cardinal of France, that in any case he should be careful that no English or Scottish Capuchins should be suffered to go into England or Scotland, but only French Capuchins and they too only under command of Father Joseph, the Cardinal's inspiration. Upon which instruction His Holiness denied these our countrymen their mission; but His Holiness his brother, who is a Cardinal, and a Capuchin called Cardinal Onaphrius, went to the Pope and showed unto him that the Cardinal of France could have no good intention in hindering of Englishmen from the mission of their own country; which moved the Pope to remit the matter to the Congregation de Propaganda Fide, where the said four Capuchins obtained their mission and were recommended unto me by Cardinal Barberini, the Pope's nephew. These good men, of a poor and humble spirit, coming into London, have complained unto me that they have been mightily opposed by the French Capuchins here, who by their agent have procured to disgrace them in all places of the city, where they had any access, so that they were forced to leave this city and go to the north and to Scotland.

This relation I give that your Honour may consider, whether it be not prejudicial, to our country, that the Cardinal and Father Joseph his councillor should have so great a hand in England; and whether it is not a great and dangerous enterprise, which they pretend, to send store of French Capuchins (depending not of their holy Order but of these two politic heads) to plant frenchified affections and conditions, in the minds of His Majesty's subjects.

I have also an humble request to your Honour, if it may

be, that since my presence is sometimes necessary in Doway to my brethren, it might please His Majesty that the favour he has granted me might be so extended, that I might have liberty to go and come into England again, always presenting myself to your Honour, or otherwise, at my going and returning, and advertising the time that I shall need to stay beyond seas. I confess it is a presumption to ask so great a favour, but I trust I shall so behave myself that I shall not seem altogether unworthy of it.

(No SIGNATURE)

A

<sup>o</sup>I am infinitely glad of your safe arrival in those parts, esteeming your safety as my own. An authentic, or rather the original copy of this enclosed, I have sent to you by Doway, though this is far short of what I desired for you or you deserved; but the Spanish Procurator, a peculiar man, was against me.

The event of Father Francis Clare, his book, will be that it will be forbidden, yet in the modestest kinde, to give His Majesty satisfaction, who is exceedingly beloved and esteemed here by great and little for his virtues, of which all sorts give abundant commendations. And for this same reason they will not proceed against the author's person as they intended. This was their intention, but their prolonging of their prohibiting caused some suspicion of alteration in their design. For me, I have always urged that respect be had to His Majesty and that the book should not be forbid; and this I protest sincerely unto you upon my salvation.

There has been diverse charges concerning your person and therefore to this end let me entreat you to write to me what passes, and if you desire any communication with our Generalissimo, or do write to him, make me your instrument, for none get more obligation. I have sent you these cyphers (?) that you may make use of them during your abode in England, and in your absence leave some one to

\* Cl. S. P. No. 403.

correspond with me, for doubtless there will be scanning of your actions, therefore I desire to be informed of all. Send your letters to Paris, and they will come safe hither. Nothing more occurring, I remain,

Yours in all,

JOHN SELBY.

Father Leander to Mr. Secretary Windebank.  
Right Honourable,\*

Our Procurator in Rome is called by his proper name Richard Reade and is a northern man, as I take it, of the bishopric of Durham, but according to our custom in the Order of S. Benet changed his name to Brother Wilfrid; and because the Italians can hardly pronounce that name, he took the name of John Wilfrid Selby. When it shall please your Honour to write unto him, the safest way (by reason of the often intercepting of strangers' letters used in France) is to write upon a cover of the letter this inscriptin 'A Mons Sebastien Cramoisy, Marchant Libraire, aux cigoignes, rue de S. Jacques à Paris! Within that cover must be another with this inscription 'Au Reverend Père Bernard de S. Pierre', Vicaire General des Benedictins Anglais, à Paris', and under this second cover the letter to our Procurator thus inscribed only, 'Al Molto Reverendo Padre Giovanni Wilfrido Selbio, Procuratore della Congregazione de S. Benedetto de Anghilterra', for my friend at Paris will give the letter safely to the superior of our monks there called Father Bernard de S. Pierre, and he hath order from me to send such letters as come in this sort with all the speed and safety that may be, and will likewise convey the answer with as great speed and safety to be delivered to your Honour's hands.

I moved your honour for one of my poor friends who hath

\* Cl. S. P. No. 404.

† Father Bernard Derington—He was elected prior of St. Edmund's in 1616 and again in 1619. He was the Vicar of France from 1621 until his death, Nov. 2nd, 1639.

been a prisoner in the Gatehouse and the Clink these seven years, for no other cause than his conscience and religion. His name is Humphrey Turberville,<sup>9</sup> of Glamorganshire, a very reverend, quiet and modest man. But understanding that Mr. William Howard hath undertaken to get some person of note to move your Honour in his cause (although if it be obtained I shall esteem myself deeply bounden to you) yet I thought it good manners to expect that it should be done by greater authority, as least troublesome to your Honour, for whose happiness I shall always pray to Our Blessed Saviour.

(This is endorsed by Windebank thus :—15 Nov. 1634.)

V. R. F. †

I have your Paternity's of the 10th of October, and with it one writ to your Paternity concerning the resignation of Mons. Stinglant, his canonry of Dowai. The gentleman is not now at Rome but will be before Christmas, yet in the meanwhile I will write to him, though I have understood that he would never resign nor take pension, though diverse have offered him very good conditions. That (which) you write concerning the Abbot of Arras desires a longer space and I must refer the answer till the next.

I have spoken with 3 (C. Barberini) concerning the letters of the 26th of September and what 13 writes, Barberini had communicated the letter with 1 (the Pope), and the subject was very gracious, specially [to] both 1 (Pope) and 3 (Barberini) and indeed all here of all estates and callings being wonderfully affected to 37 (Rex noster), his virtues, I cannot give an answer to send till Monday or Tuesday by the post

<sup>9</sup> D. Ansolin Turberville or Turberville was professor at Montserrat in Spain, Abbot Allouan makes no mention of his imprisonment but merely states that "after labouring on the mission for many years, he died in Glamorganshire 1635, April 15th."

† Cf. S. P. No. 406. In this letter the names of many persons mentioned are denoted by numbers. In some cases the names have been inserted.

of France, if then, for the letters are remitted to one to be examined and considered. It is very hard and indeed, as I apprehend it, altogether impossible that 1 (the Pope) suspend 9 (a brief) according as 54 (consiliiarii) desire, 9 (a brief) treating of a matter of faith, and they pretend (to show) that there is no such example and that 1 (the Pope), and — find the first of the office had never done such act as to recall or suspend 9 (a brief) or 10 (a bull) or any such like thing that contains any definition of faith, and I have informed myself concerning this point of 7 (Secretary) of 4 (Propaganda), the greatest and [most] prudent friend I have. And he told me that diverse times this argument occurring, of wanting to recall, or moderating, or suspending a decree of faith and it was always answered 'moriendum prius.' I do not think but they will give 37 (the King) satisfaction a great deal sooner for some weightier matter and more concerning his estate and safety. But this I shall discourse to you more at large when I have your answer.

Here, we are in expectation of the Cardinal of Lyons with I know not how many Bishops and Sorbon Doctors to prove that Mons. D'Orleans, his marriage, be declared invalid. If your Paternity had any spare time I should be wonderful glad to hear your opinion concerning that marriage, and I know it will be very grateful to 3 (Barberini) if you should send any discourse to him.

I think the [Bishop] of Vienna shall be Cardinal, the first creation. I doubt not but you hear the news of Germany newer than wee doe. My Lord of Carnarvon is arrived here from Wayles, very well and merry; his abode here will be short; he hastens ay, as he pretends, for England. There has been some difficulty of late between the Court and the Spaniards about Cardinal Monte, his taking of possession of his bishopric of Milan without 'exequatur' of the King's officers. There is some difficulty at this present between His Holiness and the Venetians, whose ambassador goes not to audience of His Holiness.



Nothing else occurring, I remain now as ever  
 Your Paternity's  
 Son and Servant  
 The 18th of  
 9<sup>br</sup> 1634. B. John Selbye.

### Rievaulx.

A mouldering heap,  
 Where once a noble building pulsed with life;  
 Intense life, as throbs when longings deep  
 Are fixed on God in noblest, purest strife:  
 Ivy-bound by nature to itself  
 In silent harmony, as though in vain  
 The sainted Abbot, father himself of saints,  
 Had raised his voice, and laboured to regain  
 For God in burning soul a resting place!  
 And yet perchance e'en still the mindful sign  
 Of what once was may stir the heart, and grace  
 May, through ruin, speak with voice divine.

### From the New Terrace.

I was sitting one evening in early June at the end of Fr. Sumner's New Terrace. Here a kind of promontory opens out for one the view eastward over Stonegrave and Pickering, whilst on the west one can see beyond Coxwold and Newburgh Priory to the far hills of the Vale of York. With a good glass a range of seventy or eighty miles may be covered. It is a view wherein it may be truly said that every prospect pleases, since the works of man show forth with such insignificance that they are scarcely observable among the long ranges of pine-covered hills that alternate with the brown moorlands. In the south the Gilling Hill, rising sharply from the rich fields of our valley, hides from me the long, dipping slopes that carry the main road down to the walls of York. Yet it is a barrier that none would willingly see removed. Flanked on the east by the hamlet, of which little but the gleaming tower of the church can be distinguished between the trees, it rises gradually towards the west, until a mile away it drops precipitously to the shore of the Lake, where the great herons come day after day to take their tithes of the eels and the roach and even of the young waterfowl in their due season.

The hill itself is entirely covered by a dense wood, where, amid many varieties of trees, the oaks are at once the most numerous and magnificent. To these trees the carrion crows now come most steadfastly to feed on the great caterpillars with which the leaves are infested. Alas! how many of these birds of ill-repute fall, even whilst engaged on this beneficent work, victims to the keeper's gun.

and the good man chuckles, as he turns the heap of feathers over with his foot, to think he has taught another marauder not to come after his pheasants.

As I turn my glass this way and that, seeking, often vainly, to identify the many birds that are passing along the valley, a slight rattle on the slope below me draws my notice to a rabbit that is sitting half in and half out of its burrow, wondering no doubt whether it is yet time to make the journey through the wood to the turnip field beyond. As he sits hesitating, his mobile ears turning swiftly to catch sounds inaudible to those merely human, a sudden movement on the long heap of stones, that lies between the slope and the plantation, distracts my attention. A small dark creature is creeping stealthily along. By its deep red fur and snake-like shape it is surely a weasel. The intended prey is a robin, perched on the top of one of the low posts that support the wire-netting, which is fondly supposed to keep the rabbits from the young trees. The bird is singing gaily, careless apparently of all save its melody, but, as the weasel is gathering itself for its final spring, flits quietly on to the next post. The weasel looks disappointed, but does not despair. It starts at once on a second and longer stalk. The same result follows this and the third attempt. Each time the bird, seemingly entering into the spirit of the affair, allows the weasel to come within striking distance before moving. Probably the robin was cunningly leading the hungry quadruped away from its nest, but, even so, its entire want of fear seems to go to prove that the more defenceless wild creatures do not live, as is generally supposed, in constant dread of those that prey upon them. They seem possessed by a sure confidence that the powers given to them are sufficient for their preservation. I was particularly impressed by this when watching five or six hares in the early spring, playing in one of the Gilling fields. An old fox came stealing through the hedge towards them. At first I was apprehensive that he would capture at least

one of them. As he crawled nearer and nearer, taking advantage of every slight depression and tuft of grass available, the hares betrayed little consciousness and certainly no fear of his proximity. At last he came within jumping distance of one hare, but the hare was evidently quite wide-awake, and after a short chase of perhaps a hundred yards, the fox returned to try for one of the other hares, who seemed to have watched the short race with some amusement but little interest. Many times I saw the same course of events repeated—a long stalk followed by a sharp stem chase, after which the hunted hare returned by a circuitous route to his companions. The hares throughout betrayed no alarm and seemed to take actual pleasure in thus tantalising the poor fox. In the end the fox decided to seek his supper elsewhere, and the hares were left to themselves.

Now all this points to the conclusion alluded to above, that these hunted creatures have such confidence in their speed, or whatever means they use of escaping from their many enemies, that they are not, as we generally think, haunted by a constant fear of them. So the robin, having decoyed the weasel far enough, flies gently away. The weasel, hereupon, catches a sight of Brer Rabbit, who dives promptly into the burrow. The weasel follows post haste but, as the burrow is a long and winding one and leads into the great quarry holes at the back of the new lawn, will probably fail in his quest.

Sometimes the weasel may catch a tartar in his underground pursuits. Not long ago I was fishing at the Gilling Lake, early in the morning, when I saw a weasel come along the far side of the water. From the eager way in which he searched every hole in the bank, it was plain that he was in search of young water-rats. At last he entered a hole that evidently contained something edible, since he remained inside for some time. I left my rod and moved nearer to investigate. On approaching within twenty yards or so of the hole, I found that the weasel was not having matters all

his own way. There was every sign of a great battle, accompanied by loud hissing and squeaking. A large rat came from the underground and ran into the hole with the evident determination of not missing the fun. Soon the combatants drew near the mouth of the hole, and the weasel bolted with a small rat in his mouth, and three full-grown rats in close attendance. A few yards from the hole they caught him, and though he dropped his prey and fought bravely, weight and numbers prevailed. In a few moments he lay lifeless on the bank, and the rats returned to their underground retreat with the young one, which seemed little the worse. I went up to the dead weasel to examine it, when to my great surprise, it, too, got up and ran away. Clearly, like many others of its tribe, it is a good actor.

With my glass I can see the scene of action quite plainly and not far away, the small hawthorn from which a few weeks later I saw a weasel, probably the same one, descending, with a young unfledged bird in his mouth, and surrounded by an angry crowd of blackbirds, which were pecking and striking at him with might and main. Here again the opposition was too strong, and the poor weasel had to drop his prey and fly for his life.

Away to the right on the hill side amid the pines, are the great holes for the possession of which foxes and outlying pairs of badgers struggle annually. This year foxes secured possession early, and had already a half grown litter when the badgers appeared and turned them out. The badgers live a harmless and retired life. Yet they are dangerous to meddle with. Mr. Pease, in his monograph, says that a keeper who put his hand into a badger's hole to take hold of what he thought was the badger's tail but was really one of the forefeet, had his hand bitten off. One of the Gilling keepers also some years ago had a long fight with several of these animals. He was going across the road between the two ponds, when he saw in front of him a badger, which had a very young one following it. Think-

ing that here was a good opportunity to get hold of a badger, which he might tame, he ran after them. When the old badger observed him, she took the young one up and tried to escape with it, giving utterance to a shrill cry at the same time. At once seven or eight badgers came running from the earths, and fiercely attacked the man. Fortunately he was clad in the usual keeper's dress. The stout leggings of leather breeches protected him a great deal, whilst he was able to use his gun as a club with considerable effect. Even so he was badly bitten, and worse might have happened, if one of the other keepers had not come to his assistance.

It is pleasing to hear that the badgers, here and in many other places, are strictly preserved. They are creatures that do no harm and we have so few of "Ancient Britons" left to us now, that we should guard those few very carefully.

Another relic of the days of old is the otter. One pair live in the beck, whose course I can trace along the valley by trees that line its banks. Last year they made their home in the great pipe that leads from the skating pond to the brook. Here we have another animal which is rarely seen. Like the badger, the otter is essentially a night-feeder, and its expeditions, often covering between twenty and thirty miles, are usually completed between the setting and the rising of the sun. Mainly he feeds on eels, and so does much good, since eels are very destructive to trout eggs and fry. It is true that now and then he takes a trout and leaves the half-eaten body on the bank. Finding this, the fish-keeper, when he goes his morning round, grows wrathful and threatens to shoot the poacher, but luckily seldom gets the chance, and to trap him, but the otter seems to avoid traps by instinct. So the otter is safe until the bounds come and even then he escapes as often as not.

A succession of hoarse croaks now tells me that yet other marauders of the stream are coming, and with the glass I quickly locate three herons, two of which drop into the brook,

while the third continues its course to Willow Pond. And here, let us hope, it regales itself on frogs, which abound there rather on the young carp and tench which we value so highly.

From the tail of the Lion Wood comes the cry of a brown owl, and warns me that even a June evening has an end. The bats have been abroad for some time.

The song-birds have long since concluded their evening concert, and all the birds of daylight have retired to rest, when suddenly the swifts come forth again for a last mad flight. Twittering excitedly, for a few minutes they whirl rapidly and with the most wonderful evolutions round the college buildings. As suddenly as they came, they vanish, and for a time only the note of the owl disturbs the silence.

Gradually the light is vanishing. Gilling hill seems to recede. The Lion Wood slowly follows. Even the Bathing Wood becomes a shapeless mass of dark shadow, whilst from the College beneath me lights are showing in every window.

The silence of night, that poets tell us of, cannot be heard here, as the storied Irishman would say. Somewhere on the far side of the valley, a fox is barking, and in the surrounding farms the dogs reply angrily. The brown owls are now hooting on all sides, whilst high over the firs a pair of long-eared owls come hurrying with triple croak, that sounds like a call to arms. From the Brickfield comes the screech of the barn owls that nest safely enough in one of the great kilns. More noisy herons pass overhead and show dimly against the stars, and then the clear whistle of the wings of wild-duck can be heard as they fly westward in a V-shaped company, going whence or whither only they themselves can tell. Sixty or seventy miles is but an ordinary flight to these powerful birds. They have been known to fly the breadth of England to some celebrated feeding ground, and back again in the same night. As the sound of the wings dies away, a clear whistle, a hawk-like note, sounds almost

directly over me, and is repeated many times in many directions. Once or twice the whistler comes quite close to me, but I can hear no sound of wings, nor gain any clue as to the identity of the whistler. Probably it is some visitor seeking a home in a strange country, and, if so, will probably find it in some collector's museum.

The plovers, watch-birds of the night, raise an alarm from the field above me, and as I wonder what may be the cause of the disturbance, the Tower Clock striking out an hour hitherto unheard of, save in dreams, warns me that the hour for retiring is long since past.

I descend but slowly. The view that a brief space back covered scores of miles is now decreased to a few feet, and the descent in places is somewhat steep.

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## The Rose and the Pieris: A New Interpretation.

"My Beloved is white and ruddy, chosen out of thousands,"  
*Song of Songs.*

The Spirit of June yet lived in one wild Rose.  
She yearned, as with a Martyr's zeal, to shed  
Her crimson petals: June, her Love, had fled.  
Some merciful breeze she craved, her life to close,  
'Twas breathless noon. A shroud-white Butterfly  
Came, on poised wings: their rippling impulse spread  
To the sweet Flower,—and lo, her Prayer had sped!  
For on the turf those lovely Relics lie.

Doth not the Soul thus long to see the Face  
Of Christ, her June,—the Bridegroom Who was dead,—  
Yet lives,—Who wrought His Spouse of "white and red"  
With fostering suns of love, and showers of grace?  
The Rose is Psyche, and the Summer-Fly's  
An Angel, Death, that doth unseal her eyes.

C. W. H.

## The Substance of Shakespearean Tragedy.

In the Essay on the Tragedies of Shakespeare, Charles Lamb relates how, on wandering one afternoon into Westminster Abbey, he was moved to amazement at the sight of a figure of Garrick, and to indignation at its inscription, which credited a mere actor with the possession of a mind "congenial with the poet's." For the art of the actor, reflected Lamb, is to deal merely with appearances. His genius is employed upon the bare imitation of the signs of passion, of emotion; his province by no means extends to the knowledge of "the internal workings and movements of a great mind, of an Othello or a Hamlet for instance, the *when* and the *why* and the *how far* they should be moved." Speech and gesture are mere symbols; of themselves they are nothing, or, like the scholastic prime-matter, nearly nothing. The actor is a mere juggler in these symbols, whose skill lies in observing and reproducing by means of "low tricks upon the ear and eye of the audience," a few general effects which he has noticed some common passion as grief or anger has upon the gestures, the exterior of man. Accordingly scenic representations where the passion is gross and palpable, where the theme is a tale "full of sound and fury signifying nothing," appeal much more strongly to an audience, lend themselves much more readily to the player's quick treatment than the best of dramas, and above all than the dramas of Shakespeare, which have so much in them that passeth show, and wherein speech and gesture

are but conventional artifices to put the spectator into possession of the knowledge of the inner nature and workings of mind in a character.

However anxious we may be to dispute these limitations of the actor's art, we will most readily allow that Lamb's strictures imply an essential truth, indicate a central standpoint from which to regard the Shakespearean drama. It is this self-same point of view which the Oxford Professor of Poetry has taken in his lectures on Shakespearean Tragedy.\* "In these lectures I propose to consider the four principal tragedies of Shakespeare from a single point of view . . . . Our one object will be what . . . may be called dramatic appreciation; to increase our understanding and enjoyment of these works as dramas; to learn to apprehend the action and some of the personages of each with a somewhat greater truth and intensity, so that they may assume in our imaginations a shape a little less unlike the shape they wore in the imagination of their creator."

It is, then, this effort to discover the poet's idea embodied in the characters, that is the main function of the dramatic critic. This is emphasised equally by Mr. Bradley and by Lamb. But how vastly the Oxford Professor differs in his conception of the actor's art from the view maintained in the Elian essay, is at once apparent when we find him parenthetically assigning to the actor the very task so expressly forbidden him by Lamb. Many lovers of Shakespeare, he writes, read a play "more or less as if they were actors who had to study all the parts. They do not need of course to imagine whereabouts the persons ought to stand, or what gestures they ought to use; but they want to realise fully and exactly the inner movements which produced these words and no other, these deeds and no other, at each particular moment. This, carried through a drama is the right way to read the drama-

\*Shakespearean Tragedy, Lectures on Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth. By A. C. Bradley, LL.D., Litt. D., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Macmillan, 10s. net.

tist Shakespeare." Again, in another place, Professor Bradley declares that the loss of a stage tradition handed down from Shakespeare himself is accountable for many of our doubts as to the significance of certain passages in the dramas; notably, for example, in the case of Hamlet's behaviour to Ophelia in the nunnery scene, where the actor "instructed by the author would make it clear to us by looks, tones, gestures and by-play, how far Hamlet's feigned harshness to Ophelia was mingled with real bitterness, and again how far his melancholy had deadened his love."

But these are merely the Professor's *obiter dicta*. The main purpose of his lectures is, by a subtle analysis of the text of a play and the comparison of part with part, to try to appreciate fully the meaning of the whole; to attempt to get at the author's conception of the various personages in the drama, inferring a *posteriori* from what the characters say and do, what they are. This is not what is commonly known as the German method of criticism,—a method of analysis which, tested by its results, seems to exclude the use of the imaginative sense in interpreting imaginative works; and which led the (mythical) German critic to distort the well known lines in "As you like It" to "sermons in books, stones in the running brooks." On the contrary, for the student of the Shakespearean drama, "the prime requisite", we are told, "is a vivid and intense imagination." And to the more timorous Shakespeare scholars themselves who, arming with the Wordsworthian motto "we murder to dissect," shrink from submitting the inspirations of poetic genius to a scientific analysis, Professor Bradley offers the comforting reflection that these dissecting processes are by no means the whole of criticism; but when they have finished their work for the time, "give place to the end, which is that same reading or re-creation of the drama from which they set out, but a reading now enriched by the products of analysis, and therefore far more adequate and enjoyable."

So even the Shakespearean dramas bearing on themselves the impress of immortality, are not exempt from the general doom pronounced on all things human; they must die for us to live for us. Confident in this faith, the Shakespearean reader may set out "on the path of analytic interpretation," having for his guide the Oxford Professor of Poetry, who, like the Platonic old men, since he has the eyes of experience, sees rightly, and leads his follower from the cave in which they dwell into "regions mild of calm and serene air."

But it is not intended at present to indulge in the luxury of reading any one of the great tragedies by the aid of the new light shed upon them by Professor Bradley; rather will we endeavour to follow him in his discussion of some of the elements he finds common to all of them.

"Who saw life steadily and saw it whole," is Matthew Arnold's tribute to Sophocles, in the poem entitled 'To a Friend.' Widely as the aim and method of the Elizabethan dramatist differed from those of the Greek tragedian, still, though in a more strictly natural and secular sense, may these words be applied to Shakespeare as revealed to us in his works taken as a whole, though not as he appears to us in particular dramas. For in different types of plays Shakespeare looked at quite distinct aspects of life. Hence in the tragedies alone we must not expect to find presented even his whole dramatic view of life. Indeed in reading these great dramas, we do not look for this. But the question we must answer, if we are to appreciate the teaching they would convey, is what was the aspect of life on which the poet's gaze was fixed when he was writing the tragedies? Or, in other words, we must ascertain the nature of the Shakespearean tragic fact.

By a method of careful analysis of the various tragedies, of sane combining idea with idea, of ingenious seeking of the spirit in the letter, Professor Bradley leads us on to a description of Shakespearean tragedy as "a story of excep-

tional calamity leading to the death of a man in high estate." That man is the hero; he is to be regarded as contributing in some measure to the disaster in which he perishes; and the actions by which he shares in the causes that lead to this disaster are actions which issue from his very being, that is to say are actions which are characteristic of him. Hence, tried by this test, the question of Hamlet's sanity is set at rest for ever. No madman could ever be a tragic hero. The vagaries of an irresponsible lunatic cannot be regarded as human acts at all, and clearly cannot be described as actions expressive of character. Hence also Lear must have been sane when he made the mad division of his kingdom, by which he contributed to the causes which brought about his ruin. Again, Macbeth in fulfilling the prophecies of the witches must have been free; he cannot be regarded as the helpless victim of the instruments of darkness or the sport of an irresistible fate.

The form in which the story is told is called the action of the play. The action of a tragedy is generally described as a 'conflict.' This was a notion inherent in the very earliest conceptions of dramatic action. For the Shakespearean Tragedy is to be found in embryo where we must search for the origin of most that is valuable in our intellectual life,—with the Greeks. The germ of tragedy Aristotle finds in the spoken words delivered by the choregos, which were introduced as recitatives or episodes in the choral odes sung in honour of the god Dionysus. In the sixth century B. C., a single actor was introduced to speak these verses; an actor who used to change his costume and mask to suit the different characters he successively represented. Thus gradually the choric song began to develop into dramatic action. But as the most important element in dramatic action was felt to be a conflict of opposing principles, the object of the Greek tragedian came to be the bringing together of characters representing opposite tendencies and dominated by contradictory passions, and exhibiting

these opposing forces in actual collision on the stage. As long as there was only one actor this was impossible; it was achieved by introducing a second; and of such great importance was this change considered, that Aeschylus, who effected it, was called the Second Founder of Tragedy.

The essential point, then, in dramatic action is a conflict between the characters of the play, who for this purpose divide themselves into opposing groups. But with Shakespeare the tragedy is felt to be a conflict in a much more important sense; it is a conflict within the soul of the hero. In Macbeth, the protagonists in the outer conflict are his wife and the hero himself, and on the other side those who would avenge Duncan's murder. In Hamlet the outward course of the drama resolves itself into a duel between Claudius and the Prince of Denmark. But here, as in the other tragedies, the more important conflict is the strife that goes on in the hero's soul. In Macbeth, it is the intense struggle for mastery between his ruling passion, ambition, and his conscience working on what is best in him, his poetic imagination. In Hamlet,—well, as Hamlet says of himself, "in my heart there was a kind of fighting;" but it would be flying with Icarian wings to attempt to determine in a sentence the precise nature of his spiritual struggle. Still, following Professor Bradley's view, which certainly has "modesty enough and likelihood to lead it," the inner conflict in Hamlet would appear to be between the conviction urging itself upon him that he ought not to leave unfulfilled the dread duty imposed on him by the visitant from another world, and on the other side a sensitive nature whose capacity for action has just been paralysed by severe shock and disappointment, consequent upon the discovery of the faithlessness of the mother he loved and in whom he had believed. This is not quite what may be called the 'popular' view of Hamlet, which would describe the conflict as arising from the situation created by the call upon a speculative hesitating nature to act in circumstances presenting great practical difficulties,

This latter theory however implies that Hamlet was naturally one of those weak characters preeminently incapable of decisive action. But there are passages in the text, incidents in the hero's career, which seem specially devised to make it clear that in his normal condition—when his soul was not obsessed by the thought of the one hateful action he was required to do—Hamlet was noble and resolute by nature, and resourceful in sudden emergencies. Witness for example his conduct when he kills Polonius; when on his voyage to England he meets the pirate ship; and his absolute mastery of the situation at the crisis in the last scene of the play. The 'popular' view misses the essence of the tragic fact in Hamlet; namely, that duty summoned him to assassinate a fellow creature, to do a deed always most repugnant to a nature of his fine sensibility, which in any circumstances would have required special effort, *at the very time* when as a victim of the disease of melancholia he was rendered least fitted for swift action. This is of course but hinting darkly at Professor Bradley's analysis of Hamlet's state; even as such it is a refinement that suffers much perdition.

The essential conflict, then, in Shakespearean tragedy—which the groundlings generally fail to appreciate altogether,—is the contest between the powers of darkness working for the destruction of the hero, and all that is good in him by nature and grace. What is the issue of this conflict? What must it be when it leads to the fall and death of the hero, when apparently he is ruined by his fall? Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* to justify the ways of God to man. There was no doubt about the triumph of Michael over Satan. But the end of a Shakespearean tragedy is not like this. It draws to its close with failure written large over the hero's life. We have seen much that is good brought to ruin; the evil both within the hero's soul and outside him, if it has not exactly triumphed, yet has involved in its own suppression the ruin of the good. At the time of sifting, both wheat and cockle are cast together into the furnace to burn. Do

we then after reading a Shakespearean tragedy close up the book, a confirmed cynic? Or leave the theatre with heavy heart and sad head-shake, exclaiming of the world "'tis an unweeded garden, things rank and gross in nature possess it merely"? Except perhaps in the case of Othello, and then only when we limit ourselves to our immediate impressions, as a matter of fact our experience is the contrary of this. The Shakespearean tragedies do not leave with us an impression of pessimism. In the greatest of them, notably in Hamlet, less distinctly in the more depressing King Lear, the closing scene ends on a note of cheerful optimism, so that, after dwelling in an atmosphere reeking of sin, crime and monstrous injustice, the reader closes the book with a sigh of relief, of satisfaction; "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

Probably everyone will recognise this as, in some form or other, his own experience, but it needs a little reflection to trace out the reasons why it should be so. An unexamined life both morally and intellectually is not worth living. Happily for us, in these lectures, Professor Bradley, playing the rôle of a constructive Socrates, suggests the causes of what we all acknowledge to be our actual tragic experience.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil." This was Shakespeare's faith, the truth of which is not wholly incapable of illustration even in such a character as the fiend-like Iago. One reason therefore why the end of the tragedies is not depressing, is that the poet allows us to see good even in the bad characters; more important still, he shows us in the fall and death of the hero how good, how successful he would have been in different circumstances; or at least how richly endowed he is with qualities which make him great. And greatness is from one aspect good; so that in the hero's ruin, in his failure, we see, from the depths to which a great nature has fallen, from what heavens he fell. "Corruptio optimi pessima;" but it is stimulating, it is refreshing, it is good to catch a glimpse



of what is noblest in man, of the highest possibilities of human nature even though we see them only in their ruin. To quote one of the many eloquent passages which abound in this volume,—“as we read the last words of a tragedy, as we depart from the hero's grave, ‘What a piece of work is man,’ we cry, ‘so much more beautiful, and so much more terrible than we knew. Why should this be so if this beauty and greatness only tortures itself and throws itself away?’ We seem to have before us a type of the mystery of the whole world, the tragic fact which extends far beyond the limits of tragedy. Everywhere from the crushed rocks beneath our feet, to the soul of man, we see power, intelligence, life and glory, which astound us and seem to call for our worship. And everywhere we see them perishing, devouring one another and destroying themselves often with dreadful pain, as though they came into being for no other end. Tragedy is the typical form of this mystery, because that greatness of soul which it exhibits oppressed, conflicting and destroyed is the highest existence in our view. It forces the mystery upon us, and it makes us realise so vividly the worth of that which is wasted that we cannot possibly seek comfort in the reflection that all is vanity.”

Though in this passage there seems to be a suspicion of the Hegelian philosophy, a suggestion that the recognition of evil destroys it,—and as he is dealing with imaginative impressions, it is impossible for the author to eliminate the personal equation,—yet let the reader ask himself whether the description does not give a true account of his own tragic experience when witnessing the ruin and death of Macbeth, for instance, or of Coriolanus? At any rate this is the philosopher's safeguard against tragic pessimism, the remedy from within, the homœopathic treatment for tragic cynicism—for the cure is sought among the causes which tend to produce the disease.

Many readers of Shakespeare, however, avoid the affliction of pessimism, of depression of spirits at the end of a

tragedy, by an easier though, at first sight perhaps, a less legitimate mode of escape. This the Professor, who seems to miss nothing in his acute analysis, notices in the lecture on Lear when discussing the question, “‘Why did Cordelia die?’ I suppose no reader ever failed to ask that question; and to ask it with something more than pain,—to ask it, if only for a moment, in bewilderment or dismay, and even perhaps in tones of protest. These feelings are probably evoked more strongly here than at the death of any other notable character in Shakespeare, and it may sound a wilful paradox to assert that the slightest element of reconciliation is mingled with them or succeeds them. Yet it seems to me indubitable that such an element is present, though difficult to make out what it is or whence it proceeds.”

Professor Bradley detects the presence of this element of reconciliation, of resigned acquiescence in the deaths of hero and heroine, at the close of all the great Shakespearean tragedies. He describes it as an “impression that the heroic being, though in one sense and outwardly he has failed, is yet in another sense superior to the world in which he appears, is, in some way which we do not seek to define, untouched by the doom that overtakes him; and is rather set free from life than deprived of it. Some such feeling as this we surely have in various degrees at the deaths of Hamlet and Othello and Lear, and of Antony and Cleopatra and Coriolanus.” Cribbed, cabined and confined in a world too narrow for him to move in, in a climate which tends to stifle rather than develop the boundless possibilities of his being, compelled by some ultimate power we must call fate, to live in an environment not of his own choice, with which he cannot correspond, tempted to do deeds which he loathes, and which are at variance with the grand nobility of his better nature, the Shakespearean hero, we feel, has no scope for his great powers, no opportunity of realising the high ideals

for which he was created. Not until he perishes, we are convinced, can he truly live, only in failure may he triumph; but his failure is as nothing to his triumph. Something of this nature is the conviction that causes us to preserve an optimistic view of life even while we witness a tragic catastrophe.

But it is a feeling too which must be kept in check, which must on no account be made explicit so that it accompanies our reading of the play throughout, otherwise it will destroy the tragic impression. For we must submit our imagination to the poet. We must assume that the world as it is presented to us is the truth; that the tragic view of life is the true view though not the whole view, that it is real though not the final reality. Hence, as Professor Bradley points out in one of his illuminating foot-notes, the reader most imbued with Christian beliefs about the relative value of suffering, or the worth of earthly success, must hold these beliefs in temporary suspension while engrossed in a Shakespearean tragedy. Otherwise he will be totally disabled from seeing life tragically. Tragedy is essentially concerned with human error and human weakness. The perfect man could never be a tragic hero; and neither are those who vividly realise that all suffering is to be accepted as coming from the hands of a beneficent providence, capable of the reception of the tragic impressions unless for the time they set aside these beliefs.

But this feeling that all is right in the end, that the hero is dying only to live in a purer and more exalted atmosphere is not altogether unlawful, for it is not entirely due to experiences derived from sources outside the tragedy. It is indeed provoked by the tragedy itself. In looking at the tragic aspect of life, we get glimpses of aspects other than the tragic. The tragic fact speaks to us of a reality beyond the tragic world, "provokes feelings which imply that this world is not the whole truth, and therefore not the truth." All that is required of us is that these feelings must not be constant-

ly present during the reading of the play, or they will destroy the tragic impressions, much in the same way—to compare great things with little—as those readers who commence with the last page of a novel make the whole story unreal for themselves, render themselves insensible to the emotions such a story should evoke.

How clearly indeed the tragedy itself may be seen to contain such an element of reconciliation, to provoke such feelings of resignation, of satisfied acquiescence in the hero's misfortune, is well illustrated by Professor Bradley in noticing the references to the supernatural, to heaven, at the death of Hamlet: "he is not left in utter defeat, not only is his task at last accomplished, but Shakespeare seems to have determined that his hero should exhibit in his latest hour all the glorious power and all the nobility and sweetness of his nature. Of the first, the power, I spoke before, but there is a wonderful beauty in the revelation of the second. His body already labouring in the pangs of death, his mind soars above them. He forgives Laertes; he remembers his wretched mother and bids her adieu, ignorant that she has preceded him. We hear now no word of lamentation or self-reproach. He has will, and just time to think not of the past or of what might have been, but of the future; to forbid his friend's death in words more pathetic in their sadness than ever his agony of soul had been; and to take care, so far as in him lies, for the welfare of the State which he himself should have guided. Then, in spite of shipwreck, he reaches the haven of silence where he would be. What else could his world-wearied flesh desire?"

But we desire more; and we receive it. As those mysterious words "The rest is silence" die upon Hamlet's lips, Horatio answers:

"Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest."

Why did Shakespeare here, so much against his custom, introduce this reference to another life? Did he

remember that Hamlet was the only one of his tragic heroes whom he has not allowed us to see in the days when this life smiled upon him? Did he feel that, while for others, we might be content to imagine, after life's fitful fever, nothing more than release and silence, we must ask more for one whose 'godlike reason' and passionate love of goodness have only gleamed upon us through the heavy clouds of melancholy, and yet have left us murmuring, as we bow our heads 'This was the noblest spirit of them all.'

In very truth, in proportion as the hero's fall is greater, his suffering more cruel, his neglect of duty more flagrant and inexplicable, do we feel that his nature is in reality nobler, more divine; that the good in him is not annihilated, cannot be for ever obscured, but for some mysterious reason is undergoing a temporary eclipse, to shine in the fulness of its glory in some new life in another world.

## Miraculum Quotidianum.

"By grace divine,  
Not otherwise, O Nature, we are thine."

*Wardsworth.*

May ne'er it fade, the vernal hour,  
Which showed to me that common Flower,—  
A Dandelion, blown to seed!  
'Twas in a fenced, a virgin mead,—  
A place I found the other day,  
With happy thoughts for happy May;  
Yet little dreaming, then, to find  
Such Joy as there refreshed my mind!

Spring's Daisies, in the sunlit grass,  
Seem, of themselves, too fair to pass:  
One glance a myriad soon espies:  
The field is thronged, as are the skies,  
With silvery clusters,—golden stars,  
Whose radiance sunshine makes, not mars;  
And lo,—through all that luminous world,  
Dim-gleaming, cloud-like globes unfurled!

Beauteous, the distant Nebulæ,  
That in our telescopes we see;  
Yet lovelier far, methinks, than they,  
Are these creations of the May,—  
Each, like an interstellar cloud,  
Floating amid the radiant crowd!  
Can anything beyond earth's air,—  
A lifeless orb,—be half so fair?

## MIRACULUM QUOTIDIANUM.

The sovereign Moon doth charm me less  
Than doth this fertile loveliness,  
Rayed with concentric spears of white,  
As crystals of a snow-flake, bright!  
The wing is each of one live seed,—  
Its sails of pluméd down, that lead  
The small craft, launched on seas of space,  
Safely, to a safe mooring-place.

Still tarrying on that meadow's ground,  
My soul as by a spell was bound:  
All, save the Truth, is but a dream:  
The vernal sun-rays are a stream  
Which Uncreated Power upholds:  
The Spirit-Hand, that darkly moulds  
Each substance of material clay,—  
I felt it, on that clear spring-day!

Dear God, that fashionest Thy Will!  
Drawn by Thy grace, we drink our fill  
At Nature's Fountains,—strong as first  
They leapt from Thee, to slake *Thy* Thirst,—  
Of all these marvels, that were wrought  
From out the dread, abysmal Nought;  
Until the Invisible Things are known  
By what is made, and hourly shown.

C. W. H.

## A Profession of Unbelief.

A PHILOSOPHER has said "to doubt is the first principle of modern science." It has seemed to the writer that, for such an excellent first principle, doubt has not had fair treatment, recently, in geological matters. It is not prominent among the first, or even second principles of Sir Charles Lyell and his followers. The modern geological text-book writer is very sure that, though he may be a little shaky over minor details, he knows most of what has happened to the earth's crust during the last sixty million years or so. "Doubt that the stars are fire, doubt that the sun doth move; doubt truth to be a liar; but doubt not the Doctrine of Uniformity which explains all that has been, is, and ever will be on and under the face of the earth.

As a working hypothesis, the supposition that to "causes now in action" all the modifications and changes of the earth's surface, in the past, are to be attributed has been of incalculable advantage to the science of geology. Now that it has become an article of faith, it is likely to do harm. It has been a good servant and is becoming a bad master. Once it answered questions; now it makes difficulties. When an able devotee of Uniformity asks his readers to believe that the Rocky Mountains were once a solid cube or table land of rock, 60,000 feet high, more than twice the breadth of England and nearly the length of North America; that this mass was once at the bottom of the ocean—where some of it was certainly manufactured—and was lifted up a few inches a year to its more than eleven miles of altitude; that this mountain continent has been slowly eroded by motas-

pheric and aqueous agents, during tens of millions of years, at the least, until only some jagged fragments—the present Rockies—are left standing in their original position; is it not time to ask for a cheaper contract, to look for theories which will do the work with more reasonable expedition, to question whether our modern 'causes in action,' if they did accomplish such gigantic work, were not once better fitted for the task than they now are?

Perhaps it will be best for me and more becoming to make, at once, my profession of doubt.

1. I do not believe there is any force now in action which is lifting or can lift an ocean bed, or any considerable portion of it, to a mountainous height above the surface of the earth and neither do I believe that any continent, or notable piece of one, is sinking or will sink to the bottom of the sea. One is not permitted to doubt that the surface of the earth has been at one or more times rent and distorted; that mountains have been sunk beneath the ocean and rocks "lifted up many thousands of feet, and crushed and crumpled together as the leaves of a book might be if placed edgewise between the boards of a powerful press;" that there has been more than one deluge over portions of the earth and renewed separations of the waters from the dry land; but there is no evidence that such stupendous changes are in process of happening now, or that any existing 'cause in action' could bring them about. Earthquake tremors and volcanic eruption, terrible as they are, are too local, brief and gentle in their ways, as we know them, to be accused of such Atlantean upheavals and destruction. They have been known to overturn cities, but not mountains; to cause the subsidence or the upheaval of islands and districts, but not continents. To my mind, "tranquil and gentle disturbances" and "multiplied convulsions of moderate intensity," even if continued for unnumbered ages, would produce only an unlimited amount of tranquil and gentle disturbance and moderate convulsion. Such spread out energy

would never be intense enough or sufficiently concentrated to throw up and overturn ranges of mountains like the Alps or the Himalayas. If it be to volcanic and subterranean forces that the primeval distortions and convulsions of the earth's crust are due, then the logical conclusion is that these forces are degenerate, that their arm is shortened and their strength spent or taken from them. At any rate, there is no evidence that they are repeating now, or have the power to repeat, the feats of their prehistoric youth.

Sir Charles Lyell has given what has seemed to him satisfactory, though not decisive nor convincing, instances of the elevation and depression of large surfaces of land in recent times. Two examples of the disappearance of land are scientifically certain,—one thousand acres at Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1692, and an area eighty miles by thirty of the valley of the Mississippi in 1811-12. But at Jamaica it was sand beach that vanished, and in North America it was consolidated river mud. In neither case was it a subsidence of rock or mountain, of the permanent constituents of island and continent. As for the elevations of land, it is admitted that the evidence of their extent and magnitude rests mainly on hearsay, supposition, and induction. It is admitted also by Lyell that such elevations, caused by earthquake, are not generally permanent. Islands have risen above the ocean only to sink again. As for the supposed gradual rising of Scandinavia—the stock example—subsequent scientific attempts at measurement and verification have only tended to throw doubt on it. But in every single instance of elevation and depression adduced it is only small *beginnings* that are asserted. Where is there any plateau or solid continent that can be pointed out as already lifted up part of the way between the level of the sea and the 60,000 feet, and is a range of mountains in the making? Where is the mountain that is suspected of adding cubits to its stature? We have the right to demand something more convincing than slight tilting of bits of flat land and coast.

2. I do not think it can be honestly asserted that any notable rock manufacture is going on at the present time. There are plentiful accumulations being made of the raw material, sand and mud, at the mouths of estuaries, on the ocean floor and elsewhere; but the agent that sorted and mixed the constituents of granite or basalt, and the heat which fused them into mountain masses, the pressure that moulded the great sandstone beds, and the chemical energy which crystallised the hills of marble, are not now to be found at work. Where shall we see liquid quartz being poured like cement or solder into the cracks and crannies of mountain and rock, healing the wounds and making all sound and strong, looking like crystal veins and ligatures? The lava ejected by volcanoes is not true rock; it is rather the slag refuse from a furnace. A great deal too much has been made of the bed of chalk mud, at the bottom of the Atlantic, discovered during the voyage of the *Challenger*. It is potential chalk of a sort, and there are found in it some living mollusca, resembling, though not the same as, those found in genuine chalk. But it is only fifty per cent carbonate of lime—chalk is nearly pure—and where is it undergoing the purifying and drying and pressure which would convert it into our softest, and least characteristic of rocks? Of course, the rock-making causes are not extinct, nor altogether inactive. There is heat enough for the purpose to be found somewhere in the bowels of the earth. There is weight enough piled up in the mountain masses. The strange force of crystallization is still with us, always active, in a small way, and nearly as mysterious as life itself. But these agents are not devoting themselves, at the present time, to the manufacture of rocks.

3. Where may Dame Nature be seen, in these spendthrift days, making and storing up diamonds and rubies and sapphires; hiding away treasures of gold and silver, lead, copper and tin in the crevices and dark places underground; filling 'pockets' with iron ore or collecting the waste rust and moulding it into useful nodules of hematite; heaping

up in her cellars nearly inexhaustible supplies of fuel for the winter comfort of unborn centuries; filling tanks and reservoirs with petroleum and naphtha; providing thoughtfully for the ever growing and multiplying wants and uses of the self-styled lords of creation? We are living on the past. We are reaping what we have not sown, scattering not gathering, not laying up goods, but squandering our inheritance. Where is there a coal-bed now in process of formation, either on or under the surface of the earth or sea? Nature is doing some laboratory work still; it can show us, for instance, specimens of half-carbonized trees, some bog-oak and the like; but it is only laboratory work and not manufacture.

4. I think it more than doubtful that the valleys generally have been cut out of the mountains and hills by the glaciers and rivers which may be seen in them. I am not doubting that under favourable circumstances, a river can and does make a way for itself over or around or through obstacles. I am only questioning the origin of the valley. But the point will need some elaboration to be made clear and intelligible.

The stock exposition of the formation of a valley is given, in popular treatises, somewhat in this fashion. As one may see, after a heavy rain, a tiny runlet cut a worm-like channel in the surface of a bank, shying at the more formidable obstacles, brushing away the weaker, circumventing the smaller; swelling in size as other tributary runlets converge upon it and unite forces; broadening itself out lazily at the level stretches, and hurrying through the narrows; with miniature gorges where the banks are high, and overtopping banks at sudden curves; forever deepening and smoothing its downward course; perhaps even dividing itself into two or more mouths and laying down a delta of soft mud where it debouches into a pool; so, with identical methods, though with infinitely greater labours and pains, does the river make a way for itself through the hills and dig a course for itself

through the plains on its way to the ocean. *Ratiō brevis et clara*, as the Scholastics say. So the river will and does act *when* it makes a valley and course for itself. But the question is one of fact: which came first, the valley or the river? Did the river create the valley for its convenience, or simply adopt it as the line of least resistance, on its way, necessarily downhill, to the lake or ocean?

Most of my readers will be sufficiently familiar with the 'rounded outlines' of our southern chalk downs. Here is a sort of official geological description of them. They are "covered with a sweet short herbage, forming excellent sheep-pasture, generally bare of trees, and singularly dry even in the valleys, which for miles wind and receive complicated branches, all descending in a regular slope, yet as frequently left entirely dry; and what is more singular, *contain no channel*, and but little other circumstantial proof of the action of water, by which they were certainly excavated." In this passage, for the sake of adherence to the theory that valleys have always been excavated by aqueous agency, a distinguished geologist asks us to believe that rivers and streams have carved and cut out a whole series of valleys without making for themselves anything in the shape of a channel, or leaving pebbles or debris to serve as evidence of their former presence; we are asked moreover to suppose that they rounded off their steep sides and undercut banks the wrong way, so as completely to disguise their handiwork, and then, after thus covering up their trail, vanished altogether. Is this scientific deduction? Why not suppose that where there are no rivers now there have been none in the past? Circumstantial evidence is the foundation of all geological science; why set it aside for the sake of a formula? Why not suppose that the Chalk Downs now are much the same in shape as when they came from their Maker's hands?

Is this hard to believe? Nobody doubts our chalk rocks to be deep-sea deposits petrified. They have been in the first instance like carpets on the floor of the ocean. And

hence, we know that they were originally of the shape of the ocean bed. And what is that? Taken in its long breadth of a thousand miles or so, it is more or less saucer-shaped, with a curve like that of a clothes-line. But in smaller fractional parts of it, it is wavy, all rounded hills and hummocks, of the very form and fashion of the Sussex downs. We have only to take the original chalk bed, to give it a slight additional wrinkling, some cracks and fissures, some deepening of the hollows and accentuating of the features—all done naturally in the process of drying and hardening—a little wearing and weathering also before the growth of the grass, and, without any drawing on the bank of Time for a cool million or so of years, and without setting the poor hard-worked causes-now-in-action an infinite amount of useless labour, we shall have as proper and well-shaped downs as the South of England can show.

The mistake is to suppose the bed of the ocean to be flat or nearly a dead level. Some of it, no doubt, is or seems so. But we know from the soundings that there are great and little hollows and valleys; and we know from the deep sea rocks and islands and groups of islands that there are hills and mountains and mountain ranges under the waters, just as there are on the dry land.

To take another Sussex example. About a mile and a half from Mayfield, there is a long low ridge, broad enough on the crest for a good road and an occasional house at the roadside, looking not unlike a roughly-constructed railway embankment. There are plenty of other hills in the neighbourhood as high and of more striking appearance, hills with names to their own cheeks. Geologically, however, the nameless embankment is more important than any of them, because it is dignified with the title of a watershed. The streams on the south side run into the English Channel, about eighteen easy miles away; the streams on the north side find their way into the Medway and go finally into the Thames estuary—a long journey of some thirty miles and

more. This watershed breaks off abruptly both in the east side and in the west, permitting itself to be outflanked in the simplest manner by any northern stream that wanted to find the easiest and shortest way to the sea. Instead of doing this, these streams make their way north through a difficult and intricate country, with all the hills of the Kentish weald across their path. Why have they done this? To all appearance the route must have been, at one time, not only through hills but uphill. A railway runs north and south to London and to Eastbourne; on the way north it goes through several long tunnels, at a rough guess, about three miles of them altogether; on the way south the tunnelling is not more than two hundred yards. Why did the waters choose the longest and most difficult route? To my mind the answer is that they found the northern way ready to hand and open to their use; it was the line of least resistance and they took it. They occupied the valleys they run in, and did not make them.

The usual method of explaining the eccentricities of water-courses is to imagine that, thousands of years ago, the country was built up in a different way, that some hills were hundreds or thousands of feet higher than they are now, and that then things were so arranged that the river had no choice but to cut and dig its way along the route it now runs. Denudation has to take the blame of afterwards mixing and muddling things up. We construct our theories to our fancy; denudation does the rest.

Through clay or shale or soft rock, running water will sometimes choose and cut its own bed for itself. But when it bores through the mountain or winds through the hills, in gorges or ravines or broad valleys, it may be confidently assumed there was beforehand a rent or a fault, a depression or a channel, to determine its course. Once it has found a way, it does some patient roadmaking, tucking itself in with banks and spreading sand and mud to make its bed soft and comfortable. It does some rock cutting also occasionally, and

some removing of troublesome obstacles constantly; but it will always go round or flow over or leave on one side any stone or hard substance which, to use an expressive Americanism, it cannot chew. Constant dropping of water will wear away the stone; but the frictional power of water is of no geological consequence. When a river does cut, it is by the use of sand and pebbles. But always, when it can and where it can, it will smooth its course by filling up and covering over instead of filing and gnawing away. And as soon as it is able, it will protect the rock over which it runs against its own rough usage. It lays down fine sand or mud, then pebbles on the sand, and bigger pebbles on the smaller ones—always the biggest on the top—and this with such skill that it will all keep its place even in the swift current of a mountain stream. You may watch a pebble bed for hours together without seeing a single stone move, although there is, in reality, an unseen onward creeping and a constant rubbing and grinding of one pebble against the other. It is by this latter process they become rounded, not by the turning over and over in their journey down stream.

The idea of a gorge or canon, with hundreds of feet of solid perpendicular cliff on either side, like the famous Via Mala, having been ground out downwards by running water, seems to me unthinkable. The Niagara cataract has, no doubt, eaten its way backwards for some seven miles, at the average rate of about five feet per annum, but the rocks over which it flows have not been rubbed or filed away by friction; they have been undermined by the spray and backwash of the waters and brought down *en masse*. The peculiarity of Niagara, to which it owes its continued existence as a waterfall, is that "the St. Lawrence," as Sir Charles Lyell tells us, "flows over a bed of hard limestone nearly 90 feet thick, beneath which lie soft shales of equal thickness, continually undermined by the action of the spray." In very truth, rivers are only notably destructive of rock when they



find it standing on a bad foundation. They do little erosion, but they sap and loosen and overturn masses of crag; thus making better room for themselves and widening the valleys through which they flow. The action is similar to that of the ocean, which, with all its weight and fury, does not rely on hammering, chipping, abrading or shattering, or damage by main force; but it slowly eats out holes and caves at the foot of the cliffs and brings them toppling down.

This point would hardly seem to have been fairly considered without a word concerning glacier erosion. It is much talked about. Glacier scratches are very distinctive and very interesting, and the moraines are very notable and characteristic. But the 'planing and grooving' is mere surface work, and the visible marginal and terminal debris are the accumulations of years and, in some instances, of ages. Though the pebble or rock in its ice-socket, wielded by the glacier, is a formidable cutting-tool, it is moved at the rate of only two or three feet a day in the centre of the bed, where it is least in evidence, and with a hardly noticeable movement at the sides, where it would be most effective. The glacier has enormous weight, but it makes little use of it; because of its inertia, and because, though inelastic, ice is as compressible as india-rubber: it is a tame and 'most delicate monster.' The avalanches which break off and slip away from its front during spring thaws are vastly more destructive than the glacier itself. The ice-river can only modify valleys; it has no power to grind and gouge its way through mountains. In fact, it is altogether out of court as a valley-maker, since it does not come into existence until there is a valley ready for it to start business in. Ice in a hollow, or ice on the flat is not and never will be a glacier. The valley must come before the ice-river, for the ice-river is born in it.

5. My favourite heresy is a denial of the formation of mountain ranges by the slow erosion and denudation of solid

flat-topped table-lands, lifted up from thirty to sixty thousand feet above the sea. To take, once again, a popular lecture-hall illustration. If we set a thick solid cube of ice in the sun, by reason of variations of density or texture or temperature, it will melt unevenly. We shall see its surface become pitted with depressions, and, as the surface melts, the streams of water will flow down the sides, cutting little ravines and gulches; we shall see fissures open out in places; and, as some portions melt more rapidly than others, there will be left peaks and hill-tops, some rounded, some pinnacled and needle-shaped,—the whole, at one stage of the melting, offering a very striking presentment of a mountain range and a suggestion of how it came into being. The illustration is not mine, and I am not prepared to assent that a block of ice does generally behave itself in this way. However, whether it does or not, the reader will understand from it that, according to the accepted theory, vastly more than its own bulk—that is, hundreds of cubic miles of solid rock—must have been eroded and washed away, a pinch of dust at a time,<sup>9</sup> to cut out and mould and fashion such a range as the Rocky Mountains.

The materials of the upper and more recent rock strata were once gathered together at the bottom of a sea. But the heat and the pressure and the chemical forces which converted the mud and the sand into rock were not subaqueous agents. Under no circumstances would the pressure of the water be great enough for rock making, and the heat required would have driven it off as vapour. We have no conception what nature's stone-kilns were like. The last rock strata were made ages before the creation of man. Since we cannot conceive how the modern 'causes in action' can fashion rock, it is only logical to suppose either that there were other causes in action in primordial ages, or that the present ones were working under altogether different

<sup>9</sup>The lost in 6000 years is the reckoned rate of the demolition of the American Continent.

conditions. A very common and probable supposition is that the heat of the earth was once far more intense than it is now, and that it has since cooled. Is it not likely that, at one period of the cooling and drying, the change was abrupt enough in its action or effects to wrinkle the skin or crust of the earth like the skin of a dried orange, and in so doing cracked, and rent, and contorted, and over-turned the strata, jumbling them up in such fashion as may be seen now in hilly districts. Then we would have had valleys and hills rapidly and rudely shaped and sculptured over all the surface of the earth, on the land and beneath the sea, and we should only have to attribute to aqueous and atmospheric erosion work that is in their province, the final hiling and finishing and rounding and modifying which is still their business.

Atmospheric erosion is a rusting and wearing away, a process of slow decay. It is capable of performing any quantity of destructive work, if it is given time enough; and time is not one of Nature's small economies. "One day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." We have as little reason to shy at the idea of millions of years, as we have at the myriads of insects, or of the millions of miles between a star and the earth. But nature is not always patient and slow. It has many rough and rapid methods. It will pull down in a moment what it has taken years to construct. It has its outbursts of frenzy when it rends and tears and relies on brute strength—or, perhaps we should say, its periods of creative inspiration and energy, when it uses mallet and chisel instead of file and sandpaper, and roughs out work to be rounded and perfected afterwards. And in the chasms and fissures and precipices of the mountains we have evidence of this bolder and more hasty modelling and rough hewing of valley and hill—chisel and hammer marks not yet rubbed out and smoothed away.

I think that geologists should count atmospheric erosion as a beneficent rather than a destroying agent. They are

too fond of calculating the quantity of mud carried off annually by the rivers to the ocean—calculations in all probability greatly exaggerated—and of reckoning up how long a continent will last before it is finally eroded out of existence. America, according to Playfair, has still about 4½ millions of years to play with—not a very terrifying assertion, though probably an unfavourable estimate. Hardly any notice is taken of the checks and curbs which prevent erosion from becoming really mischievous. Atmospheric decomposition of rock ceases automatically as soon as it is no longer of advantage. When the debris of sand and clay and fragments of stone is more in quantity than the rains can carry away, it is piled up in a heap at the cliff foot,—a heap that, as it grows, takes the shape of a long slope resting against the rock, covering up more and more of the exposed face as the superfluous store of quarried materials accumulates; in the end banking and shoring up the loosened ends of the weather-worn rocks, and spreading over all a pent-house roof of earth and grass, impenetrable to sun and frost, which will carry off the dissolving and disintegrating waters. Notice too, how lichens and mosses serve as clothing to exposed boulders and crags, like the scales of fishes or the fur of animals,—a protection so admirable that after it has been removed, glacier grooves, scratched in the rocks many thousands of years ago, are described by modern observers as looking like the chiselling of yesterday. Grasses and ferns will spring up where the earth is bare, to mat and bind and hold it together with their fibrous roots; and, in good time, shrubs and forest trees will spread their branches and fronds to shield it from tempest and storm. Even the corroding cave-making waters that trickle through crack and crevice into the bowels of the chalk and limestone hills, gnawing away their vitals, spread, after a while, over the raw wounds, a plaster of stalagmite which heals them in part and stops the development of the injury. What is the agent that has heaped up mounds over the ruins of ancient cities, such as Nineveh and Thebes and Troy and Gnospos,

preserving for us such invaluable records and treasures, which, though it took part in the destruction of the buildings, has since taken reverent care of their bones? What is it again which lays down for us terraces of rich soil in our valleys and lowlands, and changes the barren reefs of the ocean into pleasant, habitable islands? It is this terrible world-destroyer atmospheric erosion. In plain fact, this most ancient but gentlest of enemies quarries the hills only to minister to our wants, and wastes but little in the doing of it; whilst we owe to it much of the beauty of our walls and houses, and all the grace of our landscape.

The days of Creation ended before man was born into the world. The world has travailed and groaned in pain, but now the labour is over. There has been no new moulding and baking of rocks, and no fresh gathering of stores of carbon and mineral. The forces we see in action now are no longer what they were; they are run down, spent, or at least more restful and less masterful, than in the days of their prime. The volcano still spits flame and the earthquake makes the land tremble, but they are chained monsters, who though they may loose their bonds a little, cannot break them. There were giants in the days of old, giant beasts and reptiles, with giant vegetation for their food; but even life seems more restrained, less rampant and exuberant, in these restful and peaceful days. The successions or evolutions of new forms of living creatures has ceased; now the records speak only of the extinction and loss of known or existing species. It is a changed, subdued world which has been handed over to the dominion of man. Fire and steam, the weapons of the volcano and the earthquake, are his domestic servants; the unruly ocean is his beast of burthen; the lightning runs his messages; and those strange forces which harden the marble, change charcoal into diamonds, and minister to life and growth, act as his assistants in his laboratories. Creation ceased on the earth when man was made; since then God has rested from His labours.

J. C. ALMOND.



FATHER WILFRID BROWN, O.S.B.

## Father Wilfrid Brown. R.J.P.

*SERMON at the Requiem on May 5th, 1905, by the  
REV. J. P. WHITTLE, O.S.B.*

*Right Reverend Father Abbot, Very Reverend and Reverend  
Fathers and Brethren.*

For the fourth time within the space of eighteen months we have assembled in this part of "God's own country" to pay the last Rites to one of our Benedictine Brethren. A little more than a year ago, he, whose remains lie here hidden away from our sight, stood, in obedience to his Superior, in the spacious sanctuary of Saint Mary's, Brownedge, to speak of his life-long friend, Abbot Bury. And to-day, in obedience to the same Superior, I stand here in Saint Joseph's, Brindle, to speak of him whose tongue, so often raised here to warn and to encourage, is now silent till Judgment Day. There is little time on such an occasion as this, for quiet thought and careful selection; and I trust that you my Religious Brethren, and you his sorrowing Flock, will charitably bear with me if I only give you a mere outline of his character and life-work.

Michael Brown was born at Wigan, on July 6th, 1832. At the age of twelve he was sent with his younger brother, who still survives him, to Ampleforth College. He went through his collegiate course much like other boys. Until his health broke down at the age of eighteen, he was strong and muscular; a formidable foe in the football field, as in after-life he was a formidable foe in the field of argument. In the Study-hall few if any of his classmates surpassed him in his

quick and retentive memory, his clear intellectual acumen, his masterly marshalling of historical facts, and his keen appreciation of the humorous and the serious side of life. These characteristics of the boy showed themselves in the man and Priest in after-life. But to these were added afterwards, it seems to me, who have known him intimately for over fifty years, an ever open straightforwardness, an untiring energy, an unswerving methodical mode of life which neither age nor place could alter, an indomitable will power, and lastly an absorbing zeal for his Master's glory and the salvation of those committed to his charge.

In the autumn of 1851 he was clothed with the Benedictine Habit, and took in Religion the name of Wilfrid. In 1858 he became Prefect of Discipline, which office he held with conspicuous success until 1866, when he became Sub-prior under Prior Prest. This office he held for some years until his health utterly broke down. After a year's rest he was sent on the Apostolic Mission, first to Seel Street, Liverpool, then to Easingwold, then to Birtly, and in 1880 to St. Anne's, Edge Hill, Liverpool. On January 5th, 1884, he came here to work out his life in faithful service for God and you, his faithful flock.

And let me here remark that Father Wilfrid Brown has been a frail and delicate man since he was eighteen; that is for fifty-four years! During the whole of that time, a stranger, seeing him for the first time, would say he could not live a year. He had the same thin, spare, white and delicate look at eighteen as he had at seventy. Yet owing chiefly perhaps to his most regular and methodical life, he has lived and worked incessantly, and to the very end, for fifty-four years! But, Brethren, besides his regular life, what was the sustaining power which held him up and bore him on through the long years of labour granted him? Surely it was his indomitable will to live on and do God's work, and this he did with all the energy of his ardent nature. And God strengthened him to do it,—to do it long; to do it well; to

do it solely for Him. For, my Brethren, Father Wilfrid had no aim, no ambition, during his whole life, but his holy calling as a Priest. The regular and daily morning and afternoon walk, in all weathers, was never taken for the pleasure of it. He took his regular holiday, it is true; but not for the sake of the pleasure it gave him. He took it as a duty, convinced that regular exercise and innocent recreation, would fit him the better for prolonged and hard work in the Vineyard of his Lord.

And his work has been long and arduous, from November, 1851, to May 2nd, 1905. His duties as Prefect at College, as Sub-prior in the Monastery, were long and responsible. With the single exception of Easingwold, all the Missions he has served have been places of unceasing labour. You that have known him here for the last twenty-one years can bear witness to his untiring labours, his ceaseless activity, and his hearty sympathy with you in your joys and your sorrows.

He was one who spoke very plainly and never disguised the truth. He never flinched, whatever it might cost him, when, as he thought, duty compelled him to speak out, either to his Brethren or his people. Faithful to his Divine Master, he fearlessly gave what he deemed his Master's message. But behind all this there was a wealth of kindly feeling, an infinite pity for human weakness. And then what an absorbing interest he took in the instruction and training of children, and still more what a fatherly interest in each of his flock, trying ever to guide and lead you to God, as evidenced by those carefully prepared sermons and instructions twice each Sunday for twenty-one years. Added to this, what an interest he took in the adornment of God's House, because it was God's House. The new High Altar and Lady Altar, the beautiful Paintings, the choice Stained Windows, and lastly this beautiful Pulpit, all bear witness that he loved "the beauty of God's House" and the "place of the habitation of His Glory."

And if we ask how it was that he who was so frail, went through these long years of continuous labour so successfully, we shall find that it was his intense realization of God as his Creator and Master, and he His creature and servant,—that he was only here to serve that Master and to serve Him at all times; and therefore like Enoch of old, "he walked with God" ever. He realized,—what we should all do,—that our Ministry is blessed in proportion to our own personal fidelity to God and Holy Rule. Hence all his days and hours were mapped out to serve this purpose. The different parts of the Divine Office each had their allotted time. His Meditation, Study, Spiritual Reading, Rosary, Special Devotions, Repartition of Sermons, visits to his people and the sick,—all had their special times assigned, and nothing but an urgent call of charity could turn him from the strict rule of life he had laid down for himself. He was indeed strict with others but still more strict with himself. At the end of each day everything was "up to date,"—his accounts, his prayers, his dates.

And when the end came, somewhat suddenly but not unexpectedly, it found him fully prepared and working to the end. The sermon he was to have preached on Sunday was written, and ready for delivery. Its subject was "Peace." Let us trust that he who wrote it is himself enjoying that "peace which surpasseth all understanding." He attended the confessional as usual last Saturday night, and expected to say as usual the first Mass on Sunday. But God ordained otherwise; for during the night he became very sick, and when called at half-past five he said he could not say Mass. The Doctor was sent for, and pronounced his state serious, almost hopeless. He was simply worn out, and could not permanently rally. As the day wore on he seemed somewhat better. All Monday, however, he was growing worse, but with all his keen faculties fully alive. Asked by the Priest in attendance (Father Polding) if he could do or get anything for him, he replied characteristically, "Yes, get me my day-

And it was done!

Then he turned wholly to God, made his Confession, book and my Mass-book, and I will post them up to date."

received the last Sacraments with intense faith and trustful hope, answering his part in these holy Sacraments. Then he solemnly renewed his Religious Vows. He lingered, still fully conscious, till half-past seven on Tuesday morning, when Father Polding went to say Mass. When he returned to the dying Priest at eight, he found him unconscious, struggling for breath. But towards nine this painful struggle ceased; and then our good Father holding the Crucifix in one hand and his blessed Palm in the other, calmly and patiently, with a smile upon his worn face, yielded up his soul into the hands of his Creator. May our like unto his, just and without blame before men, and then will our end be peaceful and happy like his.

My Brethren, Fr. Wilfrid Brown has left us and we shall all be the poorer for his departure. We, his Religious Brethren, shall miss his straight example, and his ever prudent, firm, yet cautious advice. And you his good people will miss him in the Chapel, in the confessional, and in your homes, as a model Priest and fervent Pastor. We all owe him, as such, a debt of gratitude. Let us pay it in the only way we can and he would wish; that is, by our fervent and constant prayers. The Psalmist says, "O Lord, who shall dwell in Thy Tabernacle, or who shall rest on Thy holy mount? He that walketh without blemish, and worketh justice;"—(Ps. 14). We know what a blameless life he led before men, and hence we have every hope that he will for ever dwell in the "Tabernacle of the Lord" and "rest for ever on the holy mount." Let us hope that in this good and faithful one Our Lord has already said, "Blessed are ye who are still in abeyance, for who can live in this world and into the joy of my Lord." But that abode, that rest, that joy,

be quite blameless before God? It is for us to try and hasten that rest and joy. In his name then I ask your prayers, and I cannot do it better than in his words, when he appealed for his friend Abbot Bury, a little more than a year ago. Thus he concluded his discourse, "Through me, Father Bury delivers his last message to you: have pity on me, you at least my friends, have pity on me. Pray for me. Remember me especially during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Ask our Lord graciously to overlook my sins and imperfections and to reward me for the little I have done and suffered, however unworthily, in His service." Thus he appealed for him, and then added, "Let us listen to and grant this humble and pious and reasonable request. Then when our time comes (and for some of us that time cannot be far distant), we may hope that some good friends will kindly do the same good office for us."

Need I add further words? This is his appeal to you, through me. Pray for him, that the good God may speedily grant to him his eternal reward.

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## Notices of Books.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, by ARCHBISHOP ULLATHORNE, Art and Book Co. 2/6 net.

CATHOLIC IDEALS IN SOCIAL LIFE, by FR. CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C., Art and Book Co. 3/6 net.

A notice of these books will be found in the last December issue of the *Journal*. It is a pleasing testimony to the circulation they deserve that though they were issued only in the latter part of 1904, the public has called for another Edition of each work. The new edition of "Catholic Ideals" is prefaced by a letter from the Archbishop of Westminster recommending these papers of Fr. Cuthbert to the Catholics of England to assist them in gauging the extent of, and learning the remedies for the social evils of the present day. "The Immaculate Conception" is the sixth volume of "The Westminster books" that has run to a second edition. It is perhaps to be regretted that books such as these, which are not intended to be ephemeral should not with their superior printing and paper have more durable covers.

SIMPLE AIDS TO THE DEVOUT RECITATION OF THE ROSARY. By the Rt. Rev. JOSEPH OSWALD SMITH, Abbot of Ampleforth. Catholic Truth Society, London.

Another of Fr. Abbot's simple, practical and devout booklets of meditation and prayer. Most of our readers have already made their acquaintance, and, we cannot doubt, will

warmly welcome this addition to what promises to become a little library of pious thoughts and aspirations. Abbot Smith never writes a line without having his meaning clear to himself, and without most carefully choosing words and expressions which will make it clear to others. And because he is so careful to say what he means, he succeeds also in expressing what he feels. There is always an eloquence in simplicity and clearness.

To show the method the Abbot makes use of, we quote what he has written of the First Mystery, The Annunciation.

"Picture our Lady praying in her room or in the little garden. The subject of her prayer, as ever, is that she may become more united to God. The angel appears, and Mary is afraid, not because of the honour of his presence, but because of the honour he shows her. She does not know how the design of God revealed to her by the angel is to be accomplished, but she immediately resigns herself into God's hands; "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." She recognizes at once how greatly her consent will further God's work in the world and in the souls of men. She sees that it is to be through Jesus that men are to be united to God.

*Hail Mary, for the kindness of thy consent to be the means of bringing Jesus to me. Full of grace, for the Source of all grace has come to thee. The Lord is with thee all thy holy life by desire; most intimately and actually for the nine months thou didst bear Him in thy womb; and in the most perfect union with thee during His life upon earth, which is only more perfect now in heaven. Blessed art thou amongst women, chosen by God as the means of bringing His Son nearer to all men. Blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. In Him we are united to our Beginning and our last End, God, blessed for ever. Holy Mary, Mother of God, great though thy dignity be, think not of thyself only, as I have done so often, but of us all, of me. Pray for us sinners, for me so unworthy, so careless hitherto to imitate thy love and holiness. Do not leave me any longer without thy Son. Let me never leave Him by negligence,*

by self-seeking, by conceit, Now, when I so much need help and encouragement; and do not forget me at the hour of my death. Keep me in thy hand at that hour and show me thy Son. Amen.  
*Acts.*—Jesus, united to your Mother, draw me also near to you.

Mary, my Mother, keep me united to your Son. When shall I leave all that keeps me from you, my Lord and my God? Make my will all yours. Do not become tired of me, Lord, because of my want of fidelity."

There is no better prayer than the Rosary, and no better way of saying this prayer than by making use of Abbot Smith's book.



## The College Diary.

May 2. We returned in full force after the Easter vacation, the only absentees being two or three boys who were suffering from some slight indisposition. There were three new boys: T. Dunbar, Liverpool; J. Miller, Whisby; and V. Narey, Bradford. The same evening the elections for Captain took place. H. Chamberlain headed the poll. He proceeded at once to select his Government which was composed of the following:

Secretary and Recorder	- - - -	T. V. Barton
Officemen	- - - -	J. McElligott, W. Williams
Gamesmen	- - - -	E. Hardman, R. Hesketh
Billiardsmen	- - - -	J. Forsyth, O. Chamberlain
Clothesman	- - - -	- - - - E. Emerson
Collegemen	- - - -	P. Ward, A. Lightbound, L. Miles
Gasmen	- - - -	L. Hope, P. Millers

Librarians (Upper Library)	- - - -	W. Sharp, J. Blackledge
" (Lower Library)	- - - -	- - - - R. C. Smith
" (Reading Room)	- - - -	- - - - T. Heyes
Vigilarii (Lower Library)	- - - -	J. Jackson, H. Speakman
" (Reading Room)	- - - -	H. Rochford, D. Sumner

The following were elected to serve on the cricket committee:— T. V. Barton, H. Chamberlain, E. P. Hardman and W. Williams (Sub. cond.).

While we are concerned with lists we may also insert here the Captains of the cricket sets:—1st set, H. Chamberlain and E. P. Hardman; 2nd set, J. Smith and J. Forsyth; 3rd set, J. Forshaw and E. Cawkell; 4th set, B. Collisn and C. Rochford; 5th set, R. Blackledge and A. Newton.

As on our return after the Christmas vacation we learnt the sad news of the death of Fr. Gregory Browne, so this term we heard with sorrow that one of Ampleforth's oldest sons, Fr. Wilfrid Brown, had passed away. Though not well known personally to

any of us, still the fact that in the past he had been prefect for so many years seemed to have given him a special connection with succeeding generations of Ampleforth boys. A Solemn Requiem Mass was sung for the repose of his soul next morning. R.L.P.

May 3. By 11.15 to-day our boxes had been unpacked and studies were begun, with what would have been commendable promptitude, had it been entirely voluntary on our part.

May 6. At a meeting of the school the Captain formally introduced his government, and exhorted the boys to show energy in their games. This was necessary if the cricket was to be a success. The leader of the opposition, Mr. Primavesi, congratulated the Captain on the selection of his officials. There seemed, however, to be a note of insincerity in his felicitations, for he proceeded to remark that the most capable members of the House were to be seen on the opposition benches.

May 7. As only four members of last year's XI. were available, the Colts' match promised to be interesting; it proved disappointing. Hardman's vigorous hitting totally disorganized the Colts' attack. With the score at 121 for five wickets Chamberlain declared. The Colts' batting was as feeble as it usually is, though C. Rochford deserves some praise.

### THE ELEVEN.

W. Williams, run out	... ..	10
H. Chamberlain, b. Primavesi	... ..	24
E. Hardman, not out	... ..	72
E. Hesketh, c. Lovell, b. Primavesi	... ..	4
I. Ward, c. Lovell, b. Primavesi	... ..	0
T. Barton, c. Lovell, McElligott	... ..	0
W. Sharp, not out	... ..	3
O. Chamberlain	... ..	—
J. Jackson	... ..	—
W. Wood	... ..	—
P. Millers	... ..	—

Did not bat.

### THE COLTS.

Rev. J. Dawson, c. Wood, b.	... ..	2
Millers	... ..	2
A. Primavesi, b. Barton	... ..	7
J. McElligott, b. Millers	... ..	1
J. Smith, l.h.w., b. Millers	... ..	0
J. Forsyth, b. Millers	... ..	0
V. Giglio, run out	... ..	0
F. Lythgoe, b. Millers	... ..	0
C. Rochford, c. Wood, b. Barton	... ..	10
A. Smith, run out	... ..	0
H. Speakman, b. Millers	... ..	2
Lovell, b. Barton	... ..	8
L. Weismberg, b. Barton	... ..	0
B. Wood, b. Barton	... ..	2
C. Smith, c. O. Chamberlain, b.	... ..	3
Barton	... ..	0
E. Keogh, b. Barton	... ..	0
E. Farmer, c. H. Chamberlain, b.	... ..	1
Williams	... ..	1
V. Ugaris, c. Ward, b. Barton	... ..	4
H. Farmer, not out	... ..	2
Extras	... ..	1

Extras ... .. 2

Total (for 5 wks.) 121

Total 52

May 14. J. C. Preston looked up his old college friends, who were pleased to see him.

May 21. R. Dowling and P. Narey paid a flying visit. A slight accident to the motor on which they came diminished the length of their stay.

May 25. A match at home v. Mr. C. Croskell's team. The visitors won the toss and started well, the first three wickets putting on forty runs. The whole team was however out for seventy-eight, in spite of our fielding. Barton and Millers divided the wickets.

The chief feature of our innings was Hesketh's fifty-two not out. He gave no chance and only made one bad stroke. He should prove a very useful bat for us this year. With the score at 157 for six wickets we declared, and got out the Scratch team for sixty.

William's slow leg breaks were very successful. He took seven wickets for forty runs.

Unless something is done to improve the fielding, disaster will sooner or later overtake the XL.

MR. CROSKELL'S XI.		AMPLEFORTH.	
Mollet, L.S.W. b. Millers ...	21	W. Williams, c. Hogg, b. Talbot ...	5
Hogg, c. Hardman, b. Millers ...	5	H. Chamberlain, b. Talbot ...	9
Talbot, b. Barton ...	0	E. Hardman, b. Witz ...	38
Cass, c. Chamberlain, b. Millers ...	15	E. Hesketh, not out ...	53
Kendal, b. Barton ...	0	T. Barton, c. Croskell, b. Talbot ...	8
Witz, st. Chamberlain, b. Barton ...	2	J. Ward, c. Lambert, b. Preston ...	5
C. Croskell, c. Hardman b. Millers ...	11	S. Lovell, c. Kendal, b. Preston ...	16
Lambert, c. Hesketh, b. Barton ...	1	J. Jackson ...	
C. Preston, not out ...	11	J. McElligott ...	Did not bat
Robinson, b. Barton ...	3	W. Wood ...	
Samuelson, c. Hardman, b. Millers ...	1	P. Millers ...	
Extras ...	9	Extras ...	24
Total 78		Total (for 6 wks.) 157	

May 28. Lord and Lady Helmsley paid us a flying visit.

Our Division has been in the throes of a bye-election during the past few weeks. Despite visits from Mr. Noel Buxton and Mr. Beckett, the rival candidates, we remained one of the few social institutions whose peace was untroubled by party preparations for the polling-day.

May 29. The XI drove to York to play the Yorkshire Gentlemen. We found that Capt. White of Wass had arranged a very strong team against us. We won the toss and put them in on

a perfect wicket. Two men were out for forty-three, but through a missed catch seventy-four more were added by White and Swale before the latter was caught. White was also missed and had passed his century before he was out to a smart catch by Be. Basil. The chief feature after lunch was a perfect innings of sixty-one played by Luther. The Gentlemen closed their innings at 3-30. Three hours were left for play. We opened well and Be. Basil played a capital innings, but after this five other batsmen were out for twenty more runs. The last wicket fell half an hour before time. We should have played out time had we not been too anxious to make runs.

YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN.		AMPLEFORTH.	
C. Leatham, c. Dawes, b. Mawson ...	20	Rev. B. Mawson, b. Swale ...	58
A. White, c. Mawson, b. Hayes ...	108	H. Chamberlain, b. Swale ...	3
D. Firth, b. Mawson ...	1	E. Hardman, b. Swale ...	8
I. Swale, c. Barton, b. Mawson ...	28	W. Williams, b. Swale ...	4
A. Luther, b. Barton ...	61	Rev. B. Hayes, b. Raitt ...	1
Capt. Thackwell, L.S.W., b. Hayes ...	17	E. Hesketh, b. Raitt ...	0
Major Raitt, c. Hardman, b. Barton ...	26	Rev. P. Dolan, c. Firth, b. Raitt ...	49
E. Lawson-Smith, not out ...	21	T. Barton, run out ...	37
G. Dawson, c. Dawes, b. Mawson ...	0	Rev. H. Dawes b. Raitt ...	44
H. Bird, not out ...	27	P. Ward, not out ...	8
P. Donkley, did not bat ...	27	W. Wood, c. White, b. Luther ...	0
Extras ...	31	Extras ...	18
Total (for 8 wks.) 340		Total 221	

May 30. A welcome visitor, our late prefect. We were sorry Canon Hayes could stay so short a time.

June 1. Cricket match v. Pocklington, our great rivals. This is the most important School match of the year. Our opponents had eight of their last year's team, but wretched fielding was responsible for the exhibition we gave. It was not only that catches were dropped, but the ground fielding was so slovenly and loose as possible. Under the circumstances on a fast scoring wicket, our bowlers had no chance of getting the early batsmen out. Their captain declared at 167 for three wickets. Our last wicket fell at 108, Forsyth being caught off what in any case would have been the last ball of the match.

POCKLINGTON.		AMPLEFORTH.	
J. Dalton, c. Forsyth, b. Hardman	30	H. Chamberlain, b. Brice-Smith	19
H. Sale, c. Hardman, b. Barton	22	J. McElligott, c. Hodgson, b. Massey	9
P. Dalton, st. Chamberlain, b.		E. Hardman, c. Dalton, b. Brice-Smith	16
Williams	45	E. Hesketh, hit wkt. b. Brice-Smith	
R. Brice-Smith, not out	59	W. Williams, c. O'Meara, b.	
J. Massey		Trice-Smith	0
H. Hodgson		T. Barton, b. Dalton	20
A. Cass	} did not bat	H. Speakman, b. Brice-Smith	7
G. O'Meara		F. Ward, not out	9
R. Murray		O. Chamberlain, b. Dalton	4
J. Guy		S. Lovell, c. Dalton, b. Guy	4
E. Donovan		J. Forsyth, c. Cass, b. Guy	2
Extras	41	Extras	11
Total (for 3 wickets)	167	Total	106

In addition to the usual prizes and those offered by Mr. J. Fishwick and Mr. Boddy, we notice the publication of the following, to be awarded at the end of the term's work:—Mr. W. Taylor offers £5 to the boy in Forms V. and VI. who obtains the highest marks in history; Mr. Justice Emerson offers a special prize to the IV. Form for the best work in English literature; and Mr. Robinson offers a prize to the Lower III. for Latin Prose. Our sincerest thanks are due to the generous donors.

June 3. The Opposition leader had a formidable array of complaints on paper. One of them was successfully defended by the Government. The others were ruled out of order, as they either mentioned no date, or else referred to negligences alleged to have occurred in 1904.

June 5. Ampleforth being the venue for the General Chapter, the distinguished heads of the English Congregation arrived to-day to be the guests of Fr. Abbot for the week.

June 6. There was Pontifical High Mass to-day sung by Fr. Abbot Gasquet, who had come to preside over the Chapter.

June 10. We were glad to see two old boys in the persons of G. H. Chamberlain and R. Huntington, who came to spend Whitsuntide with us.

June 11. *Whit Sunday.* Pontifical High Mass sung by the Abbot President.

In the afternoon the Lancashire boys, spurred to great deeds by the continued success of their county, aspired to play the rest. This they did to some purpose, winning easily by 125—65.

June 12. Match v. Hull Zingari. We lost the toss; and our opponents going in on a good wicket started well in scoring forty, before Hesketh took their first two wickets in successive balls. After the Pocklington fiasco our fielding had improved greatly, and the bowlers were well supported in this match. Our opponents were dismissed for 135.

Chamberlain and McElligott put on fifty-eight runs for the first wicket before the former left for a well played forty-six. Hardman came in, and nonopolising the bowling, gave us a fine exhibition of free hitting. In his score of eighty-six were included three sixes and fourteen fours. McElligott batted steadily for over an hour for eight runs. If he remains content merely to play the bowling this year, he should develop into a useful bat when he is able to get more power into his strokes. Our last wicket fell for a total of 240. In former years we have had the assistance of masters in this fixture.

HULL ZINGARI.		AMPLEFORTH.	
A. Wilkinson, b. Barton	29	H. Chamberlain, b. Askew	46
C. Askew, c. Chamberlain, b.		J. McElligott, b. Bord	8
Hesketh	20	E. Hardman, c. Sissons, b. Bord	80
E. Sissons, b. Hesketh	0	E. Hesketh, c. Wilkinson, b. Holder	12
A. Marr, c. Wood, b. Barton	0	W. Williams, c. Holder, b. Bord	19
G. Rawston, b. Barton	28	T. Barton, b. Holder	0
R. Holder, c. Hardman, b. Barton	4	G. Chamberlain, b. Marr	0
W. Jesson, b. Barton	8	P. Ward, b. Marr	17
E. Grell, b. Forsyth	8	P. Ward, b. Marr	8
T. Scott, c. Hardman, b. Forsyth	5	H. Speakman, not out	14
D. Bord, not out	0	L. Forsyth, c. and b. Bord	10
B. Balfour, b. Barton	0	W. Wood, b. Bord	0
Extras	7	Extras	24
Total	135	Total	240

June 13. *Whit Tuesday* used to be a holiday. But we found that we had more or less unwittingly eaten our cake in the shape of the Easter holidays, and so experienced the inevitable result.

However, the XI scored, apart from their batting performance, as there was a match away against Harrogate College. They chose to bat first on a very dry wicket and in an hour were all out for 99. On adjournment for lunch, the board showed the loss of one of our wickets for seventeen; but we had no Caldwell to fear as in past years, and the score rose rapidly. Chamberlain was out for thirty-one before the winning hit was made. Fr. Placid

hit the first ball for four, and both he and Hardman continued to hit freely until the former was caught in the out-field and the latter in the slips.

HARVARD COLLEGE.		AMPLEFORTH.	
C. Loeb, b. Mawson	8	H. Chamberlain, b. Thorpe	31
A. Bastable, c. Hardman, b. Dolan	9	T. Barton, b. Gutch	9
K. Watson, b. Barton	23	E. Hardman, c. Gutch, b. Thorpe	51
S. Newton, c. Barton, b. Mawson	1	Rev. B. Mawson, c. Bastable, b.	
R. Lett, b. Barton	5	Thorpe	0
R. Thorpe, b. Dolan	18	W. Williams, b. Thorpe	0
A. Gutch, b. Mawson	15	Rev. P. Dolan, c. Watson, b.	0
S. Osin, not out	9	Thorpe	41
T. Atkinson, b. Mawson	0	R. Hesketh, b. Thorpe	5
C. Wilson, c. Williams, b. Dolan	2	P. Ward, not out	9
J. Coudwell, run out	0	H. Speakman, not out	1
		J. Forsyth, Did not bat.	
		W. Wood	24
Extras	23	Extras	24
Total	99	Total (for 7 wks)	168

June 16. Our days are so filled at present, that class-matches are arranged with difficulty. But the IVth Form had the joyless experience to-day of succumbing to the Higher III, though by but two runs. The scores were twenty-seven to twenty-five. The batsmen of both sides have been heard to praise the bowling.

June 18. Lancashire again proved that the part was greater and rather better than the whole, by once more defeating the World by ninety-seven to sixty-eight. T. Barton for Lancashire met with a great bowling success in taking all ten wickets for twenty-four runs.

June 22. The Feast of Corpus Christi. Glorious weather for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Match against St. John's, York, played at home. We chose to bat first, and Br. Benedict and H. Chamberlain took the score to forty-six before the latter was out by an easy catch at mid-on for twenty-five. The score mounted rapidly until two-hundred was passed, owing chiefly to Br. Benedict's powerful driving. He was unfortunately caught when he had made ninety-seven. He brought equally great assistance in the field, taking three very brilliant catches. An hour's play sufficed to bring the game to a close, for St. John's were all out for eighty-two.

AMPLEFORTH.		ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.	
Rev. B. Hayes	97	C. Welborn, c. Hayes, b. Barton	14
H. Chamberlain, c. Wilkinson		G. Edwards, c. Chamberlain, b.	
b. Berry	35	Mawson	5
Rev. B. Mawson, L.S. or b. Edwards	20	B. Bultun, b. Barton	5
H. Hardman, b. Preston	28	T. Kirk, c. Hayes, b. Mawson	1
T. Barton, b. Preston	12	P. Sifton, c. Hardman, b.	
Rev. P. Dolan, not out	20	Mawson	0
J. McIlhott		G. Barry, c. Chamberlain, b.	
W. Williams	did not bat	Mawson	2
P. Ward	did not bat	T. Wilkinson, c. and b. Mawson	10
E. Hesketh		P. Woodcock, c. Hayes, b. Mawson	4
H. Speakman		E. Preston, c. Chamberlain, b.	
Innings declared closed.		Williams	0
Extras	3	H. Ramsay, c. Barton, b. Williams	20
Total (for 5 wks)	205	P. Kaye, not out	4
		Extras	2
		Total	82

June 29. Pocklington match away. On a sticky wicket we dismissed our opponents—a strong batting team—for 110 runs. At one time it looked as if the score would be much larger, as the second wicket did not fall till sixty had been scored. S. Lovell was then responsible for a collapse, completely non-plussing the batsmen with his slow leg breaks. He was helped greatly by the pitch, but deserves credit for the judgment and accuracy of length with which he bowled. The fielding was good. There was only one mistake, but that proved expensive. Brice-Smith was missed behind the wicket when he was 15. W. Williams at cover-point was at times brilliant.

On going in after lunch we found runs very hard to get. The sun had made the pitch play very odd, and our batsmen displayed the utmost caution. At one time when Hesketh and Barton were together, it seemed as though we might win, but Hesketh was rather foolishly run out. Then a collapse came, and nine wickets were down for fifty-one. Forsyth and Lovell made a long stand for the last wicket. In the first ten minutes, aided by fortune, they put on twenty runs. They then kept up their wickets for another twenty minutes without scoring. The fieldsmen were very keen to win, and literally surrounded the batsmen. Eventually Lovell was caught from a ball that bumped up on the leg. We were at the wickets two hours and a half for seventy-one runs.

Lovell had the best bowling average, four for eighteen. His

bowling threw new light on the meaning of the word 'googley'—he latest invention of the cricket reporter.

POCKLINGTON.		AMPSFORTH.	
J. Dalton, b. Williams .....	6	H. Chamberlain, b. J. Dalton .....	9
H. Sale, c. Barton, b. Lovell .....	31	J. Mc. Elligott, b. J. Dalton .....	6
P. Dalton, b. Lovell .....	46	E. Hardman, b. J. Dalton .....	6
R. Brice-Smith, b. Barton .....	37	R. Hoeketh, run out .....	14
I. Massey, c. and b. Lovell .....	2	W. Williams, b. Brice-Smith .....	1
H. Hodgson, b. Lovell .....	1	T. Barton, b. J. Dalton .....	15
T. Guy, c. McElligott, b. Williams .....	0	P. Ward, b. Brice-Smith .....	4
A. Carr, l.b.w. b. Barton .....	0	H. Speakman, b. Brice-Smith .....	0
G. O'Meara, b. Barton .....	0	H. Weisenberg, b. Brice-Smith .....	7
E. Donovan, not out .....	0	J. Forsyth, not out .....	7
R. Murray c. Chamberlain, b. Barton .....	0	S. Lovell, c. Carr b. Guy .....	13
100 .....	0	Extras .....	0
Extras .....	11	Extras .....	0
Total 110		Total 71	

July 2. Feast of the Sacred Heart. High Mass was followed by Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament until Vespers, which were sung at three o'clock.

July 4. Another delightful day to be added to the long list of Gorenire days. Both cyclists and walkers made the most of it. Perhaps not the least delightful feature was the bathe at the end of our long outing in the July sun.

July 6. Match b. St. Peter's, at York. Chamberlain won the toss, and we made a disastrous start by losing three wickets for twenty-three runs before lunch. On resuming, McElligott and Hardman improved matters. The latter played vigorously until he was bowled for twenty-seven. McElligott was caught at the wicket for a prettily played forty-five. Most of his runs were made on the leg. Barton scored well, chiefly by off driving, and played his best innings for the XI.

Chamberlain declared at 179 for six wickets.—Barton was not out fifty-eight, Ward not out twenty-two. We left our opponents an hour and forty minutes to bat. They began to hit and we had an anxious time when the telegraph showed 100 for three wickets and forty-five minutes to play.

W. Williams however came to the rescue with his leg breaks.

The match was eventually drawn, St. Peter's scoring 118 for eight wickets.

THE ELEVEN.		ST. PETER'S.	
H. Chamberlain, b. Jones .....	1	A. Ackroyd, b. Barton .....	22
J. McElligott, c. Windle, b. Green- how .....	45	E. Peters, b. Hardman .....	17
H. Speakman, c. Kirby, b. Peters .....	0	S. Jones, c. Hardman, b. Forsyth .....	15
R. Hoeketh, c. Windle, b. Peters .....	27	V. Kirby, c. Hesketh, b. Hardman .....	23
E. Hardman, b. Bulmer .....	0	E. Grewaloo, st. H. Chamberlain, b. Williams .....	10
T. Barton, not out .....	58	E. Anderson, b. Williams .....	10
W. Williams, b. Clegg .....	8	M. Clegg, not out .....	6
P. Ward, not out .....	21	T. Edg, c. Speakman, b. Williams .....	0
H. Weisenberg .....	2	G. Wilsack, b. Forsyth .....	3
J. Forsyth .....	Did not bat	F. Windle, not out .....	1
S. Lovell .....	Did not bat	E. Bulmer, did not bat .....	1
Extras .....	15	Extras .....	11
Total (for 6 wickets) 179		Total (for 8 wickets) 118	

The Second elevens played on the home ground, C. Rochford and O. Chamberlain opened the innings. The former played a careful game and was out for twenty. Chamberlain, who, in a trial game a few days before had made fifty-four, now reached the excellent total of seventy-nine, though he was occasionally spared by the fielding of our opponents. When W. Sharp had been cheered for his fifty, the Captain declared, the score standing at 194 for six wickets. The mathematical abilities of the scorer however had proved unequal to the strain, so that Sharp had to be satisfied with forty-nine. The batting of our opponents was poor. Except for a stand at the second wicket, the batsmen were rapidly dismissed by P. Millers.

AMPSFORTH.		ST. PETER'S (2nd XI).	
O. Chamberlain, c. Phillips, b. Groves .....	79	W. Colley, c. Chamberlain, b. Jackson .....	0
C. Rochford, c. Groves, b. Calley .....	20	F. Knowles, run out .....	20
H. C. Smith, c. Shann, b. Fisher .....	11	J. Fisher, c. Leonard b. Sharp .....	24
P. Millers, b. Colley .....	4	A. Phillips, b. Millers .....	18
W. Sharp, not out .....	49	F. Schroder, l.b.w. b. Millers .....	1
A. Promavesi, b. Lamm .....	16	G. Shaan, b. R. Smith .....	7
T. Jackson, not out .....	8	E. Groves, c. Rochford, b. Millers .....	1
P. Nason .....	Did not bat	J. Hodgman, c. Chamberlain, b. Millers .....	3
A. Smith .....	Did not bat	P. Henly, not out .....	0
E. Keogh .....	Did not bat	J. Scrobby, b. R. Smith .....	4
T. Leonard .....	Did not bat	A. Lamm, b. Millers .....	1
Extras .....	7	Extras .....	5
Total (for 5 wickets) 194		Total 91	

July 11. Mr W. Swarbrick in bringing over a team from Thirk is keeping up the tradition, now thirty years old, established by his father. The match to-day was like many of its predecessors

in that it had an exciting finish. We won the toss, and until lunch fared disastrously by losing 5 wickets for 17 runs. Afterwards, however, Fr Placid and Hardman brought the score to 71 before they separated. Fr. Placid was caught by a smart catch by the second slip for an invaluable 44, and Hardman was caught at point. None of the remaining batsmen offered much opposition, and all were out for 105.

The Visitors began badly by losing 2 wickets for 2 runs. Then their score rose steadily till it reached 101, with one wicket to fall. Unfortunately for us, that wicket did not fall till 116 runs were on the board.

Our fielding was good, but Deyes, who had been given a trial in the Yorkshire XI, the preceding week, was too fast for our batsmen. He took his first five wickets for seven runs.

AMPLEFORTH.		MR. SWARBRICK'S XI.	
Rev. H. Mawson, b. Deyes	8	W. Macaulay, c. Hardman, b. Mawson	0
H. Chamberlain, run out	3	J. Lee, c. Hardman, b. Barton	2
J. McElligott, b. Deyes	0	W. Horner (jun.), b. Barton	15
Rev. B. Hayes, b. Deyes	2	F. Fairbank, c. Hesketh, b. Barton	9
T. Barton, b. Deyes	4	W. Horner (sen.), c. Hayes, b. Barton	15
E. Hardman, c. Horner, b. Deyes	15	F. Deyes, c. Williams, b. Mawson	5
Rev. P. Dolan, c. Macaulay, b. Deyes	41	G. Robb, c. and b. Barton	10
W. Williams, run out	11	R. Bolton, c. Hayes, b. Barton	28
Rev. H. Daves, b. Deyes	1	E. Pvat, c. Hayes, b. Barton	1
Rev. J. Dawson, not out	8	M. Swarbrick, not out	2
R. Hesketh, b. Deyes	1	W. Hall, b. Barton	2
P. Ward, b. Deyes	0	H. Horner, b. Hayes	15
Extras	7	Extras	4
Total	105	Total	116

July 15. To-day was chosen for the annual match against the Ampleforth Village Team. With the exception of O. Walker, they offered little resistance to our bowling, and were dismissed for sixty-five. Little time was left for play, but some vigorous hitting enabled us without difficulty to make the required runs.

THE VILLAGE XI.		COLLEGE.	
C. Preston, b. Barton	9	H. Chamberlain, b. C. Preston	14
O. Walker, c. Elligott, b. Lovell	41	J. McElligott, b. C. Preston	14
W. Preston, b. Barton	7	H. Hardman, b. C. Preston	10
Toss, b. Barton	0	T. Barton, c. and b. Walker	10
G. Johnson, b. Barton	0	H. Wilsenberg, b. W. & W. Walker	5
H. Wright, c. Hardman, b. Williams	5	W. Williams, run out	4
G. Metcalfe, c. Ward, b. Williams	1	P. Ward, b. C. Preston	2
E. Lindley, b. Williams	1	H. Speckman, b. W. Preston	8
H. Benson, c. Chamberlain, b. Lovell	2	S. Lovell, not out	20

J. Benson, not out	2	J. Forsyth, not out	4
J. Jones, b. Lovell	0	R. Hesketh, did not bat	—
Extras	13	Extras	8
Total	65	Total (for 8 wks)	104

July 16. The Boys' XI challenged the Community. We chose to bat first on a very hard pitch, and succeeded in making a good stand at the second wicket. Useful scores of thirty-one by Hardman and fifty-four by Barton brought the score to 142 for nine wickets, when we declared, O. Chamberlain being still at the wicket for twenty. Just an hour remained for play. The fielding became very keen when two wickets had fallen for two runs, and a third had fallen as soon as the score reached double figures. Fr. Hildebrand came to the rescue, as last year, and only five wickets had fallen by time.

THE BOYS' XI.		THE COMMUNITY.	
H. Chamberlain, c. Dr. Benedict	—	Rev. H. Mawson, c. Chamberlain,	—
S. Fr. Placid	11	b. Hardman	1
J. McElligott, b. Dr. Benedict	0	Rev. J. Dawson, c. and b. Barton	1
R. Hardman, b. Dr. Basil	31	Rev. P. Dolan, b. Barton	9
R. Hesketh, b. Fr. Basil	2	Rev. R. Dowling, b. Hesketh	10
J. Barton, c. Dr. Basil, b. Dr. Adrian	51	Rev. H. Daves, b. Barton	10
W. Williams, c. Fr. Hildebrand, b. Fr. Placid	—	Rev. B. Hayes, not out	11
P. Ward, c. Fr. Hildebrand, b. Fr. Placid	4	Rev. P. Nevill, not out	2
S. Lovell, c. Dr. Anselm, b. Dr. Adrian	9	Rev. A. Parker	—
O. Chamberlain, not out	20	Rev. A. Mawson	—
H. Speckman, b. Fr. Placid	2	Mr. R. Robinson	—
J. Forsyth, not out	2	Did not bat.	—
Extras	8	Extras	8
Total (for 9 wks)	144	Total (for 5 wks)	103

July 18. Match v. Dancombe Park. The game started late and after a steady innings by O. Chamberlain, H. Chamberlain and Fr. Placid took the score to sixty-nine. The bowling was very accurate, and consequently sixty was slow, but, chiefly through W. Williams and Fr. Hildebrand, a total of 155 was reached for seven wickets, when our captain declared. The match seemed very similar to last year's, but the interesting conclusion then witnessed was not repeated to-day, only eight of the Hemsley wickets being down at the call of time. The fielding was good, Hardman making himself conspicuous by two fine catches.

AMPLEFORTH.		DUNCOMBE PARK.	
H. Chamberlain, b. Stockhill	... 32	W. Hutton, b. Barton	... 9
O. Chamberlain, b. Aydon	... 31	E. Trenam, b. Barton	... 10
E. Hardman, C. Hutton, b. Stockhill	... 1	J. Essex, b. Barton	... 0
T. Barton, b. Aydon	... 7	G. Barker, c. Hardman b. Barton	... 7
Rev. P. Dolan, c. Trenam, b. Foston	... 12	W. Robinson, run out	... 5
W. Williams, b. Stockhill	... 23	T. Cooper, c. Hardman b. Dolan	... 8
R. Heskeith, run out	... 12	C. Aydon, b. Lovell	... 5
Rev. H. Dawes, not out	... 22	A. Foston not out	... 11
P. Ward, not out	... 11	A. Aconley, c. Chamberlain	... 0
T. McElligott	... 21	R. Lovell	... 0
S. Lovell	Did not bat	W. Stockhill not out	... 1
Extras	... 23	H. Hoggart did not bat	... —
Total (for 7 wks)	155	Extras	... 16
		Total (for 8 wks)	78

July 22. Match against Bootham School at York. We won the toss and sent our opponents to the wickets. The first wicket fell with the score at seven, but eighty runs were added before the next wicket fell, and many bowlers were tried. The whole side was out for 178, and we were left only an hour and a half to make the runs. Thanks chiefly to a fine partnership between Barton and Williams, our score at the close of play was 236 for seven wickets, which certainly shows a remarkable rate of scoring.

BOOTHAM.		AMPLEFORTH.	
B. Priestman, c. Chamberlain, b. Williams	... 2	R. Chamberlain, c. Baker, b. Rowlands	... 41
D. Rowntree, c. Barton, b. Heskeith	... 29	O. Chamberlain, c. Priestman, b. Rowlands	... 17
R. Littleboy, c. Ward, b. Williams	... 0	E. Hardman, c. Walker, b. Littleboy	... 24
A. Thompson, b. Williams	... 49	T. Barton, c. Rowntree, b. Littleboy	... 18
F. Rowlands, b. Barton	... 49	W. Williams, c. Houghton, b. Thompson	... 42
M. Stansfield, b. Heskeith	... 2	R. Heskeith, b. Littleboy	... 4
P. Baker, c. Hardman, b. Williams	... 17	P. Ward, c. Smith, b. Rowlands	... 8
F. Smith, c. Williams, b. Lovell	... 8	S. Lovell, not out	... 5
M. Rowntree, b. Lovell	... 0	J. McElligott,	} Did not bat.
L. Walker, not out	... 0	H. Speakman,	
M. Houghton, b. Barton	... 0	J. Forsyth,	... 5
Extras	... 17	Extras	... 10
Total	178	Total (for 7 wks)	230

The second XI. played Bootham second on our ground. The visitors batting first made sixty-seven, Weissenberg taking four wickets for fourteen runs, and bowling ten maidens out of fifteen overs. Our seventh wicket fell at forty-five, but Neeson and

Jackson batted well, and had carried the score to 100 when rain stopped play.

BOOTHAM.		AMPLEFORTH.	
P. Barron, b. Weissenberg	... 2	C. Rochford, b. Woodhead	... 0
P. Sparke, c. Leonard, b. Weissenberg	... 2	R. C. Smith, c. Barron, b. Woodhead	... 17
N. Haughton, c. Millers, b. Weissenberg	... 27	H. Weissenberg, b. Woodhead	... 5
Z. Henderson, b. Weissenberg	... 0	P. Millers, c. Hamilton, b. Woodhead	... 0
R. Wood, b. Millers	... 7	W. Sharp, b. Woodhead	... 3
J. Hamilton, b. Primavesi	... 7	A. Primavesi run out	... 16
J. Jones, b. Millers	... 12	W. Wood run out	... 2
E. Payne run out	... 4	J. Jackson, not out	... 42
R. Woodhead, c. Smith, b. Primavesi	... 0	P. Neeson, not out	... 19
B. Douglas, not out	... 0	H. Farmer, } Did not bat	
S. Corder, b. Primavesi	... 1	T. Leonard, }	
Extras	... 0	Extras	... 4
Total	67	Total (for 7 wickets)	108

We are pleased to learn that the Secretary of the Vacation Cricket Club, which we spoke of in our last issue, has been successful in making arrangements for the coming holidays. The fixture card will perhaps interest our readers.

*Critical Cricket Club—Season 1905.*

DATE.	TEAM.	GROUND.
August 7.	Garston, an eleven	Garston.
" 9.	Limbeck	Chorley.
" 10.	Rev. F. Smith's Ushaw eleven	Garston.
" 15.	Fornby, an eleven	Fornby.
" 16.	Ormskirk, an eleven	Ormskirk.
" 17.	Liverpool, extra eleven	Alburgh.
" 18.	St Joseph's, Upholland	Wigan.
" —	Wallasey	Wallasey.

The members of the middle school have been exiles this term from their library, which has been inhabited by artisans of various trades. On returning to it they found it garnished and varnished. Fr. Joseph has had a new floor laid, composed of wood-blocks. The walls have been brightly repapered, and the whole room vastly improved.

In conclusion, we have once more to offer our sincere thanks to Mr. W. Taylor, Mr. Penny and Mr. Wyse for the encouragement they have given to the cricket by their generous prizes of bats and balls. The winners will not be known before we go to press, and will therefore be given in our next issue.

T. BARTON  
H. CHAMBERLAIN.

## Natural History Society Notes.

FR. PRIOR had promised to open this session of the Society, as he has done since our foundation, but was unable to attend. The Headmaster who was kind enough to take his place, gave us an eloquent lecture on the Love of Nature. He spoke of the good effect which an interest in the creatures that exist around us had upon the character. He laid stress on the distinction between the poet naturalist and the scientific naturalist, and advised us not to allow the former to be entirely forgotten in the latter. We should let the knowledge of what is curious and beautiful lead us on to the appreciation of what is beautiful.

Of the birds dealt with during the term, the Albatross claims first place, both in point of size and in majesty of flight. This bird, which well deserves its title of king of the sea, measures sixteen feet from tip to tip of its outstretched wings. Its beak is ten inches long and it can swallow pieces of meat four inches square. It pairs only for the season. One bluish-white egg is laid on the ground and mud is scraped up round it, to form a slight protection. The bird is never found north of the Equator. Mr. Sharp also told us of its wonderful soaring powers, how it holds itself suspended for hours above a ship, apparently motionless, literally resting on its wonderful wings.

Another bird which is interesting because of a strange use which it makes of its wings, is the Snipe. Fr. Placid described the habits of this bird, which nests regularly on the College ground. The nest is very similar to the Plover's and is little more than a slight depression in the ground. The young can run as soon as they leave the shell. But the most interesting point in regard to this bird is the strange noise which it produces, when circling in the air. The noise closely resembles the bleating of the lamb, and observers have long been uncertain how it

is produced. Fr. Placid asserted that his own experiences inclined him to believe that the noise was made by the peculiar vibration of the feathers, either of the wings or the tail, or of both. The noise is always produced whilst the bird is descending. It is very loud, being audible at some distance, even when the bird is flying so high as to be scarcely visible.

The Coot, which is often to be seen feeding not far from the Snipe, is also a local bird, being common on all the ponds around us. It may be easily distinguished from the waterhen by the blackness of its plumage, its greater size and the bare patch behind the beak. The coot is commonly reputed to be a "silly" bird. The very word coot in many parts of England is used as a term of abuse. In reality, as Mr. Barton said, the bird is very clever and wide awake.

One other waterbird, brought before us, was the Kingfisher. Mr. Hardman told us that this bird was now increasing in numbers and had returned to many places, in which it had previously been exterminated. The bird is very destructive to small fish and is a good diver. It makes its nest in a tunnel in the bank, arranged well above the high-water mark, and the eggs are laid on a structure of fish bones. These bones are ejected from the stomach. Among other birds which possess this power of ejection, the owls are perhaps the best known.

In his paper on Owls Fr. Hildebrand gave us a full of the owls in different parts of the world, but chiefly devoted his attention to the Brown Owl. It nests in holes in trees or rocks. The nest itself is merely a thin layer of soft feathers, and the eggs which are almost round, are chalky white in colour. This owl is of great use to the farmer because of the great numbers of mice and rats which it kills. The deep soft plumage has the effect not only of keeping the bird warm in winter, but also makes its flight almost noiseless, so that it can swoop upon its victims unheard. Its food is mainly mice and rats, though it takes young rabbits when it can, and has been seen to take sparrows that were roosting in ivy.

The sparrow, indeed, has few friends and Mr. Perry was unable to find many reasons why this bird should be protected. Its food is mainly grain, and the large flocks, that are so commonly seen, do a great amount of damage. It is, however, very fond of the



celery caterpillar, and the celery grower, at any rate, should always welcome it. The sparrow shows a great power of adaptation, and has long successfully resisted all attempts to decrease its numbers. It nests in any convenient situation, and though the nest, when sheltered, is an open structure, when the sparrow builds in a tree, as it often does, it constructs a fine nest, well-domed, with an entrance at the side.

Another bird that has many enemies is the Bull-finch, so called from its heavy build. Its nest is loosely built of twigs and lined with fine roots. It lays three times in the year, and would no doubt become very numerous if it were not that its fine plumage and great vocal powers cause it to be much sought after by bird catchers, whilst its great love of fruit makes the gardener its enemy. Some authorities however declare that it does good to the trees by pruning them.

Mr. Rigby treated of a bird that has no enemies. The Willow-wren is a shy bird that arrives in March and leaves in September. It feeds on insects. It is interesting to note that this bird was first distinguished from the chaffinch and wood-wren by Gilbert White. One clear difference is that the willow-wren has black legs. Its name is derived from the fact that the bird arrives when the willow is in flower, and these flowers form its food for some time. Later on, it feeds entirely on insects. Its nest is built on the ground and is a well-domed structure, thickly lined with feathers. It is not well hidden, and the eggs or young are often taken by the carrion crow.

The Carrion Crow is a bird of repulsive habits. It is of a very secretive nature, and inhabits thickly wooded districts where there is plenty of cover. The nest is made of sticks and twigs and lined with hair and wool. Very little in the way of food comes amiss to the carrion crow, from a weakly lamb to the eggs of a small bird. It is almost as cunning as the raven. The one redeeming feature in this bird is its attachment to its mate and its nest.

Often confused with the above bird, the Rook can easily be distinguished from it by the greyish skin under the neck and on the head. Mr. Smith told us much of the rookery and the laws by which it is governed. The farmer dislikes the rook because it uproots the young corn and the potatoes, but it does this to get at

the insects that would, if not destroyed, develop into terrible pests. In autumn and winter, though the rooks visit the rookery periodically, they do not sleep there, but generally in some wood or plantation, several miles away.

At this season, too, numbers of Sea-gulls may be seen in the fields here, though we are thirty miles or more from the sea, struggling with the rooks for the dainties turned up by the plough. The gulls, unless greatly outnumbered, seem always to gain the mastery. Mr. Hesketh gave us a full description of the various classes of gulls, including the common, the blackbacked, the lesser blackbacked, the herring and the kittiwake. The last is the prettily marked, swallow-like creature which is often well called the sea-swallow. He concluded with an interesting account of several of the gulleries that are found in many parts of our coasts.

From the birds we pass by an easy transition to the creature which forms their main food supply.

Of the Worm Mr. Arskell had much information to give us. Its body is made up of from sixty to one hundred and fifty rings, and it progresses by means of short stiff bristles which are set in two rows along its under side. Its heart extends along the whole of its body, but the brain consists merely of a few nerve centres round its mouth. It feeds mainly on decaying leaves, and is especially fond of cabbage stems. The worm plays a great part in the economy of nature. Its casts bring up fresh soil, and the burrows allow the rain to get down easily. Calculations show that there are on the average fifty-four thousand worms to the acre and that annually these bring up thirteen or fourteen tons of soil. It also forms the staple support of many birds and some animals, including the hedgehog.

The Hedgehog also eats snakes and eggs. The latter it places on the ground and grasps firmly by its forefeet. Then it bites a hole in the shell and sucks out the contents. The hedgehog seems to be impervious to poison, and attacks the viper quite fearlessly. The nest is well made and thatched so that it will keep out the rain. It is often placed in the roots of trees. Mr. Wood added that in eating snakes the hedgehog commences at the tail-end, and often before the snake is quite dead.

Only one species of poisonous snake is found in England and

that is the viper. Although the bite of this venomous creature is rarely fatal to man, it often kills sheep and cattle as they lie in the pastures. Mr. Williams described the difference between the viper and the common snake, and added, in answer to a question, that the blind-worm is not a snake and is quite harmless.

Whilst the snake is eaten by the hedgehog, the Fox, as Br. Ambrose told us, has an ingenious method of capturing the hedgehog. When the hedgehog is confronted by the fox in an open position, it promptly rolls itself up and in this posture is quite unassailable. The fox knowing this, rolls the prickly creature into the nearest water and when the hedgehog unrolls to swim, seizes and devours it. The hedgehog, however, forms but a small part of the fox's menu. It eats rabbits, hares, partridges, pheasants, and very few birds or animals come amiss to it. Perhaps its favourite dish is a wild duck. Br. Ambrose gave us a full description of the appearance and habits of this much-hunted creature, and told us many tales of the strange cunning with which it defeats its enemies.

One other animal was dealt with during the term, and that is the Frog, on which a paper was read by Br. Anselm. The frog is probably a survival from some far off age when dry land first emerged from the great waters. It is born and spends the first part of its life as a fish, in stagnant water. It is then called the tadpole, and breathes as a fish breathes. When its legs grow and it becomes a frog, it spends the greater portion of its days on land, though always in moist situations. Br. Anselm described the wonderful way in which the tongue of this creature is adapted to its needs. The root of the tongue lies in the forepart of the mouth and works on a hinge, by means of which the frog can dart it out at great speed and unerring aim. The tongue is covered with some adhesive liquid and the fly once touched by it cannot escape. The frog is so expert and the tongue moves so quickly that the fly seems literally to vanish from sight. The eye cannot trace its route. Frogs have been seen to leap three feet in pursuit of their prey. The great bull-frog of America can leap twelve feet. The frog changes its skin every few days. It is useful perhaps to remember that the croaking, like the cry of the woodpecker, is a sign of rain.

The Fly, upon which the frog feeds entirely, was taken as the subject of his paper by Mr. Kealey, who confined himself to the house flies. There are four kinds of these flies, the Larger, Smaller, Stinging, and Bluebottle. The eggs are laid in decaying matter and number about twenty thousand. They hatch in less than twenty-four hours. The larvae eat voraciously. They act as purifiers of the earth. At the end of a week the soft white skin of the larva change into a dark brittle case in which the real fly is formed. In another week the fly issues from its case. We were told that the fly can vibrate its wings three hundred and fifty times a second and can fly twenty miles an hour. The buzzing is produced by the vibration of hard particles in a hollow in the thorax. It is enabled to walk up walls and on ceilings by an arrangement of tubes in its feet through which it sends gum. On its twelve pads it has about fourteen thousand of these tubes. Its eyes are five in number, three simple on the top of its head and two compound on each side. The compound eyes have about seven thousand lenses each. The fly lives about eight days, but some hibernate. Small as it is, the fly has a red-mite which is its constant parasite.

The Ants were described to the Society by the Mr. Millers, who said that there were nearly a thousand species, of which thirty are found in England. He described the wonderful economy of their lives, the roads they make, the creatures they keep to give them mills, the corn they sow, reap and store away, and all the wonderful habits that have won for this minute creature the admiration of mankind.

As wonderful as the ants are the Bees, and Fr. Abbot gave us a practical lecture on these honey-makers. He told us first of the different kinds of bees, and of attempts which had been made to improve the strain of our English bee by breeding with others from foreign countries; then of the life of the bee in the hive, how the grubs are fed by the young bees, and how when need arises an ordinary grub is changed into a queen-grub by a change of diet. These august individuals are fed on what is called royal jelly. We were told how the bees swarm, and why and how the beekeeper prevents the swarming; interesting operations which lack of space prevents us from attempting to describe.

In answer to a question he told us that there was a stingless fly

which closely resembled the bee and used this resemblance as a means of protection.

This point was emphasised in the paper on Mimicry. Fr. Benedict said that mimicry in animals and plants can be divided into two kinds, the first causing invisibility, the second confusion with some different species. Insects are generally coloured so as not to be seen. He showed us several moths on stone which were very difficult to distinguish. Some, however, imitate the more dangerous insects like the bees and wasps.

Among many other instances, he alluded to the Cuckoo as an imitation of the hawk. He also passed round several plants which imitated nettles for self-protection.

Almost all creatures that have powerful enemies possess the power of mimicry in different degrees, and the lecturer pointed out how wonderful it was that these creatures, at once upon their entrance into life, should know how to use this power.

Br. Basil also gave us a most interesting paper on Peculiar Nests, but from the very nature of the subject we are unable to do more than mention it and the lively discussion that followed. Many of the nests described by the members who took part in it, were, as the lecturer remarked, very peculiar. One marked peculiarity was that they, almost without exception, came from America.

Fr. Dominic, changing his subject, gave us a paper on Ferments. Ferments, most minute creatures, which work a change in the nature of liquids so abhorrent to tectotals, are only just beginning to be thoroughly understood: for many years their very existence was unknown.

Br. Benedict was unfortunately prevented by illness from giving his paper on the Curlew, but we all hope to have the pleasure of hearing it next year.

In his lecture on Gurnards, Fr. Joseph said that the gurnard family includes both the gurnards and the bull-heads. These fishes are always of rather small size and are not powerful swimmers. They live on the bottom, near or not far from the coasts, and are found in all seas, arctic, temperate and tropical. They have two peculiarities, the breast fins are divided into three rays, and their use is similar to that of the fingers of man; secondly these fish utter sounds, resembling faint grunts. The use of these sounds is not understood.

May 7	Fr. Prior		
	The Rev. the Headmaster ...	"The Love of Nature"	
	L. Rigby ... ..	"The Willow-wren"	
" 14	Mr. E. J. Kealey, B. A. ...	"The Housefly"	
	W. Wood ... ..	"The Hedgehog"	
" 21	Fr. Benedict McLaughlin	"Mimicry"	
	H. Chamberlain ... ..	"The Bullfinch"	
" 28	Mr. D. J. W. Arkell, B. Sc. ...	"The Earthworm"	
	W. Sharp ... ..	"Albatross"	
June 4	Br. Benedict Hayes ... ..	"The Curlew"	
	P. Millers ... ..	"Ants"	
" 11	Br. Basil Mawson ... ..	"Peculiar Nests"	
	J. Smith ... ..	"The Rook"	
June 18	Br. Anselm Parker ... ..	"The Frog"	
	P. Perry ... ..	"The Sparrow"	
" 22	Fr. Hildebrand Dawes ... ..	"The Brown Owl"	
	W. Williams ... ..	"Snakes"	
" 25	Br. Ambrose Byrne ... ..	"The Fox"	
	R. Hesketh ... ..	"Sea Gulls"	
July 2	Fr. Abbot ... ..	"Bees"	
" 9	Fr. Dominic Willson ... ..	"The Glow-worm"	
	J. McElligott ... ..	"The Crow"	
" 11	Fr. Joseph Dawson ... ..	"The Gurnard"	
	E. Hardman ... ..	"The Kingfisher"	
" 16	Fr. Placid Dolan ... ..	"The Snipe"	
	T. Barton ... ..	"The Coot"	

## Notes.

SINCE our last issue, there has been another death among our oldest and most distinguished brethren—a death wholly unexpected and widely and deeply regretted, but which cannot have occasioned much surprise. Fr. Wilfrid Brown was one of those who during the most of his life stood close to the gates of death. He seemed to be dwelling in "the Valley of the Shadow." Only those who have lived with him know what a frail case confined his vigorous and enterprising spirit. His methodical habits everyone knew; how he divided up his time and made a rigid routine of prayer and work and rest and recreation. But only those will have realized the necessity of this regularity, who have witnessed the death-like pallor which came over his features when he worked too long at his desk, or sat too long at a council meeting, or walked too great a distance, or slept through exhaustion, or in any way wearied himself. In his College days, his favourite exercise was felling trees in the young plantations, and we have seen this gusty faintness overcome him for a moment, when in the heat of the work, he slightly overtaxed his strength. Nevertheless, one cannot doubt that, though he could never relax the care he took of his health, he lived heartily, and felt intensely, at times, the *joie de vivre*.

Few of our aged fathers have lived so actively in the present as Fr. Wilfrid. He had always something on hand. But, though he was not, in any marked way, a worshipper of the past, he will have seemed to the younger generations to belong to it. To some he still remained the prefect of their younger days, who, though long retired from office, still retained the look and voice of authority. We remember seeing the startled look of a 'caught' schoolboy come over the face of a middle-aged missionary, when the well-remembered "Now, then, there" in the old tones

sounded in his ears. By the way, we remember also how this favourite call to attention of our prefect puzzled Herr Von Tugginer. At a French class he asked his pupils the meaning of it, and when they translated it "à présent, a lors, là," the combination of words and ideas struck him as unspeakably funny.

Perhaps it was the lean, slightly-stooped figure and the tanned ascetical face which seemed to link Fr. Wilfrid with days that were gone. There was the suggestion, in his appearance, of one who had worked hard and endured hardship in his prime, and had reached the evening of rest. He looked like a veteran retired from service. But, in reality, he was young in hope and activity, and, in some respects, younger in mind and younger in sympathies than he had been in former years.

Fr. Whittle has spoken so eloquently of his many excellent qualities that it would be presumption to offer to supplement what he has said. But we should like to mention Fr. Wilfrid's gift of enthusiasm. It was this which made him so admirable a companion. He was singularly appreciative of artistic excellence of any kind—except in music. If he met with a good book, he would recommend it to every friend he met. A bit of genuine humour—it needed to be of good quality and well put—would keep the smile on his face for the whole of one of his long, lonely walks. He enjoyed a good story, and equally enjoyed repeating it. And what he liked once, he liked always. He was as staunch in his affections as in his beliefs. The devotion he showed to his old friend, Abbot Bury, was touching. He was a man who added to his experience, but never changed. It used to be said that he had modelled himself when a young man on the master for whom he had most respect, Abbot Bury, and on a dead man, the Duke of Wellington, who was the hero of his boyish imagination. But, even in mannerisms and small tricks of resemblance, we have never found Fr. Wilfrid like anybody but himself. He was too downright, as we say, to imitate anybody. He was always himself, and always true to himself.

May we call to the notice of our readers the neat, well-printed pamphlet, containing a portrait of Fr. Wilfrid and Fr. Whittle's sermon, which Mr. Hull of Brindle has published? Some may

wish to have copies for themselves and for distribution among friends. The prices are 3d. a single copy; six for 1/6; twelve for 2/6. They are to be had from George Hull, Hoghton Lane, near Preston, Lancashire, and any profits of the sale will be used as stipends for Masses, to be said for the repose of Fr. Wilfrid's soul. The Brindle congregation also wish to erect a Memorial Screen in their Chapel, and ask Fr. Wilfrid Brown's many friends in other parts of the country to join with them in this expression of esteem.

"Ex nihilo nihil fit." We have carefully gone through Mr. Nihell's Diary again, to see if we could find any further items that would interest our readers, and out of the 'infinite deal of nothing,' we notice only an Order of Studies which may or may not be of value. We print it with considerable misgiving as to its accuracy. Mr. Nihell heads the list with his own name. This look suspicious. He had been at school two months. Possibly he was older than his companions, and so was given an exceptional status in the College from the beginning. But it is just as likely that he assumed the dignity of head boy for his own satisfaction. He would probably have given himself the place of honour if he had been last in the School. However, we print the list, without prejudice, in his own spelling, but with the many blots and corrections removed.

## 1ST (CLASS).

R. Nihell  
R. Allanson  
E. Kelly

(Here there is a line drawn, presumably dividing the first from the second class.)

C. Phann (Rev. Christopher Austin Shann, O.S.B.)  
W. Hall  
J. Orrell  
Rd. Prest (Rev. Richard Ambrose Prest, O.S.B.)  
W. Hampson (Rev. William Jerome Hampson, O.S.B.)  
Pr. Greenory (Rev. Peter Ignatius Greenough, O.S.B.)  
J. Smith  
R. Warterton  
P. Allanson (Rev. Peter Athanasius Allanson, O.S.B.)  
W. Greenory

(J.) Shuttleworth  
(M.) Langdale  
Georg Kelly

## 3D. CLASS.

J. Orrell  
R. Rose  
C. Stourton (18th Baron Stourton)  
C. Gastaldi  
C. Clifford (Hon. Edward Austin Clifford, O.S.B.)  
J. Parsons  
Rd. Tyser (Rev. Richard Cyprian Tyrer, O.S.B.)  
M. Delauney

## 4D. CLASS.

S. Hospedales  
B. O'Brien  
T. Smelter  
T. Buckle  
F. Buckle  
(R.) Roskell  
G. Warterton  
Flinn (D.) (Rev. Henry George Flinn, O.S.B.)  
(G.) Henry  
H. Warterton  
(W.) Hutton

All the names in the list were known to us before and figure in our Ampleforth Lists. Several boys who, on other information, we believe to have been at College in 1816, are not mentioned. The absence of John Prest, who is described in the diary as making toffee, is sufficient evidence that the roll-call is imperfect. Notice that the compiler distinguishes the name of George Kelly, by writing the Christian name in full. From other evidence in the Diary we know that George was his particular chum. We wonder he did not add a few unnecessary letters in the spelling, instead of docking the e.

The front page of the diary is mutilated, and the first entries are lost. We are particularly sorry for this, as there is, or rather was, mention of a boy-king. The first words of the first four lines are:—"January"; "The King"; "dined out"; "last."

We are quite unable to fill up satisfactorily such large gaps. But "The King" is not likely to have had reference to George III. who never came into sufficiently close connection with St. Lawrence's to be only a line removed, in a boy's diary, from the words "dined out." If the King was named George, he must have been either George Warrerton, George Heary, or George Kelly.

We extract the following from the *Lytham Times* of May 5th :—  
LYTHAM URBAN COUNCIL.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN.

Lytham has always been fortunate in having as Chairman of the Urban Council a man of marked ability. The late Dr. Fisher, Councillor E. R. Lightwood, B.A., J.P., Councillor E. W. Mellor, J.P., Dr. Slater, M.A., L.L.D., all proved themselves worthy chairmen in every respect, and in Councillor Cockshutt, the new Chairman, we have a gentleman who may be relied upon to uphold the honoured traditions of the office.

Born at Preston in 1863, the son of Mr. Joshua Cockshutt, cotton spinner, late of Penwortham mill, Mr. Cockshutt had the advantage of being nurtured in a numerous family. Brought in daily contact with eleven other children, it is no wonder his disposition is militant. He is a born fighter—very advanced in his views and utterly fearless. His somewhat impulsive nature is calculated to create conflict occasionally, and there are some who have fears on this ground. Nevertheless he makes an excellent chairman, and can well guide and keep in hand any meeting.

Educated first at the Catholic Grammar School, Preston, and afterwards at St. Lawrence's, Ampleforth, York—one of the principal Catholic Colleges in England—he was articled at the age of eighteen to Messrs. Edleston & Sons, Preston, the principal of which firm was Ald. Thos. Edleston. An excellent training led up to Mr. Cockshutt passing his final examination in 1886, and commencing to practise on his own account. He quickly won a position for himself, and is now at the head of the firm of Messrs. Nicholas Cockshutt and Co., his brother, Mr. Jos. Cockshutt, and Mr. Chorlton Dunkerly being partners. Councillor Cockshutt is a member of the Incorporated Law Societies of London and Pres-

ton, Vice-Chairman of the Educational Sub-Committee for this area, and holds many other appointments. Eight years ago he came to Lytham, and during his six years' connection with the Lytham Council, he has been Chairman of the Streets and Beach Committee, and taken a leading part in the administration of town affairs. Mr. Cockshutt still practises as a solicitor, but in a few months will retire from the rolls and become a student of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, London. It appears that until Mr. Cockshutt retires from the rolls, he cannot take his seat on the Bench, but the disability will end with his retirement as a solicitor, and he will then take the oath, and become, we believe, one of the most useful of magistrates. Towards the close of the year, Mr. Cockshutt hopes to be called to the Bar, and join the Northern Circuit.

Mrs. Dawson has sent us an object of great interest—a handsome, richly carved side-board which was used as an altar during the days of persecution. It has been handed down in the family, and there is a tradition, though it is perhaps unfounded, that Fr. Arrowsmith, the martyr, said Mass at it. It has a receptacle inside for vestments and altar furniture. It is now used in St. Peter's, one of the chapels in the monastery. Our warmest thanks.

We have to thank M. Pécoul for kindly presenting to the library a copy of *Trevoux* "Dictionnaire universel Francois et latin," Paris 1771, in eight folio volumes. We have also to thank our constant friend, Mr. Milburn of York, for further and very handsome additions to our collection of pictures and engravings. He has presented us with four oil paintings, two of large size. Two of them are Madonnas, one a seascape, and the other an interesting and very well-executed allegory of the Siege of Paris, 1589. It is signed "Aekaa Van" and is dated 1675. We are indebted to him also for the gift of an engraving, "Pius V at prayer during the Battle of Lepanto: Joan: Parasinus del et pinxit; Desplaces sculptit, 1714." Louis Desplaces was an engraver of considerable eminence in the best period of French line work.

We are pleased to learn that at the meeting held under the Presi-

ency of the Earl of Derby, President of the University of Liverpool, on July 8th, the "Degree Day," Herbert Taylor received a First Class certificate in Architecture.—Our congratulations to him, and also to Leonard Rigby, who has passed his entrance examination of the Royal Institute of British Artists. We are pleased also to learn that R. Dowling and W. St. G. Foote have passed the examination in Intermediate Law.

In an old Greek syntax book with which we were once on terms of fluctuating familiarity, one of the sentences given to test our knowledge was couched in this form. "Xenophon has need of friends in order that he may have helpers." The connection made explicit in this sentence has been abundantly illustrated for us this term in the presentation of many valuable costumes prepared by our numerous friends for the production of "Hamlet" on the school stage. Our indefatigable Green Room manager, Fr. Maurus, is to be congratulated on securing very efficient first aid in the resuscitation of a department whose existence threatens, from time to time, to become merely ideal. Our first and best thanks are due to Fr. Abbot, without whose generosity our plays would be staged with a simplicity surpassing that of Elizabethan days. We owe our thanks also to Mr. W. Taylor. This generosity however would have availed us but little, had it not been for much kind assistance from several ladies. We are especially indebted to Mrs. and the Misses Powell for the Queen's costly robes, and for two beautiful little page costumes; to Mrs. Williams for Ophelia's very pretty dress; to Miss Corbisbley for the "customary suits of solemn black," and to Miss Dolan for her gift of Polonius' dress. "To all our thanks." Many of our readers, we hope, will see the play and so be able to judge for themselves. Lacking the dressmaker's art we must refrain from description of the costumes in detail.

We also desire to tender our sincere thanks to Mr. J. Pike, already well known to our readers through the numerous illustrations he has contributed to the *Journal*. The Stage Manager is anxious to acknowledge his great indebtedness to him for the sound judgments his artistic temperament has enabled him to form on several points of detail connected with the representation of the play.

Some Oxford jottings:—

Professor Ray-Lankester's visit to Oxford was a bolt from the blue. Under cover of the "Romanes" lecture he delivered a strongly worded attack on the University's educational system. Of course it was a logical result of his philosophy. He is an unblushing and downright materialist. Education must follow the lines of evolution. Only man is a rebel from nature, and nature is exacting her penalty in the shape of disease, and will exact a more terrible penalty if something is not done. This something is the study of the natural sciences, which will end in the elimination of disease and the perfect reign of man's power over the world. Present-day education, the conning of infinite lines of Latin and Greek and delving in the dirty records of the past (history), is little better than amusement, and as such should be put on one side till the more important education is accomplished.

"If you were going," said Glaucon, "to establish a city of pigs with what other fodder would you feed them?"

The tone of the lecture was such that many of his hearers would be still less inclined to vote for the abolition of compulsory Greek.

Prof. Bradley did not fail to give us his terminal lecture, though suffering from weak health. The subject was Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. He succeeded in giving us some appreciation of the noble outlines of Antony's character, his boundless generosity and impetuous sincerity, so different to the cool, self restrained, Octavius. Antony was fashioned in the mould of a broad humanity, he was a character such as we cannot help but love for its openness and straightforwardness. Octavius, compared with him, falls into the class of the notary of Arras, a man with fish's blood, who will never let heart outstrip reason, has a heart only when it is politic to make a show of it. Prof. Bradley touched too on the force and versatility of Cleopatra. Shakespeare had here again imprinted some of his own many sided power.

Lacordaire says somewhere that the thought of those countless and well-nigh forgotten generations that peopled the ancient

world disgusts him with his own time, which imagines itself to be making such a stir in the course of the ages.

It is a pleasure sometimes to be suddenly transported from the mightily important questions of compulsory Greek and optional science, college eights and reading parties, to some nation afar off,—one of those nations that God suffered in times past to walk in their own ways, to grope after a dimly seen Creator; busy too, as we are, but this time with picks and shovels and turquoise mines.

It was known that the ancient Egyptians—as far back even as the first dynasties—quarried these stones from the Sinaitic peninsula. It was however left to Professor Flinders Petrie to make a thorough Examination of the Egyptian settlements in Sinai. Prof. Petrie undertook this important task last year, and visited Oxford during the spring of the present year to tell of his discoveries.

His zeal appears to be indefatigable. All supplies had to be brought from Suez—a matter of five days camel-service; each day it was necessary for the little party, some thirty in number, to mount 800 feet to the plateau of Sarabat el Kladem before work could be resumed; no water was to be had within several miles. All these difficulties were probably shared by the old turquoise workers. In spite of this, the temple of the Egyptian goddess Hathor was thoroughly excavated and numerous inscriptions copied; Professor Petrie meanwhile keeping a sharp look-out for anything that might bear on the question of the Israelite sojourn there. These latter facts of course must needs be only general. By some clever arguments drawn partly from the flood-levels in the ravines, he showed the likelihood of the physical condition of the country having remained comparatively uniform throughout historic times. At present the country supports some five or six thousand Arabs, which Professor Petrie considers to be the extent of its capabilities. How then about the census given in the book of Numbers: 'Of Ruben the eldest son of Israel...46,500 &c.'? Many have felt the difficulty of these enormous figures, and like Professor Petrie are loath to consider them fictitious. The suggestion of the Egyptologist may then be a welcome one. He thinks it probable that the *aleph* taken, in the LXX, to represent 'thousands,' really meant 'families' or

'vents,' and that we should rather read:—'Of Ruben...forty-six families—500 souls, &c.' How far a similar method might be applied in other cases in the earlier books of the Bible, he left to others to decide.

Another little point of interest consisted in the numerous small stone pillars—"bethels" he called them—with which the neighbourhood of the Hathor temple abounds. The mere erection of a pillar is perhaps scarcely enough to connect it with that stone 'set up for a title' on which Jacob had lain his head, though they probably had some religious significance, as also certain other scattered remains in the same place. We have however seen many a small heap of stones set up on a sheltered slope under the Goremire cliffs which may some day puzzle the New Zealand archaeologist. Possibly he too will call them 'bethels,' little dreaming that they merely formed the somewhat unstable supports of a pewter luncheon plate.

Oxford has not been slow to recognise the worth of Dom Morin's researches in Patrology. The Maredsous Monk ever seems a welcome visitor at Oxford, and meets with a kindly reception in many quarters. The recent presentation of an honorary degree (Doctorate of Literature) is a fitting sequel to these friendly relations. We offer him our sincerest congratulations.

For most men who have not the ordeal of examination to face in the near future, and probably for some who have, the event of the summer term is 'Eights' Week.'

This year charming weather lasted throughout the whole time, and there were more visitors than usual. The continual round of amusements scarcely interrupts our daily routine, but we can well understand the growing agitation among lecturers and tutors, to have 'Eights' Week' postponed until the end of term.

It is rare nowadays to find anyone who apart from motives of asceticism would advocate a course of diet and of fasting such as is prescribed in St. Benedict's Rule. The reader of a paper at one of the Debating Societies on 'The Simple Life' seemed to favour it greatly. The eating of meat, he told his hearers, should be altogether given up. The main part of one's daily



food should be a pound of bread, a pint of milk and a quarter of a pound of cheese. But how is one to get up an appetite for such fare? It is quite easy to do—leave out a meal, lunch if you wish, but preferably breakfast. There was, however, one serious discrepancy between the proposed régime and that of our monastic forefathers, that the modern day does not begin until 9 a.m. Most of the audience, though they clearly found the views of the lecturer entertaining, did not seem at all inclined to try so severe a course of self-restraint.

Our Roman Letter:—Father President was in Rome from April 8th till May 2nd. He was received in private audience by the Pope on Holy Saturday. For about a quarter of an hour he was with the Holy Father, who granted many privileges to the Abbey of St. Gregory for the coming centenary celebration. The Holy Father looks well and has grown somewhat stouter during the past year, but the deepening lines on his face make him look much older and bear witness to the heavy burden of responsibilities that weigh on the shoulders of the successor of St. Peter.

The last of the papal ceremonies in St. Peter's this year—and they have been many—was the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, which was the concluding function of the Eucharistic Congress. It was especially interesting, as such a sight has not been seen since the taking of Rome, and could not be seen elsewhere. For it was impressive not only on account of the long, seemingly interminable line representing the various religious orders and congregations and all the different ranks of the hierarchy, which took over half an hour to pass. There was the colouring given to this representative gathering by the spirit of the place. There was the vastness and beauty of the great building, "of temples old, or altars new, Worthiest of God, the holy and the true." There are the memories that cling to the spot and unite past and present. The past—from the time when the valley, where now stands St. Peter's, resounded with the applause of thousands, gathered together to gloat over the human sacrifices offered to the god of pleasure; from the time when a handful of the faithful braved the torture and death that might await them, in order to hear the last words of the first occupier of the See of Rome, as he hung on the cross in the centre of Nero's great circus, knowing now the meaning of the Vision's words when it replied to his question "Quo vadis?" "Iterum

crucifigi."—that is the beginning of the Christian history of that spot. Its stream has flowed on through the centuries, and we, standing on the bank, see it sweep past us into the unknown future. And this venerable figure that is carried in to-day at the end of the procession, with head bowed reverently and with no thought for the tens of thousands that draw breath of very admiration at the sight—for he supports, on the portable altar before which he kneels, the monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament—this venerable figure is the link to-day between the the past and the future. The heart must indeed be dead and "dry as summer's dust" that is not stirred by such a sight. But the procession is not all. When the Blessed Sacrament has been placed on the high altar—which is ablaze with candles, the Holy Father intones the "Te Deum," and it is sung alternately by the Capella Sistina and the whole congregation. The voices of Maestro Perosi's chorists ring out clear and penetrating, and then the vast congregation takes up the hymns of praise. The effect is magical. Soft and low it begins, but quickly swells to a great volume of sound that swales the echoes in the dome above and in the farthest recesses, and then as quickly dies away, to give place again to the choir. So on to the end, to the confident, triumphal "In Te speravi, non confundar in aeternum." Towards the end of the "Tantum ergo," one hears the sharp word of command as the little papal army is drawn up ready to give the salute at the Benediction. As the Holy Father raises the monstrance there is a clash of arms, and high up in "the vast wondrous dome, To which Diana's marvel was a cell," the silver trumpets are heard. When the ceremony is over the great crowd soon spreads itself out over the piazza, and each of its members goes his way richer by one more memory that will make life pleasanter.

This ceremony may call to mind a passage in Carlyle's "Past and Present," which must always leave an unpleasant taste in a Catholic's mouth, however much he may be with the author in his forcible denunciation of all cant and sham. Carlyle thinks to have found a specimen of the grossest sham in that the Pope, during the procession on Corpus Christi Day, is represented as devoutly kneeling, whereas in reality he is comfortably seated—and this posture is skillfully concealed by a voluminous cope. The truth and its great exaggeration in this account were

apparent at the procession this year, when the same platform ("talamo") was used for carrying the Holy Father as has been employed on former occasions. It is true that, as the procession entered, it seemed as if the Pope were simply kneeling before the portable altar, but as soon as the baldachino was reached the platform was carried out uncovered, so that everybody could see its structure—such was the desire to leave the people under a false impression! Before the portable altar on the platform was a stool, on which the Pope knelt, and there was also a small chair with arms against which he could lean. An arrangement of this kind one could not but expect when the circumstances are considered. It would certainly be impossible for the Holy Father, at his age, to kneel unsupported for more than half-an-hour, on the platform, raised shoulder high and swaying slightly all the time, in spite of the care of the "sedari." Such is the reality which Carlyle has caricatured.

St. Anselmo has been honoured by having another of its professors elected a member of the Biblical Commission. Fr. Hildebrand Höpfl, O.S.B., our professor of Sacred Scripture, received nomination from the Pope through the Secretary of State. When Fr. Höpfl visited Cardinal Merry del Val to acknowledge the appointment, his Eminence spoke of the Church's need of good Scripture scholars, and laid special stress on the fact that those who would do useful and sound work in this line must have a solid and sure foundation of Theology. The high standard set before Scripture scholars by the Commission may be seen from the matter to be presented by those who would take the recently instituted degree in Sacred Scripture. It will be found set out in detail in the "Analecta Eccl." 1924, p. 344. There will soon be published an English translation of Fr. Höpfl's work "Das Buch der Bücher."

On the Wednesday in Holy Week, the Queen Mother, Margarita, paid an unexpected visit to Sant' Anselmo's. She visited the church and the monastery, and honoured English customs by taking afternoon tea before leaving. Her Majesty was at Monte Cassino for the Feast of St. Benedict last March, and a short time before visited Subiaco.

Those who feared still longer delays before the publication of the Vatican edition of the Gregorian Chant, will welcome the

news that the Pope has put the matter entirely in the hands of Abbot Pothier, who can now act independently. He says that he hopes to have the first part of the Graduale (containing the "Kyrie") ready by the end of this month, i.e., July. He is remaining in Rome, in spite of the great heat, to push on the work.

We have to record many mission changes. Fr. Cuthbert Pippet has gone to Lee House, Preston. Fr. Siegbert Cody has succeeded Fr. Pippet at Kirkmuirhill, Glasgow. Fr. Elphege Duggan has taken Fr. Cody's place at Canton, Cardiff. Fr. Vincent Corbisley has gone to Workington under Fr. Clement Standish, who is now Rector of the Mission. Fr. Placid Wray has been appointed to St. Iltyd's, Dowlais. Fr. Bede Polding has undertaken the charge of Maryport, Cumberland, and Fr. Basil Feeney has succeeded the late Fr. Willfrid Brown at Brindle, Preston. We wish each and everyone success in their new labours.

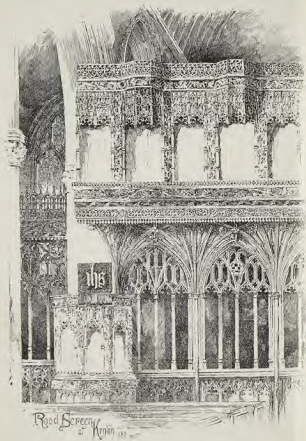
The Sacred Congregation of Rites has granted the Abbey permission for a Solemn Votive Mass of St. Lawrence annually on the Tuesday preceding August 1st. It is intended that this should in the future be the day of the Annual Exhibition.

The surplus money of the subscriptions of the Ampleforth Society has been used in providing a suitable glass case for the Relic of St. Lawrence. It is a handsome piece of work, with brass fittings and candlesticks, and surmounted by a cross.

We ask the prayers of our readers for the following Ampleforthians or friends of Ampleforth whom God has recently taken from amongst us: Monsieur Roulin, father of Fr. E. A. Roulin, soon, we hope, to be formally affiliated to St. Lawrence's; Albert Caferata, who died very suddenly on May 28th; Albert Turner, Fr. Theodore's eldest brother; Charles Aloysius Walker, whose brothers were educated with us; Mrs. Noblett, mother of Fr. Thomas; Mrs. Lillian Fishwick, the wife of our good friend Mr. John Fishwick, Treasurer of the Ampleforth Society; Mrs. Raymond Bradley. May their souls rest in peace.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St. Augustine*, *St. Andrew's Cross*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Bénédictine*, the *Duonside Review*, the *Georgian*, *De Maria-Groot*, *Bulletin de St. Martin*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Oscotian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, the *Ushaw Magazine*, the *Xaverian*, and the *Donai Magazine*.

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## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

VOL. XI.

DECEMBER, 1905.

PART II.

### Two Lives of St. Patrick.

THE history of the Apostle of Ireland is so remarkable, and his personality is a matter of such continued interest to multitudes of people, that it is not surprising to find books about him still multiplying. Two works, both of which were published in the month of October last, give the latest conclusions of two able men whose respective points of view are as widely apart as they can well be.<sup>2</sup> Professor Bury, Lord Acton's successor as Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, is entirely without Catholic sympathies. He tells us that his interest in the story of St. Patrick is purely intellectual, and that it was a matter of unmingled indifference to him what answer might be found to any of the ecclesiastical or national questions involved therein. From the pages of his book we can gather that his interest in Christianity itself is little more than purely intellectual. An attitude of this kind, although it leaves the writer of a Saint's life without that gift of sympathy which is so valuable in all that relates to religion, has at least this advantage, that it is not open to the charge of religious prepossession. One is glad, therefore, to find that Professor Bury's conclusions tend to show, as he explicitly states,

<sup>2</sup> *The Life of St. Patrick, and his place of history.* By J. B. Bury, M.A. London, Macmillan and Co. *The Life and writings of St. Patrick.* By the Most Rev. Dr. Healy Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin, M. H. Gill and Son, 1905.

"that the Roman Catholic conception of St. Patrick's work is generally nearer to historical fact than the views of some anti-Papal divines"—notably the Rev. Dr. Todd.

The chief purpose of Archbishop Healy's bulky volume, which runs to over 750 pages, is, we are told, to give a fuller and more exact account of the Saint's missionary labours in Ireland. The writer professes to have no new views to put forward. He takes the earliest lives, and with reverent solicitude, but with careful and sensible criticism, gives the "legend" as he finds it there.

The broad outlines of the history of St. Patrick are easily traced, and quite unassailable. He was a Roman-Briton of the West of the island, who, in early life, was captured in a warlike foray by an Irish tribe, and spent some years in Ireland as a bond-servant. Escaping from captivity, he made his way to Gaul, thence to Italy; whence returning towards Britain, he spent some years at Lérins. From Lérins he returned to his own kinsfolk in Britain. Soon, however, becoming convinced of his call to preach the faith in Ireland, he found his way back to Gaul, probably in order to prepare for his great work. After praying and studying under St. Martin of Tours and St. Germanus of Auxerre, he was ordained Bishop in Gaul, and in the sixtieth year of his age, crossed over to Ireland and began his apostolate. He is said to have died at the age of one hundred and twenty. Professor Bury, however, considers this age as merely legendary. He shows at some length how the story may have arisen from a computation based on a confusion of dates. He thinks that the weight of evidence points to St. Patrick's having been born in 389 and dying in 461—which would make his years only 72. Archbishop Healy concludes that we can take it as "fairly certain that his death took place on Wednesday, March 17th, 493." As the Archbishop, agreeing with Reeves and Todd, holds the tradition that he was 120 when he died to be one of the best authenticated facts of his history, he places his

birth in 373. Nothing but a minute comparison of half a dozen ancient sources, who furnish data of one kind or another in the chronology of his life, could justify any one in having an opinion of his own on this matter.

There is a difference, in the two historians before us, as to St. Patrick's visits to Rome. The usual account, as given, for example, by Canon Ryan in the life of the Saint published by the Catholic Truth Society, is that he went to Rome, probably from Lérins, during that time which he spent on the continent after his escape from captivity. Professor Bury thinks there is no evidence that he went to Rome at that time, but that he very likely was on his way thither, when the news of the death of Palladius caused him to be consecrated at once by St. Germanus at Auxerre, and to set out for Ireland. But he is of opinion that the chroniclers make it clear that he did visit Rome some nine years after the beginning of his Irish apostolate. Archbishop Healy accepts the common story that St. Patrick visited Rome before his consecration, and there received his mission from Pope Celestine. This Roman Mission of the Apostle of Ireland has been the central point of a stormy discussion between Catholics and Protestants. The "Trinity College" view is that there never was any such thing. Their arguments are only negative, and the Archbishop has no difficulty in disposing of them. As for Professor Bury, he holds that, as Palladius had been sent to Ireland from Rome, and as Ireland was thus, in principle, united to Rome as closely as any other Western Church, it is a matter of complete indifference, as far as the controversial question is concerned, whether Patrick was consecrated at Rome or elsewhere, and whether he ever personally visited the Holy See, by whose implicit authorization he took the place of Palladius.

There is one feature in the history of St. Patrick which will always be likely to puzzle the Catholic and to excite the scorn of the unbeliever—I mean, the excessive abundance of the miraculous element, as we find it even in the

earliest lives. Archbishop Healy says:—"Concerning the miracles related in most of the lives, the reader will form his own judgment. Some of the stories are, in our opinion, of their own nature incredible; others are ridiculous, and several are clearly inconsistent with Patrick's own statements in the Confession."\* As to Professor Bury, it need not be said that he rejects the miraculous altogether. The interesting question then arises—How can we account for the extraordinary and innumerable miracles which we find in the story of St. Patrick? Even if we admit that a personage like the Apostle of Ireland, in the course of a great apostolic career, may naturally be supposed to have been favoured by God with miraculous power, whence come the "incredible," "ridiculous," and "contradictory" stories which, it is admitted, occur in considerable numbers in the various versions of his life?

Father Charles de Smedt, speaking of the lives of Saints written in the Middle Ages, says that many readers are repelled by the large number of wonderful occurrences which one meets in these compositions. He gives three reasons for the prevalence of this feature in the mediæval legends. One is the childlike simplicity of the times. This means, of course, that people in those days really believed a great deal more than we do. The second is the habit of turning an allegory or a parable into a literal fact. The third, is an impulse of "piety" on the part of writers, especially those who wrote at second or third hand; piety or some other unwise reason—such as, let us suggest, the desire to write up a particular church or shrine.†

But I believe that the sound Catholic view would lead us to expect and look for the miraculous in a career like that of St. Patrick. We hold strongly that the gift of miracles has never ceased in the Church of God. The Christian dispensation, given to the world by the Incarnation, brings

\* Preface, p. iv.

† *Introducio Generalis*, Tract. iii, par. 2.

the supernatural so close to man, and is so intimate and so constant a bond between man and the Sacred Humanity, that it is quite natural to expect, when the circumstances require it, a visible and sensible intervention of divine power. The invisible triumphs of grace and the operation of the Sacraments, although wonderful, are not, in the proper sense, miraculous. But there is real miracle in the continued existence of the Catholic Church, in the unbroken line of the Sovereign Pontiffs, in the outward efficacy of the Sacraments, in the reign of the Blessed Sacrament, and in the triumph of obedience and of poverty throughout history. These things are not commonly spoken of as "miracles" because, although visible and sensible and beyond the powers of nature, they do not strike the senses as a single incident would strike them, but are made up of the incidents of a long duration of time. But a dispensation which includes these things, not as dead facts of bygone history, but as a living, acting and developing system, ruled and guided all through by the Holy Spirit of Jesus, would seem to admit without difficulty, and even to require, visible and outward interferences of the supernatural whenever a new and grave situation arose. Such occasions, we may suppose, would be the beginning of an epoch in Church history, or the moment of a notable increase of the Church's spiritual light. In other words, we may expect miracles when nations are to be converted, and when great spiritual leaders are vouchsafed to Christianity; and if Our Lord is most near to the humble and the simple, miracles are to be looked for with the greater certainty when the generation to which great things are granted is one in which the enlightening and attracting power of the miraculous would not be neutralised by pride or contempt. Thus, to say nothing of Apostolic and sub-Apostolic times, we have the miraculous element strongly marked in such lives as that of St. Frumentius, the Apostle of Ethiopia, of St. Martin of Tours, who saved Christianity in the Gauls as the Roman Empire was

relaxing its hold, of St. Columba and other Scottish Saints, and of the great Saxon missionaries in the seventh and eighth centuries. The lives of St. Anthony and of St. Benedict, the two names who above all founded Western monasticism and gave it its forward impulse, are also distinguished by frequent and notable miracles. And as there is no instance of the conversion of a people which is so absolutely the work of one man as that of Ireland, it would be strange and exceptional if we did not find miracles in the life of St. Patrick.

The miracles related in the history of the Apostle of Ireland may be distinguished into one or two well-defined classes. First, let us observe that miracles are found even in the very earliest of the Saint's biographies. Both the narrative of Tirechán (about A. D. 660) and the more formal biography of Muirchu, very little later, are full of what Professor Bury calls the legendary element—and they both claim, with evident truth, to have used sources of a much earlier date. Muirchu speaks of miracles "which are written elsewhere, and which the world celebrates by faithful tradition." We are not here, therefore, dealing with a late mediæval compilation, but with stories which were common in the century that followed St. Patrick's death. Next, we observe that the earliest sources say little or nothing of any miracles which took place before the Saint began his Apostleship of Ireland. The wonderful stories about his infancy and boyhood, among which are several that are very beautiful but also many that are childish, are clearly the invention of later times. At the same time, it is certain that there is a "miraculous" element in the *Confession* itself, which is undoubtedly St. Patrick's own work. St. Patrick states in the clearest terms that he was favoured by visions and messages from heaven. Thus when he was at home in Britain among his own people, after his captivity, he saw "in a vision of the night" the person he calls Victorious, who brought him what he calls the "Voice" or "Cry of the Irish people." It is admitted by all experts who have written on the

subject of such experiences that it is often impossible to be certain how far they are supernatural and how far the effect of a pious and excited imagination. But there will be no difficulty on the part of Catholics in believing that both the voices of his youth and the more elaborate and wonderful communications which the Saint is said to have had on Croagh Patrick and elsewhere, were, on the whole, true and genuine divine visitations, not to be accounted for by merely natural reasons.

In the apostolic life of St. Patrick by far the most striking miracles are those which he is said to have wrought in order to confound the Druids and to destroy their influence. This we should expect beforehand. The Druids of Ireland, says Archbishop Healy (p. 138), like those of Gaul, "were certainly priests; but they were also men of science, seers, musicians, and councillors of state." Professor Bury will not admit that the Irish Druids formed a sacerdotal class; he thinks they may be compared to augurs rather than priests (p. 76). But they certainly practised divination, and magic; and by reason of these pretensions, together with their possession of all the legal, literary and scientific knowledge of the time, they were both consulted and feared by the rulers of the Irish kingdoms. No conversions would have been possible unless the Druids were either won over or discredited. The type of the wonderful prodigies by which St. Patrick contended against this powerful interest is the extraordinarily picturesque history of the first Easter-day at Tara. The hill of Slane rises on the left bank of the Boyne, about eight miles from Drogheda. It was on the hill of Slane, probably within the ancient *rath* the traces of which are still seen, that St. Patrick resolved to light the Paschal fire for the first time in Ireland. Now Slane is about ten miles from Tara, which lies direct to the South. At Tara, on that very Holy Saturday, the High King of Ireland, King Loigaire—a name that was to play a foremost part in the story of Ireland's conver-

sion—was celebrating, at Tara, a festival which is called by some a festival of Baal, but which was more probably not an annual, but an extraordinary, gathering of princes, Druids and people. One of the ceremonial laws of this festival was that no fire should be lit on that evening in the King's dominions until the light of the royal fire should be seen on the hill of Tara. When the ritual moment came, and the King's fire was about to blaze over the plains of Meath, there was suddenly seen, far to the North, the strange and surprising sight of a rival fire already kindled. The King and the Druids saw the distant light, and when he looked to them for explanation, they said, "O King, unless this fire which you see be quenched this night, it will never be extinguished." Then, through the night, the King and his company, in nine chariots, drove across the plain to where the light was seen.

On reaching Slane, he would have put the Saint and all his followers to the sword. But the arm of the Lord was with St. Patrick. First the chief blasphemer was hurled into the air and dashed to pieces, and then a great darkness and an earthquake terrified the King's company and their horses, so that nearly all perished. The King went back to Tara, and St. Patrick followed him thither on the next day. Then the contest with the Druids began in earnest. The Druids, like the magicians of Egypt against Moses, seemed at first to be able to do all the wonders that St. Patrick did. But when the Christian boy emerged unscathed from the fire, and the Druid at the same moment was consumed by the flames, Patrick triumphed—and it was a triumph which opened the whole of Ireland, as far as Loigare's sway and influence extended, to the preaching of the Gospel. Occasions like this call for the miraculous intervention of Almighty God—for in that hour, as the Saint said, "The paganism of all Ireland was (virtually) destroyed," as the unhappy Druid was who represented it.

The visitations and calamities, often reaching to death

itself, which St. Patrick's words, on this occasion and others, brought upon the opponents of the Gospel of Christ, remind us of that other feature in his life which has often excited the condemnation of Non-Catholics, and, we may say, the surprise of Catholics themselves;—I mean, the frequency with which he "cursed" those who opposed him. The word is an ugly one, in modern English use. But we must beware of thinking that St. Patrick was in the habit of "cursing and swearing," as we use the words now. In a malediction there may be three things—the wish, the wrath or impatience, and the prophecy. When such a form of speech is attributed to our Blessed Lord, a malediction would mean no outburst of anger, but a prophecy which it was in His power to cause to come true. When such a thing is related of a Saint speaking under the Divine impulse, again there is no question of carnal anger or impatience, but, as with his Divine Master, there is a prophecy, and an effective prophecy. In the maledictions of St. Patrick, therefore, there is no evidence that there was any temper, unregenerate anger, or wanton wishing of evil. They were rather sentences, pronounced in the might of Jesus Christ, causing temporal calamity for the profit of the soul. St. Patrick is related to have "cursed" hostile chiefs and tribes. What he did was to pronounce and foretell that the chief would be punished by having no son, or successor, and the tribe by dying out. He "cursed" the Blackwater, and another river that impeded his progress, and a third when he fell in. I take leave to doubt some of these cases. It seems likely that this form of expression in the chronicles was often no more than a picturesque way of saying that the Apostle of Ireland was delayed or put out of his course. Archbishop Healy thinks it cannot be denied that Patrick was a man of "ardent temperament," and that he sometimes acted upon "angry impulse"—if all stories are true. But, as the Archbishop says of one instance, "the traditional narrative may express his impatience in stronger language than he really used." When we remember that the



chroniclers were dealing with one whose glory as a wonder-worker and a friend of God was a thoroughly established fact, we need not be surprised that they use expressions which can be safely used only of persons like himself. But it must be confessed there are here and there in the records some very graphic touches which look as if they were first hand; as, for example, where the Saint, in his chariot, comes across Bishop Olcan, who had weakly disobeyed him. Olcan threw himself on his knees in the narrow road and implored forgiveness. "Over him with the chariot!" said St. Patrick. But the charioteer protested, and the Bishop was let off with a promise that his cloister would have a hard time in the near future.

Of a great number of the minor miracles attributed to St. Patrick we can without hesitation say that they were pious exaggerations, or inventions. And we must not be too hard upon the inventors. They were not invented for dishonest purposes. Of a few, it might perhaps be contended that they look as if they had been made up in order to enhance the glory of, for example, Armagh. But the kind of invention of which I here speak is merely the putting a "miraculous" colour on what was probably a real incident. A lake, for instance, is said to have been dried up, near Ardagh, by the Saint's prayer. It is certain that the lake was dried up, but this can be accounted for by natural drainage. So the salubrious qualities which are said to have been acquired by wells, rivers, or particular localities, by his blessings, are frequently very doubtful, and where they are genuine may be perfectly natural. But the chronicler, in his enthusiasm for his Saint, did not inquire into the evidence. St. Patrick passed that way, and it seemed pious to credit him with supernatural power wherever he went. As I have said, it is possible that a simple people may have deserved and experienced a more continuous preternatural intercourse with the spiritual world than is vouchsafed to more sophisticated generations. I should not like to reject such a view

of St. Patrick's age, for it seems certain that here and there in the lives of the Saints, under special circumstances, the divine Power has shown adorable condescension to humble faith. But I think we must admit that history, or rather panegyric, was not always written as we have been taught by modern science it should be written. The idea was, to set down what "might well" have been true in fact, and what was really in true keeping with the main lines of the hero's career. It is certain, as Archbishop Healy points out, that a great proportion of the miraculous stories about St. Patrick must have originated in his very life-time. Even Professor Bury admits as much. "It is a common fallacy," he says, "that legends attach themselves to a figure only after a long lapse of time, and that the antiquity of biographies can always be measured by the presence or absence of miracles. The truth is that those men who are destined to become the subjects of myth evoke the mythopoeic instinct in their fellows while they are still alive, or before they are cold in their grave. . . . The myths which are significant and characteristic are nearly contemporary; they rise within the radius of the personality to which they relate" (p. 111). This from a man who is recognized to be a scientific historiographer, should go a long way to dispel the unwarrantable notion we so often find expressed in Protestant histories, that all "legends" of the Saints are the invention of the uncritical or dishonest chroniclers of the later Middle Ages. When we once convince ourselves that a miraculous story is really contemporary with its subject, or very nearly so, we may possibly, even so, find it necessary to discredit it; but the psychological discussion of the process of its formation becomes much more interesting than if we had to deal with the times when simplicity had given way to policy, and when a Saint's life was a valuable asset for purposes very foreign indeed to the Saint's spirit.

Archbishop Healy's book has one feature which will give it a particular value in the eyes of the Irish people,

and of all Catholics who travel in Ireland. Throughout the whole history and in all the legends, he has tried to verify the localities referred to. In doing this he seems to have spared no pains; he has most carefully compared the names and narratives of the chroniclers with modern names and conditions, and travelled everywhere. He says that he has not only thoroughly studied Colgan's great work, but "has, when practicable, personally visited all the scenes of the Saint's labours, both at home and abroad, so as to be able to give a local colouring to the dry record, and also to catch up, as far as possible, the echoes, daily growing fainter, of the once vivid traditions of the past." Not only has he given brilliant descriptions and careful identifications of such places as Armagh, Croagh Patrick, Slane and Tara, but there is hardly a little church, or a rath, or a hill, or a stream, in anyway related to the journeys of the great Missionary, about which his observation does not enable him to say something vivid and fresh. Professor Bury's work will be useful for those who wish to put St. Patrick' in his place on the wide stage of the history of Europe in the fifth century; although the Professor's philosophy of Church history is very weak and incomplete. The Archbishop's contribution to the glories of the Saint will be a manual for every Irish priest, a guide to every Catholic visitor, and a national record, for the use of the present generation, of traditions which no doubt vary in their value but which as a whole Ireland cannot afford to forget.

† J.C.H.

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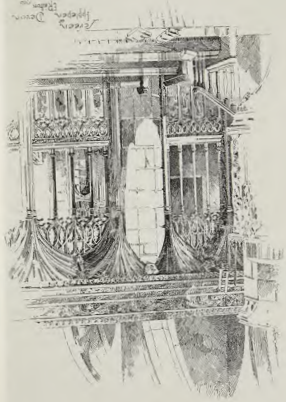
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## On Some Devonshire Screens and the Saints represented on their panels.

*A paper read before the Guild of St. Gregory and St. Luke, at  
Archbishop's House, Westminster, April the 25th, 1905.*

The very name of Devonshire calls up to the mind visions of rare beauty, of blood-red cliffs, clothed in golden gorse mirrored in deep-blue waters, of ferny combs and lanes buried between high hedgerows studded with primroses and violets, of rivers like Dart and Teign foaming down over barriers of rock, or spreading out into peaceful estuaries, of whose broad expanse boat white-winged pleasure-boats, of lofty jagged fens seen from afar over miles of purple moor-land, or again of smiling valleys covered with orchards, and studded with thatched farmhouses, whose old cobb walls, huge chimneys, and quaint porches take you back to the days of Raleigh and Drake.

But to the ecclesiologist Devonshire has yet other attractions, which vie with its natural beauties, and make it a very paradise of joys. Who can forget the excursion where each turn of the lane brings a new scene of beauty, where ferns and flowers tempt one to linger at every step, and yet one must hurry on, for the plain Perpendicular church tower that one sees on the hill-top in the distance is known to stand guard over some unique and lovely specimen of mediæval art? The country round Tornew, for instance, is as fair as any in Devon, and at the same time none is more



rich in carved and painted rood-screens of extraordinary beauty and interest. Holne Chase is perhaps the most lovely scene that even the Dart can show, and its church has treasures which alone it would be worth going miles to see. The most romantic scenery of Dartmoor, wild as it is, has yet its ecclesiastical glories at Widecombe, Manaton, Lustleigh and Bovey. The splendid oaks that surround the immemorial home of the Courtenays, seem to form a fitting prelude to the glories of Kenton and Kenn. And from thence, if you will scale the heights of Haldon you will descend upon the entrancing beauty of the Teign valley, a beauty that is none the less delightful because it shelters such churches as Ashton, Bridford, Hennock, Chudleigh and Christow with their painted screens, and Doddiscomb-leigh with its wonderful fifteenth century glass. Again in North Devon, what can be more lovely than the park-like country between CREDITON and BARNSTAPLE? And here studded about on the hill tops on either side of the river, you will find churches containing gems of carved wood-work not to be surpassed, such as are the screens of Lapford, Chulmleigh, Coldridge, Colebrook, and above all of Atherington.

Or again smothered among its cider orchards you will find lovely Plymtree, and thence may pass on to stately Cullompton and old-world Bradnich, and Kentisbere with its screen of unequalled beauty.

And it is of some of these Devonshire screens that I wish to speak this afternoon. I can make no claim to be an expert. I can only speak of what I have seen, and what I have picked up from others who have more right to speak. I will not detain you with tracing the genealogy of the rood screen, or showing how its ancient pedigree may be traced back to the veils of the Tabernacle of Moses. This has been carefully done already, and I need only refer to Pugin's famous essay and to some admirable papers by Mr. F. Bligh Bond read before the Devonshire Association in 1902 and 1903, and before other learned societies. Suffice it to say that the screens of



AVETON GARRONS.  
South parclose screen.

which I am about to speak, are all of much the same date, and bear a certain family likeness.

With few exceptions, they seem to date from about 1450 to the Reformation, or roughly speaking they were made during the last hundred years before the change of religion. Not of course, that there were no screens before this date. Our forefathers could no more have imagined a church without a screen, than they could have one without an altar. There are still a few earlier specimens left in Devonshire, but they are few, and the reason no doubt is that in the fifteenth and early sixteenth century there was an extraordinary outburst of church-building in Devonshire. Nearly all the churches there were either rebuilt or very extensively remodelled at this period. An Early English and early Decorated building like the great Collegiate Church of Ottery S. Mary, is so rare as to be a phenomenon, and even this has its "Dorset aisle" of splendid Perpendicular. The influence of Henry VII. which was very great in the West Country, and the breathing space of peace after the desolating civil wars may account in great part for this phenomenon. And as the local stone used in building these churches was exceedingly hard and difficult to work, it is not surprising if the Devonshire craftsmen turned their attention principally to wood-carving. They had their native oaks at hand in abundance, and this most noble material was most nobly used. It is perfectly astounding to think of the amount of magnificent work that was thus turned out in a comparatively short time. Isolated screens here and there, such as the glorious one at Kenton and a very curious group of screens at Coldridge, Colebrook and Brushford, have been ascribed to foreign workmen, the former to Flemish and the later to French carvers. But the vast majority were the work of West Country men, and the phenomenon was by no means peculiar to Devonshire. The Somerset and Cornish craftsmen were just as hard at work during this period.

There must have been regular schools of carving, and perhaps bands of craftsmen went from parish to parish as they were needed. It has been suggested that these schools were under the superintendence of certain monasteries, such as those of Buckfast and Tavistock. In examining the paintings I have found, here and there, distinct traces of Cistercian influence; and it is to be regretted that at present we know so little of the way in which these works of English art were produced.

And here it must be said that the quality of the wood-carving is as a rule far superior to that of the paintings. There is nothing in Devonshire that will in the least compare with the splendid paintings on the East Anglian Screens, such as Ranworth, Cawston and North Walsham, where the Saints are depicted with extraordinary skill, and the decorations are often of raised gold, with most delicate patterns painted on a surface of moulded gesso. But for fine bold carving, maturity of design, and virility of execution, I know of nothing to equal these Devonshire screens. They are the glory of the churches they adorn; the first object on which the eye rests when entering; they exhibit at once a richness of detail and a splendour of conception which make them even now in their mutilated condition, a joy to behold.

But let us try to form a conception of what these screens were in their pristine beauty and entirety. They are usually of great length, (Uffculme the longest has 17 bays) being continued right across the nave and aisles, with three sets of double doors. They exhibit as a rule a series of fenestrations of elaborate perpendicular tracery, divided by moulded mullions, from the heads of which spring the moulded ribs of the groining. The fillings between these ribs, are as a rule filled with sunk tracery, but occasionally they are embossed with foliage or fruit (such as pomegranates) carved in low relief, and in the latest screens they are embossed with heads, *putti* and other most delicate Renaissance detail,



such as at Lapford and Atherington. The beauty of effect caused by this groining cannot be exaggerated. It spreads out on both the east and western sides of the screen, and thus supports a wide loft or gallery, which also runs the whole width of the church. This loft was enclosed by parapets both on the eastern and western sides. Alas the only specimen left to us, is that at Atherington. Here, though the exquisite canopies remain, the paintings and carvings of saints which formerly covered its western front have disappeared and have been replaced by Elizabethan texts and coats of arms. Formerly the front galleries of these rood-lofts must have been rich beyond expression. The patron saints of the parish had their images here, and between the statuettes were paintings from the Holy Scriptures or the Legends of the Saints. These so-called "superstitious carvings and paintings" on the rood-lofts seem to have been the principal cause of their destruction.

The beams which supported the parapets, however, still remain. They are most elaborately carved, divided as a rule into four or at the least three tiers of what Mr. Bligh Bond calls "vignette enrichment," divided by beading and enriched by crestings at top and bottom. At least one of the tiers of this enrichment takes the form, as a rule, of a vine ornament, very elaborately carved with grapes, leaves and tendrils, the tendrils taking most intricate forms which often recall the old interlaced patterns so common in Celtic ornament. Indeed Mr. Bond thinks that this interlaced tendril ornament shows strong traces of Celtic influence, and that the oldest British tradition has thus been perpetuated in the latest form of West country art.

Above the parapet of the rood-loft, rose the Holy Rood itself. There is still a most precious relic left at Cullompton which is nothing else than the *Galgotha* from which the Rood sprung. It is unique in England. Mr. Hems says that it has evidently been carved out of the buts of two oak trees, measuring 6ft.

6in. by 1ft. 6in. by 1ft. 9in. high, and 6ft. by 1ft. 6in. by 1ft. 9in. high respectively. The wood is carved to represent rocks, with skulls, cross thighbones and shoulder blades upon them. The mortice hole cut to take the central cross is 7in. and 4½in. on plan. There are also mortices for the statues of Our Lady and St. John, as well as for other attendant figures, probably Seraphim. I think however that it is quite possible that the two thieves were represented on this screen, as they often are on Breton rood screens. Sometimes the Holy Rood stood on a detached beam above the rood-loft, and at other places it rose from the rood-loft itself. At Cullompton, high up above the rood-loft is an ornamental rood-beam supported by angels. It is now surmounted by the royal arms. The Rood which rested on the Golgotha on the rood-loft, did not of course stand on this beam, which is placed far too high. Its purpose however is revealed on viewing it from the east, for on its eastern side is still to be seen the iron stay that helped to steady and hold the great crucifix beneath. This however was not all. As a rule the Devonshire churches have no chancel arch. The rood-loft served as sufficient structural division. Where however there was a low arch, the rood-loft covered it, and the Rood had for its background the wall above the arch. But where there was no arch, and so no wall, the whole space between the rood-loft and the roof was very frequently boarded up, and this barrier from the rood-loft upwards, which may be called the *tympanum*, served as a background for the Rood and its attendant figures.

The tympanum was painted, very often with a fresco of the doom, as in the specimens still existing at Wenhampton in Suffolk and elsewhere. After the Reformation the tympanum was used for painting up the Ten Commandments, &c., ordered by Queen Elizabeth's commissioners to be set up at the east end of the church (i.e., of the nave not of the Chancel, where it could not have been read). The only tympanum now left in Devon is in a disused church at

Parracombe in North Devon. It has the Commandments, &c., painted on it. All the others have fallen victims to iconoclasm, some in quite recent days.

Try then to imagine a Devonshire parish church. The screen glowing with gold and colour, its lower panels illuminated with saints, supports the loft, which in turn supports the Rood. Tapers are set on candlesticks along the parapet or



LEW TEENCHAER.

the rood-beam, an altar is often standing in the loft before the great crucifix, and a lamp invariably burns there. Behind the Rood with Mary and John and the Seraphim, are seen the frescoes on the tympanum. From the loft it would seem that in some churches the Gospel of the Mass, was sung on high feast and sometimes sermons were preached from there. At Blackawton in Devon sermons are still preached from the rood-loft or were until quite re-



cently. The rood-loft also held the village musicians, and no doubt the small organ, when the church could boast of one. Note too that the Devonshire screens are far less open than the East Anglian ones, e.g., Cawston, Ranworth and Worsted, for in Devonshire the traceried heads of the fenestrations are invariably sub-divided by mullions or standards. They are in fact complete perpendicular windows in form. The East Anglian screens as a rule have no mullions.

Another feature of the Devon rood-screens is yet to be noted. This is the enrichment of the roof which is often found over the place where the Rood stood. A very good example may be seen at Lapford, though the frightful modern restoration of the chancel arch and roof has greatly spoil the general effect of this fine feature. Another fine specimen can be seen at Hennock in the Teign Valley. The panelling of this part of the roof is painted blue, and the elaborately carved ribs and bosses are picked out in gold and colours. The bosses generally take the form of golden stars.

At the Reformation the rood-lofts with the Holy Rood and its attendant figures were destroyed by order. It would appear however that in out of the way parts of Devon, many of the lofts remained intact till comparatively recent times. That at Marwood was taken down in our own day; and indeed the eastern parapet of the loft is still intact. At Totnes and at Kentisbere, and probably elsewhere, the school children sat on the rood-loft, and no doubt the kicking of their active little feet helped to wear out the carved parapets and thus to bring about their destruction.

The various fortunes of the Devonshire rood-lofts can be traced in the accounts of churchwardens of which those of St. Petrock's, Exeter are a good example. Thus in 1458-9 (Henry VI) we find the entry, "Item, Ale during the time of setting the rood-loft, and for le gaderyng de la stonys, 3d."

1472-3 (Edward IV) "Item, To Walter Abraham, for making a seat in the Rodelofte when playing on the orgonys, 7s."



UGBOROUGH.  
South parclose screen.

1473-4 (Edward IV) "Item, To Robert Bery, for making tapers for the Rodeloft this yere, 17d."

1482-3 (Edward IV—Edward V) "Item, For kervyning (carving) of a new pagent for the Rodeloft, 3s."

1547-8 (Edward VI) "Item, For taking downe of Roode and for making clene of the Church, xvi d."

1555-6 (Philip and Mary) "Item, To John Hill, in part payment for the Rood Loft, £10. Item, for breaking holes in the walls to lay the beams for the new Rood-Loft, 2s. 2d."

In the second year of Elizabeth, the Royal Commissioners "decreed and ordained that the rood-lofts as yet being at that day aforesaid untransposed, shall be so altered that the upper parts of the same with the sollar be quite taken down onto the upper parts of the vaults and beams running in length over the said vaults, by putting some convenient crest upon the said beam towards the church, leaving the situation of the seats, as well in the choir as in the church, as heretofore hath been used."

Then were to be witnessed all over England horrible scenes of profanity, in which the holy images were pulled down with ropes, and burnt on the village green, the carved rood-lofts going to make bedsteads for the squire or parson's family, or as in one parish in Lincolnshire to make a summer-house in the parson's garden. Here we find the concise record in St. Petrock's accounts.

1559-60 (Elizabeth) "Item, To a carpenter for taking down the Rood and the Pagents upon the Roodloft, 10d. For stoppying up of the rode lofte dore 10d."

Mr. Hems quotes an old song

"They plucked down the rood from the skreen,  
And flung to the moles and the bats,  
Then capered like goats on the green,  
And toss't up their greasy old hats—

Too-ral-loo."—

Those who neglected to fulfil the commands of the new head of the church were in danger of getting into trouble.

Thus at South Tawton the parish-books contain the following noteworthy passage.

"Here followeth the accompte of John Burne, hed warden of the paryshe of South Tawton, made in the yere of our Lord 1563 and in the Vth yere of our soverayne Lady Elizabeth queyne of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc.

Item, Payd for the excommunicat of my men, because the Rode lofte was nott taking down . . . iii s. v. d.

Item, Payd for John Burnes excommunicat and his ryding thether . . . ii s.

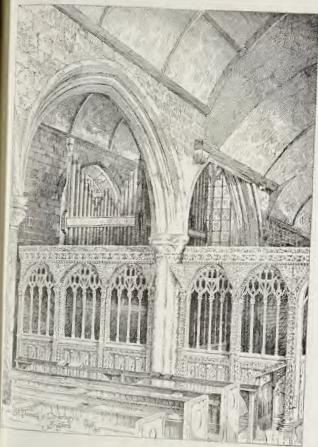
For the takinge down of the Rode Bordes . . . xii d.

Im. Paid for twystes and nales for the Rode loft door . . . xiii d."

But even Elizabethan Iconoclasts never dreamed of such an enormity as demolishing a Gothic Church altogether of its screen. That was left for the modern ambonoclasts of the nineteenth century.

As to the number of screens still left in Devonshire, Mr. Hems gives "a very imperfect list" of sixty-seven churches which still possess fine old screens, twenty-nine more have fragments of wood-screens left, usually the lower panels, or perhaps some parts of the carved work made up into pulpit or reading desk. At Tor Brian the communion-table is made up of magnificent fragments of the carved panels of the rood-loft parapet.

Twelve churches only, so far as is known, had stone screens of which the finest example is Totnes dated 1459-60; and Mr. Hems gives a sad list, which is yet but incomplete "of no less than eighty Devonshire churches that apathy, greed, ignorance, fanaticism, or right down willful wickedness respectively or combined, have deprived of their chief glory and pride—their carved oak fifteenth-century screens." Most of these were removed by so-called restorers in the nineteenth century. That at Ashcombe (St. Nectan) was sold by the Rector in 1820, that at St. Sidwell's, Exeter, destroyed by the



restoring architect in the same year and so on. In a few cases modern zeal has done its best to repair the faults of the past. Thus at Lew Trenchard the Rev. Sabine Baring Gould has erected a new screen and loft, from the design and from the fragments of that destroyed by his grandfather in 1833. The same thing has happened at Littleham near Bideford, (with loft, tympanum and rood) and at Mary Tavy; while at Thurlestone the people are now collecting to replace the grand old screen of which they have been robbed. At Aveton Gifford the fragments of the parclose screen, of very very remarkable beauty, have been rescued from the parson's cider cellar, put together again and re-erected. They are shown in the illustration.

Still more remarkable, at Kenton and at Staverton the rood-loft with its parapets has been restored, at Ipplepen and Broad Hempston, the groining has been replaced, and at Kenn and Dartmouth the Holy Rood itself has been re-erected.

Mr. Bligh Bond in his paper read before the Devon Association in 1903 gives a catalogue of about 200 Devon churches which still contain screens or fragments of screens. Even this list is not quite complete. He does not for instance mention the screen at Bickington, a village between Ashburton and Chudleigh. He divides the screens up into groups, according to style.

- (1) There is first the early fourteenth century type.
- (2) The ordinary Perpendicular type, found all over Devon.
- (3) The Kenton type which presents a marked superiority of detail without departure from type. The illustration (*frontispiece*) will show the magnificence of Kenton screen better than any words. The detail is said to be the work of Flemish carvers, and it was erected during the episcopate of Bishop Peter Courtenay, (1478-1486), whose monogram and rebus it bears. In the jambs of the central doorway are tiny figures of the twelve apostles, while a modern statue of our Lady crowns the apex of the arch. The

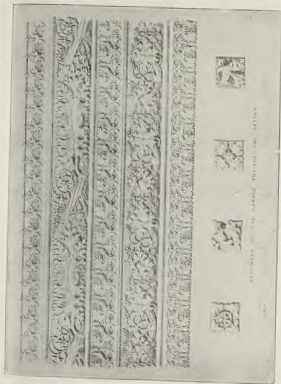
new work has been left unpainted while the old retains its original colours, and thus one can see at a glance the date of every part. The canopy work of the rood-loft had been nailed on to the top of the screen to form a cresting, and this can still be seen in the N. and S. aisles where the loft and groining have not yet been restored. The whole work has been carried out with admirable care and skill by the late Mr. Herbert Read under the direction of Mr. Bond and under the general supervision of the excellent Rector the Rev. W. S. Bingham, who is himself no mean antiquarian. He intends to finish the work and restore the Rood; and when this is finished, Kenton will be without a rival in Devonshire.

(4) The enriched Perpendicular type of which the screens at Hartland and Buntington are representative. Wide central mullions run up through the tracery of each fenestration into the apex, a feature which is also seen in the Lapford type of screen. The spaces between the ribs of the groining are filled with embossed panels of foliage and fruit.

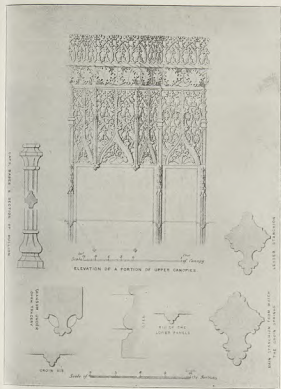
(5) The Exe-Valley type, of which the prototype is the exquisite screen at Kentisbere and of which Bradninch, Pinhoe and Plymtree are good examples. The tracery at Kentisbere is most delicate and elaborate. No two bays are alike, while in most of the screens there are not more than two designs at most. Small tilting shields appear in the tracery as at Bradninch and Feniton. Bradninch is, however, disfigured by a bad modern cresting.

(6) The Halberton—Uffculme variety, of which I cannot speak as I have not visited these screens. Uffculme is the longest screen in England, 67ft.

(7.) The Dartmouth type. This has a distinct character of tracery, confined to the churches of the neighbourhood. They have ogee canopies with carved crockets and finials over each pair of lights under the arcaded heads. The panels under the transom are also remarkable. The screens of Ugborough, Portlemouth, and Chivelstone, are good specimens of this type. I have already mentioned that the Rood



BUCKINGHAM SCREEN.  
Detail of canopies.



ATHERINGTON SCREEN.  
*Detail of Canopy Work in the roof-loft.*

and the figures at Dartmouth are restored. They are however very poor figures, made, I believe in Ober Ammergau. Mr. Hems tells a good story about this Rood which was re-erected on Holy Cross Day, 1891. "An aggrieved parishioner appealed, and an ecclesiastical suit was the result, which ended in the worthy Vicar being ordered to remove the obnoxious Rood. During a recent visit I was surprised to see the Cross and its three figures in place again. "How's this?" I enquired of the sexton, "I thought the Rood was ordered by the court to be taken down?" "So her was, sur," was the prompt reply, "her was tooked down to orders. Then us up and put en back again, and there her be!"

May we not hope that such may yet prove to be the history of another rood-screen and Rood, which once graced a Cathedral not so far away from this place, until it was removed *not* by Protestant ambonoclasts?

(8). "The Bridford type, which is a highly enriched variety of late Perpendicular, with an admixture of foreign influence." The Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury at Bridford has a most beautiful screen, as the illustration shows. The detail is of a Renaissance character, and the ancient colouring is most soft and pleasing. The screen is remarkable for the small carved and painted figures, which take the place of the usual paintings on the lower panels. It is said to date from 1508 and the pomegranate of Arragon appears upon it. This church, like that of Hennock, stands on the summit of a steep hill, overlooking the valley of the Teign.

(9). Mr. Bligh Bond makes a ninth division, "the Lapford type of Semi-Renaissance screens." For myself I cannot see that there is much distinction between this and the last division. The screen in the Church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Lapford, is one of those that most delighted me. It ought to be better known. The screen is uncoloured, the oak having gained the most beautiful light grey tint. In general treatment this screen greatly resembles

the more famous one of Atherington, which must be considered *facile princeps* in Devonshire. The two churches are only separated by a few miles. The mullions in one of the nave lights are cut for the insertion of a seventeenth century reading desk, which has, alas, disappeared in a recent restoration.

At Atherington the curious mixture of pure gothic with Renaissance detail will be particularly noticed. This wonderful screen only extends across the north aisle, the nave having an earlier type of screen without loft. It is said to have been removed from a domestic chapel at Umberleigh. It is also uncoloured, and has been restored by Pearson. It has been much disputed whether the Renaissance detail which suggests Italian workmanship, is really by Devon sculptors. I myself see no reason why it should not be. There were pattern-books to copy, and the general design and framework of the screen is altogether English. Mr. Bligh Bond has made some careful drawings of details of this wonderful screen, especially the cornices and the canopies of the rood-loft, and these his kindness permits me to show.

(10) The last remaining division with which we need trouble ourselves, is that of a small but very remarkable group of screens, in the churches of Colebrook, Coldridge and Brushford in Mid-Devon. Here there certainly seem to be strong traces of French influence. The first two screens are parloises. The treatment is strongly suggestive of French *flamboyant*, with its flowing tracery filled with the most delicate fretwork of similar type, resembling the finest lace. I have chosen Colebrook as an example, because it is in the best preservation. At Brushford, however, a very similar screen has a unique character, because it is not a parloise, but a rood-screen. The church is small and aisleless, and the screen divides the chancel from the nave. Over the central doorway, which has a flat ogee crocketed canopy of the late French type, may be seen the pedestals which originally





supported the Rood, Mary and John. There can never have been a rood-loft, and Mr. Bond thinks that the screen dates either from the reign of Henry VIII. or from that of Philip and Mary.

Before ending this part of my paper, I must devote a word to the very remarkable screen at Lustleigh. It belongs to the Bridford type; and Mr. Bond says it is quite unique, being most certainly a Post-Reformation screen and not intended to support any rood-loft. Much of the detail is Renaissance in character but perhaps the most singular feature is found in the small figures of choristers and deacons occupying the places usually allotted to saints. These confirm the date as being Post-Reformation." I cannot altogether agree with this verdict. The detail does not seem to be any later in character than that of the Pre-Reformation screens of Lapford and Bridford if it be indeed so late. The figures on the panels are very similar to those found at Bridford, of which we saw the date was 1508. The mullions too are carved with pomegranates, which suggest, as they certainly do at Bridford, an allusion to Catharine of Arragon.

It is true that there is no groining, and that the screen seems complete without a loft, still a loft there must once have been, as the rood-loft staircase remains intact. Possibly the top of the screen was remodelled in Elizabethan days? And even if the rood-loft staircase was made for an earlier screen, we have seen at Brushford that a screen without a loft does not necessarily imply a Post-Reformation origin.

DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

*(To be continued.)*

## Of the Pronunciation of Greek.

Of ancient Greek, gentle reader. And by ancient Greeks. For it were vain to dispute of the pronunciation of ancient Greek by modern Anglo-Saxons. Vain as the debate in the Parliament of Atlantis to determine the pronunciation of French to be used in the elementary schools of that kingdom. The first clause dealt with the pronunciation of *je sais*, and it was seen at once that the existing traditions were too strong to be uprooted; for, while the majority were resolved at all costs to enforce *gee sweiss* as the only legal pronunciation, the minority declared that they would wreck the bill rather than accept anything but *jay swiss*. Appeal was made to the single prehistoric Frenchman who heard the debate,—a time-traveller, doubtless, or else born out of due season; but he was at once brushed aside as a visionary when it was found that he gave no serious consideration to the arguments of either party; having some pronunciation of his own to recommend. So the bill was dropped, and to this day doubtless *gee sweiss* and *jay swiss* divide the schools. And some hold that it is better so; for had either prevailed, doubtless they would in time have believed that their French was true French of Paris; which were great pity. But now they do each other the same good service as our rival schools of Greek pronunciation; for while each proclaims that the others are wrong, they speak for the truth and are worthy of all encouragement.

Professor Goodwin tells us that "no one could now pronounce a sentence of Greek so that it would have been intelligible to Demosthenes or Plato." And many such

authoritative statements we find in our grammars, weighted with the names of learned men. Doubtless these statements are the fruit of much research, and patient study of all the evidence; the studies themselves will be hidden away in journals of Philology, and Classical Quarterlies, after the custom of learned men; and only the results are set forth in grammars for the common run of students. But unfortunately, while the evidence for the learned men is hidden, there is a considerable quantity of superficial evidence that meets the mere student at every turn and will not be ignored; and in this case it all points to the directly opposite conclusion,—namely, that modern Greeks use exactly the same pronunciation as did ancient Greeks, and that if Plato or Demosthenes met a present-day Athenian, it would take him some time to discover that he was not a contemporary. A startling suggestion, certainly; and mark well, the evidence here given is merely surface evidence, scraps noted on many a wayside; and even if all be good metal worth weighing, yet it does not prove the proposition but only points to it as probable. Therefore, O Learned Man, if you have read thus far, smile rather in pity than in scorn, and give us assurance that all these details have been considered and explained in forming the received doctrine.

To be sure, it is little likely at first sight that any pronunciation should continue unchanged so long,—two dozen centuries at least, and such centuries! Latin has had in them its iron, golden and silver ages, and died early; and its daughter tongues have reached a venerable antiquity; one third of those centuries passed before English was born, and O what changes English has seen since then! But this is in the changing West; and Greek partakes far more than we think of the changelessness of the East. From Homer to the modern newspaper the change is scarcely more than from Chaucer to Shakespeare. You would expect Chaucer to find Shakespeare fairly easy; but would you set him at a modern newspaper? Money markets, football reports, would be out

of the question; try him with a leading article or a foreign correspondent, and still he will be puzzled with new words and new shapes of old words. But imagine a modern newspaper in the hands of Plato or Demosthenes. *Νέον Ἀστὺ*. The 'New City,' would not trouble him, though he might be puzzled by the headline, *ἡ Ἀθήνη, παρασκευή, 28 Δεκεμβρίου 1901*. What is this preparation? he would not guess that there is a 'Parasceve' (Friday) every week; and 28th December would also need explanation. But turn to the body of the paper. Here is news from Berlin; *ἡ παραλλήλιος* has been making a spirited answer to a recent attack on the German army—*ταῖς προσφάτοις ἡμέραις τοῦ Τάγματρός*.

'Tamperlain' of course is the Rt. Hon. Joseph, then no tariff-reformer, but Colonial Secretary, the Colonial Secretary; and he had been saying things about the German army, *ὅτι ἡ γερμανικὴ στρατὸς διέπραξε πολλὰς ὑμῶντας κατὰ τὴν πόλιν τοῦ 1870-71*, that it committed many cruelties during the war of 1870. Is there anything in that sentence that should be unfamiliar to Demosthenes, or even to Homer himself? Declensions and genders of nouns, conjugations of verbs, government of prepositions, all are unchanged; order of words and idioms are just what they were. 'Our Sydney Correspondent' becomes 'The in-Sydney-of-Australia our correspondent,' exactly as in a second form theme. It is true that further reading reveals some changes; *αἰὼς* is shortened to *αἶν*, *ἀνά* to *νά*, *μετά* to *μέ*; *ἰστίς* has disappeared, and is replaced by *ἴσῃ*,—if indeed *ἴσῃ* was not always there in colloquial speech; is it not the *ἴσῃ* of *ἴσῃς*, *ἴσῃς*, which we are taught to decompose into *ἴσῃς ἴσῃ*, *ἴσῃς ἴσῃ*? But these are trifles, which do not mar the general resemblance suggested by the above quoted sentence; the turn of the sentence may be modern, but the bricks and mortar of which it is built, the grammar and accidence, are what they were. You can use these quotations to illustrate your ancient rules—how the compound adjective *προσφάτους* has no feminine terminations,—the business of *ἴσῃ* in oratio obliqua,—how *κατὰ* with the accusative expresses 'in the course of the war.'

If time changes the language so little, there is no presumption that it must change the pronunciation; rather if there be any presumption at all it is the other way.

Let me suggest another presumption before going into details. For, good patient reader, there is a shadow between us, a shadow of coming trouble; you do not mean to be beguiled into studying the details of modern pronunciation, and I am trying to lure you on so that you may find that the effort is past and over before you are aware of it. Recall, then, the kinship of Latin and Greek, and the numerous words and forms that were pointed out to us as proving their common origin;—such as the nominative plural endings—*ī*—*ae* in Latin, —*ai*—*ai* in Greek; *vīnum* is Greek *αἶν*, *vide* is Greek *ἴδῃ*. There is little resemblance, as we are taught to pronounce them; but get a modern Greek to read these forms and he will sound the vowels exactly as the Latin forms were sounded in Ciceronian times. He sounds —*i* and —*u* as an English child names E and A. Now see the difficulty this raises if the ancient pronunciation really differed from the modern. The Roman wishing to say 'with wine' said *vīno*, pronouncing it 'we gnaw' (as he called *vini vidi vici* way knee, weedy, wee key); the late Greek with the same thought likewise said\* 'we gnaw,' though he spelt it *αἶν*. And these two identical sounds are the inherited forms of some forgotten sound in pre-Pelagic times, on the tongue of the common ancestor of Greek and Roman. There was the same sound at the beginning; there is the same sound at the end; the presumption is that they have been alike all the time. Yet Dr. Gow tells us that the Athenian of 370 B.C. called *vīno* 'Owen O,' not 'we gnaw'; in which case the one original must have developed on diverging lines till 370 B.C., and then the lines must have again converged very rapidly. Quite possible, of course; but it would be much easier to believe if it only happened once instead of regularly. *Vide*, look, is another instance.

\* Or rather *vī gnaw*, the initial *w* (digamma) being lost.

The Roman said 'wee day'; the late Greek  $\omega\epsilon$ , 'ee they,' (for his b's and d's are soft like a Spaniard's) or, reviving the digamma for a moment, 'we they,' practically the same as the Roman's 'wee day.' The ancient Greek had three words to pronounce, all formed from this stem,  $\omega\epsilon$  look,  $\omega\epsilon\omega$  he saw,  $\omega\epsilon\omega\omega$  he knew; and Dr. Gow says he pronounced them 'id a, aid a, owe a day, which are certainly fairly divergent forms of one root. But in the mouth of the modern Greek they are all sounded practically alike, 'ee they'; for to him  $\epsilon$ ,  $i$ ,  $u$ ,  $o$ ,  $\omega$  are all *ee* vowels. It would seem therefore that here again some instinct has led the modern to correct the divergencies of his forefathers and bring back the three forms to their original unity. But—if it were not for the authority of the learned men—how much easier to believe that they have remained alike from the beginning.

Besides these mere probabilities and presumptions, there is a little positive evidence to be got from such trifles as the mistaking of words, and the transliteration of words into other languages. These are easily understood if the ancient pronunciation was like the modern; if not, they need explanation. Take some of those *ee*-vowels,  $\epsilon$ ,  $i$ ,  $u$ ,  $o$ ,  $\omega$ . Pronouncing them practically alike, it is easy to understand such variant readings as  $\delta\epsilon$   $\tau\alpha\upsilon\varsigma$   $\kappa\alpha\rho\delta\iota\alpha\iota$   $\omega\mu\acute{\alpha}\nu$  which occurs  $\omega\mu\acute{\alpha}\nu$

in the Didache of the Apostles, x 2. Or a little below x 4  $\delta\tau\iota$   $\delta\upsilon\kappa\alpha\rho\iota\varsigma$   $\epsilon\acute{\iota}$   $\sigma\acute{\upsilon}$  where the MSS. vary between either  $\sigma\alpha$   $\acute{\nu}$   $\delta$ ;

word and both. Thucydides tells of a prophetic line that was current when the plague fell on Athens in the Peloponnesian war:

Cometh a Dorian war, and during it cometh a  $\lambda\omega\mu\acute{\alpha}\nu$ . And men disputed was it  $\lambda\omega\mu\acute{\alpha}\nu$  plague or  $\lambda\omega\mu\acute{\alpha}\nu$  famine; and at that time, naturally, 'plague' prevailed. 'But if hereafter there be another Dorian war, and during it there happen to be a famine, I imagine that they will sing the line accordingly.' Dr. Gow would make the two words 'lea moss' and 'lo a

moss;' but the confusion is much more intelligible if both were pronounced 'lea moss,' as a modern pronounces them, with a difference as slight as between the French *eu* and *ou*.

When Greek words are spelt into Latin, these letters are represented by an *ee*-sound (Latin *i*). In our breviaries we find both Paracletus and Paracletus; the former being the *old*, and preserving both the Greek vowel-sound and the Greek accent,  $\pi\alpha\rho\acute{\alpha}\lambda\epsilon\tau\omicron\varsigma$  paracletus.

So we have  $\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\iota\sigma\alpha\iota$   $\acute{\iota}\mu\alpha\varsigma$   $\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\iota\sigma\alpha\iota$   $\acute{\iota}\mu\alpha\varsigma$ ; in neither word is there anything to suggest the change of  $\epsilon$  into *i* except that they had the same sound. These of course are late examples, from Christian times; Euxine is early enough, in which the Latin *i* represents the Greek *ei*,  $\epsilon\acute{\upsilon}\xi\iota\mu\omicron\varsigma$ .

In Latin *v* appears sometimes as *y* (Kyrie, syntax), sometimes as *v* (evangelium). This *v* of course has the German *w*-sound, as in *veni, vidi, vici*; the  $\epsilon$  has the *ee*-sound that it has kept in all the Romance languages. Now these are exactly the sounds of *v* in modern Greek; when it comes between two consonants it is *ee*, when between two vowels it is *w*.

I fear the reader will not love all these *ee* sounds; they are not majestic. Think of the direful clang of the silvern bow, echoed as we used to think in the sounding line; alack and alack, for the modern will read it

$\delta\omicron\upsilon\tau\acute{\iota}$   $\delta\epsilon$   $\lambda\alpha\lambda\alpha\gamma\eta$   $\gamma\acute{\iota}\nu\epsilon\tau'$   $\acute{\alpha}\rho\gamma\epsilon\iota\omicron\varsigma$   $\beta\alpha\upsilon\alpha$

thee knee they clang ye, yenet are year AEO VEO.

Was it not Allan Quatermain who heard a scholar reciting, and though understanding nothing was yet inspired by the surge and thunder of the Odyssey? We do but dream, dear reader; as though one should hear Racine and Victor Hugo on the lips of a pupil of the jee-Swiss school, and fancy he felt grandeur or lyric sweetness.

Dans cette terre où l'on ploie  
Sa tente au déclin du jour,

Ne demande pas la joie ;

Contente-toi de l'amour.

Contenty-toy, dear reader ; we shall do better to pronounce a language as its people do : our poluffoisboio pronunciations would have had no majesty in Homer's ear.

As mentioned already, the modern  $\delta$  and  $\beta$  are soft as in Spanish ;  $\delta\iota\iota$  is then,  $\delta\delta\iota$  is (bleavy). This will account for the spelling of Chamberlain  $\tau\omicron\delta\iota\mu\epsilon\tau\epsilon\lambda\lambda\omicron\sigma$ , a transliteration exactly paralleled in classic times ; Thucydides'  $\Lambda\mu\eta\kappa\alpha\omicron\upsilon\omega\tau\epsilon\iota$  became Ambraciots, not Ampraciots. In 370 B.C. however, as Dr. Gow mentions, these letters were sounded like English  $h$  and  $d$  ; so that the softening must have taken place since. When, is not clear—Victoria now becomes  $\beta\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}\rho\iota\mu\alpha$ , just as Victor became  $\beta\alpha\kappa\tau\acute{\alpha}\rho$  in Eusebius, and David  $\Delta\alpha\delta\acute{\iota}\delta$  in the New Testament. And there arises here also the difficulty of divergencé and convergencé ;  $\beta\iota\iota\omega$  and  $\upsilon\iota\iota\alpha$  began life together, and they are together still as far as the  $v$ -sound is concerned ; but in 370 they were far apart. The same is the history of  $\beta\alpha\iota\omega$  and  $\upsilon\alpha\delta\omicron$  ; and in each case the estrangement and the reconciliation fell out at the same periods.

As to  $\delta$  there is one detail to be explained. Before a rough breathing mutes are aspirated, in all Greek from Homer onwards ;  $\acute{\alpha}\nu\tau\acute{\alpha}\delta\omicron$ ,  $\mu\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}\delta\omicron$  become  $\acute{\alpha}\nu\tau\acute{\alpha}\delta\omicron$ ,  $\mu\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}\delta\omicron$ . But you will never find this fate overtaking a  $\delta$  ; no change is made in  $\acute{\alpha}\delta\delta\acute{\alpha}\tau\epsilon$ . Why not ? The modern pronunciation gives an obvious explanation ; the  $\delta$  is not changed because it is an aspirated letter already (*they*). But if this is only a modern development, some other explanation is needed for the classical practice.

Perhaps, indeed, no explanation is needed, if Dr. Gow be right in his interpretation of the aspirates.  $\acute{\alpha}$  was not our *th*, but the German,—a real *t* followed by a real *h* ; as in *hothouse*. On this theory doubtless the  $\acute{d}h$  in  $\acute{\alpha}\delta\delta\acute{\alpha}\tau\epsilon$  was like the  $\acute{d}h$  in *redhead*, and it would have been meaningless to change the spelling, since the pronunciation was unchanged. Only, was it not equally meaningless in that case to change

the spelling of  $\acute{\alpha}\nu\tau\acute{\alpha}\delta\omicron$ ,  $\mu\alpha\tau\acute{\alpha}\delta\omicron$  ? But give the theory a fair trial ; practice pronouncing  $\phi$   $\acute{h}$   $\chi$  as in *uphold hothouse, deckhouse*, and then attempt to put two of them together as the Greeks did in  $\delta\lambda\iota\phi\phi\eta\delta\iota\lambda\iota\chi\phi\eta$ . For example, when you have uttered the *h* in *uphold*, break off suddenly and immediately take up at the *t* in *hothouse*, so that you say up-h | t-house. What tongues and what ears they must have had, to deliberately and systematically put in that first *h*, not as a gymnastic exercise, but as more euphonious and easier to pronounce. And these were the classic ancestors of our present smooth-voiced velvety-vowelled Greeks ! Would not you like to have heard them say  $\delta\phi\delta\phi\eta\tau\epsilon$  ?

The reader has been warned that these are merely scraps of evidence noted by the wayside, pointing to the unlikelihood of any great change of pronunciation between ancient and modern Greek. They may be summed up in three sentences :—in such a conservative language any great change is unlikely ; doubly unlikely that great changes have corrected each other, first wrenching apart kindred forms and then reuniting them ; and lastly, an unchanged pronunciation gives a very natural explanation of many linguistic details. On the other hand the learned are convinced that a great change has taken place, having in their vast researches, doubtless, taken account of these among their other facts. But it would better satisfy the unlearned if besides defining the truth they would add the reasons that have convinced them.

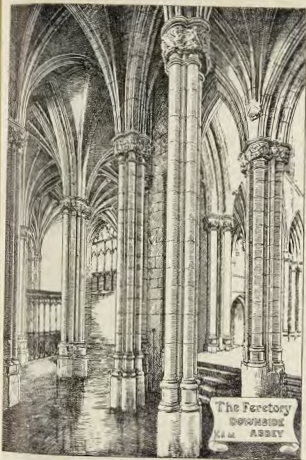
## The Pronunciation of Latin.

A LARGELY-ATTENDED and influential conference was held in the hall of Exeter College, Oxford, in November, to discuss a question which is certainly of special interest to Catholic scholars; namely, whether any reform, and if so what, should be introduced into the pronunciation of Latin as at present in vogue at Oxford and Cambridge, and the great majority of schools and colleges throughout the country. Mr. Farnell of Exeter, who was in the chair, dwelt in his opening speech chiefly on the practical need for English Latinists coming more into line in this respect with Continental scholars, who were at present debarred from anything like easy oral communication with Englishmen in the Latin language. He pointed out that the first thing was, of course, to ascertain if the general sense of the meeting was in favour of any change; and if so, they could then vote on the question of the scheme of reformed pronunciation, as drawn up in detail by a joint committee of the Oxford and Cambridge Philological Societies. The meeting, as it turned out, was almost unanimously in favour of a change of some kind; and Professor Postgate of Cambridge then gave a résumé of the suggested changes, which were certainly fairly comprehensive. The English pronunciation of the vowels was entirely discarded, and each vowel was to be pronounced according to its proper quantity, in a way very similar to that in use on the Continent. As to the consonants, *c* and *g* were to be always hard, *v* always pronounced as *w*, and *j* (initial) like *y*; and the *r* (as in *morlem*, etc.) always sounded

or trilled. The diphthong *oe* was to be as *oi* in *boil*, *au* as in *fiavto* (Italian) and *ae* as in the Greek *ai* (nearly). Double consonants were to be pronounced separately, as in the modern Italian use. Professor Robinson Ellis, and others who spoke subsequently, laid much stress on the archaic, academic, and historical correctness of the proposed changes, which they thought would bring the pronunciation of the language as near as possible to that in use in the Augustan age. Fr. Oswald Hunter Blair, without disputing this rather bold assumption, brought the discussion back to a practical point, by suggesting that to adopt the proposed pronunciation of the *c* and *v*, at any rate, would rather hinder than advance the desired facility of intercourse with Continental scholars; as in not a single European country would the word *vici*, for instance, be intelligible if pronounced as *weeki*. He suggested that the meeting might vote on the suggested vowel changes, leaving the question of the consonants at present an open thesis. Mr. Godley of Magdalen (the Acting Public Orator) and others strongly supported this view; but it was resisted by the philological experts, who wished the whole scheme adopted or rejected *en bloc*. It was finally accepted by a majority of those present; and it was agreed to acquaint every classical teacher in Oxford and Cambridge with the result of the voting, and to endeavour to elicit a further expression of opinion, as far as possible unanimous, in favour of the proposed changes. If the older Universities agree to adopt them in lectures, private tuition, and public and official orations, one can hardly see how the other colleges and schools can avoid following suit; but of course it remains to be seen how far the interesting result of the Exeter conference will be accepted by Latin teachers and scholars throughout England.

## The Making of an Abbey Church.

SOME of the guests, travelling across England, at the hospitable invitation of the Abbot and Community of Downside, to take part in the Centenary Celebration, may have had with them the newly-issued September number of *Harper's Monthly*. If so, they can hardly have helped being struck with Mr. W. D. Howells' impressions of Exeter Cathedral. Exeter began, according to the received opinion, as a Benedictine Abbey Church and was transformed by Edward the Confessor into a Cathedral, when he removed the Episcopal See from Crediton. Mr. Howells says of it: "No wise reader will expect me to say what were the sculptured facts before me or to make the hopeless endeavour to impart a sense of the whole structure in descriptions or admeasurements. Let him take any picture of it, and then imagine something of that form vastly old and dark, richly wrought over in the stucco to the last effects of tender delicacy by the miracles of Gothic art. So let him suppose the edifice set among leafless elms, in which tattered rooks' nests swing blackening, on a spread of close greensward, under a low welkin, where the clouds break and close in a pallid blue, and he will have as much of Exeter Cathedral as he can hope to have without going there to see for himself; it can never otherwise be brought to him in words of mine." In similar fashion, we may be permitted to say of Downside Abbey church: no wise reader will expect us to do for it what Mr. Howells dare not do for Exeter Cathedral. Sculptured facts cannot be pictured in words. Let the reader take any recent photographs of the building—those in the



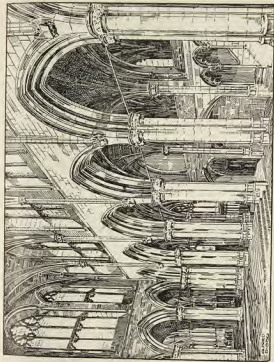
sixpenny guide will serve the purpose admirably—and imagine something of the kind, not “vastly old and dark,” but richly new and white, with crisp tracery and delicate clean-cut mouldings, and let him suppose surroundings less romantic than at Exeter but quite as delightful, with the beauty of the open country in place of the Cathedral close. There should be a feeling of roominess associated with the Abbey church;—the close greensward stretched out until it loses itself in a wide, grassy landscape; the trees, beech instead of elm, in masses standing at some distance; the tattered rooks’ nests swinging in an adjacent shrubbery; the monastic and collegiate buildings holding themselves respectfully aloof. Then, let the reader choose a welkin to his fancy and do as he likes with it. He may swear by it with Nym or summon it to dance with Sir Toby; he may make it blush or roar, or crack, or resound, or be amazed; he may make it high or low or black or blue, but if he takes our advice he would make it such a day or days as we were favoured with at the celebration,—warm sun, cheerful blue sky, the luxuriance of late summer in the flower-beds, and some touches of autumnal gold and brown in the foliage. When he has done this he will have as much of Downside Abbey church as he can hope to have without going there to see it.

Mr. Howells goes on to say: “Neither, without standing in that presence (Exeter Cathedral) or another of its kind, can he realize what the ages of faith were. Till then the phrase will remain a bit of decorative rhetoric, but then he will live a meaning out of it which will die only with him. He will feel, as well as know, how men built such temples in an absolute trust and hope now extinct, but without which they could never have been built, and how they continued to grow, like living things, from the hearts rather than the hands of strongly believing men.” Gregorians will read this passage with sympathy and understanding, and in the main with agreement; but they have a just right to challenge the statement that this ‘absolute



trust and hope' is now extinct. Not as 'a bit of decorative rhetoric,' but as an unvarnished truth they have a right to assert, that it is only in such an absolute hope and trust their great church has been or could have been built by them. It may be true that our modern Gothic architects and artisans have not the same faculty of expressing in their designs and work, with the same force and feeling, the faith and love that is in their hearts, but though we may build less skilfully, we do not build less sincerely in these days than in the ages of faith. Not otherwise than as Exeter Cathedral rose from the ground is the Downside Abbey Church slowly growing to completion. Surely, it was in absolute trust and hope the foundations were laid more than thirty years back, when there were scoffers, happily unheeded, who talked of extravagance, and the vanity of emulating the glories of mediaeval monasticism. Was it not also "like a living thing," out of the dead stones buried beneath the ground, that the building has taken shape, sprouting first in one place then in another; here displaying an uncalculated luxuriance, there with a slenderer or more stunted development; with the checks and changes, the adaptations, accretions and irregularities which are characteristic of true growth, which tell of lean seasons and fat seasons, of storm and sunshine, and give to some buildings, as to a man or to a tree, their character and individuality?

No Catholic would, or should, admit that there can be a difference in the faith that inspired the cathedrals of old and that which has created the dull brick chapel of a century ago or the cheap Gothic church of our later times. To our mind nothing more worthy of the Divine presence has ever been conceived than the grey, weather-worn Cathedral of our Northern cities, so massive and stately and rich and spiritually beautiful, in which the spirit of prayer seems to linger after the presence of God has departed and the very stones are a standing rebuke to modern worldliness and unbelief. But, surely, the useful church of the slums of our



Downside Abbey Church.

cities, built, most of them, with the hard-earned pence of the poor, or our unpretentious village sanctuaries, commenced with borrowed money and paid for with laboriously-gathered charity, or our convent chapels, so slight in construction, but so brightly and daintily furnished and kept with such loving care, are each and all as sacred in the sight of God, and no less sterling evidences of faith and love. The spirit of sacrifice is the same now as then, though they of the old days weremore numerous, and their years were longer, and they had more to give. The misfortune is that we of modern days have had to build to supply the needs of the moment, and that the work has been only too exactly proportioned to those needs. It has unfortunately been necessary also to aim at turning out the work complete, thus leaving little or no room for future development. A further, and artistically a greater, misfortune is that architect and builder—clever people for the most part and painstaking—are called upon, or hope to be called upon, to produce churches by the dozen. Hence the uninteresting want of inspiration and the mechanical sameness of so many of them. Some of our finest modern temples, even so great and elaborate a specimen as Sir Gilbert Scott's church at Hamburg, suggest having been purchased ready-made and merely transferred from the builder's yard to the site chosen for them. They might well have belonged anywhere else. They have not, like the old Parish Churches, grown out of the soil, constructed out of the materials at hand, and enriched each generation with new beauties, assimilating to themselves, constantly, something of the strong faith, the saintly hopes, the devout thoughts and the tender love of those who cared for them and worshipped in them. But let us not think that such temples of God are things of the past. We shall see them again, please God. Downside Abbey Church has, at least, shown that we can build not only for the moment but for the future, in "an absolute hope and trust." It was conceived and begun in one generation; it has reached its

present maturity in a second; perhaps it is reserved for a third or even a fourth generation to perfect the work. One architect has given of his best; another is spending over it loving thought and skill; others, no doubt, will bring their tribute of earnest and devoted service; and, already, the list of its benefactors is as long as that of many of the parish churches, the priories, or the minsters of the ages of faith.

For the sake of those with statistical interests we quote the following description of the building (condensed) from the sixpenny guide. "The Abbey Church is cruciform in plan, and has been erected at different dates. The first portion designed by Messrs. Dunn and Hansom of Newcastle, embraces the existing transepts, the tower and the eastern chevet of chapels. The original design had a choir of five bays only and apse, the Lady Chapel beyond having a square end. When the time came to build the Lady Chapel, however, it was decided to add two more bays to the choir, and terminate the Lady Chapel with an apse, grouping two or three small hexagonal Chapels on either side of it after the manner usually found in French Cathedrals. This arrangement has only been followed on the north side of the church, two large oblong chapels in late perpendicular style taking the corresponding position on the south side.

"Between the eastern chapels and transept there is on either side of the church a series of chapels forming a sort of outer aisle, those on the south being raised up some thirteen feet to allow space for the north cloister beneath them.

"In 1900 Mr. Edward Hansom died and Mr. Thomas Garner, formerly partner of Mr. Bodley, R. A., was appointed architect. Mr. Garner suggested that the choir should have a bold square end instead of the apse originally planned. He adopted an early Perpendicular style for the choir, increased the thickness of the walls, lengthened the clerestory windows and simplified the vaulting.

"The portion of the church now completed, i. e., from the eastern bay of the nave to the end of the Lady Chapel meas-

ures externally 230 feet. The breadth across the transepts and tower is 125 feet. In the interior, the transepts are 83 feet long, 68 feet high and 25 feet wide; the choir, from the chancel arch to the columns behind the altar, measures 95 feet long, 28 feet wide, and rises from 68 feet to 70 by the middle of the third bay. It may be of interest to note that the height and breadth of the choir are almost identical with the choirs of Worcester and Truro Cathedrals. The building is constructed of Bath stone both internally and externally."

"They whose thoughts are in a fair, and hurry within," says Sir Thos. Browne, "are sometimes fain to retire into company, to be out of the crowd of themselves." The feature of the huge gathering of visitors at Downside, on Monday, Sept. 18th, was, to our mind, its restfulness. One was only just sufficiently disturbed to be taken out of oneself. There were, we believe, about 160 guests accommodated in the Abbey and College; there were many others lodged in Stratton and the neighbourhood; coaches full of day visitors came by each morning train from Bath and Bristol; and yet there was no crowding and we did not find ourselves in each other's way. Of course the Abbey is a big establishment, the boys were on Vacation, and it was pleasant out of doors; but the secret of the absence of crush and discomfort was orderliness. There was no congestion because each one knew just where to go and what to do and when to go and do it. Way-boards and notices on the walls directed strangers to the church, refectories and different parts of the buildings; time tables were handed to each guest, or fixed up where they could not fail to be seen; chaplains were told off to devote themselves to the guidance and comfort of the many prelates come to distinguish the occasion; printed ceremonials were distributed to instruct both clergy and laity in the order of the processions and the conduct of the different services; and, most notable arrangement of all, an excellent choir-manual, printed at Mechlin, containing the words and music of the masses and offices of the three days,

obviated the usual questionings and directings, the worry of hunting up and distributing books, the distracting finding of places, the something sure to have been forgotten and the other thing remembered at the last minute, which introduce an element of chance in the efficient conduct of ecclesiastical functions. We lost thereby some slight excitement, and we had not the pleasure of congratulating ourselves afterwards that we had got through it pretty well; but we had peacefulness and devotion instead. Indeed, so thoughtful and minute were the preparations made by the guest-master and other officials, that mistakes and the consequent stoppages and waitings were well-nigh impossible. It was as though the stream of monastic observance, swollen temporarily and somewhat agitated and louder-voiced, flowed on uninterruptedly in its accustomed channel.

A glance at the contents of the Ritual or Manual of the Services will tell the reader all that he need know of how the centenary and opening of the choir were celebrated. With so noble and spacious a sanctuary, with more than a dozen distinguished prelates, with expert assistants and masters of ceremonies, and with a choir of some eighty monks and priests accustomed to sing Mechlin Chant, it will be understood that the offices and masses, which, no doubt, all Catholics have seen effectively carried through elsewhere, were here most perfectly done in an exceptionally grand and distinguished manner. On the Monday afternoon, the Abbot of Downside blessed the new choir, and later in the afternoon carried the Blessed Sacrament in procession to the High Altar. At this service the *Salve festa dies* was sung,—an admirably appropriate sequence, new to most of us, and, perhaps, not to be rightly appreciated at a first hearing. After Benediction all rose and sang the hymn to St. Gregory *Anglorum iam Apostolus*. Compline was sung every evening by the community. Tuesday began with the votive mass of St. Gregory, in which another ancient sequence was introduced, the *Alma cohors sua*. Bishop Hedley

preached on "The Monastic Choir." In the evening Abbot Gasquet officiated pontifically at Vespers. Next day, Wednesday, the Abbot of Downside sang the Requiem Mass for all deceased Gregorians and Abbot Gasquet preached on "The Makers of St. Gregory's." Pontifical Vespers were sung in the evening with Bishop O'Neill as celebrant. On Thursday, the last day, the Archbishop of Westminster sang the mass, and the Bishop of Clifton preached the sermon "Light after Dark." Comment on the ceremonies is uncalled for, and all we may be permitted to say of the sermons is, that the hearers were profoundly moved by them and that they were felt to be such as so great an occasion could only have inspired. We should like to have quoted, from Bishop Hedley's discourse, the noble passage in which he speaks of the Psalms of David, but we cannot doubt it is already well-known to most of our readers. By a thoughtful arrangement the Downside guests were able to secure a printed copy of each sermon on the day of its delivery. Since then a reprint of the three in one pamphlet has been called for and published.

Having said this much in appreciation, the reader will perhaps look now for criticism. We have none to offer. We think every change Mr. Garner has made is for the better. Of course it is possible to compare the Downside choir with those of other great Cathedrals and Minsters to its disadvantage. No choir can possess all the beauties possible in such a structure. Each will have its own peculiar charm, the one at Downside among the rest. We think that until the transept is cleared of benches, and it is possible to stand farther back in the unbuilt nave, we shall not have seen the choir in its full beauty. On the Monday afternoon it was understood to be on its trial as to its acoustic properties. It came out triumphant. Weak voices appeared to be louder and strong voices sweeter, and there was no difficulty in keeping together and singing with the organ. The words of the preachers, it was found, were heard distinctly and with-

our effort, not perhaps in every nook and corner, but throughout the transeps and choir. Indeed there was nothing wanting in the new building for perfect beauty and effectiveness, except a little colour—we do not mean decorative painting, but the comfortable greys of age and dust—to temper the uniform whiteness of wall and column; and—shall we confess it?—we found ourselves longing for some simple colour-scheme in the music—the organ failed to supply it—which would enrich, as with a damask pattern, the baritone uniformity of the chant. A few separate choisters would have helped somewhat; but what some of us really wished for was harmony.—a Palæstrina Motet, an old English offertory-piece, or even choral responses unaccompanied,—something—*Amen!*

What of the centenary? It was impossible to feel any true interest in it. Except during portion of Abbot Casquet's sermon it hardly entered one's mind. The past and the ancient men of renown were duly and reverently remembered in the prayers for the dead and in a thanksgiving to God for His continued mercies. Otherwise, our thoughts and enthusiasms were wholly absorbed in the present. Who could sentimentally gaze over the past in the happiness of a great work newly completed and in the very enjoyment of the novelty of it? There was some thought and talk of the future and of the work still to be done. But, among all who were gathered there, not one doubted, or could doubt, that there existed "an absolute hope and trust," living and vigorous, which would bring Downside Abbey Church to a full and worthy completion.

J.C.A.

## The Examination of recent Rhythmic Theories criticised and defended.

The article, which I contributed to the April number of the *Journal*, "An Examination of the Rhythmic Theories of Dom Mocquereau" has received at home and abroad rather more notice than was expected or deserved. Some of the comments have been laudatory and some otherwise, but among the adverse critics I have not as yet come across any serious attempt to refute the arguments that I there put forth. The nearest approach to an effort to deal with the critique is contained in an article by M. Giulio Bas, in the *Rivista Gregoriana* for July 1905, which is evidently intended to be a crushing reply to my "Examination." The writer begins by declaring the article to be a "personal libel" on Dom Mocquereau, in spite of my recognition on p. 25 of my admiration for his talent, and his labours for the Gregorian. Is it very 'libellous' to write: "And if he has on certain questions gone astray, that cannot for a moment detract from the high measure of appreciation and gratitude that everyone must feel towards him for his heroic labours"? An action for libel would hardly lie, in the face of such an appreciation. But we may let that pass. On page 4, I give a few "elementary notions on rhythm" and on these my reviewer makes a fierce attack. I remarked "The ultimate constituent of rhythm, the molecule, so to speak, is the group of two notes, the first of which is called the *arsis* or spring, the second note is the *thesis* or weak beat on which the voice falls and

sinks." On this my critic remarks "After the author has made this declaration to enable his readers to understand the questions at issue we may close the book; Fr. Burge has confessed to all in the most evident way that he has not grasped the question from the beginning. No one will be surprised if, in the following twenty pages, the poor critic of Dom Mocquereau in spite of his efforts has not succeeded in understanding the 'mysterious dots' of Solesmes, the more viperish he shows himself, the weaker is his argument." And that is all the answer that I can find. But will my critic pardon me if I still maintain my statements on the elementary notion of Rhythm and claim good authority for the same. I find M. Gastoué, the eminent professor of Plain Chant in Paris, laying down the same doctrine, "Each foot, binary or ternary, possesses an intense part which may be high and strong, *arsis*, and another part where the voice sinks, *thesis*," p. 162. Again "Each of these rhythms, binary or ternary, possesses a spring, *arsis*, and a deposition, *thesis*," p. 165.<sup>8</sup> I think the reader will find that my statements are fully borne out by this eminent professor. I should not be at all surprised to find that M. Bas thinks himself quite as good as M. Gastoué and declines to accept his teaching. But what will he say to the following extract from the latest work of the Benedictines of Stanbrook, who belong to the charmed circle? "The smallest symmetry in music is the juxtaposition of two units of counting. The first part of the bar is called *Arsis*, impulse, rise, flight; the second is called *Thesis*, the rhythmical ictus, the relapse, fall, remission." p. 88<sup>†</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Cours théorique et pratique de P. Chaot Grégorien, Romain, A. Gastoué, Paris. I take this opportunity of recommending this fine work to my readers as a clear, masterly and scientific treatise on the Chant.

<sup>†</sup> Grammar of Plain Song. Benedictines of Stanbrook. Art and Book Co. I am very pleased to have the opportunity of bearing witness to the value of this work, the more readily, as I have been credited wrongly with the authorship of a depreciatory review on the same. It seems to me the most original and thoughtful of all the works on Plain Chant that have issued from this Convent.

Because I have ventured to make statements almost identical with those of such authorities, my critic declares that "I thereby confess to all that I have not grasped the question from the beginning; and the book may be closed." This is a charming method of reviewing a work, which may be commended as a labour-saving method to all critics. One has only to find a sentence in an author with which we are out of agreement and then "close the book." We can imagine some ultra-Protestant critic called upon to deal with Lingard's monumental history of England. On opening a volume his eyes might perchance light upon the following phrase "the more moderate of the reformed writers have borne honorable testimony to the virtues of Queen Mary, they have allotted to her the praise of piety and clemency, of compassion for the poor and liberality to the distressed." Our critic might, at once 'close the book,' for he would feel that the author "has confessed in the most evident way that he has not grasped the question from the beginning."

As a matter of fact the question of *arsis* and *thesis* entered into only one of the eight Condemned Propositions that I ventured to extract from the *Paléographie*.

There has been no serious attempt to disprove my statement that Palestrina left no indication as to the way in which words and music are to be fitted together or how bars were to be drawn. But the strongest point of my 'Examination' was the unanimous condemnation of these novel theories by the greatest savants of Europe; D'Indy Combarieu, Wagner, Dom Pothier. I sheltered myself under these great authorities, and if I have failed to understand these 'mysterious dots' of Solesmes, I am in good company. On this my main point, however, my critics have not offered a word of reply, not even a reference; I therefore claim that the statements in the article still hold good, and I have nothing to withdraw save, however, the appearance of animus and bitterness that my opponents seem to find in my words. Such was far from my intention and I regret very much that Dom

Mocquereau should see anything more in my remarks than good-natured banter.\*

A few years ago, in deference to the pressure of friends, I rather unwillingly consented to publish some hymns of mine, most of them written about twenty-five years ago. I was very ill at the time, and had partially lost my eyesight, and I had to trust to friends to correct the proofs. A very faulty edition was the result. As soon as I had recovered my sight, I recognised the mistake and at once withdrew the offending edition. Now, a copy of this faulty work fell into the hands of some 'friends' of mine, who hastened to send it off to Italy to M. Bas who could be trusted to lay about his bludgeon lustily. And so it proved in fact. M. Bas published a flaming critique in the *Rassegna* for July and exposed the numerous errors of the work. I was declared to be unworthy of credence, unfit to criticise anybody, because I made such grammatical blunders in my own music. The whole incident brought forcibly to my mind that passage in the life of Verdant Green where Mr. Bouncer and his friends get rather severely handled by the roughs of Oxford in the fights between Town and Gown. However, Mr. Bouncer, like my friends, was a resourceful man. He conceived the brilliant idea of engaging a notorious London prize-fighter to join the ranks of the Gown in their next encounter with the Town. The 'Putney Pet,' as he was admirably termed in the sporting circles, was clothed with cap and gown for the occasion and soon created consternation in the ranks of the Town. He who runs may read.

It is surely a new enactment in the canons of criticism that no one may pass a judgment on any work unless the critic can do better than the author. I wonder what would become of the hosts of musical critics in our dailies and

\* After the "Examination" had been published, I learned from the *Tablet* that Dom Mocquereau was not the author of the letter referred to on p. 4 of the 'Exam.' in which I was accused of 'ignorance,' 'insufficient study' and 'lightness,' I hasten then to withdraw the statement of the text that Dom M. was the author of the letter.

weeklies were such a regulation to be enforced. It would follow that my friend Mr. J. Bennet, the doyen of musical critics in London, who, I suppose, has never written a bar of music in his life, has been a fraud upon the public for the last fifty years! I submit however that were my knowledge of harmony very much worse than it is represented to be, I should still claim the right to criticise the statements of an author. If these statements were obscure and puzzle-headed, if they were wrong from an historical point of view, if they were said to be supported by an authority which denied that support, surely any critic would be justified in saying so.

If these Hymns were the only published productions of mine there might be some reason for exposing my defects to the mockery of the public. There are however other compositions printed, of which I am certainly not very vain, but which I have not withdrawn from circulation. These are not referred to by my critic and the poor withdrawn Hymns are taken as the only specimens of my work. "All is fair in love and war" seems to be the motto of my opponents. After the publication of M. Bas' article I sent the *corrected* copies of the 'Hymns' to Dr. Alison, Mus. B., Mus. D. and several other resounding University titles, one of the most distinguished Examiners in Music in the North of England and one to whom I am personally unknown. *Si glariari oportet non expedit quidem*; I reluctantly give his opinion on the work "I have duly received your Hymn book, most of the tunes of which I like very much and find them both melodious and harmonious."

And after all what do my supposed deficiencies amount to? That twenty-five years ago I wrote some hymns showing crude knowledge of harmony, which have since been repudiated and suppressed. For such deficiencies I am roundly told that I have no right to criticise Dom M's statements. In other words because twenty-five years ago I wrote no better harmony than my critic wrote at that date, I am therefore in

this year of grace debarred from examining, not the harmony, but the history and the references of the *Paléographie Musicale*. If I had some kind friend who would hunt up for me a few of my critic's early efforts, I think I could promise to make merry over his musical crudities.

This hunting up an antagonist's juvenile efforts is not unknown in the annals of literature. When Macaulay in his Review of Sadler's Law of Population handled rather severely the Author's attempt at Poetry, Mr. Sadler retorted by unearthing some of his reviewer's juvenile exercises in verse which he held up to the derision of the public. Macaulay replied: "Mr. Sadler resolved to retaliate on the person who, as he supposed, had reviewed him. He has accordingly ransacked some college verses in the hope of finding, among the performances of his supposed antagonist, something as bad as his own. And we must in fairness admit that he has succeeded pretty well. We must admit that the gentleman in question (the reviewer) put into his exercises at sixteen almost as great nonsense as Mr. Sadler is in the habit of putting into his verse at sixty."

To these strictures of M. Bas I offered no reply; I fancied the public had had enough and more than enough of these personalities. Moreover, it was about the time when the pretensions of Dom Mocquereau in the Pontifical Commission had received so rude a rebuff from the Holy See, and the 'Official Editors' were stripped of their high sounding title. It was felt that it would be more generous to keep silence at such a time, for fear that one might seem to exult in the downfall of one's opponents. But I counted without my hosts whose defeat seemed to inspire fresh projects of revenge. To this end they had M. Bas' article translated into English, and the musical blocks illustrating this article were carted bodily from Italy to the Isle of Wight. In its new garb the article was offered to different Catholic papers. But the Editors seem to have had no relish for these methods of controversy, and the article was declined with thanks.





For two months all efforts were unavailing to persuade any respectable newspaper to have anything to do with the thing. But my friends are nothing if not persevering, and in the month of September last they discovered an organ that was more amenable. It was the "Liverpool Courier"! My readers who are not acquainted with the local politics of the City on the Mersey should understand that the *Liverpool Courier* is the organ of the Orange party, very strong in the City, and is especially distinguished by its Anti-Catholic tone. Into the arms of such allies my friends threw themselves without reserve. In the issue of September 30th there appeared two columns in large type with the heading "A Critic Criticised," in which after a few preliminary remarks by another hand, it is stated that the "Catholic press proclaimed Fr. Burge the most distinguished English representative at the Congress of Strassburg" (my friends, you really do me too much honour!). There follows a translation of the critique, in which M. Bas makes merry over my mistakes of twenty-five years ago. The business man of Liverpool rubbed his eyes over his breakfast table to see musical examples in the midst of "American markets" and "Cricket averages."

And my friends, throwing to the winds all notions of economy, proceeded to send copies of the Anti-Catholic paper throughout the length and breadth of England. From North, South, East and West I heard of my castigation in the "Courier" article. And all was done so secretly and stealthily that I am not supposed to know to whom I am indebted for these attentions; no one seems to have the courage to come out in the open and acknowledge the responsibility. The story was passed from one to another in bated breath, as if a great catastrophe was impending, And yet I am alive to tell the tale.

There is, however, something more. The anonymous letter-writer is generally one, that to say the least, does not inspire much respect. Many of us are familiar with the arts

of this fraternity, which are often despised, but sometimes taken as a compliment. I incline to take the latter view, for in connection with the controversy, I have been the recipient of the honour of an anonymous letter. The handwriting is unmistakably French and your English, my friend, though fairly good, cannot but betray its Gallic origin. The writer refers to my 'article' in the *Tablet*, but I wrote none on this subject. He probably means my 'letters,' and if these letters were so ungentlemanly and un-Christian as they are represented below, the Editor must have been nodding when he admitted them. However, anonymous letter-writers generally crave to see their effusions in print and I shall be pleased to gratify the wish. I have taken the liberty to underline the phrases where the French idiom unmistakably comes through.

Dear Rev. Father,

When I read your articles (?) in the *Tablet*, I certainly thought that you were in a great hurry to condemn Fr. Mocuereau, and above all your language and tone were not those of a gentleman, still less of a priest, a religious too, towards a fellow-religious and towards an exile to this country, all which was certainly disedifying in the extreme. A 'Liverpool Courier' has been sent me, and I find the same idea expressed there (?), so I write to remind you that your style of controversy is elsewhere considered as very undignified, to say no more of it. You always seemed to cocksure in everything and laid down the law so offensively that I am pleased F. M. did not trouble to answer. See to your rules of Harmony first, before attacking others so rudely and ignorantly. In your own publications (?) are endless consecutive fifths etc. Here's ignorance most elementary. Take the concluding advice of the correspondent and read the early verses of *S. Matth.* \* vii and in any case

Yours,

Wellwisher (without even an indefinite article!)

\* English writers usually abbreviate the Evangelist's name thus; St. Matth. while the French write S. Matth.

I wonder if I should "be in a great hurry" if I made a very shrewd guess who the Frenchmen are from whom such a precious effusion could proceed.

I do not think that it would be rash on my part to believe that all these attacks come directly or indirectly from the new school of Solesmes. Personally I am quite indifferent to them, if anything I rather enjoy them. But it is only right that the impartial public should be made acquainted with the methods of controversy which are evidently in favour at this school. Most of us will feel that such methods are very un-English, to say the least, and exiles to this country should not forget that what is made in France does not always fall in with British taste. I must however make an exception in favour of M. Bas. He is always straightforward and above board, and though much of his work strongly suggests the *hired bravo*, one cannot but feel a respect for him for his courage and fearlessness. But for "the ways that be dark" Englishmen generally have a decided aversion.

It will be said to me; why cannot you let the matter drop? I am willing enough. I have kept silence for nearly nine months, but the other side will not allow me. We must also bear in mind that there are occasions when, as we know, not peace but the sword is to be brought. Until I am silenced by authority I shall persist in raising my voice to protest against any school, however able, claiming to have exclusive control of the Chant of the Church. And lest I should be accused of misrepresenting these claims of this school, I will invite my readers' attention to the following story which I have at first hand. A certain prominent representative of the new Solesmes school was invited to give a lecture on Plain Chant to a large Cathedral choir in France. The lecture though long was most interesting, and at the end, the Father seemed quite exhausted. The choir-master of the Cathedral offered his sympathy and expressed his fears that the lecturer's strength had been overtaxed by his exertions. "Oh no," he replied, "it is not that; it is the crushing burthen of having

alone to reform the Chant of the Church which is weighing me down." The choir-master could scarcely believe his ears, and yet he was certain that the words were uttered; and by the light of subsequent events we have every reason to believe that the choir-master heard correctly.

Peace is certainly a most desirable possession, but even peace has sometimes to be sacrificed for the sake of liberty. We ask for freedom from cast iron rules and principles, and claim a certain amount of deference to national feelings. In essentials there must be unity, but outside the limited field of essentials there is a wide range and scope for individual taste, for national requirements and sentiments. As long as the Choir Master is doing good work, inspiring a love for the Church's song, we must not be too critical of his methods; too impatient that he cannot see eye to eye with us in all our shades of expression. We can see by experience that the Chant has no chance of progress or acceptance as long as it is tied to the apron-strings of a grandmotherly interference. The fault of the new school of Solesmes is as Dom Pothier well puts it "*préciser ce qui n'est pas précisable*," a pregnant phrase not easily translated into English; it means, a craving to make rules even for the least details, a feat no more feasible than weaving ropes of sand. If, instead of branding everyone as an ignoramus or incapable who does not journey to Appuldurcombe, they were to encourage every effort to do the right thing, and not to be too critical of methods or deficiencies, they would help on the cause of the Chant; and if their methods are the best, would ultimately cause them to prevail. For the law of the survival of the fittest holds good in the artistic as well as in the organic world.

The great drawback to these controversies is their proneness to degenerate into personalities, and attempts to score off each other by fair means or foul. It is then that the public becomes profoundly indifferent to and bored with the proceedings, and longs to see the disputants reduced to silence.

We read in *The Pickwick Papers* how, on one occasion Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk, the rival editors respectively of the *Estanswill Gazette* and the *Estanswill Independent*, met by accident in the kitchen of the Inn, *The Saracen's Head*. In a very few minutes their smouldering animosity burst into flame and presently carpet-bags, fireirons, and other weapons of offence were flying about. Poor Mr. Pickwick, in his charitable attempts to separate the two combatants, received a good share of the blows intended for the enemy. At this moment the resourceful Sam Weller appeared on the scene, and, seeing his master's predicament, he snatched up a meal-bag close at hand and drew it right over the head of the redoubtable Mr. Pott and held him tight until he cried for mercy.

Will some kind friend oblige the public by drawing a meal-bag over the heads of both of us?

T. A. BURGE, O.S.B.

### St. Mary's Priory. Princethorpe.

THE Benedictine nuns of Princethorpe were the first of the refugees from France to arrive in England and have been in this country for more than one hundred years. They were not originally a community of English nuns living in exile abroad, like the communities of Stanbrook, East Bergholt and many others of our Benedictine convents. They came to our shores at the time of the Revolution as exiles suffering for their fidelity to the Faith, and though their intention was not to remain, the kindly welcome they received in England dissuaded them from carrying out their original plan of seeking a home in Belgium.

Their foundress was Mère Marie Granger, a saintly soul who had taken the habit of St. Benedict in the Abbey of Montmartre near Paris. It was quite contrary to her desires and inclinations that she ever came to be the foundress of a Benedictine monastery. It was mainly due to the work and persuasion of her brother that she consented to put her hand to so great a work. He was a canon of Paris, a notable ecclesiastic of the time, and one who saw in his sister's character all the necessary qualities for a work of this kind.

Accordingly, when the Abbey of Notre Dame des Isles in Burgundy was vacant, he tried to obtain it for his sister. The King gave his consent to the proposal. At first she held back and refused to leave Montmartre, but in the end gave her consent and went so far as to make her Profession of Faith before the Archdeacon of Paris. Her courage then

failed her, she hesitated and finally refused to accept what she thought would prove too great a burden for her. This refusal was so firm that her brother was compelled to accede to her wishes and let the matter drop.

Her confessor, a Jesuit, died about this time and was succeeded by Père Rabasse, a Franciscan. He soon perceived the depth and richness of her virtue, and was convinced that she was called to do a great work for God and the souls of others. His brethren had just quitted their convent at Montargis, and he thought it would be a good opportunity for her to begin there the foundation of a new Benedictine monastery. Her brother, the Canon, was consulted and again tried to persuade her to undertake the great work. She was still distrustful of herself; she shrank from the responsibility, and again declared that she wished to live and die a simple nun at Montmartre. It was the cause of much anxiety to her, and not until she felt that God was calling her to the work did she give her final consent.

As soon as this was obtained the Archbishop of Sens was approached, in whose diocese Montargis was situated. He was pleased at the prospect of welcoming a community of reformed Benedictine nuns into his diocese, but would not give his consent for the new foundation until he was assured that the community had the means of support. This was the first difficulty in the way of the new foundation, but it was afterwards removed by the Archbishop withdrawing his condition.

The next difficulty came from the Abbess of Montmartre. She wished the new house to be a dependency of her abbey; the Archbishop strongly objected to this; and as neither party would give way the result was a long delay. The Abbess at length waived her claim and also withdrew the opposition which she had placed in the way of those who wished to follow Mère Marie and join the new community.

The greatest difficulty however was the want of money with which to purchase the property and all things necessary

for the furnishing of the monastery. For some time things were at a standstill, and nothing was able to be done until a generous friend and benefactor was found in Madame Charlotte Asclen, by whose assistance they were able to buy the property, on the 17th of January, 1630.

The way now seemed to be clear and the Abbess of Montmartre appointed Mère Marie Granger the perpetual Prioress of the new community, which consisted of three choir nuns, Sister Barbe Chauvelin, Sister Marie Chauvelin, and Sister Anne Martin with one lay-sister Anne Meaume. They were all young, the Prioress herself being only thirty-two years old. During the time that they continued to remain at Montmartre, a part of the abbey was set aside for their use and they were ruled over by their new Superior.

The habit was there given to several postulants and the Prioress, after much persuasion, induced her sister Genéviève, a professed nun of Hautebruyère, to join in the new enterprise.

Before leaving Montmartre it was decided that the new monastery should be dedicated to Our Lady of the Angels and that the image of Our Lady should be used on the convent seal. This last design was frustrated in the following way :—

"Notre Seigneur, par une faveur signalée qui lui étoit assez ordinaire, lui apparut environné d'une splendeur admirable, qui lui présenta une croix avec un cœur dessus percé de 3 cloux et d'une lance, et entouré d'une couronne d'épines ; il lui sembloit que de ce cœur sortoit plusieurs gouttes de sang ; de cette sorte elle reçut de la main de N. S. la croix pour armoirée, lui faisant comprendre par Lui-même et par le moyen d'un grand serviteur de Dieu, à qui il fit voir aussi que c'étoit sa sainte volonté qu'elle n'en prit point d'autre."<sup>20</sup>

The departure from Montmartre took place on the 13th of May, 1630, and Montargis was reached on the 10th. The

<sup>20</sup>Annals p. 10, MS., in Princethorpe archives.

monastery, which the Franciscans had occupied since the year 1600, was situated in the Faubourg de la Chassée. They were not able to take up their residence there immediately and it was not until May the 26th, Trinity Sunday of that year, that they made their solemn entry into their new home. Regular monastic life was begun immediately, and in a short time their spirit of strict observance attracted so much attention that many Benedictine convents desired to place themselves under their direction. Within the first half century of their existence different members of the community went forth to assist in the reform of various other Benedictine convents at Ville Chasson, Caen, Bertancourt, Moret, Gir le Nonains and Malnoue. In 1652, the Sub-prioress received the royal appointment of coadjutrix of the Abbey of Nyoiseau ; again, in 1719, Sister François de Curton was nominated by the King to the Abbey of Vassin ; in 1724, Sister Gabrielle de Curton was made prioress of St. Colombe de Vienne. Such promotions as these speak for themselves and testify to the fervour and regularity of this community, which had become known throughout the length and breadth of France.

The foundress lived only a few years after the completion of her work, dying on the 9th of March, 1636. She was buried in the middle of the Choir in front of the High Altar. Her sister, Mère Genéviève was chosen by the community to succeed her. Under her rule the monastery prospered both spiritually and temporally. The numbers of the community so increased that it became necessary to increase the accommodation, and in 1642 the foundation stone of a new building was laid bearing the following inscription :—

D. O. M.

Augustæ Angelorum Domine Illustrissimæ Ecclesiæ  
Senon Archiepiscopus D. D. Octavius de Bellegarde Galliarum  
et Germaniæ Primas Protogonum Lapidem Posuit  
Monasterii Novi Quod Religiosæ Moniales S. Benedicti.

C.C.C. 1642.

The new house and cloisters were finished in 1649 and were solemnly blessed by M. Jean Granger, canon of Paris, the Prioress' brother. Again in 1655 the foundation stone of another cloister was laid by the Duchess de Bellegarde; and before the close of the century, in 1698 and 1699, they were again compelled to enlarge the monastery. Their great benefactors on this last occasion were the Duc de Beauvilliers and the Marquise de Rochechouart.

The struggle between the king and nobles troubled the whole of France about the middle of the 17th century. In 1652, the civil war was at its height and the country lay at the mercy of rival armies for a period of eight months. The nuns at Montargis did not escape this almost universal disturbance, and for about six weeks they were compelled to leave their monastery and live out of the enclosure in the houses of friends. In the following year they were harassed by a troop of Irish soldiers who forcibly entered the enclosure. The Franciscan fathers rendered them much assistance at this crisis, and the persuasive eloquence of Père Irénée le Plat so prevailed as to make them quite friendly. In fact these soldiers actually placed a guard to defend the nuns from further insults. Before leaving the town, the community allowed them to bury in the church the body of General McGawley—the name is thus spelt in the Annals—it is probably meant for Mc Cauley) who had been in command of one of the companies of the Duke of York.

The visitor to Princethorpe will see, occupying the place of honour in the nuns' Choir, a statue of Our Blessed Lady. She is there presiding over the community as their abbess, and it was on the 12th of February, 1663, that the prioress and community begged of her to accept this dignity. The beautiful prayer of supplication used on this occasion is still preserved in the Annals:—

"Très pure et immaculée Vierge Mère du Dieu vivant, prosternées en toute humilité à vos pieds nous vous prions que comme vous avez agréé que nous vous ayons choisie et

élue pour notre Abbesse et première Supérieure (moi misérable pécheresse n'étant ici que pour recevoir vos ordres et être votre agente extérieure pour les faire suivre) il vous plaise me départir de l'esprit de votre Divin Fils et de votre conduite maternelle, pour le faire comme Lui-même et comme nous le désirer; et d'agréer l'humble supplication que nous vous faisons de prendre non seulement la qualité d'Abbesse mais aussi de première Dépositaire de nos biens temporels et comme telle de pourvoir cette pauvre petite Communauté du nécessaire duquel nous manquons, nous espérons cela de votre bonté, et nous nous jetons dans votre sein maternel comme des enfants nécessiteux, par un parfait abandon; donnez nous donc notre pain et notre nourriture spirituelle et la temporelle selon notre besoin et bénissez ce que nous allons faire en ce Chapitre au nom de votre Fils et du votre."

Thus did they choose Our Blessed Lady for their abbess, and, in spite of efforts to impose upon them an abbess "in commendam," they have always been able to resist them. Indeed in 1674 a very strong effort of this kind was made. A certain M. l'abbé Dabcourt obtained a brief from the king for the erection of the priory into an abbey. His object in obtaining this was to bring about the appointment of his sister as abbess. The Prioress and community took a very firm stand against him and were resolved not to lose their right of election. Sister Catharine Morelle was immediately sent to Paris to seek help and advice in order to avert what was looked upon as a great calamity. M. l'abbé Dabcourt actually went so far as to bring his sister to the monastery in September, but she was refused admission into the enclosure. After about a month's delay, the Prioress herself went to Paris and there sought the help of all her influential friends. She received but little encouragement from them and found it impossible for some time to obtain a hearing. Eventually

\*Annals, p. 109.

she gained the ear of M. de Colbert, the renowned Minister of State. He took up the question of appeal with great earnestness, and so eloquent was his pleading that he was able to win the victory for them. After the conclusion of the council at which the matter was settled, the Councillors of State confessed that they had never before heard M. de Colbert plead with such eloquence, and that they had never seen the king so interested and attentive. One can easily imagine the joy of those at Montargis on hearing the glad tidings of victory for they had undoubtedly escaped a great evil and one that might have brought about the ruin of their monastery.

This struggle for their rights and freedom occupied many months—months of anxiety and worry for all concerned. Like their many other trials they bore this one with patience, having a great confidence in God and Our Blessed Lady, to whom alone they ascribed the almost unlooked for success of their contest. After this trouble had passed away, it was succeeded by a quiet and uneventful period during which the "Annals" are chiefly concerned with announcements of Professions and accounts of the visits of celebrated personages. The King and Queen-mother once honoured them with a visit, the renowned Fénelon was there in 1692, and the Queen of England in 1701.

The Prioress Mère Geneviève Granger died in 1673. Her loss was keenly felt for hers had been the master mind and guiding hand of the monastery during its period of greatest development. Her niece Mère Geneviève Marie Nau succeeded her until, in 1707, she was compelled to resign through old age and infirmity, and Mère Marie Antoinette de Beauvilliers was chosen to succeed her. The noble family to which she belonged was for many years intimately connected with this community. Francis, 7th Count de S. Aignan, was made a peer by Louis XIV. in 1663; his eldest son Paul, Duke de Beauvilliers, a most generous friend and benefactor of the nuns, died on the 31st of August 1714 and his body was

buried in the convent church. He bequeathed to them 40,000 livres to be used for the building of the church.

Before treating of the sufferings of the community at the time of the Revolution, we must refer to the taxation of the religious communities by Louis XIV. After eight years of war, in 1698, France was exhausted by maintaining year after year four armies at least in the field. The burden had become almost unbearable. One author writing of this time says "the coinage was debased, the *taille* had been doubled, offices were openly sold, and indeed created in order to be sold, one tenth of the population was without means of subsistence." The leaders of the State were inferior men, and under their bad management the prosperity of the country, due to the work of M. de Colbert and others, had passed away. To help to remedy such a state of affairs as this, the king began to tax the monasteries. The Archbishop of Sens, knowing the poverty of most of the houses in his diocese, ordered them to sell the church plate to meet the demands that were made of them. At Montargis the Archbishop's orders were obeyed, and their plate was taken to Paris by M. de Chantoiseau in the month of September.

We must now pass on to the story of their sufferings, and flight on the outbreak of the Revolution. By the Providence of God the community were blessed in having a great, brave and noble soul to lead and guide them in a time of great peril. Mère Gabrielle de Levis Mirepoix was elected prioress in 1784, about five years before the great upheaval came; she lived just long enough to shield her children from the storm, dying in 1806 when all were happily settled in England; a land of exile it is true, but nevertheless a country that welcomed them and gave them a home when their own country cast them forth.

The National Assembly had decreed (November 2nd, 1789) that all church property should be at the disposal of the Nation. In the month of December an official of the town of Montargis demanded a complete list of the movable and

immovable property of the monastery. After an interval of about four months the Prioress was ordered to hold herself in readiness to receive other government officials whenever they should present themselves. They came, nine in number, on the 30th of May, and themselves made a list of the goods of the monastery. Then, in the presence of all the community, they read the decrees which announced the confiscation of monastic property, and declared the freedom of all who had bound themselves by religious vows. Each of the community was in turn interrogated by these officials, but all without exception declared that they were determined to live and die in the faithful observance of the vows they had made to God. At the close of the interview the Prioress firmly refused to sign the deed of surrender.

The Prioress, during the early part of the next year (1791), was constantly visited by officials demanding the surrender of the property; but she stood firm in her refusal. Accordingly in February the monastery was surrounded by a battalion of the National Guard, accompanied by the rabble of the town, who gathered in the church during the time of the Conventual Mass. The leaders entered the house and once more demanded the title deeds of the property. Seeing that further resistance would only provoke violence, and acting upon the advice of the Archbishop, the Superior promised to make the surrender. Having got possession of the deeds they called the community together and again read to them the decree freeing them from the bond of their vows. They reviled the Prioress, accusing her of unlawful tyranny and of keeping her subjects in ignorance of the freedom which the law had given them. This abuse availed nothing, for all again declared their determination to be faithful to their vows, and their absolute respect for and confidence in their Superior.

Fourteen days later, the mayor came to hold the election of a new Superior, according to the new law which decreed that, if religious communities still wished to live a common life, they could do so on condition they adopted a new mode of

life and placed themselves under the authority of the municipality. The Prioress bravely protested against these proceedings and refused to acknowledge the right of the mayor to make use of powers that belonged to the Church alone. The election however was proceeded with, and the Prioress was unanimously re-elected; to the confusion of the mayor who addressed her in the most insulting terms. He then demanded the Register of the Acts of Chapter to insert the Act of this pretended election. According to the law it had to be signed by the newly elected superior, but she firmly refused to do so and continued to refuse until threatened with violence; she then signed it under protest.

The nuns were now left in peace for a short time, the persecution passing from them to their faithful chaplain M. Fontaine. He had to take refuge in flight, but returned again and again to his charge, until finally he was compelled to leave the country. After his departure the community suffered much from the want of a confessor and, what was much worse, from the appointments of priests to such a position who were the tools of the government; the Archbishop of their diocese too was one of the four bishops who proved faithless to their trust.\*

The first three months of 1792 were quiet and uneventful. The house was again inspected and further lists of property were made out by the officials. When September came, they were informed of the new law which commanded all religious to leave their monasteries and that they themselves would only be allowed to remain until the 15th of the month. Preparations for departure were immediately begun, and Lady Jerningham, a sister of one of the nuns, arranged with the English Benedictine nuns at Brussels for a temporary shelter for the community. It was decided that some should go to Brussels and others to the Abbey of Florest. It was

\* This was Louisin de Brienne; of the one hundred and thirty six bishops of France he with three others were the only ones to take the oath to the Civil Constitution.



then necessary to procure carriages for the journey and passports through several different countries. Everything seemed to go wrong: carriages could not be obtained and so short was the notice of departure which they had received, that it was impossible to get some of the passports in time. On account of this last difficulty the plans were changed, and the Prioress determined to go first to Rouen, then cross the Channel from Dieppe to England, and from there sail again to Belgium. Seventeen of the nuns started for Rouen and got safely to their destination; eighteen of them started on September the 15th, leaving four at Montargis to take care of what little property was still left to them. Eventually they all assembled at Rouen where they were kindly received by the Poor Clares and the nuns of the "Congregation des Sœurs d'Orment."

Further delay was then occasioned in trying to obtain passports for England. The Superior spent day after day in unsuccessful attempts to get permission to leave the country. She had to make journeys to Paris and to interview official after official. Busted from one bureau to another, she almost gave up all hope of accomplishing her task. She at length succeeded in getting as far as Dieppe where there was another delay until the 16th of October; then they were all able to embark on the ship named *The Prince of Wales*. The sea passage instead of taking about ten hours lasted for twenty-six. The storm prevented the captain from putting in at Brighton and he was compelled to land his passengers in the Bay of Shoreham. The exiles proceeded from there to Brighton, where they were most kindly received by Mrs. Fitzherbert, the wife of the Prince of Wales. Everyone without exception was most kind to them. The Annals tell us that one and all seemed to say "Venez venez oubliez parmi nous tout ce que les mechans vous ont fait souffrir; nous voulons effacer jusqu'à la moindre trace de vos malheurs." The Prince of Wales interested himself on their behalf, sending his own doctor to look after the sick.

He afterwards visited them in person and persuaded them to give up the idea of leaving England for Belgium. "Restez en Angleterre," he said to them, "vous y trouverez un grand nombre de vos compatriotes, et les Anglais se feront un devoir de vous y rendre heureuses; au moindre aller passer quelqu'un temps à Londres, vous y verrez la tournure que prendront les affaires, et alors vous partirez pour Bruxelles si vous le pensez sans crainte, mais croyez-moi un voyage précipité pourrait vous jeter dans un grand embarras." \*

Their friends at Brighton paid all the expenses of their stay there and arranged for the journey to London, which took place on October the 19th. Mr. Talbot received them on their arrival, having previously rented a house for them. Another house near at hand was also taken, and this was used as an infirmary for the sick and aged, whilst in the other regular life and discipline was begun almost immediately; the wearing of the habit was resumed on October the 28th.

A permanent settlement in London was never contemplated. As soon as they had made up their minds to remain in England they began to look round for a suitable house in the country. Lord Onslow, a Protestant, expressed much sympathy for them and determined to offer them his own residence situated some few miles from London. When his intention became known his neighbours raised such strong objections that he was forced to abandon his scheme. Fortunately, a little later, they were able to acquire Bodney Hall in Norfolk, and though the inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Thetford appealed to the Government against the settlement of the nuns there, asserting that it was contrary to the laws of the land to allow them to reside in England, the appeal was unsuccessful and the Prioress with three nuns entered Bodney Hall on the 28th of December. By the 28th of February the whole community was in residence there, where they remained until their removal to Heath Hall near

\* Anna iv p. 282.

Wakefield in 1811. Ten years later they migrated to Orrell Mount near Wigan, and finally brought their wanderings to an end by settling at Princethorpe in 1855.

G. E. HIND.

## A Century Before The Reformation.

READERS of the Ampleforth Journal are probably no strangers to the flood of light and illustration thrown on the morals, manners and education of the English people "a century before the Reformation," by the gradual discovery of the large collection of domestic papers and documents known as the Paston Letters.

In any recently published Encyclopedia may be found a more or less appreciative account of the contents and value of these collections, and of the evidences of their authenticity. A short summary must, therefore, here suffice.

In the fifteenth century, and from an earlier date still, "there lived in a small village, about twenty miles from Norwich, a family belonging to the minor gentry" but which had some trouble in establishing its right to be so esteemed. The founder of the family (using the word in its conventional sense) was an honest yeoman, who tilled his own land, carried his produce to market, and borrowed money for the better education of his sons; who grew up, made advantageous marriages, flourished apace, and wrote letters.

At an early date the happy thought occurred to the Pastons (or perhaps they followed an established custom) to preserve all letters addressed to them, or to each other; but sometimes also copies are kept of letters sent to other people.

From time to time, the family added to their collection any matters of general interest which concerned them nearly; as, for instance, the proclamations of rival kings or leaders, rolls of the killed in the dreadful battles of the Wars of the Roses, noteworthy sermons, and so forth. Then we have copies of their wills, drafts of leases and settlements, and also inventories of their property (which is very considerable) in silver cups and candlesticks, hangings, furniture and plate.

But the chief interest belongs to the letters themselves, and of these the most remarkable feature lies in their great number and, generally speaking, their length. These letters cover the whole period of the troubled reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III, and overlap before and after. They throw much light, by the way, on the essentially law-abiding and steadfast character of the people, throughout all this turmoil. It is true that we have many acts of violence, usually in the form of "forcible entry" in cases where the legal right to the house or property invaded was in dispute. But we do not hear of riotous bands, so often the children of Civil War, plundering all alike. No monasteries or shrines were desecrated or pillaged, and ports and public offices were allowed to do their work.

The large armies of professional retainers fought out their quarrel, for the most part, on lonely heaths and their leaders retired into Abbeys to keep their Easter or Christmas. Meanwhile, the commerce and business of the country continued to flourish; the judges went their circuits without molestation, and such was the force of popular opinion behind them that they were often able to make good the high-handed actions of even the most powerful nobles who thought to take advantage of the times. But the troubles

of the kingdom concerned the Pastons less than their own domestic interests. The chief members of that family, as known to us from the letters, are Mr. John Paston, his wife Margaret, his three or four sons and at least two daughters. These worthy people had their alternations of fortune—their lawsuits, their land and money troubles and also their domestic worries. A large estate falls to the family by will—they lose it again, and once more recover it. John Paston travels to London, has instructions what he is to buy there, sits in Parliament for his county, and knows what it is to be sent to the Fleet Prison on a political charge.

Their relations with their tenantry seem to have been of a kindly character. We hear of one tenant, for instance, who has not paid his rent for seven years, but there is no talk of severe measures. When the old lady, Mrs. Margaret Paston, dies, she leaves a substantial gift to each of her poor tenants, and her household are to be paid in full for six months after her death, and then to have a quarter's wages. Of course many of her household were the children of her tenants.

Their home troubles are not serious. One daughter who is placed with a noble family (according to the practice of the times) proves to be not quite so diligent as she should be in acquiring the accomplishments of a gentlewoman; she gets well thrashed for indolence, but gets a good husband in the end. Then, a younger girl (to the great indignation of her stately mother) forms an attachment beneath her, and succeeds in getting her own way. In fact her love-story runs through the volumes and it would be worth any lady-novelist's while to pick up the threads.

Meanwhile, the male members of the family are sometimes called inert and sometimes extravagant, as is the way with "mere men" in the opinion of their womenkind. The young men are usually on the look out for advantageous matches, but they are as wary in contracting engagements as in choosing their side in the Civil War. The eldest sons attain to knighthood—one of whom develops literary tastes and has

some favourite books copied for him at the cost of 2d. a page. Another son is able to write in Latin and is rather satisfied with himself about it. There is also a friend of the family in the shape of a quaint and pious Grey Friar, who writes in a devotional spirit, sometimes in English, sometimes in Latin, but generally in a Macaronic style—beginning in English, then quoting Latin (usually the psalms), and then, finding his hand in, he continues to the end in Latin, adding sometimes (not without reason) "throw this into the fire" (*ad ignem*). There are other correspondents who ask the same favour, but the family custom is too strong and the letters remain unburnt. Every letter is kept, even to invitations to dine with the Abbot of Hulme on St. Bennett's day.

It will be readily understood what an open and candid revelation of domestic manners and modes of thought is contained in these letters as a whole, for anyone who reads them for that purpose. As has been said, nothing is more remarkable about these letters than their number. That one small family, neither rich nor noble, should have accumulated in a limited time upwards of 1,000 letters in an obscure nook of England, is a notable fact, evincing general ease in writing and facility of communication. Since the first two imperfect volumes were published in 1787, more and more letters have come to light, and others have continued to turn up, even up to the eve of writing this paper. No doubt many others will reward a careful search in the muniment rooms and boxes of old Castles and Manor Houses; but who shall say how many more have been burnt or destroyed?

But an equally noticeable feature is the proof they give of the advanced education of the people and the success of the monastic schools. It is to be remembered that not only the members of the Paston Family and their connections have contributed to this collection. A large number of letters were written by simple domestic servants,—or by the steward of the farms, who also "sold Mustard and Candles

at Framlingham". Yet these are all written at some length and with perfect ease and propriety. Friends and neighbours also write letters; indeed everybody *could* write letters and did so, and this with fluent expression and without any apparent difficulty.

The latest Editor of the Papers, Mr. James Gairdner of the Public Record Office, admits, seemingly with some surprise, that "we are too easily led to undervalue the culture and cultivation of the age. . . . During the century before the Reformation the state of education was by no means so low and its advantages so exceptionally distributed as we might otherwise imagine. *No person of any rank or station in Society above mere labouring men seems to have been wholly illiterate.*" This may be said of the century before the Reformation. Could it be said of the century,—or even of the third century, after it?

In this connection, it may be mentioned that we hear, incidentally, of boxes of books, but unfortunately without a catalogue. Many letters are in French and many more in Latin, but all appear to be readily understood.

In all this vast mass of correspondence there is scarcely an angry, never a discourteous, word. The respect due to parents, relations, strangers, superiors is always observed. One can easily understand why foreigners visiting England at this time spoke of the English as "a most polite people." Mr. J. Gairdner, who points all this out, observes that there was "an urbanity of manners, a general courtesy of address, a freedom of social intercourse, on which later times have not improved." All this "has long ago been chilled out of us by the severity of Puritanism." In these days it is well-nigh forgotten that "to honour father and mother" is one of the Commandments of God. "Honour my Poppa and Momma"! said the American girl, with surprise, "why, I know twenty times as much as both of them put together!"

But in the century before the Reformation, no son, even in the most formal business letter, wrote to his Mother without

asking her blessing, to which the Mother *never* failed to reply with a prayer.

Morality appears to have been sound among the people. One obscure case of mis-conduct, and one only, is referred to and with reprobation. As to honesty, one trait is worthy of record. One of the Paston servants finds a purse, with money in it, on the road, and he reports it to his absent master, asking that enquiry may be made as to the probable owner.

But the most valuable feature of these wonderful letters, is not the light they throw on many points of Feudal law ("Commissions of Array," "Escheats," "Wardships," and the like); or on many events of the Wars of the Roses; or even their illustration of the manners and culture of the period,—but the evidence they give of the religious opinions, feelings and habits of the people continuously through the long stretch of time which they cover.

Although many of the letters are entirely devotional, and although scarce a letter passes without some pious reference, yet there is no trace whatever of Lollardy or of "New opinions" in any shape. On the contrary, the minds of the writers must have been steeped in the beliefs, practices and festivals of the Catholic Church. The purpose of this paper was chiefly to call attention to the mode in which the great bulk of the letters are dated. In official letters the writers commonly give the date of the month, and the year of the King's reign. But the greater number are dated from the nearest Festival or Saint's day, before or after. It is to be remembered that very many of these letters are written "in haste;" or on a journey, or from prison even; or at "13 o'clock at night" (note the clock;) or by "candle-light" or from a London Inn; but the least or solemnity of the Church is nearly always remembered.

The following list of some of the dates shews at least a great familiarity with the calendar—a familiarity so full and complete (when all the letters are considered) that a

daily, or very frequent, attendance at church may fairly be inferred from it; and if the list be found too long, it should be borne in mind that only by their number can such a practice be established. I omit the greater feasts of the Church as too obvious,—with the exception of "Twelfth" or "The Twelfth" (the Epiphany)—a name as "familiar in the mouths" of our forefathers at Christmas is in our own.

I begin with a few feasts not at once recognised:

"Written the first week in *Clean Lent*"—that is to say,  
"the first week in Lent".

"Written in *Fastongong*"—a popular name for Shrovetide.

"On Sowlemas Day"—"All Souls."

"On Lammis Day"—The 1st. August.

"On Saint Holyrood"—The 14th September.

"On Childemas Day"—Holy Innocents' Day.

"On Hallowmas Day"—All Saints' Day.

"The Utas Day of Saints

"Peter and Paul"—The Octave Day.

"On Shere Thursday"—The day after Ash Wednesday.

"On Relics Sunday"—

"The third Sunday after Michaelmas."

"The Wednesday after Relics Sunday."

"The Thursday next after "Twelfth."

(viz. after 6th. January.)

"On *Pulser* Wednesday"—Ash Wednesday.

"On the day of the *Advencion*"—Mr. Gairdner takes this to be the feast—*ad vincula*; rather I think it is the 4th Sunday of Advent.<sup>25</sup>

Feasts of the Blessed Virgin are in constant remembrance,

as:—

"The Saturday next before Candlemas."

"Our Lady Day; The Nativity." (8th September.)

"The day next after Our Lady Day.—The Annunciation."

"Sunday next before the Purification."

"The Morning after Our Lady Day."

<sup>25</sup> Perhaps the word is "Ascencion," indistinctly written. *Editor.*

"The Sunday next after Our Lady.—The Assumption."

"Candlemas Day." (2nd February.)

"The Sunday next after the Nativity of Our Lady."

"The Wednesday next after the Annunciation."

"The Saturday next after the Conception of Our Lady." (8th Dec.)

And a great number of similar dates, according to the day of the week and the special festival.

It may be observed that many feasts were styled "Our Lady Day," the particular feast being added, or only omitted through haste.

England's Saints and Patrons often lend their "days" for dating the letters of nearly all the correspondents of all classes:—

"Saint Gregory's Day." (12th March.)

"The Wednesday next before Saint Gregory."

"Saint Edmund's Day: The King." (20th November.)

"The Friday next before Saint George."

"The Monday next before Saint Edmund."

"Saint Dunstan's Day."

"The Saturday after Saint Edward the Confessor."

"The Wednesday next after Saint Thomas' Day."

"Saint Thomas' Day in Christmas."

"The Thursday before Saint Augustine." (26th May.)

And innumerable others of the same kind.

Devotion next centres round the Apostles and Evangelists, and round many (to us) unfamiliar Saints: e.g., "Saint Faith," "Saints Gervasius and Protasius," "Saint Petronilla,"

(31st May) and such feasts as the "Exaltation of the Cross."

Certain writers have methods of their own. For instance, old Mrs. Agnes Paston dates thus:—

"The Wednesday after the Collect 'Deus qui errantibus' (the third Sunday after Easter.)

The "Grey Friar," Dr. Brackley, already mentioned, adopts the pious-jocose:—

"Scriptum festinaceone<sup>o</sup> Feria 3rd post festum Natalis Sancti Johannis Baptistae."

The following are from the last published volume :—

Written at Norwich on St. Clement's Eve.

On St. Andrew's day.

The Friday next before St. Peter's day.

Mercur : in festo Sancti Martini.

Friday next before the Feast of Saints Simon and Jude.

The next day after St. Mark.

The translation of St. Thomas the Martyr.

The Morning next after St. Hilary.

The Sunday next after Trinity Sunday.

The Friday next before St. Michael.

St. Lawrence day.

The Friday next after St. Luke.

The Decollation of St. John the Baptist.

The Saturday next after St. Valentine's day.

The Tuesday next after the Conversion of St. Paul.

The Monday after St. Mathias the Apostle.

The Tuesday next after St. Anne.

It will be seen that in some of these examples, which are few indeed when the total number of letters is considered, that the letter is often dated from the coming feast,—good evidence that it was borne well in mind, and it may be doubted whether there are many modern families whose members retain in their memories, year after year, the occurrence of so many past and approaching feasts.

Saint Martin of Tours; Saint Valentine; Saint Catherine; Saint Lawrence,—may be called favourite Saints, from the frequent introduction of their names, and there are not wanting indications that the knowledge of the calendar was really even deeper than at first appears.

For instance one writer dates thus :—

"The day of Saint Agnes, the first;" shewing that he was aware that there are *two* feasts of St. Agnes.

<sup>o</sup> But perhaps "festinissime" as in another letter.

Abbot Gasquet in his paper on "Parish Life in Catholic England" (in "The Eve of the Reformation") shews reason to believe that attendance at daily Mass was a general practice of the English People. The foregoing facts, which relate to a much earlier period, give strong confirmatory evidence on this point. He also tells us that the Parishioners—even to the poor peasantry,—took an active and self-denying interest in the beauty and adornment of their beautiful Parish Churches, and made it their personal concern.

We have instances of the same practice in the Paston Letters where we have records of gifts and legacies of Albs, Chasubles and Painted Windows to the neighbouring churches, for the greater decency of Divine Worship.

Perhaps the most touching, as it is the most religious in feeling, of all the letters preserved by the Paston Family, is the farewell letter of the ill-fated Duke of Suffolk to his little son. Suffolk was the statesman who had brought about the marriage of Henry VI. with Margaret of Anjou, and was connected in the public mind with the loss of Anjou and Maine, and of other possessions of the English Crown in France. Despite his long services, and those of his family, to the State, he was impeached and banished; and knowing himself to be helpless against popular violence under so weak a King, the Duke on the night before sailing, wrote to his son a letter of advice and loving admonition, from which the following extract may be given. It breathes an air of strong faith and simple piety, and even a Scotch Covenanter would admit that it "goes to the root of the matter."

#### LETTER OF LORD SUFFOLK TO HIS SON.

My dear and only well-beloved Son,

I beseech our Lord in Heaven, the Maker of all the World to bless you, and send you ever His grace to love Him, and to dread Him; to which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all your

spirits and wits to do and know His holy laws and commandments, so that you shall, with His great mercy, pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world; and also that you do nothing willingly, out of love or dread of any earthly creature, that should displease Him. And if any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech His mercy soon to call you to Him again, with repentance, satisfaction and contrition of heart never more, in will, to offend Him.

(He then exhorts him to obey the King, and all lawful authorities, and, in a very special manner, beseeches him to shun all evil company, and thus concludes)

And last of all, as heartily and lovingly as ever father blessed his child on earth, I leave you the blessing of our Lord and my own; which may, in His infinite mercy, increase you in all virtue and good living; in such wise as, after the departing from this wretched World, you and I may glorify Him eternally among his Angels in Heaven.

The day of my departure from this land.

Your true and loving father

SUFFOLK.

It was on Thursday the 30th April, 1450, that he embarked on his fatal voyage, and the wretched political assassins who waylaid and seized him, had the grace to allow him a whole day to prepare for death at their hands.

M. S. WOOLLETT.

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## Fr. Ambrose Turner. R.J.P.

It is with deep regret we have to record the death of another of our Fathers, Francis Ambrose Turner, which took place at Ampleforth, Dec. 2nd. To those of our readers who knew Fr. Ambrose, this will come as a sad surprise; for he was in the prime of life, being not quite 51 years old, and though never very robust, still gave no indications of so sudden a death; on the contrary, he was most actively engaged in the labours of a new and struggling mission, working off debt and planning to build a fitting house for a priest to dwell in. To one who saw him conducting the singing of some 1,000 children at the recent Catholic Truth Conference at Blackburn, he appeared to be far removed from any idea of being likely to die soon. But, as to his brother, Fr. Egbert, so death came quickly to him; and it is a singular coincidence that to both it should come under much the same circumstances and from the same cause. Both journeyed from their missions to a monastery, caught cold, and died of pneumonia or from the effects of it; Fr. Egbert, when on his visit to Ramsgate for the great celebrations at Ebbwfleet in 1897, and Fr. Ambrose, when at his own monastery for the purpose of making his annual Retreat. Along with several other Fathers, Fr. Ambrose journeyed to Ampleforth on Nov. 13th. His companions commented on his high spirits and jocular humour, being in that vein, which those who knew him well could designate by no truer description than by saying it was "Ambrosian." Each one has, no doubt, his own peculiar vein of humour; and certainly Fr. Ambrose's was 'sui generis'—at times difficult to grasp, and often lost on those who were not well acquainted with him.

The day after his arrival he went out for a short time. He complained of a cold in the evening, and attributed it to the fact that he had gone out in boots that had been wet, and had felt the damp strike through. Attention was given to him; but little did we think that what was thought a slight cold was really to prove to be unto death. On Thursday he was present at the dinner given by Mr. Taylor, but complained of being very unwell and had to take to his bed. It was soon evident he had more than an ordinary cold, and so Dr. Porter was called in; and it was discovered he had pleuro-pneumonia. On Tuesday, 21st, his case was considered so serious that it was deemed necessary to give him the last sacraments; indeed he himself had asked for them the evening before, and seemed to have a presentiment that he was to die. After the reception of the Last Rites he rallied, and in a few days appeared to be out of danger. Every care and attention of Dr. Porter, with the assistance of two nurses, was being given to bring about a complete restoration to health, of which there seemed now no doubt. Yet, he himself was not hopeful. To Fr. Abbot, in answer to congratulations on his improved condition, he said—"They tell me I am getting better. Well, I must take it on faith that I am; but I don't feel like it." This was on Friday, Dec. 1st. That same night, about 2.35 a.m., his heart suddenly began to trouble him and he asked for a priest. The nurse, seeing a great change coming over him, called Fr. Edmund and hurried back to the patient, who was then gazing at the crucifix with his lips moving in prayer. On entering the room Fr. Edmund realized at once that the hand of death was there; and while he was saying the last blessing, the invalid calmly passed away. In the space of a short quarter of an hour, the change had come from apparent recovery to that of death; and we are forcibly reminded in this instance of Our Lord's words that He will come "as a thief in the night." Though sudden, it was a happy death, being one well prepared for. He was a good monk and a

zealous priest, and we may trust that God, who has called him away from us, will reward him as "a good and faithful servant." It was a great shock to the Community that Saturday, when they assembled in the Choir for Matins, to be told the sad news. Requiem Masses were said for him by the priests that morning; and on Sunday evening the Solemn Dirge was sung. The funeral obsequies took place on Monday, Dec. 4th. Father Abbot sang the Pontifical Requiem Mass, after which the remains of the deceased were borne by his brethren to the Cemetery on our hillside, where they laid him to rest by the side of his brethren who have gone before him. Mr. T. Corry of Bradford, his brother-in-law, and Fr. Bede Polding, his cousin, were amongst the mourners. At his mission of St Paulinus, Lostock Hall, a Solemn Requiem Mass was sung on Thursday, Dec. 7th, and Fr. Anselm Wilson preached the panegyric. His flock had become deeply attached to him and they will mourn his loss with genuine sorrow.

He was born at Preston, Jan. 30th, 1855. He came to Ampleforth in 1865, remaining in the School till 1873, in August of which year he went to Belmont to commence his novitiate. He returned to Ampleforth in 1877, and on June 4th, 1881, was ordained priest; after which he remained in his monastery ten years, engaged in teaching and in various official duties, including those of Prefect of Discipline, Junior Master, and Procurator. In connection with his work in the college, many 'Old Amplefordians' will remember the interest he took in the music, either as a member of the Orchestra or as 'Bandmaster.' At one time he was in charge of the 'Ampleforth Mission,' and introduced the 'Apostleship of Prayer.' At another time he had Kirbymoorside. It was here that the writer of these words was once asked by a certain old member of the Kirby congregation where Fr. Ambrose was stationed? etc., and she added, "He was the nicest priest I ever knelt to"—referring of course to Confession, that being her way of putting it.



In 1891 he went to Woolton for a short time, and then to St. Alban's, Warrington. In 1892 he was sent to Workington, where he remained four years, going to Brownedge in 1896. Here his special work was in the Lostock Hall district, then a part of the Brownedge Mission.

When this was severed from the Mother Church, Fr. Ambrose was appointed the first incumbent. Here he spent the last three years of his life working with energy and self-sacrifice. In October last, he diminished the debt on the Mission by means of a bazaar, which realized the handsome sum of £450. Amidst his labours he found time also to devote himself to Church Music, in which, like his brother Fr. Egbert, he took a keen interest. His ability in this department was recognised by Bishop Casartelli, who placed him on the Diocesan Musical Commission. No doubt so many labours were too much for his bodily strength, and the last effort over the Bazaar seems to have told on his already weakened constitution; and when what was his last illness came, he had not the strength to battle with it. The good work he has done at Lostock Hall (or Tardygate as it is also called) will, we feel sure, bear much fruit; he has laid the seeds in a new mission, which we trust will grow and increase a hundredfold. He was not permitted to see in this world the fruit of his labours, but we may trust he will be amply rewarded in the next for his zeal and self-sacrifice. While lamenting his loss, we must not forget to pray for him.

May he rest in peace.

## Notices of Books.

GOD AND HUMAN SUFFERING. By JOSEPH EGGER, S.J.  
SANDS AND Co., 23 Bedford St., Strand. 6d. net.

In this little work the Author deals with some of those problems of human life which have led many men to deny the existence of God, to seek their solution in some form of fatalism or to take refuge in atheistic and agnostic philosophy. The origin and existence of evil, man's lot upon earth and future destiny, human suffering and the miseries of life, free will, the eternal reprobation of the wicked, and the like, are here treated with clearness, force and persuasive ability. It is not always easy to find a ready answer to the objections, raised by the contemplation of such problems as the above, against the Christian theory of the existence of the Supreme Being and of man's relations with Him. But, surely, the theory that replies to them in the more satisfactory way, that best illumines the darkness that surrounds man's here and hereafter, that makes his yoke sweetest and his burthen lightest is to be preferred to a fatalism that destroys freedom of will and moral responsibility, denies the existence of a God with a mercy as infinite as His justice, lowers 'human nature to the level of a placental mammal' or offers to man with his restless aspiration after supreme happiness no better satisfaction than the eternal darkness of the grave. Surely the dreary theories of the atheist and the agnostic must make the aspect of human suffering all the blacker, while they offer no solution to the problems in question or soothe the hard lot of man with the least hope or encouragement.

The style of this little book is as unpretentious as the subjects of which it treats are full of interest and importance. There are no technicalities nor scholastic profundities to puzzle the reader, and the argument is simple, reasonable and convincing.

REX MEUS—by the Author of "*My Queen and my Mother*," with Preface by Right Rev. Bishop HANLON, Westminster, Art and Book Company Ltd.

We are accustomed to see in the records of the Old Testament many foreshadowings of what was to come to pass under the Law and Kingdom of Jesus Christ: that more perfect revelation, that was destined not to destroy the Law but to fulfil. As the Prophets delineated the coming Dispensation, so in the history of their race, political and religious, were presented many forecasts of the personages, events, institutions and conditions of that more perfect future.

And that these symbols were designed, were shadows cast before by the coming events and are not merely imaginary and conventional parallels, we have the highest authority for believing. The author of '*Rex Meus*' has in this spirit selected for the subject of this his latest work the stirring history of King David. A series of pictures of the great King are exhibited from the Old Testament, each being followed by a suitable parallel in the life of the Son of David. Such works as '*Rex Meus*' are real aids to a right understanding of Holy Scripture and of the special rapport of the Old Testament with the New.

In his preface to the present work the Bishop of Teos writes:—

"That David was one of the greatest types of our divine Redeemer has ever been taught. The parallels are most striking. Such instructive parallels throw a flood of light on the events of our Lord's life, and were written for our instruction. Nothing is of small importance that aids us to understand better the life of our Lord.

"The following pages make no pretence to be an exhaustive exposition of this great subject; the facts have been fully given in the language of Scripture from the first and second books of Kings, and striking analogies between the events in the life of holy David and events in the life of our Lord have been sufficiently indicated to be instructive. The perusal of these resemblances and foreshadowings of what was to come in the life of our blessed Redeemer and of those who in their measure were to be made like unto Him is so interesting and so edifying that the minds of many will naturally be led on to good reflections and fruitful thoughts."

FATHER RICKABY'S *SUMMA CONTRA GENTILES*.\*

The publishers have done their duty very thoroughly in regard to this volume. It is probably the handiest of folios; and paper, and print make for comfortable reading. Moreover they have advertised the work well; and puffs preliminary and subsequent reviews written in the same style as the publishers' announcements have made known to all men the merits of the book; so that there is no need to speak further of them.

Fr. Rickaby mentions in the preface that he is something of an expert in this kind of work; and the publishers add that these notes have placed him in the first rank of annotators, and that this profound treatise is now within the apprehension of the simplest reader. Yet it must be said frankly that to the student attempting to use it, the work is simply exasperating.

An ideal translation would let us know what St. Thomas thought on each point, and a philosophic work is difficult to translate because it is difficult to re-express the thought in anything like the same words. Now though a great deal of this book reads intelligibly enough, yet it is very often

\* *Of God and His Creatures*; an annotated translation with some abridgement. Burns and Oates.

necessary to turn to the Latin in order to see what the English means. An instance was this sentence on p. 3—

For since the leading principle of all knowledge of any given † subject-matter is an understanding of the † thing's innermost being or substance—according to the doctrine of the philosopher, that the essence is the principle of demonstration—it follows that the mode of our knowledge of the substance must be the mode of knowledge of whatever we know about the † substance.

The sentence may be easy to one who can understand Bohn's Aristotle. But the Latin is a great deal easier. Moreover the three words marked † above turn out to be equivalents for the one *thing* in the Latin text; and it is surely this fact, and the consequent use of *substance* in two senses that makes the English confused. The conclusion only means that whatever we know about the thing is limited by the limitations of our knowledge of its substance.

To take another instance, on p. 291 is the following rendering of a complete argument to prove that some things are naturally right:—

Divine providence has endowed men with a natural tribunal of reason to be the ruling principle of their proper activities. But natural principles are ordained to natural purposes. There are [therefore] certain activities naturally suited to man, and these activities are in themselves right, and not merely by positive law.

The omission of 'therefore' is probably a printer's error; but in any case the point of the argument, which is obvious enough in the Latin, seems lost in the English.

Such passages occur very often, and in conjunction with the notes they produce a very unfortunate result,—a suspicion that even when the English gives a plain meaning one cannot be quite sure that it is the meaning of St. Thomas.

Fr. Rickaby's ideal has not been to let us know what St. Thomas thought, but to present his thoughts in such form as may serve modern uses, altering his conclu-

sions where modern science has taken the meaning out of them. The ideal may be excellent, though it calls to mind a score of unopened theologians who have undertaken to restate all things 'ad mentem divi Thomae,' but as one reads the conviction grows stronger and stronger that the translator is presenting not St. Thomas' thought but something else. For his ideal leads him not merely to rearrange St. Thomas' matter, but to omit any arguments and discussions that do not appeal to him, to suggest modifications of the line of thought, and to refer regularly for further light to the other works not of St. Thomas but of his translator. This surely is a serious error. On p. 51, on the thesis that God knows countless things, Fr. Rickaby remarks quite truly:

At the end of this chapter St. Thomas tells us that—there is not an infinite multitude of actual existences. . . . God's knowledge then can only refer to an infinite multitude of things possible but non-existent.

But would it not be more illuminating to quote the parallel passage in the *Summa Theologica*, where St. Thomas explains that further thought shews that God does see a countless number of actual existences,—viz., the thoughts and affections of rational souls, which will be multiplied for all eternity?

On any great question one naturally looks here to find what St. Thomas has to say that will stand in the face of modern thought. How disappointing the book is will best be seen by examining an instance in detail:—an extreme instance, the Existence of God. On this question we find 3-9ths of a page of St. Thomas, supplemented by 2-4ths of a page of notes. All the rest of St. Thomas' five pages of small print is omitted; and we are given the opening of the argument of the Prime Mover, 'a rough outline of the argument of the First Cause,' and seven lines on the argument from Design; only this, and an assurance that the rest is not worth translating, being based on Aristotle's physics.

Now assuming for the moment that this judgment is correct, and that the Saint's treatment of this fundamental question is really worthless, it is utterly unfair to leave the impression that this is all St. Thomas has to say on the subject. Fancy the earnest inquirer opening the book to get down to the roots of the matter and being offered this as the pick of the arguments. The mature treatment of the same subject in the *Summa Theologica*, is not even mentioned; yet there St. Thomas restated in a broader and more ordered way the arguments that are here rejected. It is this that exasperates the student and makes him close the book after a little experience; he thinks 'St. Thomas will probably clear up the point' and reads through the subject accordingly,—only to be convinced that he has not been given St. Thomas' view of it, and that the light he wants is quite probably to be found in the Latin.

In the present instance Fr. Rickaby in a long note points out the faults of Aristotle's physics, and presents the argument of the Prime Mover to the modern mind as really the argument from a 'primitive collocation.' The whole criticism suggests that he has not entered into St. Thomas' view. St. Thomas is arguing that the existence of God is necessary to account for the physical working of the world now. Fr. Rickaby says, Not to account for it now, but in the year fifty-million B.C. This may appeal more to the modern mind, but is it more philosophic? There is nothing in the earlier year to make it a better starting point than the present year. The motions of to-day may be traced to the motions of that time; but this analysing of the effect that has to be explained does not really affect the argument. Similarly the moderns analyse what St. Thomas called movement into motion and forces that cause motion; his ignorance of this analysis does not invalidate his argument; he has to explain the existence of the whole thing, no matter how many parts you may afterwards analyse it into. Just as the argument, Life must come from a living

God, is not affected by the discovery that all life comes from an egg. Fr. Rickaby writes

Besides Motion he must take account of Force and Energy not to say of Cosmic Evolution. He must know not only the motion of impact, . . . but also the motion that is set up by gravitation.

Is not this simply our analysis of what Aristotle would have summed up in the one word Change? Our analysis is not likely to be final; it is bold to say, as Fr. Rickaby does, that it is the only valid basis for the argument. He seems to take St. Thomas' *Motus* not for change, but for our technical Motion, the result being seen in these notes from consecutive pages:—

St. Thomas passes from 'immovable' to 'immutable.' Aristotle distinguishes three sorts of 'motion': . . . Thus three incongruous things were labelled with one name, to the prejudice of science for many centuries, (p. 13) whereas on p. 12 he writes:

The argument [of the Prime Mover] however may avail itself of a wider meaning of *Motus*, namely, *Change*; and contend that at the back of the changes apparent everywhere, there must be some changeless Being.

It may be that it would be the work of a lifetime to properly translate the *Contra Gentiles*; but however that may be, this translation certainly gives the impression that Fr. Rickaby has not lingered over any one part long enough to fully enter into it, and yet in this state of imperfect sympathy has ventured on the difficult task of deciding what can be dispensed with.

J. B. McL.

## The College Diary.

We have received the following account of the matches of the Craticulae Cricket Club, which took place during the vacation.

We opened our season with a match against Garston "A." Our team was rather weak and after our opponents had scored well over 200, of which J. Husband made 61 and A. E. Shaw 40, we were put out for just under 50, a vigorous 19 by C. Flint (Mount St. Mary's) being the only redeeming feature of a poor display.

We had a much stronger team against the powerful Limbrick Club; yet we started very badly, two wickets falling before a run was scored, five being down for 23 and seven for 40. A plucky 18 by H. W. Chamberlain improved matters. Then B. R. Bradley played a good innings of 32, and with 17 from R. Dowling, we secured the not insignificant total of 125. Limbrick scored 82 for four wickets. The match was a most enjoyable one in spite of a great deal of rain.

On the following day we played our annual match v. an Ushaw XI. Our opponents, who went in first, played vigorous cricket and with the assistance of some execrable fielding (the catches missed ran into double figures) they reached a total of 213 runs. F. W. Heskest took five wickets for 42. Our team met this score with only 98 runs, B. Bradley (31) and E. R. Heskest (16) alone batting with confidence. Rev. W. Foy took five of our wickets for 42, and Rev. W. Leighton five for 44.

We had an excellent wicket for the match with Forby "A" and did well in dismissing a strong team for 163, T. Barton taking four wickets for thirty-one and E. Hardman three for thirty-four. We lost our first wicket for three, but a stand made by H. W. Chamberlain (23) and B. R. Bradley (19) brightened our prospects, and after some good batting by Warner (pro.) and

J. G. Bush (St. Bede's) who made forty and thirty-six respectively, we won an excellent game with three wickets to spare.

In our next match, played against Ormskirk "A", we went in first and gave a poor display, being all out for eighty-nine. N. W. Reynolds (Downside) made the best score of nineteen. Ormskirk without difficulty passed our total and made 195. C. M. Warlow batting splendidly for eighty-three. W. J. Ainscough took five wickets for fifty-nine, and Fr. Lawrence Buggins three for nineteen. In our second innings we made 100 for four wickets, N. W. Reynolds again batting excellently for forty-one not-out.

The following day we met Liverpool "A", and, batting first, scored 142, of which H. W. Chamberlain's share was twenty-nine, and C. T. Baxter's, (Stonayhurst) twenty-three. Our opponents' strong batting team made light work of our total, and at the close were 225 for five wickets, J. E. Gordon (Captain of Rugby) playing admirably for sixty-one. Our fielding was very faulty, several catches being dropped.

Our final match was at Wigan, against St. Joseph's Seminary, Upholland, who had the assistance of Needham, the Wigan C. C. professional. Thanks chiefly to some fine bowling on his part we were dismissed for 120, Fr. Placid Dolan playing a good innings of forty. We dismissed three of our opponents for little more than thirty, before the rain prevented further play.

In summarising the results of our matches, it will be seen that we won one, lost four and drew two. B. R. Bradley and H. W. Chamberlain both batted consistently well, and T. V. Barton bore the brunt of the bowling.

From a social standpoint the tour was an unqualified success. In this connection our thanks are due to Fr. F. Smith, Mrs. Barton, Mrs. Chamberlain and Mrs. Howard, for entertaining on different occasions, not only the players, but our very numerous supporters.

Though the majority of the members of our team were Amplefordians, we were pleased to number in our ranks on different occasions representatives from no less than nine other leading Catholic Schools. We hope that our next tour will be marked by equal enjoyment, and a larger number of victories to our credit.

The annual meeting of the Club will be held during the Christmas holidays followed by a Supper and Smoking

Concert. Particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. H. Chamberlain, "Fairholme," Grassendale Park, Liverpool.

Sept. 19. Coming back-day. Only one or two were absent through sickness. Fewer seem to have left this year and with about twenty new comers we number nearly 110. The following are the new arrivals:— Jerome Angus O'Dwyer, St. John's, New Foundland; Patrick Martin, Milngavie; John Bodenham, Chiswick; George Gaynor, Stokestown, Ireland; Gerald Lindsay, Liverpool; Walter O'Connor, Liverpool; Declan Power, Killorglin, Ireland; George Emerson, St. John's, Newfoundland; Reginald Huddleston, Kilmarnock; Charles Mackay, Carlow, Ireland; Donald and Ian MacDonald, Fort William; Francis and Lawrence Walton, Hull; Thomas and Leo Ruddin, Manchester; Wilfrid and Eldred Martin, Erdington. We are glad to see among us P. Lambert who has returned as a Postulant, and also our old Captain, Bernard Rochford, who left last year. He has returned for a year's tuition before going up to Oxford. His services in the Debating Society and Football Eleven will be especially welcome.

Among those who have left we congratulate A. Primavesi, T. Barton, H. Chamberlain and W. Williams who have gone to take the habit at Belmont.

The changes among the community are few. We miss Fr. Wilfrid Wilson who has gone to Brownedge, Preston. He carries with him our best wishes. We welcome back from Belmont Bes. Leo Hayes, Herbert Byrne, Anthony Barnett, Bruno Dawson and Sebastian Lambert.

Congratulations to those who were successful in the Oxford and Cambridge Local Certificate Examinations held at the end of last term. Of the sixteen who entered, twelve obtained certificates and fifteen first class passes were obtained in the different subjects. The following obtained certificates:—

No. of subjects.	First Class Passes.
J. Hesketh	7.
J. McElliott	6.
P. Perry	5.
E. Emerson	6.
J. Forsyth	6.
	Greek, Arithmetic.
	Greek, Latin, French.
	English, History.
	Additional Mathematics.
	History.

	No. of Subjects	First Class Passes
P. Neeson	6.	Greek.
O. Chamberlain	6.	Greek.
Y. Giglio	5.	French.
H. Chamberlain	5.	
J. Smith	6.	
L. Hope	6.	
J. Buckley	5.	

In addition to the above P. Ward obtained a first class pass in Arithmetic and Additional Mathematics and J. Blackledge in English.

Sept. 20. Voting for Captain. B. Rochford did not stand. R. Hesketh was elected and appointed the following government:—  
 Secretary - - - - - B. Rochford  
 Librarians of Senior Library - - - E. Emerson, J. Buckley  
 Librarian of Junior Library - - - - - H. Williams  
 Vigilarii - - - - - H. Farmer, E. A. Robertson  
 Librarian of the Reading Room - - - - - H. Lovell  
 Vigilarii - - - - - W. Darby, E. Feeny  
 Officemen - - - - - J. McElliott, E. Hardman  
 Gamesmen - - - - - P. Ward, V. Giglio  
 Gasmen - - - - - J. Clancy, R. Barrett  
 Clotheshman - - - - - H. Speakman  
 Billiard Room Officials - - - O. Chamberlain, C. Rochford  
 Collegemen - - - R. C. Smith, L. Miles, R. Blackledge

B. Rochford, E. Hardman, R. Hesketh, and (sub. con.) P. Neeson were chosen to form the committee for the football season; and the voting for the captains of the sets resulted as follows:—  
 1. E. Hardman and R. Hesketh. 2. J. Buckley and R. Marwood.  
 3. E. Cavkell and J. Barton. 4. W. Darby and D. Russell.  
 5. V. Narey and O. Barton.

Sept. 20. A game of rounders was played by all the sets in the afternoon.

Sept. 25. The first meeting of the school was held in which the Captain introduced his government. The usual compliments from the leader of the Opposition, J. Smith, were accompanied by a hint that he intended to be aggressive this term.

Sept. 28. The Football Eleven played the first match of the season against Hovingham. The game lost much of its interest

owing to rain, which also prevented the boys from being present. We pressed hard throughout. The score was opened from a penalty which Br. Sebastian safely netted. The game then became a bombardment of our opponents' goal who passed the ball into their net until when time was called we found ourselves victorious by seven goals to nil.

Oct. 1. A class match was arranged between the First and Second Forms. An easy victory of seven goals to nil proved the senior class to be the better team.

Oct. 8. The Fourth Form challenged the Lower Library to a game of football in the morning. They found that their opponents could muster a stronger team than they had anticipated, for although circumstances compelled the Junior boys to play with only ten men, they secured the victory by one goal to nil.

Oct. 9. Mr. J. Nevill (old Amplefordian) and a friend, Licut. Berners, came on a short visit. The latter entertained us with a lecture on the Chinese Boxer Rising of 1900. The subject proved an absorbing one and the interest was heightened by the recital of many humorous anecdotes. Mr. Berners had himself accompanied the Relief Force to Peking and the lantern slides with which the lecture was illustrated were made from photos taken by himself. We have to thank him heartily for the pleasure he gave us.

Oct. 14. Michaelmas term commenced at Oxford. Brothers Celestine Sheppard and Herbert Byrne entered the Ampleforth Hall as freshmen. As Br. Paul Nevill took his degree last midsummer, the numbers at the Hall show an increase of one. Br. Bruno Dawson has gone to Sant Anselmo's, the Benedictine College in Rome, where he will find another Amplefordian, Br. Dunstan Pozzi.

Oct. 16. The list of books to be read for the Literary Competition open to members of the upper School was announced. They were as follows:—Shakespeare, King Lear, Coriolanus and Twelfth Night; Milton, Paradise Lost, Bk. 1, and Lycidas; Macaulay, Essays on R. Montgomery's Poems and Warren Hastings; De Quincey, Confessions of an Opium Eater; Heroes of the Nations, Pericles and O'Connell; Plutarch, Lives of Alexander and Caesar; Russell, My Diary, and North and South; Wiseman, Recollections of the

Last Four Popes, Part I Pius VII; Seelye, Expansion of England; Burnaby, Ride to Khiva; Proctor, Science Byways, On Surrey Hills.

Two prizes are offered to members of the Lower Library for the best answers to a paper on 'Nelson and his Times.'

Oct. 17. Match against the Helmsley team on the college ground. Previous results led us to expect a well contested game. Our opponents secured the first goal after some close play in the goal mouth, but this was followed shortly afterwards by a well directed shot from B. Rochford; the ball rebounded from the cross-bar but was promptly put between the posts by Fr. Joseph. We soon secured the lead. In the second half our hopes of victory were raised still higher by a successful shot from Br. Basil. The game became very keen when our opponents' centre forward after taking the ball out to the wing scored a second time from a very clever shot. In spite of our efforts to retain the lead the Helmsley team drew level, and the whistle five minutes later left the game a draw. Score 3-3.

Oct. 20. The Examination for the Ampleforth Society Scholarship was held.

Oct. 26. A general meeting of the school in the evening. The Opposition very ably supported their leader in his attack on the government. Out of twelve complaints brought in, they won seven, one was declared illegal and the government successfully defended four. It is only fair to add that three of the offences were merely technical against the Billiard-room men. These aggrieved officials gave notice of a bill to amend the clause in the statutes under which they were convicted of failing in their duty. The debate was well sustained. Mr. Ward is to be congratulated on winning one complaint by a piece of clever debating.

Nov. 1. All Saints. Feast of all Saints. Fr. Abbot sang Pontifical High Mass.

In the morning several class matches were played. The IV. Form after an interesting game drew with the Higher III. Score 1-1. The Lower III. weakened however by the loss of some of their class XI. suffered a disastrous defeat from the II. Form. Score 8-0. The Preparatory found themselves far inferior to the L. Form and only secured one goal against their opponents' nine.

The inclemency of the weather kept us in doors all the afternoon. A billiard Tournament open to members of the Senior Library was held. In the closing stage B. Rochford was to have met his brother C. Rochford but owing to lack of time the fraternal rivalry was postponed till the next day when the younger brother was successful.

The Upper Library availed themselves of the privilege of being present at the Solemn Dirge in the Evening.

Nov. 2. The Middle and Lower School went for paper chases. The hares of the former division took a line across the Roman camp and down into the valley, arriving home without being caught. The hounds complained of lack of "scent" The Lower School hounds were led through the Triangle and by Golden Square Farm into Pry Rig, where R. Blackledge caught one of the hares, O. Martin. The other hare, W. Darby, arrived home in safety.

The month-day speeches were delivered in the evening, Fr. Abbot presided. A pleasant hour was passed listening to various recitations, ranging from Plato (translated) to Shakespeare and Kents.

#### Nov. 13. The Feast of Monks.

The first XI went away to Pocklington. The day was wet and the ground very slippery. The ball was consequently difficult to control, and the conditions were altogether unfavourable to accurate play. We commenced very unfortunately, Pocklington scoring in the first five minutes of the game from a penalty given against Hardman for handling the ball. Encouraged by this success our opponents pressed us hard and in a few moments scored a second goal from the right wing. Our team then woke up and by means of very pretty combination ran through the opposing backs and Lambert scored from an easy position. We continued to press and Ward receiving the ball from Calder Smith practically dribbled past the Pocklington goal keeper. For the remainder of the first half we had all the game. At half-time the score was two all. On changing ends we thought that with the wind and rain at our backs we should win with some ease. But the forwards now fell off very much in their play. Jackson got hurt and could not assist his side much. The defence was sound but the ball was kept in our half owing to the weakness of the

forwards. Our misfortune was complete when our goal-keeper misjudged a slow shot from the Pocklington left and allowed the ball to pass into the goal. After this we never looked like winning, and when the whistle went the score stood, Pocklington 3, Ampleforth 2.

We had hard times in losing the match. Though our forwards were weak we should at least have made a draw of it. Too much praise cannot be given to Hesketh and Hardman for their fearless tackling and clean kicking. Of the half-backs B. Rochford seemed to do the most work and he kept his men well together. It is perhaps unfair to blame the forwards too much as the ground was altogether unsuitable for forward play. But Jackson should have been given the ball much more frequently in the first half. Of the rest P. Lambert was perhaps the most effective though he should keep his place better. C. Farmer was energetic but erratic, C. Smith played pluckily and with his head. Ward was too well watched by a centre-half twice his size and weight, to do much and he is not fast enough to be really dangerous. But he played hard right up to the end.

At home our Second XI gained a very easy victory. Although scoring only once before half time, afterwards they put on goals almost as they liked. The final score was 8-0. The forwards though small and light gave a good exhibition of the passing game, and ran through the rather clumsy defence of the Pocklington backs with great ease.

In the evening our autumn Retreat began. The discourses were given by Dr. Anselm Wilson, O.S.B.

Nov. 16. We came out of Retreat to find it was a recreation day in honour of Fr. Edmund's feast. There was much snow on the ground. In the afternoon we played football. We beguiled the lazy time "between our after supper and bed-time" in witnessing a most interesting entertainment, kindly provided for us, by Mr. W. Taylor to whom we offer our congratulations on his 50th birthday. Mr. D. Beaufort for the space of an hour and a half did not for a single instant fail to interest and amuse us with a programme which contained a number of conjuring tricks, musical sketches and some clever ventriloquism.

Nov. 18. We had a rather unfortunate match with Bootham. A thick fog enveloped the field of play and isolated the players



both from the spectators and from one another. As the ground was very hard from a recent frost, the referee announced that he would penalise any charging whatever. It seemed to take some time for our Eleven to settle down to this new regulation; and while our backs were getting used to it Bootham scored from a foul given against Hardman for infringing the rule. C. Farmer however equalized with a good shot from the right wing. Shortly afterwards Bootham scored again. The play now was fairly even. Towards the end our goalkeeper instead of handling made the mistake of attempting to kick away a shot by one of the opposing forwards with fatal results to his side. Bootham won by 3 goals to 1. The game was scarcely a fair test of the strength of the teams, but Bootham certainly adapted themselves to the novel conditions with more skill than our team. On account of the dense fog criticism of the individual players is made impossible, as to the spectators they were, like the Homeric ghosts, "but flitting and shadowy phantoms."

The Second Elevens played at home. The frost of the last two days had made the ground hard, and so we had recourse to the "Jungle." Our opponents who were individually strong and who had given us our record beating of 16-0 last year commenced by a strong attack on our goal. This was beaten off and C. Rochford scored for us. Then Bootham equalized (Wood) put us ahead again. At half-time the score was 2-1 in our favour. On resuming the Bootham left-outside took the ball right down the field and scored an equalizing goal. We immediately responded with another, and then Bootham collapsed. The combination of our forwards proved too much for them, and the game resolved itself into a bombardment of their goal. Final score, 8-2 in our favour.

The second XI. owe their victory here as in the Pocklington match, to the combination of the forwards of whom Speakman and Williams especially played in good style. Ugarté is a useful goal-getter, but has a way of his own of playing, and altogether neglected his wing. Of the half-backs Keogh tackled most effectively, and C. Rochford, especially during the first half, fed his forwards very well. Lovell did a great deal of work, but was inclined to roam about. The backs found the wing men too heavy and fast for them, and at times gave way to a tendency

to stand still in one place. Their kicking was good, McElligott in goal made some good clearances.

Nov. 19. The result of the Scholarship Examination was made known. The honour of being the first "Ampleforth Society" Scholar falls to the lot of P. J. Neeson. Hearty congratulations, and also to O. Chamberlain and E. Emerson, who were bracketed as next in order of merit.

Nov. 22. The frost of the past few nights made us look forward to some skating. The ice was just strong enough not to bear properly. As this was St. Cecily's, the Choir and Band had recreation. After breakfast several went on the ice, and not a few went in. The afternoon was disappointingly wet, but the evening found the musicians in the full enjoyment of a convivial meeting,—themselves both performers and audience. We take the opportunity of thanking Mr. Eddy for his untiring efforts in training both choir and band, and congratulate him on the measure of success he has met with.

Nov. 23. Mr. Taylor had obtained for us a half holiday in honour of his jubilee. The captain telegraphed our congratulations to him, and communicated his very kind reply to us at the meeting of the school in the evening. At this meeting the opposition brought in a record number of complaints, twenty-three. The Government had made up their minds to let none go by default, and an adjournment of the debate was necessary.

Nov. 25. The debate was resumed and occupied the whole evening. The discussion was keen and prolonged. The tactics of the opposition forced the Government to defend clauses in statutes which custom had rendered inoperative, but which had never been repealed. The result was that the opposition won twelve, one was declared illegal, and the Government successfully defended the remainder.

Nov. 29. Match v. Harrogate College. Each side played one master. One of the Harrogate team missed his train, and Ward acted as a substitute. Playing on the "Jungle" and down-hill, we had from the first much the better of the game. The combination of the forwards was not very marked, but they

were good in front of goal. At half-time the goals were 6-0 in our favour. Most of the goals were scored by Fr. Maurus. After half-time the game became very ragged. The only score was a clever shot by Calder Smith from right-inside. There was a great lack of dash about the play, and the game was never interesting to watch.

Nov. 30. "The rain it raineth every day." There have been five inches this month.

A billiard tournament was arranged to pass the time. It had passed it however, before the final was played.

Dec. 2. We rose to find there was a Solemn Requiem for Fr. Ambrose Turner who had died very suddenly from heart failure at three o'clock this morning. He had been suffering from an attack of pneumonia, but we had thought he was out of danger. As an old prefect he has a special claim on our prayers. R.I.P.

Dec. 3. The upper Library were allowed in the choir to attend the solemn dirge for Fr. Ambrose. On the next day Fr. Abbot sang the Requiem Mass, and we went in procession to the cemetery.

Dec. 6. As this is the anniversary of Charles Wyse's death, Fr. Edmund sang a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul R.I.P.

Dec. 7. The programme of recitations, and selections on the cello and piano arranged for the monthly speech-night proved more interesting than usual. There were fewer lapses of memory and a greater variety in inflexion.

Dec. 8. Feast of the Immaculate Conception. Fr. Prior sang High Mass in the absence of Fr. Abbot, who is on a journey to Rome. Recreation on a bright mild day was much appreciated. The morning was devoted to football. A powerful combination arranged by the V. and IV. Forms challenged the remainder of the School. A hard game ended in victory for the latter by four goals to two.

The First Form with the assistance of two masters managed to win a game against the Second Form. Score 2-0. The Second Form hope to win the return when they can put their full class team on the field.

We are glad to find that Volume II. of *The World of To-day* has been put in the Upper Library; also we thank Mr. Taylor for the following:—*The story of the Planets* (T. G. Bouney), *By What Authority* (R. H. Benson), *King Solomon's Mines*, *Allen Quartermain* (Rider Haggard), *Life of Cardinal Pole*, *The last Abbot of Thornton*, *Cardinal Wolsey*, and *Earl Nugent's Daughter* (Agnes Stewart). Into *The Unknown*, by R. Fletcher.

P. J. NEESON.  
L. HOPE.

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### Literary and Debating Society.

The first Meeting of term was held on Sunday, Sept. 24th. Fr. Benedict has retired from the position of Vice-Chairman. The Society takes this opportunity of thanking him for his work for them and at the same time welcomes Fr. Placid Dolan as his successor.

Mr. McElligott was elected Secretary and Messrs B. Rochford, J. Smith and J. Hesketh were elected to serve on the Committee.

The following new members were also elected:—Messrs Clapham, Speakman, Jackson, A. Smith, Keogh, Lovell, Calder-Smith, Wood, Lightbound and Leonard.

October 1st. Mr. B. Rochford moved "That a restriction should be placed on the immigration of destitute aliens into England." He divided aliens into two classes, those who work for a livelihood and those who live at the expense of the State.

To the latter class belong criminals, who, being pursued by the law of their own country, come to England for the purpose of entering upon a new campaign of crime. They are only one degree worse than those of the first class who work for very low wages and thus force many of our best citizens to emigrate.

Mr. Neeson opposed, mainly on historical grounds. The country had derived many advantages from the reception of destitute aliens at different periods of history since the time of Edward III. The number of destitute aliens was vastly overestimated and their restriction was unjust.

Mr. Perry agreed especially with the mover's objection to criminal immigrants. He considered the passing of the Aliens' Bill to be the only praiseworthy action of the Government during the last Session.

Mr. C. Rochford from personal experience of the annoyance caused to the British public by a band of wandering gipsies assailed the house that restriction was necessary.

Mr. Buckley also spoke.

The motion was carried by 14—9.

*October 15th.* The question for debate was "That Professionalism is to the interest of sport." Mr. J. Smith was the mover. He explained the origin of Professionalism in cricket and football, and drew the conclusion that the present system is more honest than the former system. The payment of players was the cause not the consequence, of Professionalism. He referred to the benefits to the players and the inducement which it offered to athletes to live honest and healthy lives.

Mr. Hardman opposed. Professionalism had lowered the tone of games and had converted cricket and football grounds into commercial arenas. The effects upon the players themselves had been no less disastrous.

Mr. Perry considered that the essential character of games as a means of mental relaxation had been changed by allowing the intrusion of pecuniary considerations.

Mr. Buckley also opposed the motion for social reasons. Many capable men were deterred from football by their unwillingness to associate with Professionals.

Fr. Hildebrand, taking a broader view of the question,

discussed the merits of Professionalism in Billiards and Golf. He thought that much healthy enjoyment was derived from games such as the recent International Foursome.

Messrs Neeson, B. Rochford, Marwood, Hesket and Speakman also spoke.

The motion was carried by 14—11.

*October 22nd.* Mr. Lovell read a paper on General Buller. He defended his action during the Boer War and considered that his failures were due not to bad generalship but to difficulties for which he was not responsible.

*October 29th.* Mr. Buckley moved that "England is ruled by an Oligarchy." He said that the ascendancy of Parliament over the King had begun at the Revolution. For nearly two centuries the power of Parliament had increased. But now another change is taking place. The power of Parliament is passing away and the Cabinet is usurping the legislative functions of Parliament. At the same time the power of the Cabinet is passing into the hands of the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister is the real ruler of the country.

Mr. Chamberlain opposed. The Reform Bills had determined the number of people who should be entitled to vote. Those of the people who are fit to vote, do vote and have a voice in the government of the country. A country whose rulers are appointed by the votes of the people, whose votes completely outweigh the aspect of affairs, cannot be called an oligarchy.

Mr. Perry supported the motion. The present government might be compared to the ministries of Newcastle and Pitt which represented the wishes of none but a few of the aristocracy.

Mr. Smith pointed out that a majority of members in Parliament does not represent a majority of the whole nation. Consequently the wishes of a majority in the House of Commons may be exactly the reverse of what the country desires.

Mr. C. Rochford thought that the Cabinet ruled the country. The wishes of the people are consulted only once every seven years.

Mr. Paul also supported the motion. The present government

is overworked and Domestic problems have to give way to Imperial problems which occupy most of the time of the Cabinet. The Cabinet have it in their power to decide what Bills shall be brought forward, and thus have control of the Legislation. Br. Ambrose spoke against the motion. "The government of Athens," Thucydides had said, "is nominally a democracy, but really belongs to the first men in the State." There could be no better democracy than one in which the government was carried on by the best men.

Messrs. Emerson, Calder-Smith, and Lythgoe also spoke. The motion was lost by 9-16.

*November 5th.* Mr. Hesketh read a paper on Christopher Columbus. He gave an account of his early life and aspirations and difficulties until he found a champion in Queen Isabella. He sketched the four voyages of Columbus and pointed out some of their results.

*November 12th.* The motion for debate was "That the American Colonies were justified in declaring their independence." Mr. Ward said that England had watched with suspicion the growth and independence of the Colonies. With a view of reestablishing her ascendancy a number of measures had been passed restricting their trade. These were unjust. Pitt had shown that America brought to England £3,000,000 annually. Besides, taxation without representation was unjust.

Mr. A. Smith opposed. The Stamp Acts were both necessary and just. And they were not the cause of the War of Independence. The colonists showed great ingratitude by refusing to incur part of the expenses of the Seven Years' War which had been waged on their behalf.

Mr. Buckley supported the motion. The Constitution is based on precedent and there was no precedent for taxation without representation. The Government had admitted their error when they repealed the Stamp Act.

Mr. Perry considered Greenville's treatment of the Colonies unjustifiable. He was responsible for the war.

Mr. Chamberlain spoke against the motion. The reason for revolting was both illegal and unjust. The Colonists were

guilty of base ingratitude to England. They were a growing nation and wished to rule themselves. The taxes of Townsend were nothing but a useful pretext for throwing off the yoke of England.

Mr. J. Smith considered the Colonist's action just on account of the evil results of England's supremacy over them.

Mr. Clapham disagreed with the principle that taxation without representation is illegal.

Messrs. Giglio, B. Rochford, Hardman, C. Rochford, Clancy, Enterson, Hesketh and Calder-Smith also spoke.

After a proposal of adjournment had been rejected the motion was carried by 20-7.

*November 19th.* Mr. Perry read a paper on Wellington. He thought that the honours of the Battle of Waterloo fell to the Prussians. This view was not well received by the more patriotic members of the Society.

*November 26th.* The house was invited by Mr. Hope to decide "That a Republic is the only remedy for the existing state of evil in Russia." He began with an account of the present Constitution of Russia. The corruption and injustice of the Government was the cause of the present discontent. The traditional reverence of the Russian people for the Czar had ceased when Nicholas II. ascended the throne. The revolt of the peasantry was organized and peaceful. The procrastination and duplicity of the Czar alone prevented redress of their grievances. He gave the advantages, social and political, of a Republic as a remedy in the present crisis.

Mr. Clapham opposed—also in the name of Liberty. He differed from the mover as to means. Only an educated people is capable of self-government. On the mover's admission the history of the Russian people had been a long tale of oppression. This had made them totally unfit to govern themselves. If the Czar were removed, the last shred of authority recognised by the people would disappear. The recent manifest, when its promises were carried out, would be the best remedy for all abuses.

Mr. Buckley supported the mover. The state of the Russian Empire after the late war had been the cause of famine and

this in turn had occasioned the revolt. The educated rulers of the Revolutionists were quite capable of ruling Russia if a Republic was declared.

Mr. Perry proposed a Limited Monarchy. The lesson of French and South American Republics should not be ignored.

Mr. A. Smith supported Mr. Perry's suggestion.

Mr. Giglio traced the present evils to the oppression and discontent which followed the war. Peace was impossible under the despotism of the aristocracy.

Mr. Chamberlain said that a Republic without another Napoleon would be an impossibility. If a new Napoleon arose there would be another European war. Either of these alternatives would bring further disaster upon Russia.

Messes J. Smith, C. Rochford, Jackson, Emerson, Hesketh, Clancy, Speakman, Lightbound and Farmer also spoke.

A proposal to adjourn the debate having been rejected the motion was put to the vote and lost by 13-14.

*December 3rd.* Mr. Emerson read a paper on Bismarck in which he gave an account of Bismarck's share in the work of building up the German Empire as we know it to-day.

Fr. Edmund made some reflections upon the dishonourable means which Bismarck employed to bring about what he desired. He considered his treatment of the Ems telegram which brought on the Franco-Prussian war an indefinable stain upon his character.

*December 10th.* The question for discussion was "That Germany should be regarded with suspicion by England." Mr. Giglio was the first speaker. He thought that there could be no doubt that England was the object of the bitterest hatred on the part of the Kaiser and the German people. The chief cause of this was that England was the chief obstacle to Germany's plans of colonization. This anti-British feeling was not merely a temporary outburst but was a rooted jealousy and envy which had been carefully and systematically fostered by the rulers of Germany since the foundation of the Empire. The improvement of the Navy was being carried on with the object of floating a German Navy which should some day annihilate the British Navy.

Mr. Calder-Smith opposed. There could be no advantage for

Germany even in a victorious war with England. Germany was a commercial country and wished to improve her trade by friendly intercourse with England. War with England was the last thing which she could wish for. The relations of the Kaiser and King had always been most amicable. Germans and Englishmen had never met except as friends on the battlefield. The house should not forget that the Prussians had saved Wellington at Waterloo. It was through the influence of Germany, too, that the peace of Europe had been preserved for thirty-five years.

Mr. Hardman thought the Kaiser only, and not the German people, hostile to England.

Mr. Buckley saw in the increase of the German Navy evident signs of hostility.

Mr. Perry supported the motion. Suspicion of German intrigues had been the occasion of the recent Anglo-French agreement.

Mr. Hope said that the only justification for a suspicious attitude was the expectation of active hostility. The risks to Germany, even in the event of success, were too great to allow this to be considered possible.

Mr. Neeson thought that the unfriendly attitude adopted in this country towards Germany arose from a misunderstanding. The Kaiser has designs upon the Austrian Empire which must break up as soon as the present Emperor dies. This explains all the Kaiser's intrigues.

Mr. Wood supported the motion. The policy of Germany was to cause disagreement between France and England in order to obtain the alliance of France.

Mr. Chamberlain lamented the spirit of cowardice which had prompted members to take up an attitude towards Germany so unreasonable and unjust. Such suspicions of German dishonesty were unworthy of Englishmen who have nothing to fear from all that German hatred could achieve even if such hatred really existed, which was more than doubtful. Let them hate if only they will fear as well.

Messes Speakman, Emerson, J. Smith and A. Smith also opposed the motion.

A proposal to adjourn the meeting was carried by a large majority.

J. MC. ELLIGOTT.  
Sec.

## Junior Debating Society.

The First Meeting of term was held on Sept. 24th.

In Private Business Mr. Miles was elected Secretary and Messrs Williams, Cawkell, and Farmer were elected members of the Committee. Of the candidates for membership of the Society the following were elected: Messrs P. Martin, Clapham, Bodenham, H. Rochford, Chamberlain, F. Goss, Hayes, Lee, Morice, Ainscough, and Collison.

In Public Business a Jumble Debate was held.

The Second Meeting was held on Sunday Oct. 1st.

Mr. Williams moved that "The English Press is not beneficial to the people." He relied mainly on the bad style in which most paper are written and the prominence given to betting and police news. He thought that the effect of reading most of our papers must be bad, especially for young people. Mr. Hines seconded and Mr. Cawkell opposed. The latter said that most newspapers were very well written and that undue prominence was not, as a rule, given to sensational items. No country in the world had such a pure press as we had. The editorials were well and thoughtfully written and served as guides to many thousands of people. He admitted that in some cases the publication of police news did harm, but much more frequently such publication, he contended, did good by acting as a deterrent or a warning.

Messrs Swale, Chamberlain, Martin and A. Goss, spoke for the motion and Parle, Barton, F. Goss, H. Rochford, Morice, Ainscough, Heyes, Farmer, Parle, Mc. Loughlin, and Miles opposed it. The motion was lost by 22-5.

In Private Business Messrs Rowe and A. Goss were elected members.

The Third Meeting was held on Oct. 5th.

Public Business consisted of a Jumble Debate.

## JUNIOR DEBATING SOCIETY.

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The Fourth Meeting was held on Oct. 15th.

In Private Business Messrs Summer, C. Rochford, Dees, and Travers were elected members.

In Public Business a series of readings were given by the members.

The Fifth Meeting was held on Oct. 22nd.

In Public Business, Mr. Ugarté moved that "Every man should have a Military Training." Whilst not advocating conscription, the mover insisted on the necessity of every man being drilled and taught to shoot. Such a training would improve our physical condition, and would also enable us in time of need to put a large and efficient force in the field. How many men volunteered for service in South Africa, whose services were refused because they had had no military training!

Mr. Swale seconded and Mr. Forshaw in opposing said that such a military training as the mover desired could not be obtained without conscription. He showed how the proposal would interfere with trade. With a good regular army, a large volunteer force and our great fleet, we were well armed and need fear no nation in the world. Messrs Parle, Hines, Farmer, Bodenham, Chamberlain, and C. Rochford supported and Messrs Williams, McLoughlin, Barton, Darby, F. Goss, Ainscough, Rowe, Cawkell and Martin opposed. Br. Edward spoke in favour of the motion. The motion was carried by 15-14.

The Sixth Meeting was held on Oct. 29th.

Mr. McLoughlin moved that "Railways should not be in the hands of the Government." If the Government held the railways, there would be an absence of competition which would result in a great falling off in speed and comfort. In Germany, where the railways belonged to the Government, they were much inferior to ours. He also pointed out what a great evil it was to a nation when the government began to take over undertakings that should be worked by private energy and capital. Mr. Cawkell, in seconding, said that railway construction and development had been less hampered by Government interference in England and America than in any other country, and that was the reason why, in these countries the railways were so good.

Mr. Swale, who opposed, said that if the railways were in the hands of Government, we should find both fares and taxes

reduced, since the railways would be worked much more cheaply from one centre, and the profits made would, of course, go to the revenue. We should also have more trains. Unnecessary lines would be closed and new ones opened. Under the present system there was a great deal of overlapping and in many cases the competition resulted in much waste, with no addition to our comfort.

Messrs Chamberlain, Martin, A. Goss, Bodenham, Anderton, F. Goss, and Miles supported, whilst Williams and Hines opposed. Br. Anselm also spoke. The motion was carried by 23-4. The Seventh Meeting was held on Nov. 1st.

The members of the Senior Society were invited and took part in a Jumble Debate.

Mr. Buckley moved that "Ireland should not have Home Rule." Mr. Williams opposed. The motion was carried by 16-13.

Mr. Neeson moved that "Buller was a better general than Gordon." Mr. A. Clapham opposed. The motion was carried by 27-11.

Mr. Ward moved that "Organ-grinders should be abolished." Mr. Miles opposed. The motion was lost by 27-9.

Messrs Mc. Elligott, Hardman, Chamberlain, J. Smith, H. Farmer, Rowe, Hines, Dees, Heyes, Ugarte, Parle, McLoughlin and B. Rochford also spoke.

The Eighth Meeting was held on November 5th.

Mr. Darby moved that "The Introduction of Machinery had been a benefit to mankind." His chief argument was that with machinery more and better work could be done in a shorter time than was possible before machinery was introduced. He pointed out the wonderful improvements made in modes of travelling by the locomotive and the steamboat. Education had been all but impossible before the invention of the printing press. It had been contended that wages had been lowered by the introduction of machinery but the contrary was the case. Wages had increased, though the cost of living had by the use of machinery been greatly decreased.

Mr. Swale seconded. Mr. Parle, who opposed, said that the use of machinery was almost always dangerous, and he gave some instances of fatal accidents to support his argument. He contended that the use of machinery had thrown many men out of

employment, and moreover tended to lower the status of the workman since it did away with the necessity for individual skill, and so prevented the workman from feeling pride in the result of his labours. He questioned very much whether the tremendous output of books at the present day was really a blessing. He rather inclined to believe that men were better educated in the old days when they learned a little and learned it well.

Messrs Forshaw, Bodenham, F. Goss, Barton, Farmer, Mc Loughlin, Cawkell and Morice supported the motion. Messrs Robertson, Rowe, Martin, Ugarte, Heyes and Miles opposed it.

The motion was carried by 18-13.

The Ninth Meeting was held on Sunday Nov. 12th.

In Public Business Mr. Robertson moved that "Country Life is better than Town Life."

He dwelt mainly on the point of health and contrasted the smoky atmosphere of the town with the clear air of the country. He emphasised the moral and mental effects of beautiful landscape on those who dwell in the country.

Mr. Cawkell seconded and Mr. Farmer, in opposing said that, in the towns, all the conveniences of life lay close together and were easy to obtain. Most things were cheaper. Education was much more readily obtained in the town. Both amusement and exercise were plentiful in towns, where one could find swimming baths, gymnasia, theatres, etc.

Messrs Martin, Miles, Williams, Hines, Barton, Anderton, Morice, Ainscough, Darby, and C. Rochford supported, whilst Parle, Rowe, F. Goss, Bodenham, and Ugarte opposed.

Mrs. Sebastian and Leo also spoke.

The motion was carried by 17-16.

The Tenth Meeting was held on Nov. 19th. In Public Business a Jumble Debate was held.

The Eleventh Meeting was held on Nov. 26th.

In Public Business Mr. Hines moved that "Severity of Punishment tends to diminish Crime." He said that severe punishments were necessary both because they deterred many people from committing crime and because they were more likely to bring criminals to a state of repentance than milder punishments. In countries like America, where punishments were mild and prisons pleasant, crime was very common and increasing. Mr. Williams seconded.

Mr. Miles, in opposing said that most crimes were committed through poverty and that it was not severity of punishment that would diminish crime but an improvement of the condition of the lower classes. Severe punishments often made habitual criminals of offenders who had sinned through some momentary impulse. He was glad to see that the tendency of the age was to diminish the severity of punishment. Messrs A. Goss, Chamberlain, Anderton, C. Rochford, Travers, Sumner, and Forshaw supported the motion. Messrs Barton, Robertson, Bodenham, Ugarté, McLoughlin, and Rowe spoke against it.

The motion was lost by 14-5.

The Twelfth Meeting was held on Dec. 3rd. Mr. Barton moved that "Habitual Criminals should be imprisoned for life." He showed that most of the more serious crimes committed in England were committed by a small number of men who were well known to the police and who were convicted again and again. He asserted that these men were expensive to the community, because we had to keep so many men to watch them and that it would cost much less to imprison them for life in one of our convict prisons. Apart from expense and danger, such men did harm because they led others to crime. Mr. Robertson seconded.

Mr. Anderton opposed and said the proposal would be a very difficult one to carry out because it would be almost impossible to decide who were habitual criminals. A safer cure for the remedy would be the education of the criminals, chiefly in technical work, and the provision of some employment for them on their release. One great reason for the relapse of many released prisoners was that they found it impossible to obtain honest employment.

Messrs Miles, Lee, Chamberlain, Rowe, Hines, Swale, Ugarté and Ainscough spoke for the motion and Williams, C. Rochford, F. Goss, McLoughlin, Travers, O'Dwyer, Dees, Bodenham, and Morice against it. The motion was lost by 12-16.

The Thirteenth Meeting was held on Dec. 10th.

Mr. Bodenham moved that "Summer Holidays are better than Christmas Holidays."

Mr. Anderton seconded, and Mr. Martin opposed.

Mr Swale moved an amendment to the effect that "Summer

is better for outdoor and Winter for indoor amusements." Mr. Miles seconded.

Messrs Chamberlain, Williams, Barton, McLoughlin, Rochford, Burton, F. Goss, O'Dwyer opposed and Ainscough, Ugarté, Cawkell and Clapham supported the motion.

The Amendment was lost by 6-17 and the motion by 9-16.

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## Notes.

Many years ago, we were privileged to come accidentally upon the notes which a certain preacher—not long taken from us—had put together for his Easter Sunday Sermon. There were three headings—but we had better give the notes in full just as we saw them.

1. Sunrise
2. Alexander
3. Drive it home.

The jottings upon which we are expected to build up a portion of these journal notes, are quite as brief and about as lucid and inspiring as those of the above sermon. If they were ranged under three heads, or divided into three points, they would run:

1. Nothing very particular has happened.
2. Nothing very particular is going to happen.
3. Make it as interesting as you can.

What would we not give, at the present moment, for that other preacher's facility, whose sufficient preparation for his discourse was, as he once said, "one moment of intense thought as I go up the pulpit steps."



Fortunately our Oxford, Roman and other correspondents have come to our aid with full and interesting budgets. But before we offer them to our readers, we wish to thank the two new writers in the journal—Fr. Bede Camm of Erdington Abbey and Captain Woollett—for their able and interesting articles. The former we are happy to state has reserved the better half of his paper for our Easter number and the Captain we hope to number among our regular contributors. We had counted on offering our reader an appreciation of Bishop Hedley's new book *Lex Levitarius*, but we have been disappointed. We promise an article-review in our next number. Our readers, however, will only need to be told of its publication to be anxious to obtain and to read it. They, as we, can never forget that his Lordship is the first and best of our friends.

The wealth of illustrations in this number—our artists have never deserved better of us and our readers—has prevented us giving some illustrations of Princethorpe priory. This omission also we undertake to remedy as soon as we can. We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Bligh Bond for his kindness in lending us some of the blocks which illustrate Fr. Bede Camm's article.

Again we have a death to record, that of Fr. Ambrose Turner. Most of our readers have known him well and will not forget him in their prayers. He was always delicate, but that has not prevented him at any time from doing a full share of earnest and useful work. R.I.P. We have had other cases of serious illness among our fathers, but God has been good to us and they are happily recovered or recovering.

In our last number we recorded Fr. Elphege Duggan's transference from Workington to Cardiff. Our readers will be pleased to read of the presentation made to him by his late congregation. We quote from the Chairman's speech reported in the *Workington Star* and *Harrington Guardian*—

"The history of the little presentation would no doubt be well known to all. Fr. Duggan was with them a very short time, but he did a large amount of work—very useful and desirable work—while he was amongst them. He raised a large

sum of money, and spent it well in decorating that beautiful church of which they were all so justly proud (applause). It had been built twenty years, and that was the first time they had been in a position to do anything in the way of decoration. Father Duggan took up that important work, and owing to his genial manner and his large amount of persuasive power, he raised sufficient money (applause). When they knew he was going to leave them they were all very sorry, and they felt that they must recognise the work he had done for them by making him a presentation (cheers). They began with a very small idea. They thought they would take a month to get in subscriptions, and with what they could raise in that time purchase for Father Duggan some article that would help him in his new mission (applause). It was a poor, miserable place that he had gone to; there was no proper church, and a very poor house, and he wanted to build a new church and a new house, and probably schools as well, and they thought they would give something that would help him (applause). At the end of the month they had received £48 17s. 6d. in subscriptions (cheers.) A few weeks after that they had a little over £50, and even that afternoon he had received £1 and at the door that night he was given another 5s. (cheers). Altogether they had received £54 9s. 2d. (cheers). The text of the address, was as follows:—

'To the Rev. Father M. E. Duggan, O.S.B.

'Rev. and Dear Father,

'We, the members of the congregation of Our Lady and St. Michael's, meet here with great joy to-night to testify to the love and affection in which your memory is held amongst us. During your short stay in Workington you gained the esteem and goodwill not only of this congregation, but of others in the town who met with in you that sympathy and kindly feeling which we ourselves so often experienced in a more perfect degree while in contact with you as our father and our priest, whether in our homes or in the house of God. All this, we know, needs not present reward, and is sure of a higher than human recompense; but to show that we are not ungrateful, and have not forgotten your presence and labour amongst us here, we venture to ask your acceptance of these few articles for your domestic comfort, viz: a reclining chair, a bicycle, a missal, and an address, which

we assure you is but slight and valueless as compared with the good wishes and numerous blessings of your friends in Workington.

Signed, on behalf of the subscribers and Committee,  
 HENRY McALLER, Chairman.  
 PATRICK WALLS, Treasurer.  
 JOHN McMULLEN, | Joint Secretaries.  
 PATRICK McCANN, |

It is gratifying to learn that at Workington, where some of our Laurentian fathers are labouring on the mission, a Catholic has been elected, for the first time, to the Mayoral Office. The recipient of this honour is Alderman Henry Mc Aleer, a prominent member of the Catholic body in the town. On Sunday, the 19th of November, the official church-parade was held, when the Mayor, supported by his Chaplain (the Rev. J. C. Standish, O. S. B.) together with the civic officials and representatives of the public bodies of Workington, attended High Mass at the Church of Our Lady and St. Michael. We offer our congratulations to the new Chief Magistrate and wish him a happy and prosperous term of office.

We have to thank very sincerely the Ampleforth Society for a thoughtful gift of £10 towards the expenses of the Green Room. Fr. Maurus has turned the money to wise use in erecting a fine wardrobe with sliding doors, which he hopes will be, like *Thucydides' history*, a possession for ever. To Mr. Gerald Hardman too we owe our best thanks for the present of a full Elizabethan costume. It consists of a green plush mantle lined with gold coloured silk, with a collar richly ornamented with rubies, diamonds and other precious stones; a velvet surtout with red satin sleeves trimmed with ermine; tights of black silk, and a black silk cap; long pointed shoes. The Green Room armoury has also been enriched by the present of a dagger with an artistically decorated handle—the gift of Mr. Edward Keogh—for this we thank him. Never, to our notion, have the dresses and scenery been handsomer or more beautiful, in the long history of our Ampleforth stage, than last Exhibition, when *Hamlet* was set on the boards; the performance was worthy of its setting.

We wish to thank Mr. Keogh for another gift, that of two cases

of medals. One contains those of five English Cathedrals, Westminster, St. Paul's, York, Winchester and Lincoln, the one side giving the exterior, the other side the interior of the buildings. The original intention of the makers was to strike medals of all the Cathedrals, but only five were executed, and the dies, we understand, have been destroyed. The second case contains two medals brought from Rome. The obverse of each has the bust of Pius IX; the reverse of one is the interior of St. Peter's, that of the other St. Paul's, commemorating the consecration after the fire of 1854.

Yet one more generous gift from W. E. Milburn, Esq. He has presented us with eleven beautifully-framed engravings, all of early date and of subjects most suitable for monastic walls. We particularly admire the engraving of St. Lawrence's martyrdom. It is the fourth valuable engraving we have of the subject. The other subjects are portraits of Popes, and are the works of Hrubaken, Balestra and other noted masters of line-work. To Father Placid Corlett we are indebted for a Magdalen after Gérôme.

We are happy to record that the Conventual Chapter held last August formally affiliated Fr. Augustine Roulin to St. Lawrence's *foveilla*. Fr. Roulin took the habit at Solesmes in 1881. He is now stationed at Fily, where last year he made arrangements for the settlement of a convent of refugee nuns, the *Soeurs de Miséricorde*, whose mother-house is at Evreux. The Catholic congregation is not large, but he has generally to provide a hundred sittings, sometimes more, for Sunday services, owing to the attendance of so many non-Catholics. In a convenient situation he is now building a suitable church. The foundation stone was laid early in September and the edifice is now nearing its completion. He has our warmest wishes in the work he has undertaken.

On Nov. 11th, Fr. Abbot formally received as an Oblate Br. Albus Orford who now takes his place among the lay-brothers of St. Lawrence's.

Our best wishes accompany Fr. Wilfrid Willson who left in September for Brownedge where he is assisting Fr. Basil

Clarkson. Every best wish to Fathers Theodore Turner, Denis Firth and Dunstan Flanagan on occasion of their Silver Jubilee.

Congratulations to Bro. Paul Nevill, who has gained Second Class Honours in History at Oxford. This gives him his B.A.

We also congratulate Edward Dawes on obtaining his full qualifications in Medicine and Surgery at Edinburgh University, Goldie Fishwick on passing his final examination in Law (he is now a fully qualified solicitor), and Austin Hines who has passed his Intermediate in Law. May we also express our pleasure at hearing that Nicholas Cockshutt, Esq., who has successfully practised as a solicitor for many years, has had the courage to present himself anew for examination and been recently called to the Bar.

At the Downside Celebration, there was published a number of special privileges granted by the Holy See to distinguish the occasion. One of these concerns ourselves. The words of the decree declare that "those who, on the 2nd of August, go to the church of that Monastery (St. Gregory's,) and also of the principal houses of your Congregation namely, St. Lawrence's at Ampleforth, St. Edmund's of Douai, St. Michael's at Belmont, and St. Mary's at Stanbrook, (these being at a considerable distance from Franciscan Churches,) may gain the Indulgence of the Portiuncula." This is a great privilege which we shall always greatly value.

A week or two earlier a correspondent sent us a Spanish paper containing the following notice.

BETHLEHEM ILLUSTRATED.

"A monthly paper of the Institute of Bethlehem, Immensor. (Switzerland.)

We call the attention of our readers to the Jubilee Medal of St. Benedict which we have at their disposal, and which we indulge, conceding to them the Portiuncula Indulgence, as soon as we are asked for the medal.

This unquestionable favour of being able to indulge said Jubilee Medal was kindly conceded to us by the Right Rev.

Abbot KERG of Monte Cassino. Such precious medals permit priests and faithful to gain the Portiuncula Indulgence in their own Parish churches; therefore, persons who are prevented from visiting a Franciscan church, have, with this medal, nothing to envy those who can visit them.

For further information:—

Rev. P. M. Barral, Superior of the Bethlehem Institute, Immensee, Switzerland."

Is this notice reliable? The Jubilee medal is the one at present in vogue amongst us.

Here is our budget of Oxford news:—

The Professor of Poetry, A. C. Bradley, gave us this term the last lecture which we shall be privileged to hear from him. The tenure of the office is for a period of five years, and, unfortunately the out-going professor is not re-eligible. The lecture was on Modern Poetry. We cannot attempt to give any adequate account of it. Among the differences which Professor Bradley found between modern poetry and the poetry of the Elizabethan age and of all young eras was the inability of the modern age to produce long poems. If it tries, the result is small oases of poetry in deserts of prose. Many causes account for this. We have not the experience of life that those older poets had. Your modern bard seeks his adventures in Fleet Street with an umbrella for a sword. The world is grown prosaic. It is the age of tram-cars, policemen and trousers. And the modern scientific spirit tells against sustained flights of imagination. We cannot rest unless we are comprehensive, encyclopaedic. Research has killed romance. The vast domains of science which lie open to the modern world seem as yet, as far as poetry goes, harsh, crude and intractable.—The lecturer then discussed various characteristics of modern art in general. Music had won a preeminent place among the arts. Men felt that here was the most perfect unity of form and content.

"And I know not it, save in this, such gift be allowed to man, That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star." He ended with a tribute to Oxford, where he learnt that, what reason expresses in philosophy, that imagination can express in poetry.

The announcement that Sir Oliver Lodge was to give a lecture

on psychical research raised great hopes which were not realised. We did not expect any psychical experiences, to see mediums floating in the air or to witness the dissection of a ghost. But we did expect some account of the evidences which justify this research. As it was, the lecturer confined himself to hortatory remarks on the attitude proper for the study of psychical phenomena. He deprecated the scientific dogmatism, which will have nothing to do with this new region and refuses to believe in it, as much as the superstitious credulity which will accept the wildest extravagances. For himself, he said, his mind remained open. He was not satisfied by any evidence which had as yet come before him. But he believed that the new study was a real one, and that psychical research had a future. We should one day pass out of the closed waters of the Mediterranean into the broad Atlantic of a completer science which had wrested its secrets from the psychic world.

It is perhaps interesting to record the attitude of this eminent scientist towards the ultimate questions of science, as shown in a book which he has just given to the world. It is a profession of absolute unbelief in the materialistic assumptions of Haeckel. A scientist tells us that the conservation of energy and the persistence of substance are no longer to be taken as axiomatic. Experiment and mathematical inference have demonstrated that an atom may break up into electric charges. These again may some day be found capable of resolving themselves into pristine ether. If so, ether alone is enduring. (Ether is a scientific 'eidolon.' Someone has said it is the noun of the verb 'to undulate'.)

The transformations of material energy are susceptible of external guidance or directive control. When life departs the phenomenon involves no loss of energy; it is simply the withdrawal of this directive influence. In the words of the book—"Life is neither matter nor energy, nor even a function of matter or energy, but is something belonging to a different category. By some means at present unknown it is able to react with the material world for a time." "It is perpetually arriving and disappearing—evaporating whence it came."

Oxford is famous by this time for the great place she has always taken in the promotion of social institutions in England. So that

Mr. Norman Potter was quite at home when he came down to speak, before a small gathering in Monsignor Kennard's house, concerning his work among the London boys. He quoted largely from the paper he had lately read before the Catholic Conference at Blackburn, but he was far more interesting when he put papers and notes aside, and told of real living facts about his boys. His chief principle consists of encouraging the "home life". He endeavours to keep out all idea of institutions and reformatories. Rather it is the family, sanctified in the Divine Model of Bethlehem and Nazareth, that is his one end and aim. Some of the boys go out to work, some are apprenticed at home, some can do but little except watch and learn. But, in keeping with his central idea, there is no uniform, no roll-call. The lads have "the run of the house" as he expressed it. Even the kitchen is not forbidden ground. But the home has its darker side. There are boys who have hitherto had no realisation of what affection means, who have to be tamed as wild beasts are tamed, who come and go, are converted from thieving practices and then relapse back into their old pursuits. Mr. Potter even produced his watch and explained that it too had once been in pawn. One little rascal had managed to make three half-pence by it. Yet gradually "St. Hugh's" transforms by its manly influence these lads rescued from the very worst surroundings (indeed it is a necessary credential for admittance to be destitute and desolate) into truthful and honest boys. But the great motive of it all is the love divine, to which nothing is impossible or difficult. It is a grand thing when Catholic laymen can turn themselves to the work of God. They can have an influence which no priest can hope to attain. It is their's to spread God's kingdom till the children from the street may come and shelter beneath its shade.

Mr. MacIver delivered an interesting lecture to the Antiquarian Society on Recent Excavations in Rhodesia. The lecturer had just returned to England after personally directing a great part of the work, which was carried out in the hope of being able to assign a date to the numerous remains of fortified settlements. One rather hoped to be taken back several thousand years, and to hear perhaps of traces of an ancient civilisation. It was somewhat disappointing to be informed that there is not a trace of anything of earlier date than the latter part of the sixteenth

century of the Christian era. Amid the deepest buried remains which were excavated, there was found, together with many native implements, a piece of blue earthenware, without doubt the work of the mediæval Portuguese settlers on the south-east coast of Africa. Even a piece of broken pot may sometimes be of use! There are only three or four rude decorative patterns in the stonework of the buildings, and it is a curious and interesting fact that one of these is found in similar remains all over the continent of Africa, though there does not appear to have been any close racial connection between peoples so widely separated as those of Rhodesia, Nigeria and Egypt.

Perhaps most of us would be disposed to regard radium as a valuable curiosity, or at best as a substance of interest only to physicists. But that it is capable of being put to practical use was proved by Professor Gotch in demonstrating an invention of his own, a small instrument with the large name of the Gotch Ophthalmic-Spithariscopes. The instrument has somewhat the appearance of a kaleidoscope. Emanations from a small piece of radium fall upon a zinc-blende screen, and on looking into the tube in a dark room the faint flashes of light so caused can be seen. By regulating the distance between the radium and the screen it is possible to regulate exactly the intensity of the flash. The purpose of the instrument is to test the sensitiveness to light of the retina of the eye. It has already added considerably to our knowledge of what parts of the retina are most sensitive, and of the compensating influence which one eye exerts upon the other.

#### Our Roman Letter.

"When the scholastic year opened as usual on November 1st the number of students was found to be much greater than that of last year, reaching a total of sixty-three. (Among the new arrivals was Dr. Bruno Dawson, who has come to read the theological course.) To the thirteen or fourteen different nationalities already represented in the College, there is an interesting addition this year in two Basilian monks from Galicia. They say Mass according to the Greek rite, but the language used is the ancient Slav.

"As the short Retreat which generally opens the year's work was postponed for a few days, in order that it might coincide with the Quarant' Ores, which we had here for the first time this year, the

inaugural address was delivered by the Rector on the evening of the 2nd, and lectures began next morning. An opportunity was thus afforded of paying a visit to the Campo Santo on the Day of the Dead. It was a striking sight. All Rome seemed to be there, and all the roads leading to the Cemetery were crowded with flower-laden people, who with bright coloured chrysanthemums and burning lamps made gay the otherwise cold exhibition of statuary. Nearly every "camerata" found its way there and all of these paid a visit to the vault, covered with a simple stone bearing the Cross of St. Benedict, where lie the three who, at different times, were members of the community of Sant' Anselmo's—the last of whom was our own revered Abbot Raynal. A lamp had been lighted and a single white flower had been laid on the stone, a symbol of simplicity and innocence, and a token that our dead were not forgotten.

"A pretty group was formed by children, who, as though the spirit of "Old Mortality" had fallen upon them, were busy cleaning the tomb-stone on a deserted and neglected grave.

"Among the English pilgrims who came to Rome in October were Abbot Taylor, Fr. Basil Clarkson and Fr. Theodore Turner. They remained in the Eternal City about a week. On Nov. 29th, his Lordship the Bishop of Port Louis arrived to make his "ad limina" visit. He is staying with us and will be here for a few weeks. The Bishops of Liverpool and Salford were up at the College, on the Feast of All Saints, to hear the Plain Chant.

"Don Pothier was back again amongst us early in November and is busy occupied with the publication of the *Graduale*. The "Commune Sanctorum" will, most probably, be ready at the beginning of the year. It will be followed by the other parts, so that it is hoped the "Graduale" will be complete by the end of 1906.

"The Abbot of Solesmes has just arrived in Rome. It is said that he has come with reference to the Plain Chant.

"Canon Mackey's numerous friends will be pleased to hear that, although he was very worn out by the fatigues of the journey to Rome, he is now much stronger. He is busy revising the "Conferences of St. Francis of Sales" for the press, and has also begun the composition of the *Life of the Saint*.

"High festival was held in the College on Nov. 5th, when Dom Raymund Netzhammer, a monk of the celebrated monastery of Einsiedeln, was consecrated Archbishop of Bucharest by Cardinal Gatti of the Propaganda. Dom Raymund was professor and procurator here two years ago, and last year occupied the position of Rector of the Greek College. Before coming to Rome he was Rector of the Seminary at Bucharest and is a *persona gratissima* with the King of Roumania.

"The connection between Sant Anselmo's and the Biblical Commission has been strengthened by the election of the Rector to the post of Secretary. We have thus three of the staff on the Commission.

"The schools in Scripture this year are some of the largest, and there is a keen interest on all sides in things biblical. Three or four of the students have the intention of attempting the Scripture degree, when they have taken the Doctorate in Theology, which is a necessary condition.

"The subject matter treated this year by Fr. Hopf is very interesting, consisting as it does of the Introduction to the Old Testament, and, in Exegesis, the Fourth Gospel. In connection with the former he promised us some important decisions from the Commission, during the year, that will be useful in this study, but said they would take the form of general canons rather than judgments on particular cases.

"During a visit to Subiaco the sight of a "loculus," which bears the inscription, "Hic sunt in fossa Bede venerabilis ossa," over one of the altars in the monastery of Santa Scholastica, called to mind a short article under the title of "A Legend of St. Bede," which appeared in the "Tablet" of March 18th of this year, containing a query which, we believe, has not found an answer up to the present.

"The legend was a quotation from Caxton's "Golden Legend," printed in 1483; a book partly compiled from a French version of Jacobus de Voragine's "Legenda Aurea." It relates the two reasons why "holey chyrche" speaks not of "saynt bede," but of "worsbypful bede." It tells how Bede was blind, and had a leader to guide his steps "by townes and castells" where he preached, and how on one occasion the holy man was led into a deserted valley full of great stones. His guide, for a joke, told

him there were many people gathered to hear the Word of God, Bede, ever ready to lift up his voice in exhortation and the defence of truth, preached with great earnestness, and concluded with "Per omnia secula seculorum," whereupon the stones answered "wyth an hyc voys, Amen, our honourable fader", and the Church thus learned to give him the name of "honourable."

"In the second place, the story goes, "a moche devote clerke" wished to set a worthy epitaph on Bede's tomb and began "Hic sunt in fossa—" but was very dissatisfied with the second half, which he wrote "bede sancti ossa." However, he found his difficulty mysteriously solved next day, for the "hands of angellys" had written thus—"Hic sunt in fossa bede venerabilis ossa." The quotation ends "Whose body is worsbypped by grete devocion in gene." The publisher of this interesting legend in the "Tablet" asks why should Bede be specially interesting to the pious of Genoa ("gene")?

"The query is answered by a reference to the Bollandists, where will be found the lives of two distinct Bedes; one the Venerable Bede of Jarrow on May 27th, the other a Saint Bede who was a member of the community of the monastery of St. Benignus at Genoa, on April 10th. In fact, the introduction to the life of the latter shows that the confusion between the two has not now happened for the first time. The writer of the introduction tells how, on a visit to the monastery of St. Benignus, where he was seeking matter for the life of the Genoese Bede, "displicebat monachorum credulitas, asseverantium hoc esse corpus Venerabilis Bede, illustris Ecclesie scriptoris." The Bede of Genoa, who was also a Saxon, lived five years longer than the Emperor Charlemagne, by whom he had been educated and dedicated to the service of God, and thus died in the year 819.

"The story of the blind man deceived by his guide is also explained here, for an incident of a character very similar is told in the life of St. Bede, Junior, as he is called to distinguish him from the Venerable Bede. Once upon a time, when he had already reached his eightieth year and his sight had been dimmed by long vigils and many tears, he was persuaded by his brethren to ascend the pulpit in the church and preach to the people. Although his bodily sight was weak, his intellect was all the more subtle, and this subtlety was such that it reduced his audience

to a few clerics. Still the good old father held forth as though to a vast congregation, and when he finished with the customary benediction, the voices of a multitude, "without doubt of heavenly ministrants," were heard crying out "Amen."

"In a note at the end of the chapter in which this incident is related, it is explained that this is the origin of the story which is commonly passed round about Bede, the Senior, which is related as in the legend quoted above, to which is added "who (i.e. Bede, Senior) died not yet sixty years of age, and who accordingly preserved his eyesight to the end of his life (ac proinde oculis ad extrema valentibus)." Although one cannot admit that this argument has force, still it may certainly be said that the character of a missionary travelling "by towns and castells" does not agree with the idea of the sedentary student devoted to his books, that is presented by the life of our English Bede.

"In order that the confusion of the past may not arise again there is a tablet affixed to the wall of the chapel, on which is told the history of these relics, and making clear the distinction between the monk of Genoa and his celebrated namesake of Jarrow.

"The statement that our Venerable Bede was not yet sixty years of age when he died does not agree with the second nocturn lessons in the Breviary, where, putting his death in the year 702, it is said: "He lived ninety years, and of these, eighty-three he passed in the monastery." Such an age is contradicted by all authorities at hand just at the moment. The "Kirchen-Lexikon" says he was born in 672, or more likely in 674, and died in 735, that is at the age of 61 or 63. Surian, in his "Vitae Sanctorum," uses the life by Joannes Trithemius, Abbot of Spannheim, where the saint's death is placed in 735, but at the age of 72. The Bollandists give the life by Turgot, Cathedral Prior of Durham, which puts St. Bede's birth in 677 and his death in 735, or possibly in 734, when he was 58, and this is the age referred to in rejecting the legend of the blind man, attributed to him. It may be noted that the discrepancy between the Breviary and the other authorities is about the date of his death, these latter being almost unanimous as to its occurrence in 735. Perhaps some of our historians can throw light on the question.

The London Ampleforth Dinner was held at the Holborn Restaurant on Tuesday the 28th November, 1905, the Abbot of Ampleforth as usual being in the Chair. The Toasts were:

1. *'Pope and King,'* proposed by the Chairman, who said he was about to visit Rome and would be privileged to submit the homage and respect of Ampleforth to the Vicar of Christ and to tell of its devotion to Pius X. After a few words praising the tactful course the King took in all international matters, and how well he had led the country through difficult times and perils of war, the company sang the "O Roma Felix" and "God save the King."

2. *"Alma Mater and Father Abbot."* Captain Woollett, in his usual fluent and interesting style, gave us some reminiscences of the early days of Ampleforth and said what a pleasure it was to yearly welcome Fr. Abbot in the Chair on these occasions, especially as his duties increased year by year. Without him the Ampleforth Dinner could not be a success. After the *Gaudemus* igitur had been sung in unison, Fr. Abbot, in responding, gave us the results of the recent Oxford and Cambridge exams at the College and also spoke of the success of the Oxford house.

3. *"Our Visitors"* was proposed in a few suitable words by Mr. G. T. Penney, Fr. Gilbert Dolan, O.S.B. in responding, tried to persuade his hearers that he had never before made an after dinner speech but his subsequent humorous remarks led them to think otherwise.

During the evening Songs were rendered by Messrs J. M. Tucker, H. Basley and F. Daniel, and selections on the piano were played by Mr. E. J. de Normanville. Altogether a very pleasant evening was spent.

From the *Yorkshire Post*, November 4th, 1905:—

Provost Dawson, who has been elevated to the dignity of domestic prelate to the Pope, was last evening, at St. Wilfrid's Church, York, presented with a purse of gold and an illuminated address. The latter is a beautiful work of art in the 15th century style by Fr. Maurus Powell, O.S.B. of Ampleforth Abbey, and contains a fine pen and ink sketch of the exterior of St. Wilfrid's Church. Mgr. Dawson has been connected with St. Wilfrid's Church since 1875, was a member of the old School Board and is now on the York Education Committee.

A note from the Links:—

Except during November we have been favoured this term with good weather. Golfers are increasing in number, and several hitherto passive resisters have become Royal and Ancient rate-payers. All are agreed that the course has greatly improved this autumn. Old members of our club will be interested to know that we hope to abandon the prehistoric sixth green in the spring, and to use instead a new one which has been cut out of the hill and relayed, about thirty yards higher up than the old one. We have once more to thank our old friend and benefactor Mr. F. Marwood for an excellent special green-roller which he has kindly presented to us. We are also indebted to Mr. W. Taylor for a box of balls, which he gave as a tournament prize to be played for on the 16th of November. The Tournament was a foursome against Baggy. Six pairs played, and the best score was returned by Rev. D. Mawson and Mr. P. Lambert.

Occasionally one sees in club houses stuffed birds which have been killed accidentally by golf balls in play. A curious incident occurred here this term. One of the players had teed up his ball on the ninth tee, when a rabbit was seen to dart out of the hedge and cross in front of the tee;—instead of letting drive at the ball the player drove at the rabbit, and laid it dead stymie.

Amongst other events of the term we have been celebrating the fiftieth birthday of our good friend Mr. William Taylor, who has been residing at Amplesforth since 1899. At the dinner given by Mr. Taylor, on November 16th, to his friends and the Community, to celebrate the occasion and show his love for Amplesforth, there were present his brother Mr. Thomas Taylor, his nephew Mr. William Taylor, Fr. Motherway of Chorley, Dr. Porter and others. A suitable address artistically designed by Fr. Maurus Powell was presented to the Jubilarian by Fr. Abbott, who also announced that His Holiness had been pleased to send the Papal Blessing. Our hearty wishes *ad multos annos*.

We were pleased to have a visit in November from George Nevill. He has just completed his first term of service in Northern Nigeria and we offer him our congratulations on his early pro-

motion to the rank of "Resident." He will return to take up his new office early in February.

It is a pleasure to see Mr. Perry going his usual rounds again, looking strong and hearty. His Harrogate holiday has done him good. Everybody was hoping it would. Our congratulations on his recent successes at the shows. His roots come out once more at the top of the tree. You may convict me of paradox, but it is a very useful figure of speech, when you want emphasis, and Mr. Perry's roots will stand a lot of it. With three cups, two first prizes, two seconds, two reserves and two high commendations at Birmingham, three firsts and two seconds at Leeds, and three firsts at York, the record is as good as ever. There is something rather suggestive as a 'Quid retribuam' in Father Thurston's article in the *Mouth* on the Great Antiphons, or Great O's, as they are commonly called. The solemn intonation of them was a privilege reserved to the obedienciaries of the monastery. The monastic gardener was one of these, and, as was very natural, the antiphon set down for him was nearly always "O Radix." If the *Proferis Meta* should lead, among other things expected of it, to a revival of this old monastic custom, Mr. Perry's claims to the "O Radix" would be beyond dispute. Installed, cowed and hooded, "obedienciary" for the nonce, why should he not do himself justice in the choir as well as the garden? A radical innovation no doubt, but innovations are not white blackbirds, and as for radicalism Mr. Perry stands clearly convicted of it. Radicalism in the garden is an excellent thing, worthy of all praise, very necessary in principle and paying in practice. But when you come to other matters, then you are getting on thin ice, "incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso," and 'you cannot be too careful.' Just now the atmosphere is highly charged, elections are in the air, mighty issues at stake, and every one has his own opinion and the right one; so the less said the better. But as Mr. Perry is the subject of this note, one feels rather curious to know, though he is not likely to discover, how far Mr. Perry's Radicalism goes. Is it no farther than the garden wall, or is it of wider range, of a regular up-to-date, out-and-out, thorough-going character? "Secretum meum mihi."



Just at the last moment we have received a copy of Mr Herber's "Poems of the Seen and the Unseen." We have not as yet been able to do more than open the book. Our readers will find in it many old favourites in the most admirable print on the best paper. We hope to speak of it more fully in our next number. The publishers are P. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford, and Simkin, Marshall and Co., London.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphi*, the *St. Augustine*, *St. Andrew's Cross*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Benedictine*, the *Downside Review*, the *Georgian*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Oscotian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Ushaw Magazine*.

## THE AMPLEFORTH JOURNAL.

Vol. XI.

MAY, 1906.

PART III.

### An Order and its Founder.

THE Redemptorist Fathers have just brought out, in English, a very important and complete Life of their holy Founder, St. Alphonsus, which will now be considered as definitive, authoritative and final.\* The English Editor is the Rev. Father Castle, of Kinnoul, Perth. It may reasonably be suspected that it is he who has done the greater part of the translation—for the book professes to be a translation from the French of Father Berthe. The original work I have not seen. But no one who reads this translation can fail to see that it is faithfully and admirably done. It is understood that the materials left by the late Father Bridgett, who had been for many years employed upon a life of the Saint, have been made use of in this English edition. The editor has added a good many notes not found in the French. Most of these notes are useful and excellent. But here and there, if I might venture an opinion, they are foreign to the subject, and sometimes they have a suspicion of flippancy. The work, in English, extends to two very large volumes of 900 pp. each, which are so heavy, in the physical sense, that they are fatiguing to hold in the hand. For all that, it is most welcome to all lovers of St. Alphonsus—to all who delight to follow

\* *The Life of St. Alphonsus De Liguori*. By AUGUST BERTHE, C. SS. R. Edited in English by HAROLD CASTLE of the same Congregation. Dublin, James Duffy and Co., 1905. 2 vols.

into its utmost detail a life so fraught with instruction for the Church, and so full of inspiration to all who strive to promote the interests of the Kingdom of God in their own hearts and in the world at large.

The life of St. Alphonsus has many points of view from which it may be considered. He was raised up to strengthen the Church against Jansenism, to direct the Confessor in his work for souls, to protest against florid and artificial preaching, to show how to instruct the poor. Cardinal Capecepatro, in his eloquent memoir, draws special attention to his love of the people, and his championship of their interest against the aristocracy to which he belonged. As for that, the Saint was devoured with zeal for souls, and thought no labour too great when it was a question of the salvation of the poorest and the lowest. But it would be an exaggeration to say that he was, in any other sense, inclined to democracy. There is no trace in his life, as far as I know, of any feeling that the privileges and feudal rights of the nobility—which were very numerous and valuable in the Neapolitan kingdom of that day—were anything but right in principle, whatever might have to be said about abuses. Indeed, there is no reason for expecting him to have taken up any other position. And whilst no man, with religious objects at heart, ever suffered more from the detestable and pernicious interference of the Crown and its ministers, he never made any public fight against a system which paralysed to a great extent the action of the Canon Law and the Holy See in the two Sicilies. The very last work that he wrote, in extreme old age—the *Fedeltà dei vassalli*—shows that his feeling to the very end was that the people required less liberty, and not more. He thought that if princes could be got to use their power and to put a stop to public sin and impiety, their kingdoms would be happy and prosperous. "Missions! Missions!" he would exclaim—"if you succeed in winning one prince to the truth it is worth hundreds and thousands of Missions. The work a king can do who fears God could not be done by a thou-

sand Missions." Far be it from me to say that St. Alphonsus was not absolutely right in his aspirations after an ideal state of things. But whether it was too late, a dozen years before the French revolution, thus to invoke the interference of princes, is another matter.

Leaving on one side the many tempting excursions into the Saint's personal history, it will not be uninteresting or unprofitable to devote a few pages to the Religious Order which it was granted to him to found. The Order of the Most Holy Redeemer has won a place for itself among the great religious institutes of history—by its vitality, by its extension, by its work and by its Saints. Its beginnings are full of dramatic variety, and its early story reflects in a most striking way the character and the saintliness of its founder.

When St. Alphonsus, at the age of about thirty, had renounced his profession, left the world, and received the sacred order of Priesthood, he was already a member of a Neapolitan Congregation called the Propaganda. The principal object of this Congregation, which was only one among many similar ones then existing in Naples, was the giving of Missions. It had long been a recognized thing in every part of Italy that if souls were to be saved and vice kept down, the work of the Parish Priest had to be regularly supplemented by the Missioner. He was sometimes a secular priest, perhaps a member of a Congregation, and sometimes a regular. He sometimes came alone to a great city church or country parish, but often was accompanied by a numerous staff of *cofrères* and catechists. For a week, a fortnight, or longer, he and his companions thundered out the great truths, and gave assiduous instructions; and it was seldom that the impressionable Italian people did not flock to the confessional and the Holy Table, and that the parish or district did not show an abatement of scandals and an increase of fervour—for a time at least. These Missions were undoubtedly a great help to the Parish Priests. But it seems certain that, in Southern Italy at least,

in the eighteenth century, the Parish Priests were somewhat spoilt by the Missioner and left their Parishes far too much to the more or less uncertain chances of a mission. When St. Alphonsus was ordained, Naples had a fair share of the wickedness of a southern city; but its light-hearted and fickle people were exceptionally well looked after by Congregations, preachers and catechists of every kind. Few of these belonged to any regular parochial staff. In the kingdom of Naples, the number of priests who had no care of souls, even omitting to count members of Religious bodies, far out-numbered the parochial clergy. A priest could obtain ordination if he had sufficient means to live upon, whether of his own or the fruits of a "simple" benefice—that is, a benefice with no pastoral cure attached to it, such as a chaplaincy, a canonry, or a foundation for Mass. Most of these priests lived with their families. They were, as a rule, harmless and quiet, but having little or nothing to do, as we should understand work, they were often lazy, easygoing, and given to dissipation of one kind or another. Many good men, before the days of St. Alphonsus, had deplored the good material that seemed to be running to waste in these unoccupied priests, and had tried to devise means to utilise them for the salvation of souls. For this end, holy men had formed "unions," "associations," and "congregations" of various kinds and for various particular purposes, and Naples, at the time of St. Alphonsus, had a large number of them. I have already spoken of one Congregation, called the Propaganda. There was another that we hear of, called the "Missionaries of the Conference." About the time that St. Alphonsus was beginning to think of his own Order, in the second quarter of the eighteenth century, a holy Neapolitan Priest, the Ven. Mariano Arciero, became a member of this Congregation, and began a missionary career which covered almost the same years as that of St. Alphonsus. He died, as Superior of the Missionaries of the Conference, in 1788, a year after St. Alphonsus. He laboured

for twenty years in the diocese of Cassano, with such wonderful fruit that he was called the Apostle of Calabria. The story of these Congregations reminds us of similar, and more celebrated, Congregations founded a century earlier in France—such as that of the Blessed Grignon de Montfort, and the Missionaries of the Blessed Sacrament, founded by Christophe d'Autier, who wrought such wonderful conversions in the Drôme. It is interesting also to note that a Missionary Congregation called "of the Precious Blood" was founded by the Ven. Gaspard del Bufalo, a Roman secular priest, who was born just a year before St. Alphonsus died, and who will, in all probability, receive before long the honours of canonization. The Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer was not therefore an isolated enterprise. It was one attempt, among many before and since, to evangelise the poor, especially in country districts, and to enlist in this holy cause the numerous priests who, in the Latin countries, are required to celebrate Masses and to perform the Office of the Church over and above the distinctly parochial clergy. That the enterprise of St. Alphonsus finally took the shape of a Religious Congregation approved by the Holy See was by the disposition of the Holy Spirit, who would thereby show to the world in these latter times how missionary work succeeds best when it is carried on under the conditions of obedience, poverty and austerity.

The Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer may be said to have been started when St. Alphonsus, then a young priest of thirty-six, began community life with a few companions at the little town of Scala, on the Gulf of Salerno, in the late autumn of 1732. The idea which he had was to imitate the life and virtues of Jesus Christ, and to help the faithful by preaching, by missions and by catechism. From the very beginning he seems to have intended that his little Congregation should be a true religious order, with vows. But these inspirations and purposes are not delivered

by Almighty God to his holy servants in clear and definite shape at once, as the Tables of the Law were delivered on Sinai. It is by much prayer, by salutary counsel, by supernatural obedience, and through bitter suffering that a Founder, marked out by God to succeed, arrives at the comprehension of what is required of him. A pious nun, of a convent at Scala, had received a supernatural communication to the effect that Alphonsus was to be the head of a new Congregation. Her statements were at first received with incredulity. It is evident, from the letters of St. Alphonsus still extant, that he was inclined, in spite of his humility, to believe them. The truth was, he was filled, at that very time, with a vague but very strong sense that God was calling him to undertake something of the kind. But he adhered to the safe and Catholic practice, and, whilst scrupulous in his obedience to his director, consulted, by that director's advice, three or four learned and spiritual men. All of them, except one, advised him that his promptings were from God. A long letter which he wrote at this time to the nun just referred to is a curious transcript of his own feelings. He seems to know that God calls him; but he protests that it is not because Sister Mary Celeste has had visions; and he reads her a long and severe lecture on humility, and on her folly in trusting a certain adviser; and yet at the same time he evidently has a feeling that God has spoken to her. It is a wordy, vehement letter, altogether Neapolitan, full of exclamations and repetitions, and very long. One wonders why he should have taken the trouble to write so much; but one can read between the lines the anxieties and aspirations of his heart.

Within about five months of the date when Alphonsus and his companions began to live in community at Scala, he found himself abandoned by all but two. The others went off elsewhere, to found an Institute of their own. It is touching to read of the consternation and discouragement of St. Alphonsus. He used to say, in his old age, that he

had had two great temptations in his life—the first, when he took leave of his father (a short time before the period we are speaking of) and his father tried, for three long hours, with tears and caresses, to prevent him from leaving his family, and the second when he saw himself deserted at Scala. To an English reader, both these occasions seem to be described with exaggeration. Men of thirty-six do not, as a rule, break their hearts over leaving their fathers; and no holy priest who suspected he had to found an Order, would break down utterly when his first associates found they could not remain with him. But such was the temperament of this Neapolitan gentleman who was to grow into one of the great Catholic Saints. Happily, on this as on other occasions, he fell back on his faith and on his confessor, and he was able to say to the latter—who was no other than Falcoia, the strong and holy Bishop of Castellamare—"I will carry it out, if I am the only one left."

Other recruits soon came in place of the men who had left. Among these was the Ven. Giennaro Sarnelli, whose "cause" is at this moment before the Roman tribunals. Two more houses were established besides that of Scala; but at the end of 1739, from one cause or another, there was only one House left—that of Ciorani. It was here, among the hills to the north of Salerno, that St. Alphonsus, in the year 1743, held his first General Chapter, and that the Congregation made their first profession of the vows of religion. They were only seven in number. It is curious that in the voting for a General—Rector Major, as he is called in the Redemptorist Rule—the suffrages were taken three times without a two-thirds majority being secured for any name. The president of the Chapter—not St. Alphonsus—thereupon ordered an adjournment for prayer, and it was only then that St. Alphonsus was chosen Superior, by a unanimous vote. Thus, after ten years of vicissitude, during which the Missions were going on all the time, the Congregation only numbered seven members.

The Rule, however, was now beginning to take definite shape. In a room of the Episcopal Palace at Castellamare there is the following inscription:—"Here Mgr. Falcoia and Don Alphonsus de Liguori worked together at the diocesan statutes and the Rule of the Most Holy Redeemer." The Chapter of 1743 charged St. Alphonsus to draw up written Constitutions.

After this, the history of the Congregation would have been a record of prosperity, of the benediction of God, and of the approval of Holy See, had not St. Alphonsus happened to live in a Catholic country in the eighteenth century. Every reader of the old "black" or Oratorian translation of Tannoia's life of the Saint has come to execrate the Marquis Tanucci, the chief minister of the Neapolitan Crown under the Spanish Bourbon, Don Carlos III, and the ruler of the Two Sicilies from 1734 to 1777. The policy of this able and resolute "regalist" lawyer, was, like that of Louis XV, of Pombal, and of the Emperor Joseph II, to lay hands on all Church appointments, to limit the number of priests, to starve out the religious orders, and in all respects to control and impede the action of the Bishops and of the Holy See. In 1740 a Royal decree was issued, forbidding the opening of any Religious House without the approval of the Government. St. Alphonsus had already tried to obtain legal recognition for his Institute—thinking rightly that this would help him to secure its recognition by the Holy See. But his petition, though supported by powerful interest, had been laid on one side. It would appear—though this is not made very clear by Father Berline—that each of the four Houses which the Institute possessed about 1747 had been licensed by the Crown,—not as monasteries, but as colleges of secular priests. For some years after the royal decree just mentioned, the holy Founder, as was perhaps to be expected, kept very quiet, and made no efforts to obtain recognition of his Order. But, in 1747, fifteen years after its foundation, when it was fairly well

established, was prospering, and was daily gaining more and more the appreciation of priests and people, he decided to make another attempt. The situation was extremely precarious; the executive Government might legally break up everything at any moment. St. Alphonsus went to Naples; and had an audience of the King, who received him very kindly. His petition was referred to the Grand Almoner, an Archbishop, who, after long delays, sent in a report which argued against the new Institute, but ended by recommending its approval under certain conditions. The Council of State, however, rejected the Saint's petition altogether, and the King approved their decision. St. Alphonsus had another terrible temptation to despair. "With his brain on fire and his forehead bathed in perspiration," we are told, he went off to seek the Marquis Brancome—one of the ministers, and his friend. It was early and the doors of the palace were closed. St. Alphonsus sat down on the steps, among the beggars, till his friend saw him and brought him in. The Marquis was a pious man, and he said a word to the Saint which calmed him in a moment. "Your discouragement," he said, "would lead me to suppose you put your trust here below." He left Naples at the end of September, and the Congregation went on without the royal authorisation. Less than two years later, after a campaign in Rome by Father Villani which is well described in the volumes before us, the Rule and the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer were formally approved by Pope Benedict XIV (February 1749).

During the next few years, St. Alphonsus was often in Naples, making various attempts to secure legal recognition. A decree was given in 1752, approving four Houses. It was apparently the formal expression of the understanding already referred to. The Houses were not to be "religious communities," and could not possess property in common. In 1756, twenty-three years after the beginnings at Scala, we find him again in Naples, presenting a strong and ably

worded memorial to the King, and tramping about the capital in the burning heat of July from minister to minister and from prelate to prelate. It was all to no purpose; the King and his Council again refused to listen.

In 1762 St. Alphonsus was made Bishop of St. Agatha, and during the thirteen years of his Episcopacy his Congregation, of which he still continued Superior, continued to increase. In the summer of 1775, having been freed from his Episcopate, he returned to Nocera, and resumed the more immediate superintendence of the affairs of the Institute. He soon had to face the most severe of all his many trials.

There was a new King at Naples—Ferdinand I (1759). A troublesome lawsuit, concerning property, in which one of the Saint's Houses was concerned, gave Tanucci an opportunity of suppressing the Congregation altogether, of which he was clearly about to avail himself, when he fell from power, in 1776, under circumstances which need not be detailed here. Without saying a single harsh word of the fallen Minister, St. Alphonsus, in a letter written at the time, rejoices at the "revolution", because he hopes that the Madonna will bring his sons "safe out of the storm."

Three years after the fall of Tanucci, a final attempt was made to obtain the approbation of the Government of the Two Sicilies—and this time with the most disastrous results. The King, and the ministry which were then in power, together with the Grand Almoner, seemed favourable. A royal decree had recently declared that the Institute might have a General Superior and a "noviciate." It was now thought there would be no difficulty in getting the Rule approved in its entirety. The holy Founder was by this time eighty-three years of age, nearly blind, bowed down and broken with infirmity. He appointed Father Majone, with another Father, to represent him in treating with the Government. In his instructions, St. Alphonsus authorized the delegates to eliminate from the copy of the

Rules they were to present "the articles opposed to the Royal decrees"—that is, as he meant, the articles about possessing property in common. When the delegates met the Grand Almoner, the latter insisted that they must also strike out the three religious vows! Each member might take an oath, if they wished—but the Crown could not authorize vows,—that is, authorize a new religious Order. Father Majone was weak enough, and sufficiently wanting in fidelity to his holy superior, to yield. In due course, the altered Rule—called the *Regolamento*—was sent to St. Alphonsus. We are told that the copy was so minutely written and so full of corrections that the Saint, after making an attempt to read it, had to hand it to his Vicar and confessor, Father Villani, to read. Villani, it would appear, read the draft—and being afraid to reveal the truth, assured the Saint in general terms that all was right. It went back therefore, with the Superior General's approval, to the Council of State, and received the royal signature in January, 1780. The dramatic moment came when the document was sent to Nocera, where St. Alphonsus was, to be promulgated to the Fathers. St. Alphonsus, when they read it to him, seemed turned to stone. He made them give him the document, and read it slowly and painfully. "This is too much," he cried; "this is incredible!" He turned on Father Villani and upbraided him as a traitor. Then he burst into tears, and reproached himself before his crucifix for neglecting to read the original draft himself. He was so overwhelmed that he could neither eat nor sleep, and the old man's life was in danger.

After long consideration and protracted consultation, St. Alphonsus decided to accept this *Regolamento*. The Government consented that the vows of poverty and of perseverance might be re-instated. And after all, as the Saint declared, to take an oath in order to satisfy the civil law did not preclude any one from making and keeping the religious vows. This decision, which was arrived at by St.

Alphonsus in the midst of distress and perplexity, and after the most earnest prayer, led to great trouble. The Houses in the Papal States separated themselves from St. Alphonsus and the Neapolitan Houses. The Holy See was displeased. The Rule had been approved by Rome; and however faithful the Fathers of the Neapolitan Houses might be to its statutes, this acceptance of interference on the part of the Crown looked like the surrender of principle. And finally, during the process of his canonization, it was strongly objected that St. Alphonsus had, in this transaction, sinned, by abandoning a Rule approved by the Church and substituting for it one of royal ordinance. But it was shown that the Saint, leaving out of the question the fact that he was grievously deceived in the first instance, had publicly declared that in accepting the *Regolamento* he only did so as far as it was conformable to the decree of Benedict XIV, and that in taking the oath to observe poverty, chastity and obedience he and the Fathers thereby intended to renew the vows they had already taken. This was true. The situation was one of inconceivable perplexity. The intrusions of the State in ecclesiastical matters were, in those days, so often tolerated in this and that point by the Holy See that Bishops and Superiors often hardly knew how far they must resist and how much they must yield for the sake of peace. But this unhappy business was a heavy cross to St. Alphonsus. He prophesied that the division in his Congregation would cease after his death. "Rest assured," he said, "that the Congregation will stand to the day of judgment, for it is not my work, but the work of God. During my life it will be under humiliation and obscurity, but after my death it will spread its wings and expand—especially in Northern lands." The *Regolamento*, with the connivance of the Crown, became a dead letter in a few years, and in 1793, six years after the death of St. Alphonsus, the Redemptorist Order was reunited under one head and one observance.

But the saintly Founder, during those last years which preceded his holy death in 1787, had to fill up the measure of trials and sufferings which, in God's providence, merited for his Congregation those graces of progress, of union, and of stability. In 1783 he retired from all participation in the Government of his Houses. For some three years before his death at the age of ninety, he was afflicted in addition to his blindness and the painful infirmities of his body, with the most terrible interior trials, temptations and darkness. Thus the great Saints and Founders live and die—in suffering, in obscurity, and in failure. It is the condition on which depends their success and their glory. There are lessons similar to this one of St. Alphonsus in the lives of more than one among the Saints. But there is nowhere a more touching story of faith, austerity, labour and the cross, leading to that triumph of the Kingdom of God which in no other way can be secured.

✠ J. C. H.

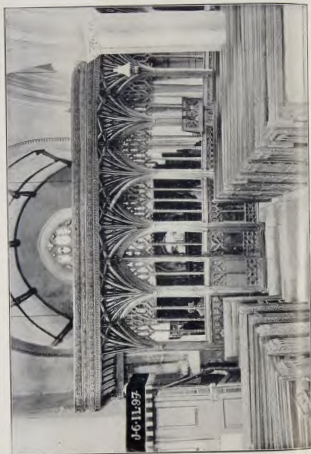
## Some Devonshire Screens and the Saints represented on their panels.

### II.

The second part of this paper is concerned with the saints whose figures are still to be found painted on the lower panels of a great many Devonshire screens. And here I must express my obligations to Mr. C. E. Keyser, F.S.A., who has made an exhaustive study of these painted screens, and in a paper read before the Society of Antiquaries in 1897 and printed in *Archæologia*, has sought to identify and name all the saints represented. It was an exceedingly difficult task, and on the whole he has succeeded in the most admirable way. Here and there I cannot accept his conclusions, but for the most part they seem unexceptional, and in any case he speaks with authority.

Nothing can be more interesting to us as Catholics as well as antiquaries, than the light these paintings throw on the saints who were most popular among our forefathers, and the evidence that they give of their truly Catholic instincts. And first I must say, speaking generally, that we do not find what we might have expected to find, i.e., a great preponderance of English saints. Indeed, the contrary is the case. I have sought in vain for any certain figure of the great St. Boniface, the glory of Devon, or of the universally popular St. Thomas of Canterbury. No doubt they may be represented here and there by a Bishop or Archbishop without distinctive emblem; but we cannot be sure. Nor have I found figures that can certainly be identified with such universally popular saints as St. Martin of Tours or St. Nicholas. Again, in a country where monasticism had such power and influence, it seems strange not to find representations of the holy patriarch St. Benedict. However, I had better come to details; and so I will begin by choosing one very remarkable screen, and giving an exact account of the figures painted on its panels.





PLYMPTREE.

The screen in the church of St. John the Baptist, Plymtree, is perhaps the one that I would choose as my favourite out of all the Devon rood-screens. If not so magnificent as Kenton, so delicate as Atherington, nor so rich in detail as Lapford or Kentsbere, it is nevertheless magnificently carved. It has the further glory of retaining its old groining intact, save in one bay, and all its old colouring unrestored. Last but not least, it has the most beautiful series of painted saints to be found in the county. It runs across the nave and south aisle, and consists of eight bays, including the two doors, and one half bay. There are distinct traces that it was not made for its present position, but there is no tradition of its having come from elsewhere. The south end of the loft sticks out into the middle of a window in an awkward and unfinished way; there is no provision made for the piers of the chancel arch; and in the northernmost bay of the screen a clumsy coving has been substituted for the original groining, in order not to conceal from view an elaborate fourteenth century niche in the northern pier of the arch, which no doubt contained the figure of the patron-saint of the church, St. John the Baptist. This has, of course, disappeared, and the beautiful enrichments and mouldings of the niche have been partially hacked away by vandals, either at the Reformation, or at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when high pews seem to have been erected against this part of the screen. But the niche and its statue were evidently *in situ* before the screen was erected in its present position. Again, the panels below the transom on this north side of the central doors have disappeared. In their place has been substituted another set of panels, painted in a totally different style and by a much ruder hand. (Compare the two figures St. Anthony, and the unknown Clerk which I give as example.) These panels seem originally to have formed a set of seven, or more, the figure of our Lord being painted on the central one, and three saints, at least, on either side of Him.

But they have been patched up very roughly into their present position; one has been split in half, and the two halves put at either end of this portion of the screen; and of the seventh panel only a two-inch strip remains. It is not known when this was done, but probably when the pew-work was removed, some fifty years ago. The panels seem to have come from a parclose screen which has disappeared, unless indeed, they were taken from some other church; which is likely enough. Or just possibly they may have formed part of a reredos. They were not divided by any main mullions, I now give the series of the Plymtree saints, thirty-four in all.

First comes half a figure, the panel being split down the centre. Mr. Keyser calls it half a female figure, but it is in reality half the figure of *St. John Evangelist*, the other half occurring later.

(1). *St. Anthony the Hermit* (see illustration). It took me three visits to make quite sure that this was St. Anthony, but on the third occasion I found the pig at the Saint's feet, which left no room for doubt. The list hung up in the church calls it St. Paul! Mr. Keyser in his paper says "St. Bartholomew," but he tells me that this is merely a clerical error, and agrees with me that it is St. Anthony. He wears a black cloak, cappa and scapular over a white habit. The lining is red. Round his neck he has a large rosary ending in a red tassel. The large beads are red and the small white. A tall staff-shaped cross is in his left hand, and in his right a book, and I think traces of a bell. On his shoulder is a red Tau cross.

A similar figure, though better designed, is found at Ashton. Here St. Anthony is in black and white habit as at Plymtree, but without the red lining; a white Tau cross on his black cappa, and the pig at his side. St. Anthony's symbols, the bell and Tau cross, appear constantly in the carved work on the screen at Kenton, as Bishop Courtenay, who gave that screen, had been Master of St. Anthony's



PLYMTREE, SOUTH AISLE.

Hospital in London. St. Anthony is also painted on the panels of this screen, as well as at St. Mary Steps, Exeter, and at Holne.

(2). *St. Thomas, with a spear.* This may be St. Matthew, who also is represented in art with a spear.

(3). *St. James Major* in white with red mantle, hat with scallop-shell, and in right hand a pilgrim's staff.

(4). *St. John Baptist*, patron of the church, in camel's hair tunic, pointing to the Lamb of God.

(5). *Our Lord Risen.* The blood is flowing from His wounds. The crown of thorns on His head is green. In left hand He holds a gold cross, while the right hand is raised in blessing. A kind of green mantle is thrown over His naked figure. This figure is unique, so far as Devonshire screens go.

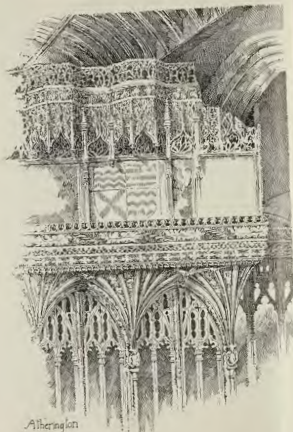
(6). Half *St. John Evangelist*, holding chalice with serpent. This ends the earlier series of figures. The rest are by a master-hand. And they are worthy to be compared with the stately figures that appear so often on East Anglian screens.

On the doors are (1st) *The Annunciation* (two panels) (2) *The Visitation*. Mr. Keyser invariably speaks of the latter mystery as the "Salutation;" but this, I think, is somewhat confusing, as in pre-Reformation times the "Salutation" often meant what we call the Annunciation. Thus the London Charterhouse was the "House of the Salutation of our Lady," and its seal bore the Annunciation.

(7 and 8) *The Annunciation* is a most beautiful group, and reminds us of Van Eyck in its treatment. St. Gabriel, in a white robe and gorgeous brocaded cope, holds in his right hand a sceptre, and with his left points to our Lady. His cope is fastened by a large and elaborate morse of gold. His wings are red and green. The Madonna has long hair and no veil; she kneels at a prie-dieu, clad in a green robe and red mantle. The prie-dieu is covered with red, and over it hangs a scroll. A pot of lilies stands behind. The Annunciation is portrayed on eight other screens.

(9 and 10). *The Visitation*. St. Elizabeth wears a red robe, green mantle, white veil and wimple. Our Lady has long hair and no veil, green dress and purple mantle. This is not such a beautiful treatment of the mystery as we find at Ashton, but it is religious and devout. This mystery also occurs at Bradninch, Bridford, and Combe Martin.

(11—14). Next come four panels which have made the screen famous. They represent *The Adoration of the Magi*. The Madonna, in green and pink mantle, sits holding the Divine Child, who is naked. He stretches out His hands to the first of the Magi. These can be well seen in the illustrations, which I owe to the kindness and skill of a friend, Mr. Edward S. McEuen. They have been identified by the Rev. Thomas Mozley, of Oxford Movement renown, who was once Rector of Plymtree, as being portraits of King Henry VII., Prince Arthur, and Cardinal Morton. He wrote an illustrated monograph on the subject (published in 1878), in which he gives elaborate arguments to prove his theory. They do not come to very much. The Lord of the Manor was Edward Lord Hastings of Hungerford, (+ Nov. 8th, 1506) son of that Lord Hastings whose head was chopped off so summarily by Richard III. His son was naturally a devoted Lancastrian. He may have had this screen painted by some limner from London town who was well acquainted with the features of the great men at Court, and may have thus introduced these portraits. But this is, of course, only conjecture: especially since, as we have seen, there is good reason for supposing that the screen was brought to Plymtree from elsewhere. Mr. Mozley says that the King standing (the third of the Magi) is evidently Henry VII., and he therefore conjectures that the other two are the Prince and the Cardinal. But there is no known portrait of Morton in existence except his portrait-effigy on his tomb at Canterbury, and this has no beard, and is very unlike in feature to the figure at Plymtree: so that we have nothing to go by. The supposed Prince Arthur bears also very little



Atherington

Hue 1906

resemblance to the existing portraits of that Prince. In fact, personally, I cannot see much resemblance to Henry VII. in the figure which Mr. Mozley identifies so confidently.

The figure of the supposed Cardinal kneels in front of our Lady. He wears a robe of yellowish red, and has long grey hair and beard. The second of the Magi is a young man with long brown hair, dressed in short red tunic reaching half-way down his thighs, green hose, yellow turban-shaped cap. He bears a vase, which, Mr. Mozley points out, is shaped like a tun; and so may, as he thought, perhaps be an allusion to the tun which formed part of the rebus of Cardinal Morton. Though if so, why should the vessel be carried by Prince Arthur, and not by the Cardinal himself? Nor is there any trace of the *Mort* (i. e., hawk) which formed the other part of Morton's rebus—(Mr. Mozley is mistaken in saying it was a tun with an M.) Mr. Keyser says there are precisely similar figures of the Magi at Buckland-on-the-Moor, and in that example the kneeling figure has a crown at his feet. He adds that "though at Plymtree no crown is now visible, it was, without doubt, originally depicted in a similar position." I have not been able to visit Buckland, so cannot speak personally as to the likeness between the two sets of figures. There is nothing impossible in Mozley's theory that the artist represented famous contemporaries as the three Magi; but it cannot be considered as proven.

The so-called Henry VII. wears a short tunic of light green with pink girdle, red hose and vest; pink mantle with holes for the arms to pass through, lined with ermine. He holds a vase shaped like a ciborium.

(15). A Bishop in gorgeous brocaded cope of red and gold, lined with light green, dark green dalmatic, and furred collar. It is suggested that this represents Bishop Fox. The absence of a nimbus is, however, no proof that this is not a saint. St. Edward the Confessor and other figures have none. In any case it does not resemble the portraits of Bishop Fox.

(16). *St. Catherine, V.M.*, crowned, in robe of light green with purple mantle, in her left hand a piece of a broken wheel, and in her right a sword. *St. Catherine* occurs on seven other Devon screens, i.e., at Ashton, Holne, Kenn, Kenton, South Milton, Widecombe, and Wolborough.

(17). *St. Roch of Montpellier* (a very popular saint). In his left hand is his staff; with his right he lifts his tunic, pointing to the plague-spot on his thigh. Red tunic, dark green mantle fastened on right shoulder. *St. Roch* is also found at Hennock, Holne, Kenn, and Whimble; at the last named church the saint's dog appears, fawning on him.

(18). Next him is the *Angel* who appeared to him, pointing to the saint.

(19). *St. Margaret of Antioch, V.M.*, the usual representation, emerging from the dragon, her hands clasped in prayer. He has only just devoured her, for the end of the robe is still in his mouth, while she emerges from his back. She is also found at Ashton, Combe Martin, *St. Mary Steps*, Exeter, Hennock, Holne, South Milton and Widecombe-on-the-Moor.

(20). *St. John Baptist*, patron of the church. Good figure, bearded, short brown tunic, bare legs, green mantle. He points to the Lamb, which lies on a red book. This, though so usual a representation, has much puzzled people; Mr. Mozley's list at Plymtree merely calls it "Saint with a Lamb." I found the same figure at Whimble, wearing the camel's skin, with the animal's head dangling between the saint's bare legs—yet the printed explanation of the figures, hung up in the church, called him *St. Agnes, V.M.*! Truly, "a little learning is a dangerous thing"! *St. John Baptist* is also found at Alphington, Ashton, Berry Pomeroy, *St. Mary Steps*, Exeter, Gidleigh, Holne, Manaton, Ugborough, and Wolborough.

(21) *St. Lucy, or St. Mary Magdalen*. Red and white turban, long hair, brown-pink dress over white undergarment, long white sleeves, white girdle, holds a vase. Her eyes

are scratched out, which has probably suggested the idea that it is *St. Lucy*, but this seems to have been done by mischievous boys or vandals. I could not make out that she carried her eyes in the vase. I think it is probably *St. Mary Magdalen*, who occurs frequently on screens, e.g., at



*St. John Baptist*  
"holding the palm, the lamb, and  
the book"



*St. John Baptist*  
"holding the palm, the lamb, and  
the book"

Ashton, Berry Pomeroy, *St. Mary Steps*, Hennock, Holne, Kenton, Manaton, South Milton, and Widecombe. *St. Lucy* occurs, probably, on three or four screens.

(22). *An unknown Saint*. This is a great puzzle. It is an old clerk with black cap, long white surplice and black cussock, holding two Mass cruets and the *lanabo* towel.

Mr. Keyser suggests St. Vincent, D.M. This seems to me most unlikely (and Mr. St. John Hope, whom I consulted, agrees with me), though it is true the young Spanish deacon is sometimes represented carrying an ewer, or in one case (at Tor Brian) three small vessels—as also in his statue in Henry VII's Chapel. But this is an old man, with no trace of deaconship or martyrdom. It has been suggested that it may be Sir John Schorne, who appears at Alphington, Wolborough, and probably also at Portlemouth; but always with his usual emblem, the devil confined in a boot.

I fear the mystery must still be considered unsolved. In any case it is a most dignified and beautiful figure.

(23) *St. Syth*. The next is also a very interesting figure:—A Virgin with long hair, red dress, white mantle; in her left hand a shut book, and in her right hand a large ring, on which are hung keys, some of curious shapes. I have no doubt that this is *St. Syth*. Blessed Thomas More in his Dialogue (Bk. II. Cap. 10) says: "St. Sythe women get to seke their keys." This shows that she was popular, for he is speaking of the popular superstitions of the day, and explains the big bunch of keys. In fact, I had better quote the passage, as it illustrates this screen in a remarkable way:—

"Sainct Apoline we make a tooth-drawer, and may speke to her of nothing but sore teth. St. Sythe women get to seke their keys. Saint Roke we set to se to the great sykness because he had a sore. And with hym they joyne St. Sebastian because he was martiret with arrowes." All these saints, except St. Apollonia, appear on our screen.

Mr. Keyser thinks that this (and other similar figures on Devon screens) is St. Petronilla, who, as the daughter of St. Peter, is also represented with keys. But I think we need have little doubt that it is St. Syth. She also appears with her keys at Ashton and Tor Brian, and with a rosary only at Hemnock. At Wolborough she has what appears to be a large broom.

But who *was* St. Syth? Here I must confess that I was for some time baffled. Some people think that it is short for St. Osyth, Virgin and Martyr of Essex. She founded her Monastery in honour of SS. Peter and Paul, and on her seal she is represented between a sword and a large key. Père Cahier says that St. Osyth is represented in art with keys. She was an English saint, and is represented on the East Anglian screens, and Mr. Keyser also found her frescoed in an Oxfordshire church. Her arm was one of the relics at St. Paul's Cathedral. I see, too, that the Index Volume of *Archæologia* speaks of "St. Syth or St. Osyth."

On the other hand, Husenbeth, edited by Dr. Jessop, gives "Syth" as a synonym for St. Zita of Lucca, the holy servant maid, who is much venerated as patron of domestic servants. She was a housekeeper, hence her keys. She is thus represented in the modern windows which recount her life in her chapel at Erdington Abbey. Mr. Keyser thinks that this is the true St. Syth. He considers that St. Osyth, who was a royal abbess and martyr, would have other signs of her dignity, and that this picture either represents St. Zita of Lucca or St. Petronilla. There can, in fact, be little doubt that St. Syth is really St. Zita; and a curious confirmation of this theory is the fact that at Stonyhurst College there is still preserved a chasuble, which was presented by Antonio Bonvisi, who was a native of Lucca, and the friend of Blessed Thomas More. Now this chasuble has a figure of "St. Syth," i.e., evidently St. Zita of Lucca. St. Syth is represented in the glass windows at Fairford (Glos.), and there is a fresco of her on one of the pillars of the nave of St. Alban's Abbey. In Henry VII's Chapel is a statue of St. Syth, bearing a book and a rosary.

(24). *An Archbishop* (probably St. Thomas Becket) Mr. Mozley's list gives St. Anselm, which is not so likely. There is no special emblem; he holds the archiepiscopal cross in left hand, and blesses with the right. Green chasuble lined with red; yellow dalmatic.

(25). *St. Dorothy*, a very favourite saint. White robe, short red tunic over it and green mantle, in left hand an open book, and in right a basket of flowers. *St. Dorothy* is also found at Ashton, Combe Martin, Hennock, Kenn, Kenton, Tor Brian, Widecombe, Wolborough, and perhaps at Portlemouth.

(26). *St. Michael*, in armour, green tunic, red cape; wings white and green. Sword raised above his head in right hand, white dragon at his feet. A very fine figure. I have only found *St. Michael* represented elsewhere at Bradninch and Ashton.

We now come to the doors of the south aisle. On these, as usual, there are four panels.

(27). *St. Sidwell*, holding her head between her hands, and a scythe in right arm. Green dress, white mantle, nimbus over neck where head should be.

*St. Sidwell* is a virgin martyr, of Exeter, where there is a church dedicated to her. She is exceedingly frequent on Devon screens. She occurs at Ashton, *St. Mary Steps*, Exeter, Hennock, Holne, Kenn, Whimble and Wolborough.

(28). So is *St. Sebastian*, who comes next. He is naked save for a white-green loin cloth, and pierced by eight arrows. He is tied to a tree. This saint is found at Ashton, Bradninch, Holne, Kenn, Kenton, Portlemouth, Whimble, and Widecombe, and at Ugborough there is a most curious group representing his martyrdom, which fills four panels. The executioners wear trunk-hose of apparently Post-Reformation date; but the painting was more probably executed in the reign of Queen Mary.

(29). *St. Helen*. Green dress, red mantle, white veil; carries book in right hand and the holy cross in left. (Called erroneously by Mozley "St. Bride or St. Frideswide") *St. Helen*, who was believed to have been born in Britain, is very popular in Devon. She occurs at Alplington, Combe Martin, Kenn, Kenton, Manaton, Tor Brian, Wolborough; and was on the panels, now destroyed, at Trusham and King's Teignton.

(30). *St. James Major* (?) Next is a very beautiful figure, which I am still unable to identify with certainty, although I have very little doubt that it represents *St. James the Greater*. It is a bearded figure, with white-green tunic and hose, red book (?) hanging from red girdle, red shoes, green mantle clasped with red brooch on right shoulder. In right hand he carries staff and wallet, and his left hand rests on his girdle. He has a green cap or turban. He looks upwards, as if at an apparition.

Mr. Keyser calls this *St. Romuuld*, which it certainly is not. However, Mr. Mozley's list calls it "St. Romold with his staff against the plague." But I have not been able to find any *St. Romold* except a Scottish Bishop, which this cannot be. The present Vicar of Plymtree, who is a good antiquary, now agrees with me that it is *St. James*. I found a somewhat similar figure of this Apostle at Hennock. The only thing against the identification is that there is no trace of the scallop-shell.

Then come on the screen four more panels, now much hidden by the high pew which encloses them. This it is hoped soon to remove.

(31). *St. Agnes*. A very beautiful figure, in red robe, and white mantle, holding her lamb. This saint is found also at Kenton, and perhaps at Wolborough. It is strange that she is not more popular.

(32). *St. Edward the Confessor*. A very fine and interesting figure. He is crowned, and carries the sceptre in his left hand, and in his right the famous ring given by him to *St. John the Evangelist*. He wears red doublet and hose, with green tunic over, and gold girdle. Over all is a green mantle, with cape and borders of brown fur. *St. Edward* is not so common a figure as one might expect. In fact I do not know of one other certain figure of him in Devon. A King, without distinctive symbol, occurs at Bradninch, South Milton, Hennock, and Portlemouth.

(33). *St. Barbara* (?) Red shoes, green mantle, sword in right hand, book in left.



(34). *St. Stephen*. Since my last visit to Plymtree this panel has been uncovered, and the Rector informs me that it represents St. Stephen the Protomartyr. It is in splendid preservation for the upper two-thirds, but the lowest part has shed most of its paint through damp. The saint is represented with nimbus and tonsured head, amice, plain red dalmatic, facing N. towards St. Barbara, who faces S. He has in his right hand a palm-branch, and in his left three stones.

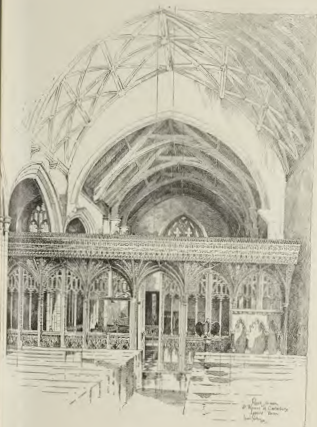
Before leaving this beautiful screen I must say that it is in bad repair, and that something ought to be done soon to prevent it getting worse. It may be interesting to note that at Plymtree our Blessed Lady's figure still looks down from its niche in the tower, over the western door; and that one of the bells still bears the inscription:—

*Protege, Virgo pia,*

*Quos custoco, Sancta Maria.*

The oaken benches throughout the church are nearly all original, and are most interesting and beautiful, with elaborately carved ends of great thickness. These beautiful old benches are common in Devon; e.g., there are fine specimens at Lapford and East Chudleigh. They also are found in great profusion in Somerset. In the south aisle are some ugly deal pews of the horse-box pattern. This aisle was called the Ford Chapel or aisle, from a Plymtree family of some renown which has given its name to the famous Ford Abbey in Somerset. I have some reason to think that the martyr, Blessed Thomas Ford, belonged to this family. He is known to have been a Devonshire man.

But we must return to the subject immediately before us. The screen at Plymtree gives us almost all the more popular saints in Devon, with the notable exception of St. Apollonia. This patron-saint against the toothache was evidently greatly venerated in the country. She occurs at Ashton, Combe Martin, Exeter Cathedral (St. Gabriel's



Chapel), Holne, Kenn, Kenton, Manaton, South Milton, Ugborough, Whimble, Widecombe, and (I think) Wolborough. In fact, with the exception of the Apostles, she was the most widely venerated of any saint. She usually bears a large pair of pincers which hold in their grip a formidable-looking tooth. St. Ursula is also a popular saint who finds no place here.

Of the saints at Plymtree, we should note that St. Thomas the Apostle is patron of masons, St. John Evangelist of paper-makers and bookbinders, St. Catharine of rope-makers and spinsters; St. Roch invoked against epidemics, St. Lucy protectress of peasants, St. Sith of servant-maids and housewives, St. John Baptist of tailors and farriers, St. Sebastian of archers and against epidemics, while St. Sidwell is the protectress of the Cathedral city of Exeter. St. Barbara is invoked for a good death, and she is also held to be the patroness of architects, builders, and artillerymen.

A popular treatment of the panels was to put Apostles alternatively with Prophets. This is still found at Chudleigh, Kenton, Ipplepen and Stoke Gabriel. At the two first-named the Apostles have inscribed beneath them (or on a scroll) the article of the Creed which they are said by tradition to have composed, before their dispersion over the world, while the Prophets have each a corresponding prediction.

Thus at Chudleigh the series begins with St. Peter, who has "*Credo in deum patrem omnipotentem creatorem coeli et terrae.*"—Next comes Jeremiah who has "*Patrem invocabis qui fecit coelum et terram.*"—Next comes St. Andrew with "*Et in Jesum Christum, etc.*," and then curiously enough St. Paul, instead of David, with the prediction (quoted in the Epistle to the Hebrews from the Psalm) "*Deus dixit ad me, filius meus es tu, ego hodie genui te.*" Then St. James Major; "*Qui conceptus est de Spiritu sancto, natus ex Maria virgine;*" and Isaias with "*Eccce virgo concipiet et pariet filium,*" and so on.

The screen does not now extend across the south aisle so the last two Prophets and Apostles are missing. The Vicar told me that they were now to be found at another church on the Moor, whose name I forget. The figures were covered up with plaster and only found at the Restoration in 1869. They are on a white ground, which is quite unusual and seems to be modern.

At Kenton the arrangement is somewhat different.

Jeremias comes first, "*Patrem vocabis me*" (iii, 19) then St. Peter; then Daniel (vii, 13) "*filius hominis venit*," and St. Andrew. Then Isaias and James the Greater, and so on. It is noteworthy that at Kenton the quotations from the prophets are not always out of the Vulgate, but from the older version which always retained great influence in England.

Thus Zacharias at Chudleigh: "*Aspiciet illi eum quem crucifixerunt*," whereas at Kenton the text runs, "*Tunc videbunt quem crucifixerunt*." At Kenton, St. Philip: "*In die venturus est, &c*" goes with Joel (iii, 12) "*In valle Josaphat iudicabit omnes gentes*;" whereas at Chudleigh, Malachias is the attendant prophet, with the text, "*Ascendam ad vos in iudicio et ero vobis iesus*;" Joel goes with St. Bartholmew at Kenton, whereas at Chudleigh Aggaeus takes his place. At Ipplepen, the figures were only found at the recent restoration of the screen. The best preserved figure is Ezekiel, which had been hidden by the pulpit. There is also a Sibyl here with the inscription *Sibilla*. Sibyls are found on several screens. The most remarkable series is at St. Dionysius, Bradninch. Here all the twelve are represented, and they also occur at Ugborough; this latter screen, however, I have not seen.

At Bradninch they run as follows, (the names I take from Husenbeth) though I am not sure that I have identified all correctly, so many of the Sibyls share their symbols with others.

1. Sarnia (with iron crib or cradle);
2. Erythraea (red rose);
3. Persica (lantern);
4. Europa (sword);
5. Agrippa (scourge);



THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, PLYMTHOR.



*Sibyls — Broomfield Church*

6. Tiburtina (hand); 7. Libyca (chalice, or ewer and basin); 8. Hellespontina (?) (a cross); 9. Cumana (sponge); 10. Cimneria? (pincers and nails); 11. Delphica (horn); 12. Phrygia (cross and banner). I give some quaint figures of these Sibyls. We are still reminded of their ancient cultus when we sing the *Dies Iræ*.

At Heavitree, a suburb of Exeter, in a pretentious brand-new church, is part of the old screen in a very dark place under the western tower, as if it were something to be ashamed of. There are nine very quaint Sybils represented, which I managed to make out with the aid of a candle. Here are to be found Sibylla Agrippa with two scourges, Tiburtina with three nails, Libyca with the pillar of flagellation, Hellespontina, and others. Mr. Worthy has identified the last two as St. Michael and St. Dunstan respectively, such is the force of imagination! At Whimpe eight most interesting and beautifully painted figures were discovered turned upside-down, and used as steps for the Jacobean pulpit. They are larger than usual and have an architectural background. The most interesting is that of King Henry VI, whose cause of canonisation was stopped at Rome by the Reformation. His shrine was to have been in the easternmost Chapel of Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster, and there the niche which once held his image can still be seen, marked by a rose and the initials H.R. The holy King has a rosary round his neck. The white antelope lies at his feet. This has been mistaken for the white hart which was the badge of Richard II, so the list hung in the church calls this Saint Richard II! Here, too, an evident St. Barbara with her tower, long flowing hair and female costume, is called in the same list St. Philip the Apostle, while the balance of the sexes is preserved by St. John Baptist being described as a St. Agnes! St. Sebastian tied to a tree is pierced with no less than seventeen arrows. St. Clement, Pope, who is here represented with his anchor, occurs elsewhere only at Ashton. The other saints represented

are St. Roch, St. Apollonia, and St. Sidwell. This church has also been entirely rebuilt, and the saints are relegated to the western tower. I give illustrations.

The most interesting set of screens at Wolborough, the parish church of Newton Abbot, is very fully described by Mr. Keyser, who has, however, made a few mistakes in the



identification of the figures. Here not only does a screen go across nave and aisles, but the aisle screens are returned to surround two shallow transeptal chapels. This screen has been much repainted, but it still contains a most remarkable series of saints, of whom sixty-five can still be made out. Though the church belonged to the Norbertine canons of Tor

Abbey, the screen was evidently painted under Cistercian influence, no doubt by the monks of Buckfast. Thus we have a whole set of abbots in white, including St. Bernard, who bears a large cross, (and what is more remarkable) St. Maurus, a black Benedictine, who is here habited in white. This figure is labelled *Maurus*, which Mr. Keyser has read *Maura*, and describes as an abbess. The Benedictine hood, when on the head, has much the appearance of a veil, and this has deceived the learned antiquary, who describes also several other abbots on this screen as abbesses. The tonsured heads however, can clearly be seen under the hood. One of these white abbots, with an open book, is no doubt intended for St. Benedict. Cistercians painted the Benedictine Saints in their own white habit, and Benedictines (as can still be seen at Subiaco) painted the wicked monks who tried to poison St. Benedict as Cistercians!

At Wolborough, among other rare saints, appears St. Bridget of Sweden, a crowned abbess. She also appears at Kenn writing her revelations under the dictation of the Holy Ghost, a most interesting figure, miscalled St. Scholastica in the list hung up in that church, simply because of the dove. The famous Bridgettine Abbey of Syon possessed a good deal of property in Devon, in which county, after many and long wanderings, the Community is now happily settled.

Among other uncommon figures at Wolborough (whose names are fortunately inscribed on the panels, though with remarkable orthography) occur St. William of York, St. Etheldreda (St. Audri eli) St. Gertrude (of Nivelles, says Mr. Keyser, but more likely, perhaps, the great St. Gertrude) St. Ursula, bearing a ship (at Kenn she has her maidens with her), St. Adrian with an anvil, St. Leodegar (*Leger*) with a pickaxe, St. Victor of Marseilles with the arm and sail of a windmill (he also occurs at Tor Brian), St. Paul the Hermit, St. Olave, St. Leonard, and St. Erasmus. There is also a female saint with a large broom, whom Mr. Keyser calls



St. Petronilla. St. Leodegar and St. Erasmus occur also on the wonderful painted screen at Ashton, where is also St. Blaise, the patron of wool-combers, with his comb.

It is usual to find on one of the sets of doors the four Evangelists and on another the four Latin Doctors. These are generally represented: St. Gregory as Pope (his head and tiara have sometimes been obliterated) St. Jerome as Cardinal, St. Ambrose as Bishop, and St. Augustine in his doctor's robes. (Thus at Ashton, he wears red doctor's robes with borders of white fur, and a doctor's biretta, and holds a book.)

The central doors have often mysteries of our Lady, as we have seen at Plymtree. Most remarkable of all are Holne, Tor Brian and Portlemouth, where still may be seen in all her glory our Blessed Lady crowned by her Divine Son, it should be added that her Assumption is portrayed on the central doors at Ugborough.

The "correct" arrangement, which is that the female saints should be placed on the south side of the central doors, is more honoured in the breach than the observance; for it is only kept in Devonshire at St. Andrew's, Kenn. On this beautiful screen are represented several remarkable figures, some of which are illustrated here. In the north aisle we have St. Sebastian and St. Roch (treated much as at Whimble), St. Francis kneeling before the crucified Seraph and receiving the stigmata (a most interesting subject which only occurs elsewhere at Bradninch, where it has greatly puzzled the guidebook writers), and St. Hubert, kneeling before the stag with the crucifix between his horns. Then come a series of Apostles; the four Doctors on the doors; and then St. Ursula holding two arrows, and surrounded by her Virgin companions; SS. Dorothy, Barbara, Apollonia as usual; then St. Anne teaching our Lady to read; (a beautiful subject which only occurs here and at St. Mary Steps, Exeter), a female saint with palm and book; St. Helen; and St. Mary of Egypt the famous penitent, also a unique

figure, clothed only in her hair, and carrying three small loaves. Then on the pier casing is represented the Annunciation, and the Holy Trinity, greatly defaced; and then St. Bridget of Sweden; St. Christina (?) holding a large arrow and trampling on a pagan; St. Genevieve of Paris, a beauti-



ful figure, whose candle is being extinguished by a demon while an angel rekindles its flame; and St. Sidwell; then the four Evangelists on the doors, followed by St. Juliana, V., scourging a fat demon with much energy; an unknown Abbess holding a taper; (perhaps St. Etheldreda,) St. Faith (?) with a wooden crib, and St. Veronica. On another set

of panels, kept apart from the screen, are four female saints; on the nimbus of one of them is inscribed *Ave Magdalene Maria*.

A few miles from Kenn and about two from Exeter is Alington, where there is also a remarkable set of saints, which has been brought to light by the restoration of the screen.



In the north aisle is Sir John Schorne the holy priest and doctor, Rector of Long Marston, who was so greatly venerated by pilgrims both at his native place and at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. He holds a large boot in which he has imprisoned the devil—being known as "Sir John



Schorne, gentleman born, who conjured the devil into a boot." Then comes St. Christina (?) with a millstone, and a saint in white cappa and cloak over a black habit, with a crozier, whom I take to be St. Gilbert of Sempringham, and therefore unique in the county.

The other remarkable figures are St. Dunstan holding the devil by the nose with a pair of tongs, St. Francis showing the stigmata, and St. Denis. St. Denis (or Dionysius), it may be noted, is the patron-saint of Bradninch.

Not less rare saints are to be found at Tor Brian. Among those I could not identify is a deacon in green dalmatic holding a book with a picture of the crucifixion on its cover. Mr. Keyser suggests St. Francis, which I think unlikely. The Coronation on the central doors is particularly beautiful. We also find St. Bernard (?), St. Barbara, an aged female in red, holding a triple crown, said to be St. Anne (though I wish someone would explain why St. Anne should carry a papal tiara in her hands) and St. Catherine of Siena, who only occurs elsewhere at Portsmouth. She bears a heart in her hands. Here too is St. Vincent, a deacon holding two or perhaps three cups, a napkin and a book, (just like the statue of him in Henry VII's Chapel, but not at all like the unknown saint at Plymtree); St. Syth with her keys; and a saint with a ladder, supposed to be St. Emmeran of Ratisbon, who indeed has this symbol, though it is strange to find him in Devon. (A similar figure with a ladder occurs at Wollborough, where I should take it to be Jacob, as Abraham and Isaac both occur, named, on the screen.) Then comes St. Apollonia (not St. Lucy, as Mr. Keyser says), and a Virgin-saint stripped to the waist, with arrows in her breast, whom I take to be St. Ursula, but whom Mr. Keyser calls St. Sebastian. But, it is clearly a female figure.

Then comes a very mysterious figure. It is a priest in red chasuble over a black habit, holding a dragon by a chain. This Mr. Keyser notes as St. Norbert. He has not,



however, exercised quite his usual care at Tor Brian, for this figure is a priest vested in a red chasuble, not, as he says, a deacon. I take it to be another representation of the very interesting Breton Saint Arnil. In Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster, is a bearded figure vested in a chasuble, with a scapular over that. Both hands wear iron gauntlets. With one he leads a dragon bound in his stole. This figure long puzzled the antiquaries, and Mr. J. T. Mickelthwaite, in his valuable paper on the imagery of this chapel, (*Archæologia*, vol. XLVII. pp. 361) confessed that he was baffled and could only suggest that it was possibly meant for St. Simon Stock, or St. Gilbert. The puzzle, however, was solved by the late Henry Bradshaw, who pronounced this figure to be a representation of St. Arnil of Ploërmel in Brittany. He also stated that Henry VII regarded St. Arnil as one of his patrons, because he had come to venerate him during his exile in Brittany, and he ascribed his successful expedition to win the crown of England to the prayers of this saint. Unfortunately, I have been unable to discover Mr. Bradshaw's authority for these statements. However, he is himself an authority that one may follow without fear. This saint is also represented in an altar-piece in the church of the Benedictine Nuns of Romsey, of which Abbey Henry VII was a benefactor. He is here in armour under the chasuble, but his hands are bare. If this figure at Tor Brian is (as I suppose) a third representation of the same little known saint, it is certainly a very interesting discovery.

St. Arnil (in Latin *Armagillus*) whose feast is kept in most

of the Breton dioceses on August 16th, was a British saint who came over to Brittany from our country in the fifth century. (The Bollandists give his date as 482-552). He landed with some companions at Ack in the diocese of Léon, now called after him Plou-Arzel. Here he lived holily (it would seem that he was already a priest) until the fame of his virtues and miracles attracted the attention of Childebert, King of France, who called him to his court, where he remained six years. At last he obtained permission to retire, and the king gave him land in the neighbourhood of Rennes, on the banks of the river Sèche, where he built a monastery. This place is now called St. Armel des Boschoux. Here he vanquished a dragon that ravaged the country, and binding it in his stole, led it to the top of a hill now called Mount St. Armel, whence he commanded it to throw itself into the Sèche. "*Monstrum stola colligavit et in aqua suffocavit.*" His relics are preserved at Ploërmel, in the parish church. The legend (taken from the ancient Breviary of Léon) does not give any explanation of his being represented in the curious costume in which he appears at Westminster and Romsey.

Henry VII, who passed so many years of exile in Brittany, and who no doubt regarded as the turning point of his career that Christmas-day, 1483, when in the Cathedral of Rennes he made a solemn vow to espouse Elizabeth of York if he should gain the crown, may well have had occasion to form devotion to a saint who was so greatly venerated in the territory of Rennes.

Although the figure at Tor Brian has not all the peculiar characteristics of the representations of St. Armil at Westminster, still it seems most probable that it is meant for this saint. It is true that exactly the same legend of the vanquished dragon is recounted of St. Romain of Rouen, and also of St. Vigor, but these saints are represented as Bishops, whereas this is a simple priest and monk. And Henry VII's popularity in the west country makes it likely

enough that St. Armil should be represented here; especially as the people of Tor Brian seem to have had a *penchant* for somewhat out-of-the-way saints.

But to proceed. At Holne I found St. Pancras, treading on a Saracen (a unique example), and a figure (the last on the screen) which still puzzles me. This is a young man holding a falcon on his left wrist. He is clad in short red tunic, grey cloak, dark hose, and is holding up his right hand as though in command or argument. This is absurdly called (in the official list hung up in the church), "Our Saviour in the act of benediction"! It may possibly represent the donor of the screen. There is no nimbus.

At Hennock, perched on the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, high above the valley of the Teign, is an old church with a screen still beautiful in decay. It bears a series of beautiful little figures very delicately drawn, like miniatures in an illuminated manuscript. Four are now cruelly hidden by the steps of a modern pulpit. (All were preserved, I may note, by being concealed under the green baize that lined the high pews which formerly abutted against the screen.) Here we find St. Syth with a rosary, St. Erasmus (bearing his entrails wound round a windlass), St. Laurence, St. Roch, and St. Mary Magdalen. Here too is a most interesting puzzle, of which I give



an illustration. It is a saint apparently clad in the Dominican habit, with a sword in his head, and holding an archiepiscopal cross in his hand. Is it St. Peter Martyr, or St. Thomas of Canterbury? At first I inclined to the latter, but after two visits to study the figure, I was compelled reluctantly to give up this fascinating hypothesis, and decide for St. Peter Martyr. (Mr. Keyser, I see, gives St. Thomas of Canterbury with a ?) If it is St. Peter Martyr, it may have one companion, as at Portlemouth there is a figure in Dominican habit holding a large knife, which is probably meant for St. Peter of Verona.

Few of the screens are painted on their eastern sides, but one very remarkable exception is at Ashton. Here, as you see, the Lady Chapel in the north aisle has a splendid series of prophets with scrolls, both on the main screen and on the parclose. These are large half-length figures of very remarkable execution. Some have conjectured that they are portraits of members of the Chudleigh family who had their seat here. One bears the legend, "*Maria Virgo concipiet*", the next, "*Et vocabitur Emmanuel*", the third, "*Surgite nolite timere*", the fourth, "*Lex per Moysen signata est*", the fifth, "*Et propheta per Eliam*", referring to the Transfiguration. These are on the parclose. On the main screen the figures bear texts with reference to the Last Judgment, while on the doors between them is an exquisite representation of the Annunciation. Equally beautiful is the Visitation on the chancel side of the parclose screen, close to the Altar. The scroll has the inscription, "*Et exultavit infans in utero ejus*", while next to this is a Prophet with the inscription, "*Elizabeth sterili peperit.*" (The church is dedicated to St. John the Baptist.) These are perhaps the most remarkable paintings still existing in Devon. The western side of the screen has also a very fine series of saints on its panels and the church as a whole is most interesting and well-cared for.

It is, I hope, unnecessary before this audience to put in a



plea for rood screens. Anyone who has entered one of these Devonshire churches which has been robbed of its principal glory by ignorant or misguided restorers, so-called, will know how chilling a sense of desolation they inspire. Just before leaving Devonshire I visited a fine church which once boasted a magnificent screen decorated with figures of saints, of which a few fragments still remain, I believe, in the vicarage. The screen disappeared in 1848.

A celebrated architect told me that he never went to the reopening ceremony of a church which he had restored, because of the terrible things that were usually said or sung at the service. Thus a Bishop, on one occasion, mounted the pulpit, and after rolling his eyes round the restored building, gave out his text with much solemnity: "My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

On another occasion the special hymn chosen began:

"The powers of hell have done their worst."

I felt this forcibly at this church, which shall here remain nameless. The thieves had stripped it of every atom of its glorious carved oak, a new pitch-pine roof of the most meagre design and most hideous tint, corresponded only too well with the varnished pews which filled the nave, and the frightful Early Victorian stalls of the same beloved material, which rose in all their horror in the now naked and denuded chancel. The Caen stone reredos of three gables and the pulpit of the type known to the profane as a "parson cooler," completed the furniture of the building. All was neat, tidy, Philistine, and profoundly depressing. The rood-loft staircase was walled up, the plaster stripped from the rough stone walls; and of the ancient glories of the church not a vestige remained but the tracery of a few of the windows, now filled with glaring modern glass, and the poor scraped columns of the nave arcade. I thought of the parable

of the house empty, swept and garished, and I fled, feeling that here, indeed, "The powers of hell had done their worst." (1)

DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

(1) In printing this paper, I must express my most grateful thanks to Dom Maurus Powell, O.S.B. and his talented staff of artists, who have illustrated it so splendidly. I have also to thank Mr. F. Bligh Bond, F. R. I. B. A. and the Rev. Edgar Hay, Rector of Plymtree, for the loan of blocks, and my friend Mr. Edward S. McEuen, who helped me with the photographs and tracings. I am very conscious that without their help the paper would have lost any value it may possess.

## Bishop Hedley on Preparation for the Pastoral Office.\*

ENGLISH speaking Catholics are indebted to Bishop Hedley for a goodly number of eminently practical works on spiritual subjects. For the most part these books have presented spiritual truth, intellectual and moral, as it appeals to the laity; they have been the expression of the pastor's mind to his congregation, the message of the shepherd to his flock. In the *Lex Levitarum* a more restricted audience is addressed. Those who are destined to discharge the sacred ministry, to mediate between God and men, have in their

\* *Lex Levitarum*. By the Bishop of Newport. Westminster, Art and Book Co. 1905. Price 6s. net.

turn to sit at the feet of a master, they have to learn the sacred science, the government of souls.—Long ago Plato saw that he who is to be a successful ruler must himself first know how to obey, and this truth the Church has ever sought to enforce in its training of the clerical student. The present book is a contribution to this end, in the form of a commentary on the *Regula Pastoralis* of St. Gregory, by one who has the very best right to speak on the subject, a pastor pastorum of ripe experience and proved worth.

The essential feature of the working system of the Catholic Church is the sacred priesthood. From the moment that Our Lord laid His hands on the Apostles and bestowed on them their mission, through all the ages that the Church has lived, we find this body of men, set apart, marked off, organised, a body within a body, possessing the same functions, the same spirit, the same character. The discipline of the Church may vary, dogmas that have been only implicit may come into prominence and acquire a new importance for us, but the priesthood *secundum ordinem Melchisedech* remains for ever one and the same. The seal stamped on the soul by ordination has ever preserved the essential features, clear-cut, definite, summed up in theology as the twofold jurisdiction over the natural and mystical Body of Christ. We Catholics within the Church know this by an ingrained knowledge, an instinctive appreciation. Witness from without is borne to the same fact in the long history of the Church. The persecutors have ever striven to strike the shepherd and thus to disperse the flock. In our own country when the second and successful revolt from the unity of Christendom was effected the attack was directed on the sacerdotal character. That it was the "Mass that mattered" is shown by Elizabeth's order at her coronation ceremony to mutilate it. As Lecky chooses to express it:—"To cut the taproots of priestcraft was one of the main aims and objects of the Reformation." The taproots were cut and we know how the tree of supernatural life has languished and withered

in the soil of England. "The Bible in the school—the priest outside" was an epigram that did good service in the late election.

Moreover Elizabeth and her counsellors have not only succeeded in their object of making the very name of priest odious in the eyes of Protestant England, but they have set up a rival conception of the position of a minister of the Divine Word. They have broken down the wall of separation between him and other men, have levelled down the calling to the minimum of religious functions. As Lecky puts it "A married clergy, who have mixed in all the lay influences of an English University, and who still take part in the pursuits, studies, social intercourse and amusements of laymen, are not likely to form a separate caste or to constitute a very formidable priesthood." This is very true but, though the writer fully approves of the sentiment, his words, in the minds of Catholics, are their own condemnation. The Catholic priest is essentially one who "dwells apart;" he is a member of the "castrorum acies ordinata" in the words of the Council of Trent. He has nothing in common with the "married clergy who still take part in the pursuits, studies, social intercourse and amusements of laymen,"—at least in so far as he does, he is divesting himself of his priestly character. His ideal is something very different. His profession concerns the things "quæ sunt ad Deum." He stands in St. Thomas' words as a "mediator inter Deum et homines." "Sicut me misit Pater et ego mitto vos."

That this has been the conception of the priesthood from the beginning is evident on every page of ecclesiastical history. In the fourth century St. John Chrysostom tells us how he shrank from ordination because it was the highest ministry that a creature could discharge. "If St. Paul," he says, "was ever filled with fear when he looked to the greatness of his office, what should be our feelings?" "Priests," the saint tells us, "who have their abode and

sojourn on earth, have been entrusted with a heavenly ministry and have received a power which God has not granted to angels or archangels." This is the language of the Eastern Church, and it finds an echo, two centuries later, in St. Gregory the Great's work, the "Regula Pastoralis." The holy Pope wrote the book to explain why he had endeavoured to prevent himself from being elected Bishop of Rome. Like St. Chrysostom the Western Father felt the immense burden that the pastoral office laid on the shoulders of its recipients; "Ars est artium regimen animarum."

This book of St. Gregory became the standard work on the pastoral office in the Western Church. In his preface Bishop Hedley tells us how it came into use in England. Alfred the Great was the happy instrument of its introduction into this country. The king found such widespread ignorance of the Latin tongue even amongst the clergy that, he was induced to translate the "Pastoralis," "Herd-Book" into the vulgar tongue, and send it to every bishopric in the kingdom. "If ever," says the Bishop, "there was a book which formed the English speech and the pastoral views of the south and the east of England, it was this translation of the 'message' of the great pope to whom England owes her faith."

The treatise of St. Gregory is divided into four parts. The first describes the character of the priestly office and the conditions that are requisite in an aspirant to that office. The second deals in detail with the virtues that must be possessed by one who is already ordained. In the third part we have practical instructions for the treatment of the different classes of souls with whom the pastor comes into contact. Of this third part Bishop Hedley writes "Its wise and pregnant philosophy, its beautiful zeal for souls, its wealth of scriptural illustration and its finished literary form have justly made it one of the classics of patristic tradition." One Chapter suffices for the last part, an exhortation to the

pastor to remember, while he instructs others, that he himself has his own weaknesses, and therefore he must not neglect to return into himself lest through the office he bears he should be puffed up with thoughts of pride. The book concludes with a prayer that the friend to whom it is addressed may afford a "plank" of prayer to the holy doctor who is in the "shipwreck of this life" and likely to sink from his own weight of demerit.

This book Bishop Hedley uses as the groundwork of his present publication. It is printed at the end of the volume so that readers may turn to it and read for themselves the continuous thought of the Pontiff. As an introduction to it there are eleven lectures which deal with the preparation for the cure of souls. Originally they were delivered to the ecclesiastical students preparing for ordination in the seminary for secular priests at Ushaw.

These lectures are not a mere introduction of St. Gregory's work. Indeed this would be impossible, for the audience addressed is not quite the same as that of the earlier work. The latter is for those who are already engaged in pastoral work, whereas the former has in mind the levites, those who are preparing for the sacred ministry. It is true that to some extent both cover the same ground, for the one looks forward to the time after ordination and the other looks back to the time before ordination. Still they start from different standpoints and hence they are quite separate works. When, further, we remember the change in the "time-spirit" between the twentieth and the sixth century—a change which affects and must affect every thinking-man—it is obvious that we shall find a difference of treatment even of such an office as the priesthood. Man's outlook on life has changed, arguments that once would appeal to the mind have lost their force, and must be recast, other arguments push themselves forward and claim attention. Bishop Hedley has ever kept in touch with the thought of the world about him, his other works show a deep insight into the relation

of science to faith, and hence his advice to the young clerical student will have a peculiar power as coming from one "having authority."

Nor do the lectures challenge comparison with such works as "The Eternal Priesthood" of Cardinal Manning—or the "Young Priest" of Cardinal Vaughan,—or the Bishop's own volume, the "Retreat." They are not a theological treatise on the nature and functions of the Priesthood, nor a "vade mecum" for the pastor on the mission, nor an eight days' digest of the whole range of spiritual life. Rather they treat of the Priesthood, if one may say so from the point of view of its professional character. Just as in any other walk of life so in the Priesthood there is the same necessity for preparation, the same zeal demanded, the same persistent perseverance as a condition of success, but there is that also which is peculiar to it as a profession,—its own character, its own spirit. The priest is a pastor, a teacher, and the lectures before us deal with him from this aspect. Let us see how they interpret this function.

The cure of souls is an art, indeed the "ars artium," and like every other art it demands experts for its professors. The experts are those who possess spiritual understanding and true sanctity, that is both mind and heart must be formed in virtue, for their life is consecrated to God's service. It is evident that for this a man must have what is called a vocation, he must, that is, have both the inclination to the life and the dispositions that fit a man for the work before him. His work is the dealing with souls, the winning of the souls of men into the membership of the kingdom of God. What a delicate work this is! "A soul," says the author, "is itself a little-explored and mysterious realm. Its motives and its impulses are difficult to recognize and unravel; it is hard to reach, hard to touch, hard to influence; its virtues are never pure; and its vices never unrelieved; neither its strength nor its weakness, neither its riches nor its poverty can ever be so well investigated or described as not to have many

a surprise in reserve for the man who would dogmatize and define." Surely the guiding and managing of such mysterious entities requires the highest skill, the greatest holiness. There is nothing but shipwreck ahead for the shallow and half-trained steersman.

The acquisition of the spirit of consecration of one's life to God is called conversion. This is a definite religious experience that a soul goes through, though it varies for every one. Often it takes this shape. A young boy, say of fourteen years of age, finds in himself a gradual steadying of character, "an awakening to the fact that there are two classes of people in the world, the religious and the non-religious," and he chooses the side of religious. There steals over him seriousness, not moroseness, not sadness, with some priggishness perhaps or even hypocrisy, which is chiefly external and wears off, if the piety is genuine. After this preliminary experience there comes later in life, though whilst the soul is still young, a second change when the grace of God seems to seize a favourable occasion to deepen the religious spirit, the spiritual understanding, and imparts the "soliditas timoris interni" of St. Gregory.

This seriousness must come early in the spiritual life before ordination, for the child is father of the man. When a man is invested with authority and becomes his own master, when his days are filled with engrossing interests, there is, generally speaking, no further conversion for him, his plasticity has gone, his attitude is fixed. Grace operates on prepared soil. There may be certain circumstances such as missionary countries afford when a special grace is given to a priest, just as in the ages of persecution a special grace of martyrdom was given, but this cannot be counted on. Even if devotedness, or missionary zeal does suddenly spring into life, to a spirit unschooled it brings its own dangers. The tree that is to stand the storm must have its hidden roots deeply set.

In detail the first essential of character in a pastor is in-

tense purity not only of heart but of mind and spirit, for human nature demands the Katharsis, the purgation of its faculties. After the personal influence of Our Lord, mortification has the greatest influence on this disposition—but note it is not the stoical endurance of pain, not a burdensome number of small privations that count, but the steady battling, bit by bit, always under guidance, with those weaknesses, external and internal, which each feels in himself to be keeping him from union with God. The affections, the imagination, the will, the intelligence, all must be cleansed, especially must we beware of the modern naturalistic view of life, of religion, of God. A priest's reading should not be agnostic philosophy, heathen science, non-Catholic theology. Individuals may have to handle these in detail for a time, but the general work of a priest is concerned with his own metaphysics, the Christian synthesis of life. Objections must be met by all, but let them be stripped of their imaginative dress. It is not that truth in itself is ever in jeopardy, but truth *per accidens* may very easily be, whether from immaturity of mind or inadequate knowledge, or even because the truth itself is often a "hard saying," and the pride of intellect resents "hard sayings."

Allied to this purity of heart and mind is the true view of the value of souls. Each soul is something in itself, it is not in its nature subordinate to another soul and the pastor must look through the trappings of class distinction and treat the individual members of his flock as redeemed by the Precious Blood, knowing them and treating them as individuals, without allowing his own individuality, his mutability, his timidity, his despondency, his preferences, his softness to intrude, but becoming all things to all men in the tender bond of sympathy and compassion.

So far in these lectures Bishop Hedley is going over ground familiar to spiritual treatises which deal with the preparation of the pastor's soul for the ecclesiastical state, though the handling is fresh and original, as may be gathered



from the above summary. From this to the end of the book we have the more distinctive part of the book. Here he breaks away from St. Gregory for the very reason that the conditions of to-day are very different from those of St. Gregory's age. Seminary life is now organised, practically the whole of the seminarian's day is given to study, the course of studies is definitely settled, text books have to be mastered. This is very different from the days when the student lived in the bishop's familia, or in the parish priest's house, before scientific theology and casuistry were formulated, when the words of Holy Writ were everything in theology, philosophy, morals and devotion for the clergy. The development into seminary life has been natural just as the development of the science of theology itself, and the Bishop has this fully developed and organised system before his eyes as he writes these later lectures. St. Gregory gives the ideal of the pastor—Bishop Hedley suggests how such an ideal can be realised under modern conditions and necessities. The personal spiritual training remains very much the same, the intellectual brings in new aspects, new requirements.

Church studies mark an epoch in intellectual history. Unless in the beginning the student begins in a systematic way to lay the foundations, there will never be a super-structure. With this he must have sustained and well-regulated effort, avoid retention of boyish interests, cultivate will-power, concentration on the subject in hand, with a tinge of austerity throughout, and thus proceed step by step along the path of knowledge.

Philosophy is the first great subject that he has to deal with. The necessity for it lies in this that the priest is a teacher of the faith to the world, that is, of the deepest, the sublimest, truths to every sort and condition of men; it is philosophy that will make his thoughts clear, and furnish him with a reasoned system of metaphysical thought which is the basis of Revealed Truth. Catholic philosophy has

moreover the imprimatur of the Church because it has been caught up in the definitions of Faith. "The greatest minds" says the Bishop "in every age have been those who have lived in communion with philosophic thought, and a man who is a stranger to it is a stranger to what is noblest in the history of the race."

From this office of a teacher flows the obligation of presenting truth most effectively, in other words a priest must be a "man of letters" if he is to be fully accomplished in his vocation. He must be well read, must have a distaste for what is violent, crude, noisy, repulsive—must have wide views, must reside in the realm of history, ethics, poetry, romance, the "ante-chamber to the spiritual life." A classical education has always been considered needful as a preparation for priestly work; for it makes the mind "cultivated", i.e., "quick to take in, well furnished with indispensable information, awake to general ideas, and generally responsive to the manifold voice of human nature." "Experience shows that only a very small and a very preventible portion of the evil results prophesied by some respectable alarmists have ever happened in a prudently followed classical course." This also applies the 'classics' in modern languages though 'style' or the effective mode of presenting thought will come from 'writing' sooner than from mere 'reading'—only in writing we must say clearly what we mean, aim at originality, at all events of expression, and make our treatment of a subject organic—a living whole. Without writing, practice in preaching, for example, is merely "the growing more and more confirmed in weak phrases and irritating trivialities."

The priest, then, must be a man of learning. He should know, moreover, far more than he is ever likely to impart; because no man can impart unless he stands above his subject. Again he speaks *ex Deo, coram Deo*. "It is as if the omnipotent God had bound Himself to silence by His own laws,—as indeed He has—and stood behind the veil,

waiting for those to speak for Him whom He has chosen for that most sublime of all offices."

Theology, the science of God, the queen of sciences is, of course, the chief work of the priest. The text books of this most noble science are of their nature summaries and have the defect of all summaries as representing only the skeleton, the dry bones of the living thing. To clothe these bones the priest should know thoroughly and at first hand the Holy Scriptures, God's own book—all the priest's life, intellectual and spiritual, must be grounded on the word of God. Hence we must go to the Bible and to the actual Bible, not to the studies that deal merely with the external history of the sacred text. Too much time is apt to be given to introductions, whereas the student ought to go as soon as possible to the living word, beginning with what is most known to us—the New Testament, and working back to the Old. Thus shall we grow into the true spirit of ambassadors of Jesus Christ.

This is the science that a priest must cultivate. In doing so no effort must be spared and it must be borne in mind that it is legitimate for the children of light to learn from the children of this world the scientific spirit. For example from the methods of modern science we can learn exactness and accuracy in the subjects we are expected to know, in such matters as faith, conduct, history and current topics. Unfortunately accuracy is not a mark of the ecclesiastical mind and if a priest can only utter "crude negatives or launch juvenile exaggerations and commonplace abuse, he is dishonouring the profession in which he is bound to be an expert." Caution is another quality that a student should acquire—a caution "greater than our forefathers considering the age in which we live" in weighing evidence so as not to force our pious opinions upon others. In his researches he must go to first-hand sources, verifying his references. "To advance the kingdom of God we must measure ourselves with our fellowmen," avoiding the

scientific temper of exclusiveness, hardness, indeavourness of many of those who deal with what we can touch and see, this present world—but putting ourselves on a level with the best in solidity, in trustworthiness, while we deal with the world out of sight, that cannot be weighed and measured. "Nature vast and impressive as its kingdom may be, is only a throne for intelligence, a field for the career of the spirit, an episode in a duration which cannot be reckoned." The effort of the exponents of God's kingdom should be in the words of St. Augustine "ut veritas pateat, veritas placeat, veritas moveat"—to make the truth prevail.

This summary of the lectures will suffice to give an idea of the wealth of wisdom contained in them. They are not St. Gregory merely, but St. Gregory and something more—St. Gregory interpreted for our modern world, but they have the glow, the warmth of the patristic writings throughout. The treatment is not systematic, it has not the force of a unified book, there are repetitions and in places we are inclined to wish for further development but the fact that the lectures are a kind of commentary and the circumstance that they are lectures account for this. They are, however, a mine of practical and shrewd advice which each person can work for himself. They are a guide for which there is great demand in the complexity of modern thought. To some the ideal may seem beyond the ordinary priest, but it is as well to have the ideal put before us, and after all the ordinary priest has an extraordinary office. No ideal can be too great for it and we must always be "unprofitable servants." Certainly the effect of reading the book is not to discourage but to stimulate, and this is the test of truth. What one feels from reading this, as from other works of Bishop Hedley, is that the author has caught the fire of the holy and learned men of the past, that in him the flock of Christ has a worthy and faithful pastor, that he is a 'leader in Israel' whom we look up to with esteem and gratitude.

J. E. M.

## Canon Mackey. D.D.

THE death of F. Benedict Mackey in Rome on January 9th put an end to a strenuous and interesting career, the value of which may easily be overlooked, for much of his life was passed and most of his work was accomplished outside England, whilst his best work was never spent upon popular subjects. A man of serious character, with deep enthusiasms and untiring industry, Canon Mackey had the power of sustained exertion which often achieves more than genius. He was never idle, never at rest. A monk to his fingers' tips, he had no tastes or pursuits but ecclesiastical; a spiritual minded man, his literary labours however absorbing never overshadowed his religious and spiritual interests. Friends might rally him on his restless activities, on the gravity of his manner or his absorption in hobbies; but none ever failed to recognize the sincerity of his convictions, or to reverence the devotedness of his life and the unselfishness and nobility of his aims. The character of the man was foreshadowed over forty years ago, in the novitiate days at Belmont, where the pages of the *Liber Albus* still bear quaint witness to the grave tastes and serious studies of the youthful monk.

With the industry and ambitions of an idealist went a delicate nervous temperament under which, after a few years teaching at Douai, Fr. Mackey's health broke down so completely that his life was despaired of, or at least the prospect of his ever doing useful work. One of his devoted friends was told by a doctor that she would be doing very well if she could keep him alive for three weeks. It has taken thirty years for the keen spirit to wear out the frail scabbard of the flesh! Canon Mackey's *Magnum Opus* was of course the official edition of the *Works* of St. Francis de Sales upon which he has been working for many years. A chance act of kindness in offering to translate some of the Saint's letters for a friend first turned

his thoughts in this direction; Bishop Hedley's early encouragement helped him greatly; and he laboured at his task so assiduously and successfully as to become the first living authority on the life and writings of St. Francis. What Canon Mackey did not know about his Saint was not worth knowing! His enthusiasm for his subject dominated his whole life; his thoughts and talk were saturated with it, so completely indeed, as to be often the object of the good humoured raillery of his friends. But it was a worthy goal that Canon Mackey had set himself; and he never craved a higher task than to prepare the final and perfect text of those spiritual writings which won for the Bishop of Geneva his rank amongst the Doctors of the Church.

The opportunity of his life came when the Visitation Nuns at Annecy engaged him to prepare the new official edition of the *Opera Omnia* of their Founder, a task laborious enough for anyone but truly formidable to a foreigner. To carry it out F. Benedict left the little Herefordshire mission where he was much beloved, and exiled himself to the old Savoyard town, leading there a hard life in humble lodgings. As need arose he travelled about Italy, France, Spain and Belgium, ransacking libraries, comparing manuscripts, verifying trivial dates, gathering varied lore. He corrected the text, restored genuine readings, rescued from oblivion forgotten letters and tracts, added innumerable notes crammed with infinite detail. Even those who know the dozen fair volumes which enshrine his labours hardly realize all the toil entailed in their production. He was a worthy brother and successor of the great Maurist Editors.

That an Englishman should be chosen as editor and champion of one of the great Lights of the French Church was sufficiently unusual, it is perhaps less strange that the distinction should arouse some jealousy and dislike. Canon Mackey's invaluable services never received in his lifetime the recognition which was their due even from those on whose special behalf he laboured. Too modest and monastic

to push his own claims, others were quite ready to take the credit. No reader of the edition would ever guess whose hand had toiled to prepare the perfect text. The title-pages give no clue to the identity of the Editor, or even that he was an Englishman or a Benedictine; and he was bowed out ere his task was fully completed! Fr. Mackey's experiences at least illustrate the saying as to the amount of good work which a man can do who is willing to let someone else have the credit!

Possibly his own brethren sometimes failed to realize the value of his work; but they at least allowed him freedom to pursue it. He had been a Canon of Newport for many years, a dispensation from residence accorded by the Bishop enabling him to retain the honour and to continue to shed lustre upon the monastic Chapter. More than once his brethren chose him Procurator at the Roman Court,—the office which he was filling at the time of his death. He was a member of the Benedictine *Accademia* lately founded at San Anselmo in Rome; and the General Chapter held at Ampleforth last summer conferred upon him a Doctor's cap, surely never better earned than by life-long labours on behalf of one of the Doctors of the Church!

Like many another Canon Mackey has been cut off in the midst of his work and in the maturity of his intellectual powers; though it was characteristic of the man that death should find him engaged upon two or three big tasks at a time. The Edition of St. Francis' Writings is virtually finished; but the Saint's Life for which he had collected much new material is still very far from completion; so we fear is the History of his own monastery of St. Edmund's. Canon Mackey's material and manuscripts would perplex himself, let alone others; but it is to be hoped that his vast labours will not be entirely wasted, and that others may speedily arise to take up and complete the work of a life which redounded greatly to the credit of his Order and his House.

## The Mysteries of our Current Speech.

By "the mysteries of our current speech," I refer to those frequent and curious phrases the general meaning and intention of which are perfectly well understood by English people, although such meaning is never conveyed by the words themselves.

A few examples will shew what is meant.

When matters are arranged in a neat and satisfactory manner, we say they are in *apple-pie order*—without explaining to ourselves what order and method have to do with an apple-pie.

When, on the contrary, they are found in disorder and confusion, we say they are *at sixes and sevens*—figures which do not suggest disorder in any way.

If we are grossly overcharged, we complain of having been made to *pay through the nose*, although, for anything that appears to the contrary, this may be a thrifty and economical way of meeting our expenses.

In a trifling difference with a friend, we tell him we have *a bone to pick*, or *a crow to pluck* with him,—although these very ancient phrases imply anything but a wish to clear up a grievance—which is the sense intended.

Why should we be indignant when some one, from whom we require a plain statement, continues to "beat about the bush"—which was quite a proper thing to do when that phrase came first into our literature,—as I hope to show? These examples will suffice.

Now it may seem to be rather a trivial subject of enquiry that is here proposed to the readers of this Journal. Never-

theless it is not without interest to try to investigate the origin and source of these and innumerable other strange expressions, as they may be found to throw some light on old habits, and on the universality of some religious and other uses,—and also on the structure of the language itself. In the phrases referred to, the logical connection between the words and their meaning has been lost. They are, as it were, idioms in the making and on their way to a still closer concentration.

Our far-away ancestors spoke in a more poetical and figurative manner than we are accustomed to, and drew illustrations from their daily life. To speak, for instance of *fiddlesticks without the fiddles* is to mention something useless and inane. The last words are at first expressed, then implied, until, at last only the word "fiddlesticks" remains for us, as an idiomatic expression, in the pages of Beaumont and Fletcher and other writers of their time. Thus, too, *cut your stick* ("prepare to go") is shortened to *cut away*.

I should here observe that not one of the above phrases, or of the phrases hereafter to be mentioned is properly called slang. All have been used in the writings of standard authors, writing familiarly, indeed, but still in literary form, and again, sometimes with great seriousness.

Thus when some puzzled executor complains that everything has been left at *sixes and sevens*, he uses the exact expression which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Regent of the Kingdom on the embarkation of King Richard II for Ireland; and when a politician tells us that the policy of three acres and a cow is *as dead as a door nail*, he also quotes Shakespeare without knowing it, and without asking himself what exceptional mortality attaches to a door-nail more than any other nail.

Shakespeare, indeed, adopts many of these phrases,—such as *up to snuff*, or its variant;—*to rule the roost*; *save the mark* and others.

*The cock and bull story*, meaning a laboured excuse, is referred to by writers of dignity, such as Burton in his *Anatomic of Melancholic*; *not worth a rap* is frequently used by Dean Swift; *half seas over* (which by the way is not a nautical term) has descended from Dryden to Thackeray. *All my eye* is accepted by Goldsmith; *no great shakes* and *to save your bacon* are used by Byron; the first in his letters, the second in his verses; *apple-pie order* is acknowledged by Sir Walter Scott and Captain Marryat; to *make no bones of it* is found in the pages of Bishop Hall; *up to the wines* is in Burns; to *haul one over the coals*, to *set the Thames on fire* (though this perhaps presents no mystery), to *see how the cat jumps* and to *cut your stick* are found in Sir Walter Scott, in Kingsley, and in other authors of eminence.

These references will suffice to show that this is not a question of slang, or incorrect language, but of a certain accepted phraseology which has a conventional meaning not expressed by the words themselves.

Naturally there have been many attempts to discover the origin of phrases and expressions so strange and yet so familiar. Enquiries have been followed up through years of more or less ingenious guessing, and through a long succession of special works, such as Dr Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" in its successive editions; and also through those periodicals which make it their business to appease an intelligent curiosity, such as "Notes and Queries" in its many volumes and series.

It is remarkable, however, that the attempted solutions which are put before the public from time to time are rarely accepted as final or convincing. After a few weeks, another guess and yet another is brought forward to have its little day. And so, at last, the solutions become like the remedies for rheumatism—too numerous to be worthy of much credit individually. The more there are, the less you can believe in the efficacy of any.

Let me take one or two examples of this kind of guessing.

Take the phrase "no great shakes," for which there is ample authority. One solver thinks this is gambler's language, referring to the *shaking* of the dice; another fathers it on coopers when speaking of *shaking-up* barrels; a third finds it to be actors' slang derived from *Shakespeare*—a fourth brings a solution from the back woods of America,—a fifth has turned up an Arabic word *shaks* a man or person;—a sixth, with more probability than any, explains it as a windfall as when fruit is *shaken* from a tree.

And in fact most of the so-called "solutions" are mere guesses unsupported by any evidence written, printed, or oral.

A favourite way of framing a guess is this. When you cannot make the phrase itself yield a satisfactory meaning, you must try to hit upon some similar sounds which *will* do so. Then you assume that one is "corrupted" from the other,—and *there is your solution.*

Take a familiar example:—as *mad* as a *hatter*. It is clearly absurd to suppose that a *hatter* is necessarily more insane than a bootmaker; so it is considered equally clear that the phrase has been "corrupted,"—and here we have it in "Notes and Queries"—"As mad as an adder!"

Or again, take the famous "cock and bull story" which no one has ever read. What reason is there to think that a story of a cock and a bull is more absurd and inconsequent than other stories? Clearly, therefore, say the critics, it is a corruption, and a happy thought occurs to a writer to "Notes and Queries." "It means," says he, "a concocted and bully story,"—bully being used in its old sense of boastful! Another learned correspondent introduces mythology and brings in the Cock of Æsculapius and the sacred Bull of Egypt to explain the phrase, but without explaining how these recondite matters became familiar to the peasants and weavers of England. Or again, *apple-pie order* is clearly "corrupted" from "Cap-a-pé order"—*cap-a-pé* meaning perfectly equipped from head to foot as made familiar to us from Hamlet.

Sometimes the solver will even invent a dialect word to account easily for the phrase which is being considered.

I think it was Webster's Dictionary which first attempted to explain that universal phrase *kicking the bucket*, by boldly asserting that in Norfolk there is a dialect word "bucket" which means a "beam or rafter." A dead pig is hoisted up to the "beam" for the purpose of being weighed; and thus the pig "kicks the bucket" or beam.

But unfortunately for these ingenious men two phenomenal dictionaries have been recently appearing; one being an exhaustive new English Dictionary, edited by Mr. James Murray,—which is based on an examination of the whole body of English Literature, and which especially notes the first appearance of every word in our language.

The other is an equally comprehensive English Dialect Dictionary, edited by Dr. James Wright, which was compiled in co-operation with skilful correspondents in every county of England.

Well, neither of these great works affords any support to the foregoing pieces of ingenuity.

There *never* has been such a phrase as "as Mad as an adder,"—nor such a phrase "as cap-a-pé order."—There *never has been* such a dialect word as "bucket" meaning a beam; *never* such a fearful phrase as a "concocted and bully story." What, therefore, becomes of the "corruption theory"?

Another objection to this method of solution lies in the great antiquity, unaltered in form, of many of these strange phrases. "To pluck a crow with a man," which has had several suggestions, has been traced unmodified to the Mystery Plays of the 14th century. "To be in the wrong box," which seems at first sight to have obvious reference to modern Courts of Justice, with their Jury Box,—Witness Box, &c., occurs in Fox's Book of Martyrs published three and a half centuries ago,—before our present arrangements were devised.

In point of fact, the phrases themselves do not alter from

age to age, while their *meaning* becomes modified. Thus, *To beat about the bush* used to mean labouring for the benefit of others. It now means trying to evade the point at issue. *To be up to snuff*, which now implies acuteness, used to signify taking offence superciliously. *To give one a bone to pick* in Queen Anne's time used to mean offering a man something to amuse him, so as to divert him from more important matters; now it means settling up a difference. *As plain as a pikestaff* meant as rough and unadorned as a pikestaff; because any stout piece of timber would serve as a pikestaff. It now means as obvious and patent to the view as a pikestaff. But these divergent meanings are not numerous, and do not interfere with the search for their origins. This search, in fact, is the chief interest which attaches to the subject.

So far, convincing solutions have been few and far between; success constantly eludes the grasp, and it soon becomes evident that the only way to a safe interpretation of the puzzles in question is to begin by tracing back the phrase as far as it can be traced; and then to look for it among the habits and influences of the times to which their introduction belongs.

Many of the failures (and most of the explanations have been failures) are due to the fact that the search has not been carried back far enough. Take the word "humbug." Many people were satisfied with the interpretation that this word came from the city of Hamburg—one of the chief ports from which, during the Napoleonic Wars, items of European news were derived—and quickly discredited; but "humbug" has now been traced back to a period long anterior to the Wars of Napoleon. To "hum" (meaning to deceive) was found in the books of early writers—and "bug" being the same word as "bogie" (as in *bugbear*) the former interpretation disappeared.

The pursuits, the games, the traditional stories and the religion of the people are the most likely sources of all such

phrases as we can trace back to an unreading and unlearned age. We have first to find out how far the phrase in question can be traced back, (and in this search the great dictionary of Dr. J. Murray will greatly assist) and then to look into the terminology, as it were, of the trades, occupations, amusements and other influences of the time for a solution. Whatever most filled the minds and amused the leisure of the people would overflow their lips in homely or ready illustrations. But to go back far enough is the all-important point.

Thus, the word *cock-a-hoop* has been long in use, and the editors of the New English Dictionary, when they reached the word, declared themselves as overwhelmed with the number of unsatisfactory solutions offered to them. But all of them were based on the "cock" and the "hoop" of a barrel, whereas in earlier citations (the phrase is in "Hudibras") the word is spelt *cock-a-choop*,—making it more probable that it is only a variant of "cock-a-doodle-do" (itself an ancient phrase,)—either form meaning "exultant; noisily boastful."

Folklore, which our ancestors had in common with other nations, would occasionally lend a phrase for general use. The antiquity of the cock-and-bull story is proved by the form it takes. It is a variant of the continental "coq-a-l'âne story" which has many forms, all being of the same rambling and confused type. But why the bull instead of the ass? Simply because the ass was of later introduction into England, and the story had to be fathered on the bull. It is to be found in Grim's collection.

We may next expect to find that popular religion has given rise to the use of some of these locutions. The recently discovered correspondence of the Paston Family has shewn us how familiar certain citations from Scripture were to all classes of society. No quotation was more familiar than the parable of "the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers." Yet the phrase "go to

Jericho" (which implies "go and fall among robbers") has been fathered absurdly on some court scandal of the time of Henry VIII. Whereas it is formed in analogy with many other similar kind wishes to "go to" unpopular towns as we travel down the centuries. We have "go to Halifax!"—where there was a kind of guillotine for slicing off heads; then, "go to Coventry," where there was a *dépôt* for the unhappy prisoners in the civil wars; "go to Bath,"—the seat of scandal and frivolity,—and many others. And in the same way we have "go to Jericho,"—and to worse places still—only, on the stage, it is wisely reduced to "Go to—!" Few hearers are aware that something is omitted!

I also suggest a religious origin for the universal phrase "kick-the-bucket," and this is one of the few solutions of my own, with which I am satisfied.

When the interpretation, referring to the "pig and the weighing beam," collapsed, many others rushed in. One critic referred it to the executioner withdrawing a bucket from the hanging man's feet; another thought it the action of a suicide in kicking it away,—whereas the executioner used a ladder or a cart, and the phrase only refers to natural deaths. The latest solution is to be found in a recent number of "Notes and Queries," referring the phrase to the action of a cow in kicking over the milk-pail. But this appears to have no reference to *death*. The 'corruption' solution won't *do* here because the phrase is the same in every County and in every century.

My solution is suggested by the many references in early times to the practice in Roman Catholic countries of placing a pot of holy water at the feet of a dead man. Mrs. Elizabeth Paston especially mentions her having done so in the case of her son. There is a more modern mention of the practice in the Epistles of Boileau, though I have mislaid the citation.

The dead man may thus be said to "kick the bucket," which his feet are touching.

In support of this explanation, it may be remarked that in the Inventories of the Churches and Ecclesiastical Establishments taken in the reign of Henry VIII, &c., a "bucket" of brass is the word in use for the vessel containing Holy water. This is pretty clear from an extract from the "Inventories of the Churches of Staffordshire:"—given us by Dr. Murray for another purpose:—

VI Altar Cloths  
I bocket of brass  
I Pix . . .

Religion had also its influence in cloaking a too-overt profanity in the use of sacred names, thus creating apparently new words or new meanings.

Of these I need not give examples.

The derivation of *all my eye* from a prayer to the popular Saint Martin of Tours, (Ah! Mibi, Beate Martine) is actually in "Joe Millar," but is not unlikely, nevertheless.

Popular Sports and everyday handicrafts no doubt contributed something to the common vocabulary.

Archery has given *Save the mark*,—a pious ejaculation to the bowman as he drew his bow: *to have five strings to your bow, to draw the long bow, and others.*

Before arms of precision the netting of birds was a convenient and popular sport; but you had to take care that, in *beating about the bushes*, you drove them where they could be caught. Mrs. Margaret Paston gives us, in a letter of 1472, the phrase nearly as it has come down to us; "we beat the bushes and others get the birds."

In handicrafts again a *dead-nail* was a nail hammered home and clinched, and a *door-nail* was the broad-headed nail on which the knocker fell;—surely the best hammered and therefore, the dearest of nails.

The Forestry laws shew us the Lord and his friends *feasting on the haunch, or on venison-pasty*, while those of a *lower order eat humble pie*,—that is to say a pie made of the



humbles—viz., the heart and liver—the huntsman's perquisites.

Talking of eating, to *make no bones* about a thing was supposed to be the action of a dog in crunching bones and all alike. But this is hardly our meaning,—“if we look back far enough” we find Chaucer's word *bone* meaning a favour. Thus our meaning is “we make no compliment or favour of the thing; we take it as a matter of course.”

Then, *Costume* will also be found to have supplied us with an odd phrase or two. *Paying through the nose* has nothing to do with a Capitation or Nose-tax in the days of King Canute (as curiously suggested) but to the long purses, noosed at the girdle, worn by our forefathers. *Nose* and *Nose* being pronounced alike, the phrase easily arose.

It has not been pointed out before, I believe, that *as mad as a hatter* can only be traced back to the introduction of the silk hat, now firmly fixed on our heads. At that time a hatter of Fleet Street made great efforts to advertise the new invention. His name was Hetherington. When he issued forth, wearing the tall hat, he was followed by mocking crowds, caused riots in the street (being of a peppery temper), was fined and imprisoned by the Lord Mayor, and was finally pronounced “Mad,” all of which is duly recorded in the Annual Register for that year of expectation 1797.

Again, to be *knocked into a cocked hat* is referable to the dandy days of the Regency, when crush-hats could be carried under the arm.

In this connection, I may mention *dressed up to the nines* (used by Burns and others),—*nine* being used as an exhaustive plural, implying completeness and perfection. A little thought will recall a score of instances, from the Nine Muses down to *nine points of the law*.

Domestic industries supply *setting the Thames on fire*. *A tense* was a domestic corn sieve working in a wooden frame, likely to catch fire, if worked by over zealous hands. Marketing transactions give us phrases which as a rule

explain themselves, but to *buy a pig in a poke* (that is to say a cat in a bag) is to be readily taken in, and the fraud is exposed by *letting the cat out of the bag*. The *cat* enters into several puzzles. The saying to *see how the cat jumps* is probably a superstition, but why, when we are too much confined, do we complain that *there is not room to swing a cat*? No-one wants to swing a cat, but the frequent floggings of sea life, Naval and Mercantile, no doubt suggested a boatswain's phrase, referring to the swing of a cat-o'-nine tails.

The *grin of a Cheshire cat* has had many guesses; “the heraldic Cognissance of a noble Cheshire Family” is one, a “Trade Mark” is another; but it was from an ancient labourer of the Potteries district that I learned the true and indubitable solution of the phrase—which simply refers, in coarse terms, to the agonies of indigestion of the poor animals led on the refuse of the cheese-press.

That capricious notoriety which so often in England attaches to a name has given rise to many terms which quickly disavow their origin. Few remember that to *burke an enquiry* means to act like the murderer Burke. To *boycott* has spread to other lands and has even taken grammatical form, while the memory of Captain Boycott is fading daily. According to *Cocker* is not much used now, but the name of this worthy will probably outlive the memory of his Treatise on Arithmetic which is said to have run through 75 editions. *Hobson's choice*—that or none is well known, especially to ‘Varsity Men’; but the very oldest of this variety is before I could say *Jack Robinson*, on the origin of which no light has yet been shewn. Not far after him came *Mr. Dux* the bailiff, who has given his name to the whole tribe of impatient creditors.

Enquirers are apt to overlook the influences of childhood and the enduring nature of early lessons and association, when looking for solutions.

The proper sequence of letters and figures was at times

(perhaps even now) fixed on the youthful mind by the aid of certain simple rhymes and pictures apt to live in the memory through life. These aids had a long day and were still in every child's hands in those far away times when the writer of these notes went to his first school. The most popular of all was the illustrated Alphabet—beginning.

A—Applepie

B—bit it

C—cut it, &c;

the great popularity of this Alphabet assisted the substitution of Applepie for Alphabet, *Applepie-order* for Alphabetical Order.

Then, the sequence of figures was remembered by such rhymes as:—

One—two—buckle my shoe  
three—four—knock at the door, &c.  
six—seven—all uneven  
seven—eight—lay them straight &c.

The third line is Shakespeare's own rhyme, and gives the meaning of the phrase,—*things are at 6 and 7*; i. e. "all uneven."

I may here mention that a *rap* was an unminted coin of low value (hammered or rapped) familiar in the Duke of Marlborough's Campaigns and afterwards in Ireland; and that to *snuff* or *sniff* suggests suspicion and depreciation, as in "to sniff danger," "up to snuff, &c."

It may be said that there are still some of these 40 to 50 phrases left unexplained. This is quite true and is likely to remain so. The various interpretative suggestions for such expressions as "A crow to pluck"—"No great shakes"—"to save your bacon," &c., are quite unworthy of attention. I hand them over to the reader's ingenuity together with the following puzzles which have baffled my search.

1. Why is an article of slow sale said to be a *drug* in the market? A drug is a medicament,—sometimes an expensive one. How does it come to symbolise a sluggish market? There are three competitors, all bad.

2. A friend, who with difficulty got clear from the deadly motor, told me that he had had a *narrows squeak*. Why squeak? Is it "corrupted" from "Escape"?

3. What means *as merry as a Grig*? Goldsmith and, apparently, Shakespeare, use "Greek" in this connection. Tennyson, from the Lincolnshire dialect, gives *grig* as meaning a grasshopper. There are at least three other interpretations, but of less likelihood.

In concluding, I can claim to have myself solved only three out of the whole list of "mysteries;" may the reader be more fortunate.

M. S. WOOLLETT.

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## A Sketch of the History of the Benedictine Community now residing at St. Benedict's Priory, Colwich, Stafford.

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### CHAPTER I.

In a previous number of the Ampleforth Journal an account is given of the Community of St. Mary's Abbey, Stanbrook, Worcester. This Community was founded at Cambrai by the Fathers of the English Benedictine Congregation about the year 1623. Increasing rapidly in members, and becoming more and more straitened in temporal means, in the year 1651 it was suggested that, to relieve the Mother House, a filiation should be sent to Paris,

where it was hoped that Dame Clementia Cary would have influence to procure funds to found and support the new Community. The story of this foundation is told in the words of the old manuscript history.

"Accordingly, the Religious, Dame Clementia Cary, being of honourable descent, admirable wit, and most exemplary virtue, as hereafter her character will more particularly show, undertook to write to my Lord Abbot Montague, then at Paris (who had some time before done our house of Cambrai the Honour of a visit) in order to acquaint his Lordship with the extrem Poverty of our house; and that, of necessity, some of our Religious must come abroad in hopes to procure a Charitable Subsistence for a small Community elsewhere: and—upon presumption of his Lordship's assistance, and the countenance of the Queen Mother of our King of England, Henrietta Maria Daughter of France, and many other of the English Nobility, they being with the Queen then at Paris—it was resolved, that Paris was the most likely place to attempt an undertaking of this kind, and Dame Clementia the fittest Instrument to be employed therein. For, besides the advantages of her Wit and Virtue, she had the Honour to be particularly known to the Queen, my Lord Abbot, and most of the Nobility, through her former conversation at Court, before her entrance into Religion.

My Lord Abbot return'd his opinion to these proposals:—that it was an attempt wholly impossible; and that the Queen and English Nobility were at that time in such circumstances as rendered them incapable of affording any other assistance than their hearty wishes; and besides, in that juncture of affairs, ye City of Paris was in a very unsettled condition and there was great appearance of further troubles and civil wars: so that had not the Mercy and Wisdom of the Almighty decreed a much happier event than could have bin expected from any humane prospect, the attempt had wholly fallen in the beginning, upon the

consideration alone of the weighty reasons so positively urged in my Lord Abbot's answer. But, laying aside the thoughts of whatever difficulties might occur, the Very Rev. F. Placid Gascoigne, our President General, and Ordinary, did resolve, seeing the necessities of our Monastery daily to increase, to put his whole confidence in the Divine Providence, that never fails to provide for those that faithfully serve him. Accordingly, he sends for some of our Religious to Paris, and places them in an hired house, to try if they could find Charities for a support, till it should please God in his mercy to order things hereafter for their future better settlement.

The Divine Providence having thus inspired the aforesaid V. R. F. Pl. Gascoigne, President of the English Congregation of Benedictins, to put in execution his resolution, of using all his endeavour to ease the said Monastery of Cambrai by bringing some of the Religious from thence to Paris, to try if they could find means to begin a little Community, he made choice for this end of these following Dames, whom he thought the fittest for promoting such a design. In the first place, he order'd Rev. Fr. Serenus Cressy to bring Dame Clementia Cary of St. Mary Magdalene, and her sister Dame Mary Cary of St. Winifrid, with a Lay-sister called Sister Scholastica Hodson. They arriv'd here at Paris in November 1651, and lodg'd, at their first coming, at the English Austin Nuns upon the Fossé de St. Victor, making their first addresse to the Queen Mother of our King of England, to the Lord Aubigny, and to the Lord Abbot Montague (who had then great Credit in the Court of France) and to other Charitable Persons, who all promised their assistance; but particularly the Queen of England, who had a great esteem and kindness for Dame Clementia Cary, in regard she had been known to her Majesty when she lived in the English Court (as it is already said) and was moreover a person of a noble family, of great merit and capacity, and one who spoke french in perfection;

knowing well how to treat with all sorts of persons, of what condition or quality soever; so that she, tho' very infirm, contributed exceedingly to our first beginning and the establishment of this our Monastery.

Upon the 6th of February, in the Year of our Lord 1652, the aforesaid Very Rev. F. President gave further orders to 4 Quire Nuns more and a Lay-Sister—to wit, Dame Brigit More of St. Peter and St. Paul, Dame Elizabeth Brent of St. Mary, Dame Justina Gascoigne of St. Mary, Dame Marina Appleton of Jesus, and Sister Gertrude Hodson—that they should likewise come hither to joyn with the aforesaid Dames Clementia and Maria Cary, and Sister Scholastica Hodson of Jesus.

The aforesaid Religious Dames were very particularly endowed with qualities requisite for such an undertaking, as well in regard of the Noble Families they descended from, as also their pious education in the world, the great progress they had already made in religious discipline, the Esteem the Queen and the aforesaid Lords had of their piety and Vertue, and the Spiritual advance they had made in our former Convent of Cambray. And as for the Families of the aforesaid Dames Clementia and Mary Cary, they were Daughters to the Lord Henry Cary Viscount Faulkland, Deputy of Ireland, whose Wife being converted by the Rd. F. Dunstan Everard, and being a Lady of Extraordinary Capacity and Piety, brought most of her children, after the decease of her Husband, to the bosom of the Catholic Church; sending two of her Sons to Paris to the English Benedictines of St. Edmunds, and her four Daughters—to wit, the said Dame Clementia, Dame Augustine Mary, Dame Maria and Dame Magdalene Cary—to the aforesaid Monastery of Cambray, where they all became Nuns. The Extraordinary humility of Dame Clementia would never suffer her to think of undertaking any office of Superiority; her Confidence in God's Providence was exceedingly remarkable; her Submission, and exact

Obedience to Superiours, her zeal for all regular observances, and her daily Labours (notwithstanding her great Infirmities) for the establishing and promoting the first beginning of our Monastery, cannot easily be expressed.

Dame Mary Cary with Dame Marina Appleton both returned to Cambray, the House of their Profession. Upon the 20th of Feb. 1652, Dame Brigit More was elected and declared Prioress of the said religious by the Very Rev. F. President aforementioned, under whose obedience and Government we remained till the 1st Sept. 1657. The said President had the same care and kindness for us, both as to Temporalls and Spiritualls, as for the nuns of the Monastery of Cambray from whence wee came.

The aforesaid Dame Brigit More of St. Peter and St. Paul descended in a right line from the glorious Martyr St. Thomas More, whose memory is had in great veneration through the whole Church. This worthy Dame, since God has bin pleas'd, some few years since, to take her unto himself, by calling her out of this world (the 12th of October, 1692) we may wish more freedom, by some short eulogium, honour the memory of so venerable a Person (who was the Fundamental Stone of this our little Edifice) upon whom God Almighty had bestowed great Talents both of nature and grace. As for her Natural Endowments, she was of a very solid judgment and of great Resolution; supporting any occurring difficulties (as many hapned in the beginning of this Monastery, all which she waded through with a great deal of Patience); undergoing courageously the many necessities of our meane accomodations and our want of a Foundation; encouraging others to do ye same, still confiding in God Almighty's Providence, which was never wanting unto us. And, as for her piety, virtue, and assiduity in all regular Observances, she hath ever since our beginning bin the Model and Example of Virtue to all the Religious among us, as her Sister, Dame Gertrude More, was to our Mother-house of Cambray:—which appears by the Spirituall

Exercise she composed, intituled *Amor ordinem nescit*, i. e., Love knows no order, and *ye Idol's Devotions*, which her only Spirituall Father and Directour, the Venerable Fa. Baker, styl'd *Confessiones Amantis*, a Lover's Confession, according to the saying of the Authour of the Imitation of Christ *Amans Deum anima sub Deo despicit univversa*, a soul that loves God, despises all things inferior unto God (5 Chapter of ye 2nd Book). She was continued by Quadrienniall Elections, from the 10th of February 1652, till the 6th of August 1665, and was about 4 score and 2 years old when she dyed.

Dame Elizabeth Brent was daughter to Mr. William Brent of Glocestershire, who was so addicted to regular discipline, that tho' she had the offices of Celleraria and Mrs. of Novices, and many other employments, yet she was hardly ever observ'd to be absent from the Quire and Conventuall Prayer, except upon some extraordinary Urgent occasion. She dyed very happily the 1st of April 1660, and was buried in the Royal Monastery of Val de Grace; we then having no Establishment, but living only in an hired house of Mr. Arnands in a street called Cul de Sac, in St. Jacques Suburbs.

Dame Justina Gascoigne of Sta. Maria was Daughter to Sr. Thomas Gascoigne Baronet, in Yorkshire, whose virtues we shall give an account of when we come to speak of her more in another place.

The Two Lay-Sisters, Sister Scholastica and Sister Gertrude Hodson, were both extremely pious and laborious, much given to Retirement and Prayer, and very serviceable to our Monastery; the last whereof dyed in the house of Mr. Hulose, and was buried at Port-Royal, not long after her coming from Cambray (the 8th of October 1652). The other, to Wit, Sister Scholastica, being of a more healthful nature, God was pleas'd to continue long time among us; who, after having liv'd many years most piously and Religiously in this Our Monastery, chang'd her mortal life,

the 31st of May 1690, to receive the Reward of her Labours, dying ye death of the Just, in a good old age, loaded no less with Merits than Years; and was buried in the usual Cæmitaire of this our Monastery.

Now for the several houses and places where we resided:—

The first house we hired and remained in was in the Suburbs of St. Germain, in St. Dominick's street, over against the Novitiate of the Jacobins, belonging to Mr. Hulose. There we lived about half a year, paying 600 livers rent; but in regard there was no garden, and many inconveniences of Lodging, we could not continue longer there. We first fixed there by reason my Lord Aubigny, one of our best patrons, lodged near unto us; and presently, after our coming thither, the Queen Mother was pleased to honour us with a visit and promised us ye favour of her Royal assistance.

The 2nd place we hired and resided in was Notre Dame de Liesse, a Monastery of Religious of our Order, who were retired to Port Royal de Champ, by reason of the troubles then in Paris and certain procès's and disputes which hapned between them and their Abbess; which being afterwards composed, and the business decided, they returning home again, we were obliged to leave that place.

The 3rd place we retired to belonged to one Mr. Beroons, at the further end of the foresaid street of St. Dominick, where we remained about a year and a half; but some disputes happening in that Family, we were ordered to be gone and leave the house,—which hapned very fortunately for us and by a particular Providence of God, in regard we escaped drowning; for, soon after our going out, the house was overflow'd by the breaking in of the River Seine upon it. The Rent we payed for it was 400 livers.

The 4th place where we resided was in the Rue d' Enfer, overagainst ye Carthusians, in a house belonging to one Mr. Anglois. Here we were very much incommoded; but having no time to seek better accommodation, we remained in this

place 2 years and a half. And thus, having now left the Suburbs of St. Germain and the jurisdiction of the Grand Prior of St. Germain's Abbey, we suddenly became transferred over to the jurisdiction and care of the most Eminent Cardinal de Retz, Archbishop of Paris, and his Grand Vicar Mons<sup>r</sup> Hodeucq, Curate of St. Severin, which was a special Providence as will appear more hereafter.

The 5th place we retired to belonged to one Mons<sup>r</sup> Armande and was in St. Dominick's Street, in the suburbs of St. James, a little street which they call in french Cul de Sac, behind the Parish Church; there we remained 6 years and a half, and paid for the Rent of it 1200 livres.

The 6th and last place which we removed to is the place where we now remain, called Rue de Chant de L'alloüette, in the parish of St. Hyppolite and Suburbs of St. Marcelle. We came hither the 2nd of April 1664; the said house having bin, a little before, bought for us by a French Gentleman called Mons de Touche. The acquisition and contract thereof was notwithstanding drawn up in his name, he giving us under his hand a Declaration that it was for our use and profit.

This acquisition was made by him the 26th of March 1664 and cost the summe of 16000 Livres, the half of which we repaid unto him not long after; and as for the other half, he remitted it all save only 3300 Livres. Since which time, we have acquired another house and Garden adjoining of one Mr. Brimont, the Master Gardener of the King's Garden wch cost us 8400 livres. The Contract was performed, and the Summe paid the 15th of May, 1686.

Our coming to this house was so remarkable according to the relation, which Dame Theresa Cooke (our present Rd. and Worthy Celleraire), committed to writing, being an eye witness of the manner of it, that it may justly deserve to be set down, in this following Chapter, in the very words she herself composed it.

## CHAPTER II.

*Of the Extraordinary Providence, and wonderful manner of our Settlement in this place, where we now remain.*

Thus beginneth Dame Theresa Cooke to declare the particulars thereof, as well to shew the Infinite Mercy and Providence of God to us, as out of Gratitude and memory of the Goodness and Liberality of our Worthy Benefactors the Messieurs of Port Royal.

In the year 1664, we being to remove from the 5th said place, and Reval, Mother Prioress, Dame Brigit More, with Rd. Mo: Clementia, and some others, having bin out aloof, and disguised 2 or 3 times to see and find another hired house, but could not meet with one, that was proper for us; and also being at that time so very poor that we had not means to pay the rent of ye house we were in, and the expenses of our Removeall; Rd. Mo: Clementia had recourse to the Messieurs of Port-Royal, who had bin from our first coming to Paris our greatest Benefactors. She made known to them our necessity, and they, having compassion on us, sent her a Charity to pay the house Rent which we owed, and told her that they would seek to find a house out for us, exhorting us still to trust in the Divine Providence. And the Gentleman that brought the Charity, taking his leave of her, left her much comforted, saying that he had orders to bring her an account thereof when they had found a house, to the end she might appoint a day to come and see how she liked it.

Some days after, he came, according as he had said, to give her a relation of the house they had found; and the next day brought a coach to carry her, with some of the Religious, to see it. Then the Rd. Mother Clementia, with the Rd. Mother Justina Gascoigne de Sta. Maria, then Mrs. of Novices, and one of the young Professed of the Choir, called Sister Theresa de Infante Jesu (Revd. Mother Prioress, and Mother Clementia saying, in a pleasant manner, that St. Theresa was very good at Founding, and

beginning of Houses, and that since they had bin out three times before, and could not find one proper for them, that perhaps she would help them to one, not knowing or thinking then of any other thing but of another hired house) in fine, these Three above mentioned, with Mr. Price—our Confessor, came to see this house on the day appointed, being St. Gregory the Great's, ye 12th of March 1664, about one a clock in the afternoon. And when we came, we found here Mr. Anthony Singline, who was the chief of all the Messieurs, and he that procur'd us our greatest Benefactour Monsr. de Touche (who also was here) and other Friends, with Lawyers, Notaries, Architects, and Masons, to agréé about ye house, and to put it into some form of a Monastery, in case Mother Clementia liked the house, and situation of the place; which, as soon as we saw, we were much taken with, but wonderfully surpriz'd to see so many Persons, not knowing at ye first the meaning of it.

But Monsr. de Singline, receiving us Three, conducted us up to a Chamber apart; where, after having given us his Benediction (for he was a Priest, but disguised in Secular Clothes, as were several others there present, by reason they were much persecuted in those days) he spoke to us in French, in this manner, as near as I can remember.

My Revd. Mothers, it is not without mystery, that I made particular Choise of this day of the Great St. Gregory, Pope. Through his means, ye whole kingdom of England came to be converted to our Holy Catholick Faith by the preaching of St. Augustin of the H. order of St. Bennett, so I, tho' unworthy, do desire this day (and hope to be Instrumental in it) to putt a beginning to a Monastery of the same Holy Order for those of the said Nation here in Paris; hoping it will prove a work much to ye honour and Glory of God, and that this House may be a Refuge to such poor English Gentlewomen as, thirsting after a Religious life and having not sufficient means, cannot be admitted in other Monasteries; that such may here find Entrance, and that this

place of Solitude, may become a habitation for many Souls, True Spouses of Jesus Christ, who will seek and aspire after nothing but him, in an entire Abandonment of themselves and Abstraction from all Worldly Conversation, purifying their souls by Prayer and Mortification, and, leading lives hidden with Christ in God,—who by their holy Prayers and Merits, may draw down upon their Benefactors and the whole Catholick Church ye blessings of Almighty God. He said, moreover, That he had particularly made choise of this place, as being more out of the noise of the Town and we should find it most proper to our Institute, with the Solitude and retirement which we pretend to, in case, we found it otherwise convenient for us. But, if we did not, we should tell him, and he would seek out some other place. Then, giving us his Benediction again, he called up the Architects, Masons, and the rest of the Company, and conducted us about the house to consider and contrive how to accomodate it and put it into some form of a Monastery.

But, as for us, we were much transported with joy at the Infinite Providence and goodness of Almighty God, in so mercifully providing us a house of our own and inspiring those Charitable Persons, thus liberally, to help and assist us in this our great Necessity.

And the great goodness and humility of our most Worthy Benefactour and Founder Monsieur De Touche did much appear in this action; who, being present, would not make himself known to us, till he saw how things were and that all was concluded; but making ye aforesaid Mr. Antony de Singline, who was his Confessor and Director, to act in all. So that, going about the house to contrive all places—as which were to be the Church, Quire, and Refectory &c,—Rd. Mo. Clementia address'd herself in all things to Monsr. de Singline as the only Man; not minding Monsr. de Touche, the only person that was there present in the habit of an Ecclesiastick. He was a Coſendatory Abbot; and we, not knowing him, took him for some Student, so that when he

spoke to Mother Clementia, as representing his thoughts about the contrivance of all things, she did not at all mind him, but hearkened and acquiesc'd to Monsr. de Singline in all, wondering what made the other so forward to give his opinion. And when all things were contrived and ordered how to be done, Monsr. de Singline appointed the Masons and other Work-Men to set about the work, the next day, with all expedition. He also set the Lawyers and Noteries to draw up ye conclusion of the Bargain, and price for the house, in the name of Monsr. de Touche; we to give what money we could, and as we could, towards the payment of it. And now, when all this was done, and we ready to depart, Monsieur de Singline conducted us again into a Chamber with Monsieur de Touche, apart from the rest of the Company, and there said to Rd. Mo. Clementia and us: My Rd. Mothers, You do not as yet know your Benefactor, but think it is I, who am indeed nothing but a poor Instrument. It is this Gentleman that hath done you this Charity, and to Whom you are oblig'd. Then Mother Clementia, and we were all abash'd and in great confusion, and Mother Clementia begged of him a Thousand Pardons for our seeming neglect and disrespect of him, assuring him that we should have an Eternal Memory of this our obligation to him for this his great Charity towards us, and that we should never fail to offer up our daily prayers and vows to God for him. But He, on the other side, annihilated his Charity, saying that it was but a small one, and that we did him a greater favour in receiving it at his hands, that he did in giving it us. Thus we departed to return home, overjoyed and blessing God.

Monsr. de Touche took ye whole care and charge of the Building and accommodation of the house upon himself, and also of ye Removeall of our Goods from the other house; so that we were not put to the least cost or care of anything.

On the 2nd of April following, all the Community 1664 came to live in this house, though all the accommoda-

tions were not finished till three months after. And 15 days after our coming hither, it being the 17th day of the same month of April, it pleased God to deprive us of our good friend Monsr. de Singline, and to give him the reward of his Charity unto us. Notwithstanding, Monsr. de Touche persevered in completing the Buildings and the accommodations of the house, and spent above Five Thousand Livres,

which he also intirely gave us, and ever since hath bin 1665 our Constant Benefactor. But, about a year after we were settled here, this our worthy Founder and all the rest of our Benefactors, the Messieurs of Port-Royal, were so persecuted and dispersed, that we had not the satisfaction of seeing Monsr. de Touche, or the rest, in many years after.

Yet sometimes we received Charities from them. We, therefore, have a very great obligation to be mindfull of this great Charity of Monsr. de Touche and the rest of these our worthy Benefactors, who did particularly assist us in our Beginning. For the Divine Providence hath never abandon'd us, but always when ever hee depriv'd us of one help, He still supplied it soon after another way, as he did at this Time. When these Our French Benefactors could not assist us in our Temporal subsistence, as they had hitherto done, God enabled some friends in England to help us, by sending us over some young gentle-women, who had good Vocations and proper spirits, to be Religious among us; whose little Pensions and Portions did then much help us.

(Our principal Friend and Benefactor, which we then had in England, was Sr. Thomas Gascoigne, Father of our Venerable deceased Mother Prioress, Rev. Mother Justina Gascoigne. He sent hither Mrs. Mary Appleby his granddaughter, now a professed Religious, of whom we shall speak more hereafter.)

This great Charity and Blessing, happening upon St. Gregory's day, did much increase the Devotion we had before to this Glorious Saint, our Apostle, by whose means the whole Realm of England was converted. And it was



conformable to ye offering we make of ourselves immediately after our Solemn Vows of Religion, in the form following, as it is inserted in our Constitutions:—

I Sister N.N. do further, according to the Vocation and Holy Institute of this Convent, offer myself, and all my actions, for the Conversion of England, in union with our Fathers' labour of ye Mission; and, as they promise and swear to go, and return as they are commanded, so will I live and die, in this my offering, in this Convent.

#### CHAPTER III.

*Of our Petitions to be a distinct Convent from that of Cambray, with the Several Acts of 2 Generall Chapters in answer to ye said petitions.*

To understand better the Transactions that passed between us and the Rd. Fathers of our Congregation, it will not be amisse to set down here the Reasons that mov'd us to desire to be established into a distinct Convent from that of Cambray; as also the reasons for our Constitutions as they were presented to be examined and approved by the General Chapter, held here at St. Edmund's in Paris, August 1653. All which Reasons were found in two loose papers, written in Dame Clementia's own hand, in the manner following, viz:—

Reasons that move us to desire to be established, as above. 1st. Because, by all that hath hapned from the very beginning of this businesse to this day, and now more than ever, we have just reason to conceive it is God's holy will we should be established; and, consequently, that men should cooperate, and concur to the Work,—God's Providence over us having bin very extraordinary ever since that time, both for the Spirituall and Temporall. As for the First, he having given us a great desire to serve him in the most perfect manner, according to our Vocation, we were enabled to lay such a Foundation in our Beginning-Monastery, as

might most conduce towards that end; ordering all things in such manner as might afford us the best means to live according to the true spirit of our H. Rule, as we desire to do; in all things preferring his Honour, and the good of souls, before our own Interest; and, as we had begun, continuing always to depend upon his Providence, not going about to enrich ourselves by humane ways, but seeking first his kingdom, and then not doubting of his word that all the rest shall be added unto us. It hath pleas'd him to ordain all things to concur towards it hitherto, beyond what we could have hoped for; and particularly, by raising us such Friends as agreed with us in this desire, and were therefore the more willing to assist us in it; hoping that this House might be as a Sanctuary for such good Souls in England to fly to, as having good Vocations to Religion, and Spirits proper for it, could not obtain their desires for want of means,—which chiefly is regarded in most Monasteries now adays, to their utter ruine, as is daily seen.

And for the Temporal, it is evident to all that have eyes how wonderfully he hath provided for us; for—coming hither, without any humane hopes to rely on but casting ourselves wholly upon his Providence, in a time of so great misery in this Contrey, that it was look'd upon by most as a desperate Enterprise—His Divine Majesty hath bin pleased so to move ye hearts of many Charitable people to take Compassion of us that, contrary to ye expectation of every one, we have bin enabled to subsist till now without any Charge to our Monastery of Cambray,—a thing which hath appeared so strange to all, that some of the most considerable of those that had chiefly doubted of the success thereof have since acknowledged that they plainly see the hand of God in it, and they will never more judg of the works of God by humane Reason, finding it too short, to comprehend his designs. They saw all things in so fair a way for us, that, unless Paris were wholly overturn'd, nobody could so much as humanely doubt of our subsistence. And now, we being

in far better case than we were at that time, having  
 1683 more hopes of a Foundation than ever, and the number  
 of our Benefactors rather increasing than decreasing  
 (for, as one goes away another comes) so that we constantly  
 receive above a hundred pound a year and as much by  
 Extraordinary Charities, which we have experienc'd a Year  
 and a half (a longer time than is required for a Noviceship  
 to prove spirits whither they be proper for Religion, and  
 It for them and therefore may be sufficient to let us see, by  
 experience of what is past, what we may expect for the  
 future) we have great cause to be confident that He will  
 perfect the Work he hath begun; and if we doe our duties  
 towards him, he will make us every day more and more  
 experience the Truth of his promise that he will never forsake  
 them that put their trust in him.

2ly. If we be not established, in all probability our  
 affairs, both Spirituall and Temporall, cannot succeed and be  
 brought to Perfection; and it would be much wondred at  
 by all, if our own Fathers should not be willing to contribute  
 so much as to Consent to our Establishment, when  
 meer Strangers have shew'd themselves so forward to  
 advance it,—especially since we are now in a far better  
 state than many of the Monasteries of our Congregation,  
 both of Men and Women, were at the time of their Estab-  
 lishment, or then most of them are yet.

3ly. Without a Foundation no Edifice can be built; and  
 we have reason to believe that if we had bin sooner estab-  
 lished we had bin now in a better condition; because many,  
 who look upon us now but as strangers in an Hospice for a  
 time, think only of giving us some little alms to relieve our  
 present necessities: whereas, if we were settled a formal  
 Monastery, they would look upon us in another manner, as  
 wanting a Foundation; and would accordingly endeavor to  
 provide for us, (as we have bin told by some.)—that being  
 a work of Charity, which most good people here are moved  
 to further, when they think it likely to prove to God's Glory

and the good of souls; which they believe of this, and we  
 hope by God's Grace they shall not fail of their expectation.

4ly. This House, Notre Dame de Liesse, having bin given  
 for Religious women, the Heirs of the Founders, who are  
 obliged to see the Will of the Dead perform'd in this, do  
 earnestly desire to conferr it upon us; but the Religious, who  
 were here before us, having contracted some debts, it is  
 necessary they should be first discharged before we can be  
 in peaceable possession thereof; which Debts are about 400  
 pound, a summe much less than the house is worth and  
 which we should not doubt to procure, if we were in

1653 case to make it our own; this, we cannot do (tho' we  
 had the money ready) till we are established, and have  
 leave from our Fathers to be naturaliz'd (as also our Con-  
 fessor, whosoever he be),—that being very necessary for us  
 to make us capable both of this and of other Charities  
 which may be bestow'd upon us. Moreover, it would be a  
 great prejudice to us to lose this opportunity of having this  
 house; for besides the good bargin we shall have of it, we  
 find it to be the most proper place for our designs that we  
 could have had in all Paris, so that we all esteem our  
 comming to it as a special mark of God's Providence in this  
 businesse; since, without our Solitude or so much as a  
 thought of any such thing, it was offered us; and it hath  
 pleased God to move all that are concern'd in it, not only  
 to consent to our having it, but to endeavour to procure it,  
 assuring themselves that God hath brought us hither for  
 that end; and the having bin before an Established Monas-  
 tery makes the Abbot Priour more willing to grant us the  
 same Priviledges, which otherwise we should have had  
 great difficulty to obtain.

All this considered, we do not doubt but our desire will be  
 granted, which we should never have urjd, if we had not  
 such pressing Motives from God for it; that had we done  
 otherwise, we should have esteem'd ourselves not to have  
 complied with what he required of us.

This Monastery of Notre Dame de Lyesse, could not be obtain'd by us in regard the Abbess and Nuns to whom it belonged had left it. The troubles of Paris then beginning and the said Abbess and Nuns being in proceer, after their affairs were decided by the Justice, they returning home to their Monastery, we were constrain'd to leave it and seek Lodgings elsewhere: by which means we were frustrated of our expectations of purchasing the said Monastery of Notre Dame de Lyesse, of which we had a good prospect when Dame Clementia writt the foresaid paper.

(To be continued.)

## A Fief of the Holy See.\*

HISTORY may be looked at from many aspects, but, in general, we may say it is the record of God working among men, and of man carrying out his own perverse will. The story of a life of strenuous exertion, or the moulding of a great character, or the history of a man whose record, either in the world of thought or action, has commanded admiration, should be to all, but the most supine, an incentive to good or greater deeds. The same is true of the history of an institution, in which we are fondly interested, or which after a chequered life is now flourishing. Our imagination is caught by the permanency of what seemed but as a temporary expedient, or by some exceptional good fortune,

\* Henry III and the Church. A study of his ecclesiastical policy and of the relations between England and Rome. By Abbot Gasquet, D.D. George Bell & Sons. Price 15s. net.

by an heroic deed, the sagacity of a master mind, the higher wisdom of a pure and devout soul—or a thousand other possibilities. Such are the manifold sources of hope, such are the materials which help us to be idealists, believers in the perfectibility of men's lives and institutions. But history has its seamy side, and, since the best of men are at the best no more than men, the truth does not require demonstration. Side by side with happiness we find misery, with riches squalor, with nobility meanness, with success failure. No matter of what we read in history we shall find no unbroken record of virtue or success. In every life, in every institution, there are periods of failure, stagnation or recession.

So true is this that would we maintain a healthy belief in mankind, we must perforce so far ignore the dismal record of the past as to believe that it shows us one side only and that the worst side of the history of men. What are called the grim realities of life are not the only realities. Behind all written history there is an unrecorded story of modest deeds and humble goodness which, did we know it, would seem to us of higher consequence, as well as of truer beauty and nobility. This should not be forgotten.

The record of the past ought to be accepted only as fragmentary and looked at not from a single standpoint but from many. In fact, in all reading of history, we should try to see more than we find in its pages, and to be sure that things were not so bad as they may seem to us.

This is true even of Church History. The story of the Papacy, which is also that of the Christian Church, contains much which, if looked at from one standpoint, will draw forth the obloquy and scorn of those outside her pale. This we may frankly confess. But when we have learnt to distinguish the human element from the divine and to separate the Church from the misdeeds of her children, the true majesty and grandeur of the story of the Papacy stand forth. Beneath the individual acts of men, and of communities, that which is divine shines clearly amidst all the

mass of confusion and crime. The fact that the record of the sins of popes and clergy is at the same time the most prominent, and yet but a small part, of the history of a noble institution makes it galling to the Catholic. Only a Catholic can understand and appreciate the good done, even at the worst times and under the worst circumstances, to those who lived and died loyal sons of Holy Church.

I do not suggest for a moment that Abbot Gasquet's book needs "interpreting," but his subject has compelled him to deal with much that a Catholic would like to forget. Unfortunately the enemies of the Church will not permit this. It has become, therefore, necessary for one who can write with authority and command the attention of Catholic and Protestant alike—Abbot Gasquet almost alone of our Catholic historians holds this position—to say what exactly was the relationship between England and the Holy See in the thirteenth century, how far the Papal claim of overlordship was justified and to what extent the acts of the Holy See are open to criticism or deserving of blame. It is on the face of it a difficult subject and Abbot Gasquet has treated it with his usual skill and impartial judgment.

The author opens his book by an excellent introduction, in which, in the first place, he sets forth the difficulties of writing history. One would like to quote these opening sentences at length, but space does not allow of it. He tells us that his object in this volume has been "to state the facts, as far as possible, in the language of old chroniclers, and of the letters and other documents of the reign." This, his usual method, must always secure for an author a patient hearing.

Very fittingly the first chapter has been devoted to showing clearly the exact feudal relationship of England to the Holy See at the end of John's reign. The position of the Pope was not merely that of spiritual head, but of a temporal overlord holding England as his fief. This vassalage of the

English King is of paramount importance:—it is part of the legacy of John which, together with a hoard of mercenary foreigners, he bequeathed to his youthful son Henry. No doubt John had little intention of abiding in this state of vassalage, but he had found it a "ready expedient" for an immediate emergency. Whatever his future plans may have been they were cut short by a not untimely death. Whether it acted wisely or not in the matter, the Papacy had certainly been instrumental in maintaining him upon the throne.

On the accession of Henry III the issue of the civil strife still hung in the balance. Indeed, had it not been for the attitude of the Church, the contest might have dragged on undecided for many a long year. The most recent writer on the subject considers that "the vital fact of the situation was that the immense moral and spiritual forces of the Church remained on the side of the King." "The papal legate," he continues later, "was the soul of the royalist cause."<sup>8</sup> The country was happy both in the death of John and in the wisdom of the legate, for the former removed the source of the recent troubles, and Gualo, by his moderation and wisdom, with Pembroke, the Nestor of his day, quelled the supporters of Prince Louis by the reissue of the Great Charter, which John had repudiated, and the promise of liberal treatment to those who submitted. Louis was forced to make the treaty of Lambeth, which, as Abbot Gasquet notes, the legate signed before the Pope's vassal, King Henry.

For the full comprehension of the relationship of England to the Papacy in the thirteenth century we must bear in mind this work done by the legate Gualo, "who probably did singly more than all the rest to recover the allegiance of the Kingdom," says Dr. Luard. The English owed to the Papacy and the Church, in saving England from falling under a foreign domination, a deep debt of gratitude. The Canon of Barneville puts the matter as it appears to his

<sup>8</sup> Professor Teut in Vol. III. of Messrs. Longmans' new Political History.

contemporaries. "It was a miracle that the heir of France, who had so large a part of the Kingdom, was constrained to abandon the realm without hope of recovering it. It was because the hand of God was not with him. He came to England in spite of the prohibition of the Holy Roman Church and he remained there regardless of its anathema." To the part played by the legate, Henry himself is our witness. He protested to Grosseteste that he would always show obedience, fidelity and devotion to the Pope and the Holy Roman Church. "For besides all the reasons which affect us, in common with other Christian princes, we are above all others bound to the Church by an especial reason; for just after our father's death, while still of tender age, our Kingdom being not only alienated from us, but being in arms against us, our Mother the Roman Church, through the agency of Cardinal Gualo, then legate in England, recovered this Kingdom to be at peace with and subject to us, consecrated and crowned us King and raised us to the crown of the Kingdom."

By the skilful diplomacy of the legate the overlordship of the Pope had become identified with the rising national spirit, and at this time vassalage was acquired in. Abbot Gasquet quotes the letter written in the King's name, probably by Pembroke, in which he praises "the watchful prudence" of Gualo and promises to pay the tribute to the Holy See, which he was bound to do "as to a most dear overlord."

Only when we recognise the exceptional position held by the Pope in his relations with England can we understand the nature of the complaints against the Holy See in this reign. The Papal power is constantly exercised in a way only explicable when viewed in this light. These complaints we will consider; but first let it be said that the opposition to the Papacy was not what many have tried to read into the facts. "Throughout the agitation," in the words of Abbot Gasquet, "not only was there no attack upon the spiritual supremacy, but that supremacy over the church

universal was assumed in every document emanating from England, and this spiritual supremacy was constantly asserted to have been established by Christ Himself."

The fashion has been to uphold Grosseteste as the great antipapalist. In the words quoted by Dr. Luard "the story of his life has become a mythic embodying of the principles of opposition to the See of Rome." Nothing can be fabler than such ideas of Grosseteste. His sense of the obedience due to the Holy See is well illustrated by his fulfilment of the Pope's commissions in 1246, for they were of a nature most uncongenial to a man of Grosseteste's temperament. His very appeals and submissions to Rome's decisions are a sufficient witness of his true view of the position of the Papacy. Anyone, who will take the trouble to read even a few of his most entertaining letters, cannot fail to recognise in him a stalwart upholder of a universal Christendom presided over by the Pope. Professor Maitland, the learned Cambridge lawyer and historian, does not hesitate to say that Matthew Paris, constrained to find some ground of praise, calls him, in terms which he would have been the first to reject, "an outspoken opponent of King and Pope, the hammer of the Romans." The prevalent view of Grosseteste is one derived from Matthew Paris, on the value of whose work and his version of the famous 'sharpeistle,' which it is claimed has made Grosseteste immortal, something remains still to be said. In the meantime, let it suffice to say, that the opposition shown to the Papacy did not, in any sense, impugn the spiritual headship and that he, who has been set up as the protagonist in this anti-papal agitation, was a loyal son of the Church. Anyone, who can read sixteenth century protestantism into his resistance, has come to his subject with a strong predetermination to do so.

On the other hand no one, who has read Abbot Gasquet's book, can doubt that there was trenchant criticism of the acts of the Holy See on the part of Grosseteste and others

But as Mr. A. L. Smith aptly remarked in his recently delivered 'Ford Lectures' "criticism is not rebellion." Nor is it to be denied that, in certain quarters, the feeling against the Papacy found vent in violent resistance to the Papal demands. This opposition was due to two causes: the prevailing hatred of foreigners and the severe strain put upon the financial resources by both King and Pope. The country was heartily sick of the bands of foreigners who swarmed over from the continent to prey upon the wealth of England. Hatred of them knew no bounds. The barons felt that they were being supplanted by the puppets of a youthful and inexperienced King. The people too believed that money was being extorted from them to be lavished upon these favourites, whose only interest in the country was that of birds or beasts of prey. The Pope added fuel to the fire by thrusting alien ecclesiastics into English benefices, not here and there, but broadcast throughout the country. This was a genuine grievance and one which provoked a general outcry. Abbot Gasquet notes in his Introduction that even here it is hardly fair for us not to recognise that there was a Papal point of view. "The Popes, reduced to great straits in the government of the Church and Christendom, at one of the most critical moments in the history of Europe, were unable to reward faithful services except by conferring benefices in foreign lands. Whilst wholly condemning the practice, we should remember, in fairness, that England was not altogether without some return for what was taken from her." One other qualification may be added—many of the provisions were made at the request of the King, bishops and nobles. Despite these facts, no one can doubt that the appointment of foreigners, often lazy, illiterate and without a knowledge of the language, to English benefices was a grave scandal which more than justified the vigorous protests made by the English.

Under Innocent IV, "provisions to livings, exemption from general burdens, and what was perhaps objected to more

strongly than anything else, reservations of benefices, the occupants of which were still living" assumed greater proportions than previously both in England and France. Matthew Paris tells us that Bishop Grosseteste calculated that the revenues of alien clerks in England amounted to more than 70,000 marks or three times as much as the royal revenue, and the messengers, whom the English sent to the Pope no doubt in consequence of this computation of the Bishop of Lincoln, complained that they exceeded the yearly sum of 50,000 marks. While making due allowance for Paris' fertile imagination, it will be evident that, under these wholesale conditions, the 'dumping' of alien ecclesiastics by the Pope, however great his excuse, must have inevitably called forth the violent resentment of loyal Englishmen.

'Provisions' were not the only cause of discontent. The King was draining the country's coffers for the herd of greedy foreigners, and for petty expeditions on the continent. The Pope was constantly demanding money for his 'Holy War' against the free-thinking Emperor Frederic. This twofold demand upon the wealth of England is of paramount importance. "Between the pulling of the King and the pushing of the Pope" the temper of the people was sorely taxed. With wearisome persistence one or other demanded their tenth, their fifth or their third. The clergy fared worst, for the Pope often raised money from them, when, either through resistance or fear of it, the laity were left free.

"King and Pope, alike in this, to one purpose hold,

How to make the clergy yield their silver and their gold."

These were not the only scandals that beset the Church. But, as we began, so we may end, by a plea for less concentration on this melancholy picture. The scum will always rise to the surface, and conceal much that is good. The scandals are not the whole truth—they represent but one side of the Church's history. The thirteenth century has been called the golden age of the English Church and there is much to justify the statement. Here is the eloquent testi-

mony of an Anglican divine\* to its spirit at this time. "Never was a period so brilliant in blossom, so fecund in fruit, since the brief span of time when Athens borrowed from her tumults in order to create civilisation. The middle ages are, as it were, summed up in the thirteenth century. The nobility of character, the self sacrifice, the profundity, the width of grasp, the boldness of thought, the simplicity of faith, the ambition of mind, the luxuriance of intellect, the artistic genius, the technical skill, which, consecrated to the service of religion, distinguished the middle ages as a whole find their fullest expression in the thirteenth century."

Nothing has been said of the Papacy as the fount of law and order, or of its vast civilising influence, or of the benefits England derived from her connection with Rome. Only recently this has formed part of the thesis of the 'Ford Lectures' delivered at Oxford by Mr. A. L. Smith. Before an audience, to which he felt bound to apologise for the attitude he had assumed, he pleaded for a recasting of the popular view of the Papacy in the thirteenth century. He successfully illustrated the many benefits, which were the result of the powers exercised by the Popes. He suggested that England had lost by the Reformation coming as a revolution, and "that an anarchic and fratricidal Europe is not a finer thing than a united Christendom."

\* Wakeman's "History of the English Church."

## Our Friends the Birds.

We live in an age that, year by year, is becoming more and more appreciative of the value of the wild life of our country and of its influence upon the national character. Especially is this appreciation shown in regard to our birds. Noteworthy efforts are being made in many parts of the country to maintain existing species and even to restore some of those—and the list is a long one—which have ceased to be British Birds.

One very comforting change in our attitude to this question, that has of late years been observable, is the substitution by most naturalists of the camera and the field-glass for the gun. This is not to say that the old habit of killing all rare or unknown birds has been quite thrown off. The columns of our papers still frequently chronicle the news, sent by a proud sportsman, that some rash bird or other has wandered into a district where its like has not been seen for many years and has been promptly shot as a warning to other wanderers. Two bitterns were seen about a Cheshire lake last year and, as they showed some signs of an intention of nesting there, were naturally destroyed. The shooter must have been indignant that these two birds did not know that this species has been practically extinct in Britain for many years. Another sportsman some time ago announced that during a visit to the Norfolk Broads he had secured four Bearded Tits. As most naturalists did not believe that there were four Bearded Tits left in the country, it is not difficult to imagine how the tidings were received. The only pleasant part of the affair was the unanimous execra-

tion which was poured on the head of the offender. For though we have not yet reached that stage of our Natural History education, in which no self-respecting man would commit a crime of this kind, we are clearly moving on the right road. A real love for and an interest in the birds and other wild creatures of our country—still beautiful in spite of all that great factories and other abominations have done—is being instilled into the coming generation. We may look forward to the time soon to come when the confidence which many birds, in spite of long years of ill-usage, still display towards us, will be better justified.

Birds are not born with a natural antipathy to or dread of man. On the contrary many species have a great partiality for us and attend us closely. It is not in the wild open land that surrounds us in this corner of Yorkshire that the birds cluster most thickly, but close to the small hamlets and farms. Nor is this mere cupboard affection. The food on which most of these birds live is quite as plentiful by the distant woods and lonely pools as it is near our dwelling-places. The swifts and martins, for example, which nest about these buildings, are known to fly two or three miles up the valley for their meals.

What birds really do think of us, it is not easy to say. They must often be sorely puzzled by our conduct. At one time we feed them and protect them, at another we rob their nests and destroy them. We can easily imagine what a bird thinks of a weasel, a fox, or a hawk. Affectionate yearning on one side is responded to by bitter animosity, mingled with a certain amount of fear on the other. Yet not so much fear that the hunter does not occasionally become the hunted. We have all seen a flock of small birds mobbing a hawk. The starlings do this very often.

More years ago than I care to reckon, I was walking at an unnaturally early hour up the Dove Valley near Hartington, when I heard a considerable uproar in the branches of a hawthorn, which overhung the stream. I hastened to-

wards the tree and, when about six yards from it, I saw a weasel come tumbling down the trunk with five or six blackbirds in close attendance. With beaks, wings and claws, they assailed the unfortunate animal, which sought only to escape, but in vain. Even as I watched, the last breath was beaten out of him and he lay motionless on the grassy bank. He was only acting, however, and when the birds had retired to the hawthorn to straighten their feathers and sing a song of triumph, the little hypocrite cautiously raised himself and stole quietly into a cleft in the rocks. I looked the hawthorn well over, expecting to find a nest there but, no, there was nothing to show the origin of the fray. Perhaps the birds had merely given way to a sudden outburst of fury at the sight of their hereditary enemy. Blackbirds do seem to be bad-tempered. They, as a rule, start the mobbing of the poor owls. I wonder why the owls permit this rude treatment on the part of birds so much smaller than themselves. I have seen, in the wood that covers the slope in front of my window, a single pair of blackbirds drive an owl hither and thither for the best part of an hour, and that too at a time when the light was so dim that the owl could see quite as well as, if not better than, the smaller birds. It may be that the very audacity of the attack dismays the owl. The fierce sound of the blackbird's note is, on such occasions, quite unmistakable, and can be easily distinguished from the cry of irritation uttered by him when at midday you disturb him from his sited in the thick hedge. The whitethroat has a somewhat similar note, which he repeats as he escorts you down his own particular stretch of hedgerow until you are a safe distance from his nest. Indeed anger, rather than fear, is the feeling which we seem to inspire in the breasts of the smaller birds, when we interfere, as we do so often, with their well-being.

There lives in this neighbourhood a keeper who confidently asserts that he can tell from the notes of the birds in his coverts, not only the whereabouts but also the species of a



marauder. Several inhabitants of the village, who are too fond of a "bit of hunting"—a term locally used for the chase of the rabbit and not of the fox—can speak very feelingly of the keeper's skill in this respect. This worthy man tells me that the notes of alarm raised over a human disturber of the woodland peace are not nearly so loud as when the visitor is, say a weasel or carrion-crow.

The truth seems to be that birds avoid and dread us only as far as we give them occasion to do so. If we treated them, as they expect us to treat them, they would avoid us no more than they do the cattle in the fields.

Once I was wandering with my camera along the banks of the Upper Thames when, in a noble hedgerow untrimmed for many generations, I came upon two young thrushes lying in a nest. Young thrushes are common enough and I should have passed on at once if my attention had not been attracted by the untidy state of the nest, and, when I came to examine the birds, by their utter weakness. Though almost fully fledged, they were unable even to move their wings and plainly were dying of hunger. Here was the closing scene of one of those tragedies that, must be very common among wild creatures. The parents, searching for food to fill mouths which as long as day-light lasts are wide agape, lose a great deal of their usual caution, and hawks, when they have struck their prey to the ground, are not troubled by thoughts of the little ones, other than their own, which are waiting to be fed. Nor do weasels, or foxes, or even youthful gunners, home for Easter holiday, allow considerations of this kind to interfere with the satisfaction of their desires.

But, however orphaned, here the orphans were, and so I formed myself into a First Aid and Ambulance Society. An unfortunate worm, inhabitant of a neighbouring mole heap of great antiquity, provided food which I guided to its destination by means of a small twig; the camera case provided the means of carriage. For that night, I shut the

birds up in a small store-room, but in the morning only one remained. As rats infested the whole building, the cause of the disappearance was easily inferred. On the next night I took the survivor into my bedroom and installed him in a small cupboard, but alas, by no means could I persuade him to stay there. If I left the door open, he flew out. If I closed it, the tapping and squeaking prevented me from sleeping. At last I opened the door, and left the wilful creature to his own devices. In the morning I found my young friend perched on the bedstead near my pillow. For several years he continued to occupy the same position for his slumbers, nor did "Tommy," as he came to be called, ever see the inside of a cage except when he was going on a railway-journey. The windows of my room were always open for him and I had intended him to return to a free life as soon as he was convalescent. However he preferred to remain, and we became great friends, living very happily together for some years until he one day tried to swallow a cherry stone.

Here we have an instance of one wild bird not only not shunning but deliberately choosing human society.

A still stranger instance of the tameness of a wild bird occurred to me, also in distant days, when I was staying in the Isle of Man. Fishing one morning from the rocks, I had ensconced myself on a comfortable ledge, from which I could command fifteen or sixteen feet of water at half-tide. The bait I arranged on a slightly higher ledge behind me so that I could reach it easily. I fished quietly enough for an hour or more, until, putting my hand behind me to take another piece of bait, I received instead a sharp dig on one of my fingers. I looked round, and there stood a sea-gull with uplifted beak gazing at me indignantly, as one that was filled with amazement at my outrageous behaviour. It was only at great peril to my fingers that I succeeded in rebaiting my hooks, whilst my unhidden guest regaled himself on the finest of the fragments. When he could find room

for no more, he rose reluctantly and flapped slowly out to sea, where shortly I lost him amid the busy crowds of his fellows that were constantly passing and repassing. Time went by quickly, not that the sport was very lively, but rather because of the panorama constantly changing before my eyes. Far away, ships covered with white sails or followed by streamers of black smoke came and went, whilst nearer in were the crowds of birds fighting for their daily bread—gannets, gulls, cormorants, puffins—now and then a school of porpoises broke the surface of the water as they worked up and down the channel; beneath my feet in the still deep water, wrasse and rock-cod moved; once a diver came rushing by, driving a shoal of small fry before it, and again in mid-water a band of pollak, in orderly lines, slowly skirted my rock. In front swam a great fellow who stopped gravely enough to make a most complete examination of my bait but finally shook his head and hurried on, as did all his train, even to the little fellows in the rear. At last, the tide being now almost at the flood, the fish ceased to bite, and I began to make preparations for departure. At this moment the gull reappeared and again took possession of the bait, and so I left him to it.

Here again was a bird, which showed a considerable degree of tameness, though belonging to a species much persecuted by sportsmen and by those who traffic in the beautiful plumage.

We all know that robins will often follow people very closely. In the gardens here it is impossible to engage in any work without attracting the notice and attendance of one of these birds. This morning whilst I was digging for worms, a robin was standing about three feet from me, with head turned sideways so that one beaklike eye could be focussed full upon me. He watched me anxiously for some time without moving and then, as my box grew fuller and fuller, the sight of it proved too tantalising and he hopped up and helped himself to a fine specimen.

Another of these birds last summer would come day by day and feed from the hand of a convalescent whose habit it was to sit, in fine weather, for an hour or so at midday in a shady corner by my window. If bad weather chanced to keep his benefactor indoors, Mr. Redbreast, who was always very punctual, would hop impatiently about the window-sill and tap at the glass.

A thrush too, that was nesting in the laurels at the foot of the wood, was so tame that one day, when I wished to examine her eggs from a photographic point of view, I had actually to move her from the nest.

It is instructive also to watch the rooks, and mark how closely they follow the plough, so that the ploughman may often almost touch them with his feet. Of course the rook, being a bird of great wisdom, is, when occasion demands, sly enough and not easily to be circumvented.

Naturally the non-persecuted birds only are not afraid of mankind. A pair of wagtails, for instance, built last year in a plant-pot in one of the conservatories at Grimston Manor, a couple of miles to the south of the college. The bird was successful in rearing the young in spite of the many disadvantages of the site. Think of the confidence in the heart of the bird that would choose a position so conspicuous and so frequently visited.

A tit was, about the same time, building in the White Farm, which is situated close to the football fields. The nest was made in the small aperture between the window and the wall of the room in which the family live, and built in such a way that part of the nest projected into the room. Both families are to be congratulated on the fact that this venture also was a successful one.

Many other instances might be cited from one's own experience—and the bird books contain thousands of similar proofs—to show that the birds think well of us and are ready to meet us more than half-way on a basis of mutual advantage and pleasure.

How easy it would be, without undue interference with the honest sportsman, to make our island into a safe haven for bird and beast, and how much it would add to the pleasure of living and how greatly it would be to our interest!

Most birds live on the insects which plague us and would devour our fruits and crops, some live on rats, mice and other vermin, only a small residue specialise on grain and fruit: even these, most authorities assert, do in the end more good than harm. How much we should gain aesthetically, only those can form any idea who have visited the almost birdless countries of the continent and felt the dreariness and desolation of scenery that lacks the colouring, the motion and the melody of birds. For in this country, though we have succeeded in exterminating many species, birds have always been fairly plentiful. We take all the charm of their presence so much as a matter of course—as we do the ripple and murmur of the brook or the colouring of the skies—that we are often unconscious of it. Yet the secret of the fascination which our country exercises over those who have once felt the spirit of it, lies hidden not merely in the beauty or grandeur of the landscape, nor in the richness of it but, above all, in the wild creatures which add so much variety and interest to it. In this wild life the birds are undoubtedly the dominant factor. The glory of the hedgerow is not the creature that hides among its roots, nor even the flowers with their delicate fragrance but the yellowhammer, always called Goldie hereabouts, or the chaffinch, that fills its branches with life and song. When the lark rises, we cease to think of the variegated meadow and, like the unfortunate boatman in the Lorelei, look only to the heights. So our memories of the woodland dwell mainly on the brightly coloured woodpecker or the woodwren with its wonderful song, and from the wide moor come memories of the familiar linnet and the lonely curlew. The Gilling lake with its background of steep pineclad slopes is always beautiful, but I recall it as I saw it last July late one afternoon.

The still water glittered like silver in the light of the sinking sun save where long shadows stretched out from the great pines or the coot and the duck rippled the surface. In the shallows herons were standing at rest, or moving slowly and silently. For a moment I was unperceived, but the heron is always watchful and quickly the alarm was raised. The birds sprang from the water and began to mount up and up to the level of the pine-tops. And as the great grey wings were spread out in the sunlight against the dark background, and the whole picture reflected in the mirror beneath, it seemed to me then that the lake had always needed the presence of these birds—feathered anglers and no mere human was ever so patient in waiting, so swift in striking—and that no one who had not seen them fringing the shallows or passing the dark woods, had seen the lake at its best.

What a terrible weapon the heron's beak is! I have seen a wounded heron drive its beak through the pigskin legging of the misguided gunner who had shot it, and perhaps it "served him right." Many times from the Windrush, in days of old, I have taken fish of considerable size that bore the mark of that swordlike beak. Once I appeared on the scene as a heron was taking a trout to land. The fish weighed a little more than two pounds, and the incident quite cured me of the belief that the heron takes only small fish. I wonder if anyone can explain how the heron persuades the fish to come within its reach. I have watched, from a distance of less than twenty yards, a heron in Willow Pond, striding this way and that and picking up fish apparently at its pleasure. One is almost made to believe that the bird possesses some mesmeric power such as that with which snakes and weasels are credited. There are indeed many mysteries in the heron's life that need fathoming.

It may be that we have here one secret of the charm which the whole subject possesses. There are so many problems that present themselves to which our library shelves will give us no answer. We can only hope to solve them by

studying for ourselves the open book of nature, a study which, undertaken in the right spirit, brings the enquirer not only to knowledge and often to health but, most pleasant of all, to the close companionship and better understanding of our friends the birds.

PHILAWNYS.

### A Fourteenth Century Infirmarian.

In the pages of a manuscript in the Abbey Library we make the acquaintance of an interesting personality; interesting enough if only as an exponent of medical science as it was known in his days, but in addition to this he shews himself a personal friend of the Sovereign Pontiff, and this at the critical time of the few years before the return of the Papal Court to Rome from France.

The manuscript consists of 40 folio sheets, written in double columns. In a short title we see that it is an inventory or compendium of Surgery and that it was drawn up and completed in 1363 by Guido de Cabulhiaco, a master surgeon in the famous academy of Montepessulani.

The reason for his making this compendium, he says, is not the want of books, but rather the need of unity and perfection. "For," he quaintly adds, "not every one can have every book, and even if this were the case it would be tedious to read them." Since, as he remarks, "man is the one book which baffles comprehension," he will do his best to set in order the facts of medical science accumulated by

former workers in that province. It is not possible for one individual to begin and also to complete it, but as children on the shoulders of a giant can see all that the giant can and more, so we can add to the store of knowledge bequeathed by our forefathers, that accumulated by our own researches.

The complete work was to contain the following sections:—

- i. De Anathomia.
- ii. De Apostematibus.
- iii. De Vulneribus.
- iv. De Ulceribus.
- v. De Fracturibus et Dislocationibus.

Added to these five were two of a less detailed nature, the first dealing with all other diseases which were not definitely "*apostemata, neque ulcera, neque ossium passiones*" and the other treating of drugs and palliatives and general medical practice.

The present manuscript includes the first two of these sections, after which a few blank pages are left and then some sixteen pages are devoted to aphorisms from Hippocrates with copious notes.

The Latin may be described as "Lower Grammar" but perhaps to the prejudice of that section of the literary world. Guido however is never at a loss for a word, and where the classic language fails in its supply for his detailed accounts, he introduces an Italian word which bridges over the difficulty completely. Spelling then, as now, was a rock of stumbling and sometimes the laws appear to have changed even while a page was in progress. However under this oftentimes crude exterior a great deal of interesting matter can be found. Hippocrates and Galen are of course very great authorities; referred to so constantly, and quoted so frequently, they soon become known under the abbreviated terms "ypo" and "ga".

From these two he traces the descent of his science and, without a mention of Aristotle, comes down to the time of

Avicenna. From him arose a line of scientists who drew a sharp distinction between surgery and medicine, among whom he mentions Roger Roland, Hugo of Lucca, William of Saliceto. Alluding to the disrepute into which surgery had fallen since Avicenna, he states "In my time there were surgeons operating secretly, as Nich: Cathalanus in Montepessulano, Bonetus, Peregrinus; de Argentoria in Lyons where I practised for a long time, Peter of Bananco in Avignon and my companion John of Parma. And I Guido, surgeon, master in medicine of Consimbo and "Capellana comensalis" to our Lord the Pope, have seen many operations and many writings, especially those of Galen, and (with what diligence I could) I studied, and for a long time have been operator in many places." The estimated value of his study is somewhat lessened by the concluding words of his testimonial "et nunc eram in avinione A.D. MCCCLXIII."

The Pope referred to is Urban V; in the first year of whose reign the book was compiled.

He speaks of writing the book partly as a solace during old age; from this we may conclude that he was born about 1300.

The names of Aquinas and Duns Scotus would be fresh while he studied at Paris, in fact he prefaces some hints with the words "*doctor subtilis dicebat.*" It is just possible he may have been at Paris and heard the words he quotes, but in that case he must have been born not much later than 1290 as Duns Scotus died in 1308.

The mental requirements on which he insists are many; the first place being given to anatomy, of which a complete knowledge both theoretical and practical must be shewn, for as he remarks "*sine ipso factum est nichil in chirurgia.*" Almost as earnestly however he urges an acquaintance with the sister science of medicine; in fact such a wide view does he take that Geometry, Astronomy and Dialectic are described as all but essential. It seems strange after this to be told that he ought to have seen others operating before trying to do so himself.

Coming to the individual he is to be a man of good judgment, keen eyesight and of sound intellect, having "*digito gracile*" and hands steady and not trembling; he is also to be "*audax in securis, timidus in periculo,*" kind to the sick, pious, not greedy nor given to much talking. His fee is to be regulated in accordance with his rank and the labour he is put to, also with the ability of the patient to pay, also "*secundum qualitatem febris.*" In the sick man he requires implicit obedience and patience. In his assistants he looks for quietness, fidelity and discretion. In the days when anaesthetics were unknown these assistants had a very real part to play. The doctor is not to answer every inquiry made to him, and should he find that he lacks the necessary instruments, he is to disarm suspicion by such platitudes as he is able to devise.

He acknowledges three cases in which his art fails to effect a cure, namely, leprosy, cancer, and those ills in which an apparent cure provokes some still worse disease. With regard to the second of these, nearly six centuries have passed without there being revealed to the human race the true nature of what Guido terms "*ex toto genere agritudo perniciosa.*" He observes that even if cut out by the roots yet often, after a short time, the ulcer returns and is worse than before.

The instruments of a surgeon are divided into two classes namely "*medicinalia*" and "*feralia.*" The former term includes dietings, draughts, bleedings, plasters, and powders. The latter are the surgical instruments proper, and are enumerated as forceps, razors, lancets, cauterizing irons, pincers large and small, probes and needles. This list is of the instruments in general use, but mention is made of the apparatus for trepanning. The difficulties against which surgery had to contend in such times were naturally largely due to the prejudice raised in people's minds by the almost universal mortality attendant on all but the very simplest operations. Having no idea of the real cause,

they attributed failure to the incomplete knowledge of the operator and judged the art he professed accordingly.

The directions for the personal equipment of the surgeon bring before us a curious picture of the times. In a bag he is directed to carry always with him five kinds of ointments, Basilicon, Applorum, Aureum, Album, Dyalteam, each having its own particular use which no other unguent was able to furnish. To accompany these, were five kinds of instruments, razors and lancets, forceps, pincers, probes and needles. Thus provided, our infirmarian was ready to meet and deal with many of the ills that flesh is heir to. It was, however, of little use to ask for a day off to go to Marseilles to see the dentist, for a very short search in the bag brought to light the "*tenacule*" or the "*picecarole*," the use of which would be only a pleasure to our ingenious Guido. With regard to toothache, however, in his Anatomy he remarks that "teeth are of the nature of bone, and that, according to Galen, they have feeling in them." Such an authority seems out of all proportion to the information conveyed. What was known to Guido only on the evidence of the great Greek physician is now patent to the meanness of us. Thus has science progressed. The feeling of incompetence, added to the distrust bred in people's minds by frequent failure, dogged the path of the surgeon and made progress in his art very slow. It is prompted by feelings of this kind that he is caused to make the observations quoted above from his preface. He is anxious of course to gain that certainty which only practice can afford, but he also is cautious, perhaps needlessly so, and prefers to let a case take its course unless he is morally certain of a successful issue to his operation. The portion of the book set apart for the aphorisms of Hippocrates is incomplete; in fact through only a very small part is the annotation carried out in full. Treated almost as inspired writings, Guido has, phrase by phrase, elaborated them by notes until the added parts attain to many times the size of the parent work.

Of the ones chosen, those which are not absolutely ridiculous are for the greater part commonplaces of little import. Such a one as "*Ubi indigentia, non oportet laborare*" seems to demand something less than even an eight hours' day, and one acting on this principle will soon learn that "*indigentia*" in the present day is scarcely suffered to set aside the claims of work.

He takes a most gloomy view of the seasons and the sicknesses which characterize them according as they are wet, windy, dry or calm, and at the end of a list of such calamities, in which he remarks that "*in autumno ptisis malus est*" and that children who have the misfortune to be born in a dry and windy spring become insane, he explains how each season depends on the preceding one, striving to make good its deficiency whether of wind, rain or sun, so that the infirmarian may know what diseases to expect, and stock his surgery accordingly.

We cannot help being disappointed with Guido; in his anatomy he seems on the way to make original investigations, but in the section "*de apstematibus*" he falls below the ideal he set in the earlier parts. Perhaps we judge him harshly, not fully appreciating what it must have meant for one so placed to break with traditions in the formation of which Reason had played so small a part.

D. J. A.

## Notices of Books.

POEMS OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN. By CHARLES WITHAM HERBERT. Oxford, B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street; London, Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Price 3/6 net.

Mr. Herbert as a poet needs no introduction to readers of the *Journal*. A regular and greatly-esteemed contributor for the last three years, we think of him, and like to claim him, as "One of Ours". We are nearly as interested in the success of his book as he is himself. Consequently, to us it is above criticism, or, at least, outside criticism. Probably we could not give, and certainly we do not wish to offer, an unbiassed estimate of its merits. We candidly acknowledge an exceptional sympathy both with the author and his writings. But we may be permitted to say that, as a collection, the poems have a higher value than when met with singly in the miscellaneous pages of a journal, and that they seem to have a new grace and a more perfect finish in their dress of ceremony—the crisp, milk-white paper, the admirable print and the flawless editorship of this Oxford edition.

About one third of the pieces collected in the volume have appeared in our pages. Our readers, therefore, will have sufficient knowledge of Mr. Herbert's choice of subjects to understand the significance of the title, "Poems of the Seen and the Unseen." The author's knowledge of bird and plant life and his sensitiveness to natural beauty, on the one hand, and on the other his philosophical acquirements and his interest in metaphysical speculation, especially where it

touches upon Faith and worship, divide his outpourings of himself naturally into two streams, sometimes intermingling but flowing from two distinct sources, well described as "the Seen and the Unseen"—the Seen prompting or unfolding thoughts which lie at the heart of things and the Unseen lit up from without by the light that shines on meadow and sea. The following lines, adapted from Rückert, aptly preface the volume:—

"The Unseen but in the Seen thou seest, symbol'd clear;  
And visible things but shadow forth the invisible sphere.  
Girt with incarnate Thought, the Universe divine,  
Not fleshy chains, but heavenward-lifting plumes, are thine.

For those of our readers whose acquaintance with the *Journal* is freshly made, we offer the following 'Ghazel' as characteristic of Mr. Herbert's skilful workmanship and as a specimen of a form of verse, introduced by him, which will sound quaint and novel to English ears:—

### SAPIENTIAE LUDI.

*From Platen.*

Lo, with the moon, its ball, the heaven around plays;  
The laden cumulus, with flash and sound plays;  
Bursts there among the hills a thunderstorm,  
With the tossed echoes, then, each rock and mound plays;  
The torrent, swept against some granite-ledge,  
With its own stream, in rapturous rebound, plays;  
The gemmed fritillary, gliding through the woods,  
With many a sunlit blossom it hath found, plays:  
Then play thou too, like these, and be the child  
Of wisdom, which, in sky and on the ground, plays.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. An explanation of its doctrine, rubrics and prayers. By M. GAVIN, S.J. (Burns & Oates.) 2s.

Priests who have to explain the Mass to children or converts will be glad to come across this book. Fr. Gavin evidently

means it also for schools and convents; and it might very well make a term's course in our upper classes. It is not too long—200 pages—and it is very easy to find one's way about in it.

Study of the Mass is of course only a means to entering into the spirit of it. But there is no getting at the spirit except through the details. Fr. Gavin's book is a careful study of the details, giving the meaning of phrases and rubrics in the light of their history or their context. There is a grave danger in such an undertaking, the danger of treating details in their external and historic relations, and not as parts of an organic whole, so that the study of details is a positive hindrance to the appreciation of the spirit of the whole. On the other side, the attempt to read the spirit of the whole into details generally leads to forced and arbitrary interpretations, which repel the reader. Fr. Gavin has taken a middle course, treating each prayer or group of prayers as a whole, but not grouping the Mass as a whole nor suggesting clues to the arrangement of its main parts. This the preacher must do for himself; but whatever large ideas he may form, he will constantly want to know how far they are borne out or modified by the true interpretation of the text; and here he will find everything arranged to his hand in Fr. Gavin's book. At the same time, the book is not meant only for preachers; and for the sake of other readers it might be well to add some such broader treatment when a fifth edition is called for.

A detail of order will disconcert the schoolboy. When he has written out his answers to the 'Questions on the Introductory Chapter,' he is faced with 'Preface to the second edition, and then 'Preface to the fourth edition.' There are possibilities of a lively time for the presiding master.

CHURCH MUSIC: issued quarterly, 8/6; single copies 2/6.

We have received from Messrs. Burns and Oates copies

of the *Ecclesiastical Review* and *Church Music*. The former magazine stands in need of no introduction; but the latter is a new quarterly issued by the same publishers (the Dolphin Press) with a view to supplying the increasing want of literature dealing with the important question of Catholic Church Music. It is likely to be of great value in furthering the reform in Church Music which is so earnestly desired by the Holy Father, and it will render valuable service if it brings about a right understanding and appreciation of the recent *Motu Proprio*. The new quarterly may be the means of affording assistance to many priests and choir masters in the choice and rendering of our sacred music.

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### Charles Louis Robinson. R.J.P.

LAST August, on the Vigil of St. Lawrence, one who was, with little doubt, our oldest Laurentian passed peacefully away. He had lived always a most edifying life and died a saintly death. A few hours more and he would have completed his 92nd year, for he was a son of St. Lawrence in a twofold connection, having been born on the 10th of August, the Feast of St. Lawrence, in the year 1814. Through the carrying off of the Ampleforth Pension Book to Prior Park—Dr. Burgess refused to hand it to his successors at St. Lawrence's or even to allow it to be seen—our knowledge of Amplefordians before the 'break-up' is imperfect, gathered together, with great pains, by Fr. Hildebrand Bradley, from chance entries in ledgers and magazines, but mostly from oral sources—the recollections, more or less accurate and



complete, of old boys long past the scriptural limit of man's life. Charles Louis Robinson's name will not be found in the printed lists of old Amplefordians. There are many Robinsons in the necrology of the English Benedictines—the most notable of them, an uncle, Fr. Gregory, was Prior of Ampleforth and Provincial of the North Province,—and there are Robinsons (brothers and cousins), in the 'Lists,' but the name of Charles Louis Robinson has been forgotten. Nevertheless, he was at Ampleforth, by his own account, for not less than three years, 1827-9.

The Robinson family belonged to Holderness, the South Eastern Division of Yorkshire, and Mr. Robinson was born at South Park, Burstwick. After leaving College he served his time with his uncle Mr. Christopher Meynell, a chemist and druggist at Hull. Afterwards he was with Mr. Leadbitter at York and Dalmahey & Co., of Oxford St., London. He began business for himself at Hull in 1848 or 1849, but soon retired and lived first at Mansfield in Nottinghamshire, then at Hammersmith and afterwards at Wellington, in Shropshire, where he again went into business. Later he took up the Brewery in Hedon and carried it on from 1860 to 1875 when he gave up business altogether. He spent his last years at Hedon, devoting himself to works of piety, never failing to attend Mass daily until his last illness.

Mr. Robinson, in 1840, married Miss Clare Willson, daughter of James Willson, Esq., of Lincoln and London, and had two children John and Mary Clare. John died young and Mary Clare married Captain John Reilly. She and her husband and two children were lost in the steamship *Aden*, wrecked off Socotra, Africa, during a voyage to Singapore.

R. L. P.

## The College Diary.

Jan. 11. The unlonged-for day of our return. On arriving at school we notice the following new faces:—W. Ruxton, W. Steinmann, G. McCormack, G. Morice, W. Goodall, B. and W. Boocock, R. Candlish, and A. Murphy. This reinforcement brings our number up to 114. There is a change among the Prefects. Br. Adrian Mawson succeeds Br. Benedict Hayes.

Jan. 12. The feast of St. Benedict Biscop and a welcome holiday. The forenoon was spent in unpacking, and, as Vergil would say, in weaving among ourselves varied discourse. After dinner we tried to regain our lost condition on the football field.

The voting for captain resulted in the re-election of Raymond Hesketh. As he has not yet returned, on account of sickness, we shall have to remain in an acephalous state for some days.

The captains of the football sets are:—1st set, E. Hardman and R. Hesketh; 2nd set, J. Smith and R. Marwood; 3rd set, E. Cawkell and B. Collison; 4th, set, J. Beach and J. Robertson; 5th set, V. Narey and B. Burge.

Jan. 18. Weather horrible. Was the poet thinking of Ampleforth in January when he wrote?—

"A whirl blast from behind the hill,  
Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound,  
Then—all at once the air was still,  
And showers of hail stones pattered round."

Feb. 1. The Month half-day. Football in the afternoon.

In the evening, instead of the usual month-day speeches, the Lower School gave a representation of "Dick Whittington and his Cat." The elocution throughout was very good and the acting on the whole quite realistic. The leading characters caught the spirit of the piece so well that we never felt it was

anything but a comedy, and in all the vicissitudes of the hero's career, we remained confident of his ultimate happiness and prosperity. F. Long as Dick Whittington was natural and played his part with great success. The rôle of Mr. Fitzwarren, Dick's benefactor, was safe in the hands of G. Lindsay. G. Gaynor brought the house down by his humorous interpretation of the part of the cook, the bone of Dick's life.

G. Emerson made a very self-possessed sailor and L. Williams a complacent Farmer Hooley. The piece was well received and deservedly cheered at the close.

Feb. 4. A fall of snow last night raised our hopes that sledging might be possible. The morning's sun however played havoc with the track, and our chief occupation in the afternoon consisted in trying experiments down various slopes with little success.

Feb. 8. R. Hesketh, who had by this been able to return, formed his government as follows:—

Secretary and Recorder	J. McElligott.
Officers	E. Hardman.
	P. Neeson.
Gamesmen	P. Ward.
	V. Gliglio.
Billiardroom Officials	C. Rochford.
	R. Barrett.
Gasmen	S. Lovell.
	O. Chamberlain.
Collegemen	H. Speakman.
	E. Cawkell.
Clothesman	J. Miller.
	R. C. Smith.
Librarians of Senior Library	E. Emerson.
	J. Buckley.
" " Junior	H. Williams.
" " Reading Room	H. Lovell.
Vigilarians of Junior Library	V. Ugarte.
	E. Robertson.
" " Reading Room	O. Martin.
	G. Gaynor.

A meeting of the School in the Upper Library. Business merely formal.

Feb. 21. A match v. Bootham School. We were without our captain, Bernard Rochford, who was recovering from a slight

attack of influenza. Neeson played centre-half and Keogh came into the eleven at left-half. Bootham were the first to open the scoring from a fine run down the field by their left outside, whose pace throughout the game gave our backs considerable trouble. It was not until the beginning of the second half that we drew level. A foul was given against the Bootham goal-keeper, and Hesketh passing back to Neeson the latter hooked the ball over our opponents' heads into the goal. For a time we had most of the game. But Hardman failed to clear a centre from the Bootham right wing and they scored a second goal. A few minutes later they made the game safe by adding a third.

The match was disappointing, our team playing considerably below their form and being apparently out of condition. The forwards were rather lifeless and their combination poor. B. Rochford was missed in the half-back line, and Hardman was erratic at back. Hesketh played well but tired towards the close.

The Second XI. went to Bootham and after a very hard game on a heavy ground won by 5 goals to 4. Speakman at centre-forward was largely responsible for our victory.

Feb. 26. Collop Monday. Class outings were the order of the day. The Sixth Form cycled to Kirby Moorside. From hence they set out on foot with the intention of reaching Lastingham. The journey home, with Helmsley as a halting place, occupied the rest of the day. Father Placid went with the Fifth Form across Carlton Moor, returning through Riccal Dale to Helmsley.

Father Hildebrand and the Fourth went to Crayke Castle. En route they fell in with Lord Middleton's hounds which were meeting in the neighbourhood. After being shown over the church, they saw the altar stone which tradition says was used by St. Cuthbert, now alas, abased as a slab in a kitchen. In 685 Crayke was granted by Royal Charter to the Saint, who built a monastery there and frequently stayed there on his journeys to York. It was here that the monks of Lindisfarne resided for four years after the destruction of their monastery by the Danes. St. Cuthbert's name is still preserved at Crayke, the parish church being dedicated to him. The view of York Minster from the castle grounds is alone well worth the visit.

The Higher III with Br. Anselm wended their way by the banks

of the Rye to Nunnington. After a brief visit to *The Old Hall*, built in Elizabethan style, close to the waters of the Rye, surrounded by towering trees and occupying the site of the ancient Nunnery, they made their way by the avenue of sycamores, which stretches for half a mile to the summits of the Cawkleys range of hills. From this point there is a most extensive view stretching to the Penine Range on the West, the hills above Scarborough on the East and including also Ryedale and the hills beyond Hawby. After a lunch at Hovingham they returned by the Spa across the fields and arrived in the twilight at the College.

The Lower III Bc. Adrian took our favourite walk through Scaunton to Rievaulx Abbey. The Lower School spent the morning in following on foot Lord Helmstley's hounds which were meeting at Sproxton. In the afternoon they went to Byland, and after tea and a game of 'whip' among the ruins, a smart walk home over the moors brought a full day's exercise to a close.

Feb. 27. Shrove Tuesday. Notable only for the fact that the holiday is merged in the Easter vacation.

March 1. Month Half-day. The usual speeches passed the evening agreeably. A new feature, on which Fr. Abbot passed some favourable comments, was the reading of original essays by some of the upper boys. The recitations were on the whole well up to the average, but they lacked the dramatic quality we look for in declamations of this sort. An extract from Shakespeare's *Henry V.* however was powerfully rendered by W. Ruston. We missed the incidental music.

March 3. We had an unusually enjoyable hour in the Study after breakfast listening to the Blackpool Band, which was paying its annual visit to the neighbourhood.

March 8. The Captain convened a meeting of the School in the Upper Library, with Br Ambose in the chair. The opposition had a formidable array of complaints. But it would have been better if they had sacrificed number to caution, and made sure of a few. From the point of view of the Opposition the result was far from satisfactory. On the evening's discussion eight complaints were disposed of, four going to the Opposition whilst the Government successfully defended four; one was withdrawn. The meeting was adjourned.

March 14. Match v. Pocklington. We were unfortunate in

having two of our forwards, Lambert and Ward, away for this match. B. Rochford went centre forward and Giglio took his place in the half-back line. In the opening stages of the game we had most of the play, our backs easily repelling the Pocklington attack. Pocklington however were the first to score from a corner. A few moments later Giglio obtained the ball well in his own half, and by a fine individual effort dribbled right through his opponents, but his shot was a foot wide. At half time Pocklington still led by a goal. On resuming Rochford obtained the ball and drawing the opposing backs on to himself passed across to Speakman who finding himself unmarked equalized with a good shot. The game now became very exciting and the cheers were deafening when Calder Smith, after a tussle with the goal-keeper, succeeded in putting the ball through. The point was disallowed however for off-side. The game continued to be very fast. A few minutes before time a scrimmage took place in front of our goal and the Pocklington centre-half gave his side the lead. We pressed to the end but without success, and were defeated by 2-1.

The game was perhaps the best of the season and a draw would have been a fairer result. Speakman and Jackson were the best in the forward line. B. Rochford though he worked untiringly seemed to find his place rather strange. The half-backs worked hard, but Giglio took too much out of himself in the first half. Hesketh and Hardman were sound at back and McElligott safe in goal.

The Second Elevens met at Pocklington. Despite a heavy ground the game was throughout very fast. The result, a point-less draw, was fairly representative of the play. We were much the lighter team, but our style of play made up for our lack of weight. Of the forwards, Williams and J. Darby were the most prominent, and H. Rochford perhaps the best of the back division.

March 15. The school debate was resumed. At the first meeting the Opposition had barely held their own, but this time they were completely routed, for during the whole evening they did not win a single complaint. Of the eight that were introduced, two were withdrawn, one declared illegal, and the remaining five were discussed and successfully defended by the

several government officials. The customary vote of thanks to the Chairman brought an interesting debate to an end. The opposition sadly needs reorganising!

*March 17.* St. Patrick's. A half-day for the Irish boys. There were many unsuccessful claimants.

*March 19.* A short visit from L. Bullock Webster. Many of our readers will remember him as one of Ampleforth's best first trebles.

*March 23.* The feast of St. Benedict. Fr. Abbot pontificated in the morning.

Match with Duncombe Park at Helmsley. Br. Benedict and Br. Adrian were unable to play, but we had the assistance of Br. Ignatius Rice (Douai Abbey), who was here on a visit. A strong wind interfered with the play very much. The Helmsley backs were as usual vigorous and quick but their forwards poor. However they scored first from a corner kick. After some good combination among our forwards, Fr. Maurus equalized. In the second half we pressed continually, but it was within a few minutes of time when Fr. Maurus headed a splendid goal from a good centre by Jackson. This proved the winning goal.

*March 25.* Bishop Lacey held the ordinations. Hearty congratulations to our late third prefect—Fr. Benedict, who was raised to the priesthood. Also to Bcs. Paul, Anselm, Edward, Romuald (Deacons) and Bcs. Celestine, Adrian, and Ambrose (Subdeacons). In the afternoon His Lordship administered Confirmation.

E. Hardman and C. Rochford were the champions in a golf tournament.

*March 26.* Sincere condolences to Declan Power on the very sudden death of his mother, R.L.P.

*March 29.* The postponed match with St. John's took place. They are generally the best team we meet in the year, and this season they quite upheld their reputation. Br. Ignatius Rice again played centre-half for us, and we were able to put a very powerful team in the field. The game opened vigorously, the St. John's forwards making the pace very fast. After some midfield play, with the wind in our favour, we began to press, but the backs and goalkeeper were hard to beat. Just before half-time Fr. Maurus scored from a penalty. We had thus only a very slight lead when we turned to face the wind. But our forwards

now found they had more control over the ball, and a clever dribble by Fr. Joseph led to a second goal. The game continued very fast. From a corner well taken by Jackson, who played in good style throughout the game, Fr. Joseph scored a third. This success encouraged our forwards who continued to give the opposing defence plenty to do. The fourth goal came from the left wing. Jackson put in a fine run down the field and centred beautifully to Fr. Maurus who finding himself unmarked easily scored. In the last few minutes a misunderstanding between our backs gave St. John's a consolation goal, and the game ended 4-1 in our favour.

This was the last match of the season which it must be confessed has been on the whole disappointing. The most unsatisfactory feature in it is the number of inter-school matches we lost. We were beaten twice by both Pocklington and Bootham. Ill-luck has something to do with this, but the real cause is the weak display of scientific football on the part of our forwards, who seemed to have lost the art of the short passing game. The defence was always good, sometimes excellent, as is shown by the fact that no team scored more than three goals against us.

The Second XI had a successful season—the forwards especially playing in good style. Of their four matches they won three and drew one, scoring 21 goals against 6.

*April 5.* The Month Half-day. Music and speeches in the evening. Giglio's piano solo "Chopin's Impromptu in A♭" was very ably rendered, and much enjoyed.

In the evening a meeting of the School was called. The leader of the opposition had organized his followers, and some severe criticism was made on the Government's alleged misdeeds. The Captain and his officials however were ready and occasionally eloquent in their answers. Congratulatory speeches and a vote of thanks to the Chairman brought an interesting session to a close.

*April 8.* Palm Sunday. Rounders—Masters v. Boys. The boys 48, Masters 124. Comment is unnecessary.

*April 11.* Spent in final preparations for the Sports. This evening the Retreat begins. The rest is silence.

*April 15.* Easter Sunday. The Retreat given by Fr. Benedict McLaughlin ended this morning. We were glad to see

several Old Boys who had come up for the Retreat,—among them, C. and Austin Hines, J. Pike, G. Chamberlain (Jun.) D. Traynor, R. Dowling and Prescott Emerson.

In the morning a football match between the Visitors and School ended in a draw of one goal each. In the afternoon we had Present v. Past at Rounders. The score was first pronounced to be Past 58—Present 57. But the scorer on reflection brought the total of the Present up to 58, and declared the game a draw. Some went away thinking one thing, some another.

In the evening a billiard match took place, Visitors v. School, the latter winning by three games to one.

Easter Monday. The Sports were held in ideal weather. A strong breeze behind the runners helped them to bring off some very good results. Hardman's 220 yards (22½ secs.) and 100 yards (10 secs.) deserve special mention. The latter indeed was a splendid race, for Giglio was beaten by barely a yard. Giglio's Mile (4 min. 53 secs) speaks for itself, while his High Jump (5ft. 2 in.) was a very fine performance and has not often been beaten here. With the exception of the Cricket Ball, which was rather poor, all the events were well up to the average.

We append the full table of results.

### First Set.

		Time, Height, &c.	Record-holder this year.
100 Yards.	E. P. Hardman, V. Giglio.	<u>10 sec.</u>	10 sec.
220 Yards.	E. P. Hardman, V. Giglio.	<u>22½ sec.</u>	23 sec.
440 Yards.	E. P. Hardman, V. Giglio.	<u>53½ sec.</u>	54 sec.
Half-Mile.	V. Giglio, F. Lythgoe.	2 min. 53½ sec.	2 min. 53½ sec.
Mile.	V. Giglio, F. Lythgoe.	4 min. 55 sec.	4 min. 57 sec.
High Jump.	V. Giglio, C. Rochford.	5 ft. 2 in.	5 ft. 3 in.
Long Jump.	E. P. Hardman, V. Ugarte.	18 ft. 6 in.	19 ft. 10 in.
Pole Jump.	F. Martin, E. Keogh.	8 ft. 4 in.	9 ft. 1 in.
Weight (16 lbs.)	E. P. Hardman, V. Ugarte.	31 ft. 9 in.	37 ft. 3 in.
Cricket Ball.	E. P. Hardman, S. Lovell.	90 yds. 1 ft. 9 in.	114 yds. 2 ft. 6 in.

### Second Set.

100 Yards.	W. Darby, D. Travers.	12 sec.	13 sec.
220 Yards.	W. Darby, T. Dunbar.	25½ sec.	24 sec.
440 Yards.	W. Darby, T. Dunbar.	58½ sec.	59 sec.
Half-Mile.	W. Darby, T. Dunbar.	2 min. 17½ sec.	2 min. 17 sec.
Mile.	W. Darby, W. Doss.	5 min. 25½ sec.	5 min. 16½ sec.
High Jump.	J. Bodenham, W. Houston.	4 ft. 7½ in.	4 ft. 11 in.
Long Jump.	D. Travers, A. Smith.	15 ft. 6 in.	16 ft. 5½ in.
Pole Jump.	G. Elton, D. Travers.	6 ft. 9 in.	7 ft. 10½ in.
Weight (14 lbs.)	D. Travers, O. Martin.	23 ft. 5½ in.	26 ft. 9 in.
Cricket Ball.	R. Maurice, O. Martin.	70 yds. 2 ft.	87 yds. 7 ft. 6 in.

### Third Set.

100 Yards.	R. Blackledge, H. Weight.	12½ sec.	11½ sec.
220 Yards.	A. Clapham, R. Blackledge.	<u>28 sec.</u>	28 sec.
440 Yards.	A. Clapham, R. Blackledge.	53 sec.	58 sec.
Half-Mile.	A. Clapham, L. Williams.	2 min. 51 sec.	2 min. 10½ sec.
Long Jump.	G. Gaynor, V. Narcy.	14 ft. 2½ in.	15 ft. 1½ in.
High Jump.	A. Wright, J. McKillop.	5 ft. 11 in.	4 ft. 7½ in.
Weight.	G. Gaynor, V. Narcy.	23 ft. 5½ in.	29 ft. 6 in.
Cricket Ball.	G. Gaynor, A. Wright.	39 yds. 2 ft. 6 in.	74 yds. 2 ft.

### Fourth Set.

100 Yards.	W. Martin, I. McDonald.	11½ sec.	12 sec.
220 Yards.	I. McDonald, W. Martin.	29½ sec.	28½ sec.
440 Yards.	I. McDonald, D. McDonald.	69½ sec.	63½ sec.
High Jump.	I. McDonald, G. Long.	4 ft. 1 in.	4 ft. 4½ in.
Long Jump.	I. McDonald, D. McDonald.	13 ft. 2 in.	15 ft. 7½ in.
Weight	W. Martin, L. Raddin.	27 ft. 8 in.	27 ft. 10 in.
Cricket Ball.	L. Raddin, G. Emerson.	39 yds. 1 ft.	62 yds. 2ft. 7in.

*Convolution Races*.—T. Huntington, B. Hardman, A. Murphy.  
*Three-legged Races*.—F. Lythgoe, C. Rochford (ma).  
*Sack Race*.—E. P. Hartmann.  
*Tag-a-War*.—C. Farmer, J. Beech, G. Hines.

In the evening the Junior boys gave a rendering of an extract (in English) from Aristophanes' *Frogs*. We were told to look only for the perfection obtainable in a dress rehearsal, but though it was apparent that it was a First Night with many of the actors, till the chief difficulties of the piece had been overcome and then performance was very creditable. We understand that we shall have a further opportunity for criticism when the play is set on the boards as a finished piece. But the style and general effect is already sufficiently pleasing to whet the dramatic appetite, which grows by what it feeds on.

After the play, Fr. Edmund announced the winners of the Literary Prizes. These were, in the Lower School, V. Narey and R. Marshall. The Upper School, Fr. Edmund reported, had failed to appreciate the conditions under which the competition was to take place. Under the circumstances he awarded the prize to L. Hope for a paper on "Charles Lamb" read to the Upper Library.

Fr. Abbot in awarding the prizes encouraged the school to read, and read the best literature. This led him to say a word in appreciation of *The Frogs*. The classics, he said, were not meant to be confined to the class room. The presentation of Aristophanes he had just seen gave him the greater pleasure because it led us to the source of what was best in modern humour, and illustrated the enjoyment to be derived from a true classical comedy.

Congratulations to Bernard Rochford on passing Responsions. He will be with us next term and goes up to Exeter College, Oxford, in October. Congratulations also to Reginald Dudley Rowe on being admitted as a cadet into the Royal Naval College at Osborne.

The following new books have been put in the Upper Library this term:—Volumes IV, and V, of *The World of To-day*; *Fouqué's Tales*; *Mont Pelée* and the *Tragedy of Martinique* by Heilprin; *Pitt*, by Lord Roseberry, (XII. English Statesmen Series); *Lays of Ancient Rome* (Large Illustrated Edition); *Time and Tide*, and *Unto this Last* (Ruskin).

P. NEESON.  
 L. HOPE.

## Natural History Notes.

The want of rain (for almost a month we have had none to speak of) is beginning to be severely felt. The streams are running very low and clear so that not only are the fish late in getting into condition but our fishermen find their labours but poorly rewarded, and unite with the local agriculturalists in a sincere desire for a few days' good rain. The fineness of the water which is so much against the human angler is, on the contrary, of great assistance to the herons and the otters. The tracks of these nocturnal raiders can be seen up and down the brook, and on the shallow portions of Willow Pond.

It is strange that the first fish to be captured from the pond should be a pike. No pike were put in, of course, and yet there they are. The pond is entirely fed by springs and the drainage of the field, so that these fish have necessarily come by some overland route. Probably the herons have brought the eggs, though some people contend that these fish may have journeyed from the brook over the football field, a distance of some three or four hundred yards, by their own unaided efforts. Whether pike have some instinct, by which they can discern the presence of their prey in distant sheets of water, seems uncertain, but, granting this, it would be quite possible for them to make their way for some distance over land, as they can exist for five or six hours out of water. Moles possess a similar instinct which enables them to discover food, though it may lie buried at a considerable distance from their runs.

The waterhens are nesting on the pond and a pair of plovers have built on the west bank. Snipe too are breeding near. Every day they may be seen circling and drumming overhead.

A green woodpecker has been trying to settle in the wood behind the College, and has bored into an elm in the Broad Walk. We all hope that it will succeed in nesting there.

The chaff-chaffs, the willow and wood wrens have been with us for some time. A swallow was seen a few days ago but these birds are late in arriving; perhaps the north-east winds of the last few weeks have kept them back.

A marsh harrier was seen in Rosedale last week, and there are tales of buzzards reappearing at Gormire. The woodcock certainly breeds here more frequently than it did a few years ago and several pairs are nesting in the valley.

In a few weeks now all the migrants will have returned, and the valley will be in its summer attire. The flowers are already unfolding on the banks and hedges and the trees are beginning to show their foliage. Yet the land has the parched look which we are accustomed to see only towards the end of July, and needs the rain, that the papers and the village seers have been prophesying for so long. When it comes, then we shall find ourselves suddenly amid the luxuriance of summer. For this the cuckoo and the cornrake, the heralds of summer, are waiting, but neither will come as long as the boughs and meadows are bare.

Two cream-coloured mice have been killed lately at the farm. Are these a distinct variety or merely "sports" like the "white" blackbird?

The Natural History Society has an excellent series of papers arranged and should have an interesting session.

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### Literary and Debating Society.

THE 12th meeting of the year was held on Sunday January 1. Mr. McElligott was re-elected Secretary, and Messrs. B. Rochford Hardman, and Hesketh are on the Committee. The motion for debate was "That the policy of Walpole was that of a great statesman, and his ascendancy beneficial to the country."

Mr. Lythgoe, the mover, dealt with the charges commonly made

against Walpole. He objected to the common indictment of corruption as unjust. Walpole's position was made secure by patronage not by corruption. To put men in office who were pledged to support him was surely a very natural proceeding and, so far from being worthy of censure, it was the action of a great statesman who knew his own powers and was determined that his country should make the best use of them. His peace policy alone would have won for him a place among our greatest statesmen. It saved the Hanoverian Dynasty, allowed British trade to grow and prosper, and gave England the enviable position of peace-maker of Europe. He turned his colleagues out of office whenever they disagreed with him, and was hated in consequence. This again was both wise and just. Unanimity within the Government was the only thing that could avert a civil war.

Mr. Emerson opposed. Walpole's administration was a stain upon the history of a great nation. His name was one of which every Englishman should be ashamed. It was associated with the worst acts of tyranny, corruption and injustice. His private character was too bad to be spoken of. His love of power was so abnormal that it led him to sacrifice to his own position the highest interests of the State and the good influence of the greatest men of his time. And he was a coward. He withdrew important measures on the slightest opposition. His wholesale corruption, which the mover had attempted to excuse by giving it the name of 'patronage,' was known to all the world.

Mr. C. Rochford, speaking against the motion, condemned Walpole's foreign policy. It would have been to the advantage of England if she had engaged in the Polish war of Succession. Walpole's motive for turning out the best men in the Government was his fear of their rivalry.

Mr. Speakman said that a statesman's policy should be considered solely with reference to the ideas and the needs of the age in which he lived. From this point of view he defended Walpole, especially for his peace policy and his Excise Scheme.

Mr. Buckley agreed with the opposer in his wholesale condemnation of Walpole and his methods. He neglected Scottish affairs. He had not the courage to declare his political conviction

tions. The way in which he shirked the Spanish war was disgraceful.

Mr. Perry also spoke in depreciation of the permanent results of Walpole's influence. His power was due to fortune. When he was nominated, there was practically no Opposition. His selfishness made him govern by means of inferior men.

Mr. Chamberlain warmly supported the mover. He defended Walpole's peace policy. It was just what England required for the growth of her power. He disagreed with those who had charged Walpole with being selfish, and jealous of rivalry and opposition. He saw that he alone could save his country, and for the good of his country he worked his way to power by means which in his opponents' eyes were criminal, but which, judged by the current standards of political morality, were just and honourable.

Messrs. Marwood, Calder-Smith, and Lightbound also spoke. Mr. B. Rochford moved an adjournment of the debate which was carried.

*January 28th.* The debate on Walpole was resumed by Mr. B. Rochford. He defended Walpole's peace policy by pointing out its results, especially in the commerce of the country. To maintain peace he dropped the Excise Bill, only when he found that the country had been stirred up to opposition by misrepresentation. Throughout his term of office taxes were low; the poor classes were cared for and relieved from many unjust burdens. The fact that many of his political methods were open to suspicion did not prove that he was not a great statesman.

Mr. Speakman attributed the failure of the Rebellion of 1745 to the peaceful policy and good government of Walpole, which had firmly established the House of Hanover.

Father Hildebrand made Walpole responsible for the religious temper of the 18th Century and considered him to be the indirect cause of many of the evils of the present day.

Mr. Chamberlain, in answer to several criticisms of Walpole's acts, while admitting many mistakes, explained that these errors of judgment had no permanent evil results, while the best part of his work had produced results which were enduring.

Br. Paul discussed Walpole's treatment of America. He refused

to interfere with the States. The letters in which he was repeatedly urged to tax the Americans were never opened. If Grenville had continued this wise policy, America would probably be in English hands to-day.

Mr. Jackson approved of Walpole's refusal to join in the Polish war of Succession by which an English defeat at the hands of France was averted.

The motion was lost by 10 to 13.

*February 4th.* Mr. Marwood read a paper on "Some Popular Characters of Dickens," in which he sketched the characters of Pecksniff, Sarah Gamp, Pickwick and Micawber to exemplify the most striking features of the humour of Dickens.

*February 11th.* Mr. Speakman moved "That the English system of government regards the interests of the nation better than the American". No form of government should remain unchanged for a long period. The Government of America was rigid and could not be modified to meet the needs of the hour. This was the cause of its inefficiency. The evils of federation were discussed. The great defect of the American system was that the executive was distinct from the legislature.

Mr. Farmer enumerated some of the evil results of the English system, the most prominent of them being the position of the working classes. The problem of the unemployed was the result of the incompetence of our Aristocratic Governments during the last century. The legacy of former Parliaments is a National Debt, which is paid off by taxing the poor.

Mr. Clapham thought the Bible, at least indirectly, condemned the American System of Government.

Mr. Buckley opposed the motion, severely criticising the part taken by the House of Lords in the government of the country.

Mr. Emerson described and approved the work of the Committees in the American Senate, by means of which all matters are methodically discussed by men who have special knowledge of the different departments to which they belong.

Mr. Chamberlain supported the motion. In England, the people govern themselves in fact as well as in theory. This is the secret of her greatness.



Messrs. B. Rochford, A. Smith and Calder-Smith also spoke. The motion was carried by 10-9.

*February 18th.* Mr. Keogh read a paper, on "The People of China." He described their manner of life and system of government, and enumerated some of the most interesting points of difference between the Chinese and European ideas of civilization.

*February 25th.* The new Labour Party was the subject of discussion. Mr. C. Rochford moved "That the increase of Labour Members is not beneficial to the English Constitution." He traced the foundation of the Labour Party to Trades Unions and showed how it was supported and organized. A Labour Party is impracticable; for they have no common interests to unite them. The difference between skilled and unskilled labourers is as great as that which exists between different members of the intellectual classes. It is undesirable; for as its power increases it will threaten many established institutions and lead to violence and the predominance of Socialism. Finally, it is unnecessary; for the class which it represents have no real interests apart from the rest of the country and any advantages which it may secure will ultimately result in harm to other classes of the people.

Mr. Buckley attributed much of the opposition of the country to the Labour Party to prejudice. The old parties viewed with suspicion and dislike any movement which tended to diminish their power and importance. The class represented by the Labour Party comprised nearly two-thirds of the country and it was a matter of justice that so great and important a part of the nation should be well represented in Parliament. None could consult their needs so well as those who had practical experience of their difficulties and their wants. The new party would, even if in a minority, prove to be a great power for good by bringing before the country the needs of the working classes and forcing the old parties to action. They would thus secure more regard for the interests of the poor than had ever been possible before.

Mr. Hope welcomed the increase of Labour Representatives, as the best means of obtaining better legislation for workmen and improving the social and intellectual condition of this large and important portion of the State.

Mr. Hesketh defended the existing parties against the charge of having neglected the interests of the poor. Much had already been done to improve their position and many of the existing evils were not such as could be remedied by Act of Parliament. The influence of the Labour Party would be harmful to those whom they represented.

Mr. Speakman anticipated no danger from the rise of another Party. It would help to counteract the evils of those already existing, and would thus serve a useful purpose in the State.

Mr. Perry supported the motion and looked forward with pleasure to the time, not long distant, when the Country would have a Labour Ministry.

Mr. Calder-Smith regarded Labour Members with dislike and suspicion, not because they were labourers, but because they were nothing else. Other qualifications were required to make them fit representatives of their class, besides personal experience of the conditions of life of those who had returned them to Parliament.

Mr. Chamberlain opposed the motion. The Labour Party had come to stay and he was glad of it. The House of Commons was at the present time too theoretical; it required more practical men. The examples of Cleon and Cincinnatus should suffice to show that great statesmen and heroes might sometimes be found among the ranks of those who are too often regarded as born to be ruled. The Labour Party deserved respect if only for its determination to alleviate the sufferings of the poor.

Mr. B. Rochford disapproved of the Socialistic tendencies of many of the Labour Members.

Mr. Keogh also spoke.

The motion was lost by 12 to 14.

*March 4th.* Mr. Wood read a paper on 'Nelson', in which he dealt chiefly with his naval career. A discussion followed as to Nelson's place among the great Naval Commanders of England.

*March 11th.* Mr. Jackson invited the House to decide 'That Responsible Government should be given to the Transvaal.' After enumerating some of the benefits which resulted from the concession of self-government to many of our colonies, he proceeded

to consider the reasons urging England, with special force at the present time, to pursue a similar policy in her treatment of the Transvaal. This course was necessary to allay the political agitation and bitter hostility which had resulted from the war; it was the only means of obtaining a peaceful settlement of the problem of the position of the native population; it was now the only possible course in consequence of the blunder committed by the late Government in allowing the introduction of Chinese labour, under conditions which had excited the indignation and hostility of the English people.

Mr. Lightbound opposed. There was a great risk involved in giving Responsible Government to a people who, four years ago, were engaged in a great war with England, who hated the very name of England and did not hesitate to show their hostility. The effect of the mover's proposal would be to hand over the Transvaal to those political agitators who, since the end of the war, had consistently opposed the British Government. There would be no security for the British Colonists and no hope of just treatment for the natives. Thus all the results of the war would be undone and the existence of our possessions in South Africa would be threatened.

Mr. Hardman disapproved of the introduction of Chinese Labour and supported the motion as being the only means of making the Transvaal independent of the vagaries of the predominant political party in England.

Mr. Hope considered that the first result of self-government would be to give to the discontented Boers an overwhelming majority in the new Parliament. On account of the disastrous effects which would result, he opposed the motion.

Mr. Calder-Smith was in favour of Representative Government for the Transvaal as the only just method of government.

Mr. Chamberlain supported the motion. The only way to make the Boers loyal and contented was to trust them and give them as much freedom as possible. There was nothing to fear from such a course of action. They would not risk another war.

Messrs. Leonard, Farmer, Perry, and Keogh, and Fr. Hildebrand also spoke.

The motion was carried by 16 to 7.

March 18th. Mr. Leonard read a paper on 'Warren Hastings', sketching his work in India and the circumstances that led to his impeachment.

March 25th. The motion for debate was "That this House would welcome another Irish Home Rule Bill."

Mr. J. Smith, the mover, gave an account of Gladstone's successive attempts to obtain Home Rule for Ireland and disposed of the charge of disloyalty, which he considered to be the chief obstacle in the minds of most Englishmen to the success of Gladstone's efforts to obtain justice for Ireland. One result of the proposed measure would be the removal from Westminster of the Irish members. This would facilitate legislation in the English Parliament. The removal of the discussion of Irish affairs would allow proper attention to be given to domestic and imperial questions. Further, to grant Home Rule was the only possible way of making reparation for past oppression and injustice, and of securing suitable legislation for Ireland. The Act of Union had failed and England had shown herself incapable of governing Ireland.

Mr. Heskeith opposed. The Irish were not unanimous in demanding Home Rule. Many were disloyal and desired complete separation from England. It would be disastrous to English interests and would weaken the Empire. It would not improve the condition of Ireland, for most of the evils did not arise from political causes and could not be removed by political changes. These would remain and others would arise, for the Irish had always shown themselves incapable of self-government.

Mr. Marwood opposed the motion on the ground that it was inexpedient. The demand for Home Rule was a habit which had remained after the grievances which had given rise to it had been removed.

Mr. Emerson compared Ireland with Newfoundland. That Home Rule had been a success in the latter Colony was due to the capabilities and good sense of Newfoundlanders, which could not be expected from Irishmen.

Mr. C. Rochford supported the mover. England had shown herself incapable of understanding the Irish character. The evils of Irish Rule could not be greater than those which existed now.

Mr. Buckley feared that Home Rule would lead to separation. Mr. Chamberlain exhorted the House to express its disapproval of the long series of acts of oppression and cruelty, which made up the history of our past dealings with Ireland, by supporting the motion. The Union had failed. They should be warned by the futile attempts that had been made to govern Ireland. The only thing they had to fear was a continuation of the long history of injustice which was a blot on a nation justly proud of all its traditions except those which affected Ireland.

Messrs. Speakman and Jackson also spoke. The Debate was adjourned.

*April 1.* Mr. Hope resumed the debate on Home Rule. He sketched the history of the connection between England and Ireland, and gave a harrowing account of the horrors resulting from English injustice. The means of making reparation for what had been done was to make it possible for the Irish to govern themselves, with some regard for the interest and customs of the people. The English had disregarded all these things, and therefore their policy had worked gross wrong and injustice.

Mr. Calder-Smith thought Home Rule impracticable since Ireland was so divided. The antagonistic parties could never agree.

Mr. Leonard thought that Home Rule would produce internal peace and concord, and thus lead to the greater security of the whole Empire.

Mr. Lovell supported the motion on account of the advantages which Home Rule would bring to England by the removal of the discussion of Irish affairs from the English Parliament.

Mr. Ward and Mr. Neeson supported the motion, replying to some of the objections urged against it by other members.

Mr. Hardman said that the Irish grievance was due to economic evils which could be removed only by the hearty co-operation of the Irish.

Messrs. Perry, Emerson, Clapham and McElligott also spoke. The motion was carried by 15-11.

The last meeting of the Season was held on April 8th when Mr. Hope read a paper on 'Charles Lamb'. After giving a brief account of his life, chiefly from Lamb's own writings he traced

his connection with the Lake Poets and gave an appreciation of his literary work, reading several extracts from the Essays as illustrations.

J. MC ELLIGOTT  
Hon. Sec.

## Junior Debating Society.

The First Meeting of term was held on Sunday Jan. 14th. In Private Business Mr. Ugarte was elected Secretary and Messrs Williams, Robertson, and Bodenham members of the Committee. Mr. Ruxton was elected a member of the Society.

In Public Business a Jumble Debate was held.

Mr. Williams moved that "a Soldier's life was harder than a Sailor's."

Mr. C. Rochford opposed. The motion was lost by 5-14.

Mr. Barton moved that "School-boys should have more sleep."

Mr. Chamberlain opposed.

The motion was carried by 16-8.

Mr. Clapham moved that "Nicknames should not be allowed in schools."

Mr. Forshaw opposed.

The votes were equal and the chairman gave his casting-vote in favour of the motion.

The following members also spoke:—Messrs Barton, A. and F. Goss, Ruxton, C. Rochford, Martin, Huntington, O'Dwyer, and Darby.

The Second Meeting was held on Sunday Jan. 21st. In Public Business the members of the Society gave short readings. Bros. Benedict and Anselm came as visitors.

The Third Meeting was held on Sunday Jan. 28th. Mr. Williams moved that "England should have Protection."

He pointed out that the greatest countries of the world and those that were growing most rapidly were protectionist, that we could not find work for many of our working men because our manufacturers had been crowded out of these countries. The cost of living would not be increased under protection, since taxes would only be put on goods, the importation of which interfered with our own manufactures, and that on the contrary these taxes, paid by foreigners, would go to reduce those that we had to pay.

Mr. Bodenham seconded.

Mr. Barton, in opposing, said that it was always a wise rule to leave well alone. We had become under Free Trade the greatest and richest country in the world. Our trade was still increasing. What reason was there for making a change?

Messrs Ugarte and Rowe supported and Messrs Miles, O'Dwyer, A. and F. Goss, Martin, C. Rochford, Chamberlain and Hines opposed the motion, which was lost by 8-16.

Bros. Leo and Sebastian were the visitors.

The Fourth Meeting was held on Sunday, February 4th.

A Jumble Debate was held.

Mr. Cawkell moved that "the Unemployed could not get work."

Mr. Miles opposed, the motion was lost by 3-12.

Mr. Williams moved that "Women should not be allowed to vote in parliamentary elections."

Mr. Martin opposed. The motion was carried by 12-2.

Mr. Ugarte moved that "Poor children should be provided with food at school."

Mr. Robertson opposed. The motion was carried by 14-2.

The Fifth Meeting of the House was held on Sunday, Feb. 11th. In Private Business a change was made in the method of election of the Secretary and Committee.

In Public Business a Jumble Debate was held.

Mr. Clapham moved that "Brutus was not right in killing Caesar."

Mr. Ainscough opposed. The motion was carried by 16-4.

Mr. C. Rochford moved that "Ghosts do not exist."

Mr. Robertson opposed. The motion was lost by 3-16.

Mr. O'Dwyer moved that "a poor man with a good education was better than a rich man with a bad education."

Mr. H. Rochford opposed. The motion was carried by 16-6.

Mr. Martin moved that "the Union of England and Scotland benefited both countries."

Mr. Bodenham opposed. The motion was carried by 12-1.

Messrs Anderson, Ugarte, Goss, Rowe, Martin, Cawkell, Ruxton, Travers, and Williams also spoke.

The Sixth Meeting was held on Sunday, Feb. 16th.

In Private Business, it was resolved on Mr. Martin's motion that on Jumble Debate night the only Private Business should be the passing of the minutes.

In Public Business, Mr. Ugarte moved that "the Chinese should be allowed to work in the Transvaal."

He urged that the importation of the Chinese had been a great success, and that it had benefited the whole trade of South Africa. There was no ill-treatment of the Chinese, who came from China under an agreement which had been made clear to them. They were doing work which even the natives of the country would not do. If these Chinese were sent back, it would mean ruin to some of the chief industries of South Africa.

Mr. Miles seconded and Mr. Forshaw opposed. He said the Chinese were treated as slaves and were deceived as to the terms of their contracts; that their coming had displaced native labour, and above all that they were doing work that our own unemployed should be doing.

Messrs Williams, Goss, Cawkell, Darby, C. Rochford, and Robertson supported the motion, and Messrs Martin, Barton, O'Dwyer, Anderson, Hines, Morice, Lee, Bodenham, and Rowe opposed.

The motion was carried by 17-9.

The Seventh Meeting was held on Sunday, Feb. 25th.

In Private Business Mr. Swale's motion that "the voting in Public Business should be on paper and not by show of hands was carried by 20-1."

In Public Business Mr. Darby moved that "War is beneficial to mankind." He rested his case chiefly on the argument that by war the strong and progressive nations conquer the weaker ones and either exterminate them or raise them to their own

level. Without war, the civilisation of the world would have proceeded far more slowly than it has done.

Mr. Martin seconded. In opposing, Mr. Parle said that the misery caused by war was enormous. Not only were thousands killed but many more thousands were orphaned or widowed. Whole nations were ruined by the expenses of war. The cause of war was generally the desire of annexing something that belonged to someone else, who was weaker. As people grew more civilised, wars became less frequent.

Messrs Miles, Swale, Ugarté, C. Rochford, Goss, Anderton and Travers supported the motion. Messrs Williams, Chamberlain, Cawkell, Huntington, Hines, O'Dwyer, and Barton spoke against it.

The motion was carried by 20-8.

The Eighth Meeting was held on Sunday, Mar. 4th.

In Public Business, Mr. Barton moved that "the Americans were right in claiming their independence."

Mr. Swale opposed. The motion was lost by 12-15.

Mr. Anderton moved that "the Railway is a better invention than the Post."

Mr. Parle opposed. The motion was carried by 18-8.

Mr. Travers moved that "Every school-boy should have military training."

Mr. Lee opposed.

The motion was carried by 19-9.

The following members spoke on the different motions:—Messrs Martin, O'Dwyer, Miles, Williams, Goss, Chamberlain, Ugarté, Huntington, C. Rochford, Ruxton, Darby, Ainscough, Farmer, and Cawkell.

The Ninth Meeting was held on Sunday, March 11th.

In Public Business Mr. Swale moved that "Ancient was superior to Modern Civilisation."

He said that, in almost all the arts, many of the ancient peoples were our superiors. He instanced particularly the architecture and literature of the Ancient Greeks. He showed how much more thorough and enduring was their education than ours. Most of our so-called improvements were little more than aids to luxury. He mentioned many distinguished men of ancient days as men to whom our modern times could present no rivals.

Mr. Miles seconded. Mr. Cawkell, in opposing said that our modern civilisation was based on that of ancient times and was an improvement of it. He pointed to the progress of science, particularly medicine, and contended that in literature and art we were really superior to any of the ancients, even the Greeks.

Messrs Barton, Rowe, Robertson, Heyes, and Darby supported, and Messrs Ruxton, O'Dwyer, McLaughlin, Ugarté, Chamberlain, Martin, Hines, Bodenham, C. Rochford, Morice, Anderton and Travers opposed. The motion was lost by 24-8.

The Tenth Meeting was held on Sunday, February 18th.

In Public Business, Mr. Robertson moved that "Rugby is a better game than Association Football." He gave a detailed description of the Rugby game and contended that it called for greater skill and quickness of judgment than Association required.

Mr. Anderton seconded.

Mr. Farmer in opposing said that as the ball was played with the feet only in Association greater skill was required than if players were allowed to use the hands also. The game was a more open one and there was less brute force used. As a school game Association was much better since it was so much safer.

The following members supported the motion:—Messrs Williams, C. Rochford, Lee, McLaughlin, and Morice, whilst Messrs Cawkell, Chamberlain, Ruxton, Miles, Martin, Ugarté, Hines, A. and F. Goss, Barton, Darby, and Bodenham opposed.

The motion was lost by 12-9.

The Eleventh Meeting was held on Sunday, March 25th.

A Jumble Debate was held in Public Business.

Mr. Martin moved that "The Bounds are not good for Ampleforth Football."

Mr. Martin opposed.

The motion was carried by 18-12.

Mr. Cawkell moved that "Ireland should not have Home Rule."

Mr. Ruxton opposed.

The motion was carried by 13-9.

The following members also spoke, Messrs Morice, O'Dwyer, Miles, Ugarté, Darby, A. and F. Goss, C. Rochford, Ainscough, Barton, Anderton, Williams, Farmer, Chamberlain, Lee, Dees, and Travers.

The Twelfth Meeting was held on Sunday, April 1st. In

Public Business Mr. Miles moved that "a Barbarous is happier than a Civilised Nation." He contrasted the countless worries and anxieties of a civilised man with the careless pleasures of a barbarian. What training the latter suffered he suffered in the open air, and was not imprisoned within four walls for the greater part of his life. Barbarians were healthier, too, and having health and liberty, might be said to be absolutely happy.

Mr. Robertson seconded.

Mr. Anderton opposed, and denied that a barbarian could be really happy. The perpetual insecurity of life and property must have caused far greater anxiety to him than the troubles of dressing, school, and obedience to the laws caused to a civilised man. There were many pleasures peculiar to civilisation. Ease and comfort of travelling, religion, literature and many other advantages were entirely wanting to the barbarian.

Messrs Ruxton, Martin, C. Rochford, Parle, Ugarté, Clapham, Travers, Cawkell, spoke for, and Barton, Williams, O'Dwyer, Morice, Huntington, A Goss, Bodenham against the motion.

The motion was carried by 17-13.

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## Notes.

Most of us have had no opportunity of offering respectful congratulations to the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley on the Silver Jubilee of his translation to the See of Newport—then Newport and Menevia. We desire to assure his Lordship of our affectionate sympathy in everything which concerns him,—that his joys are our joys and his achievements our pleasure and pride. Occasions such as these are times when we may look back through the years, and count and sum up a portion of the work done, and we and all Catholics gratefully acknowledge the numerous and most important services Bishop Hedley has rendered to us of his own Order and College, to his own Diocese and to the whole English Catholic Church. We do not, however, like to think of even a part of his life and work as ended and complete. We wish to think of the twenty five years as only a first portion of his Episcopate. Whilst we rejoice with him in the success of the past and that God, in His grace, has given him strength and years to go through with it, we rejoice far more that there is promise of many more years of his valuable labours and of his energetic and helpful presence amongst us.

Our record, this term, is altogether a fair weather one. We do not mean to make allusion to the sort of winter we have been having. That was not worth making a remark about; it was just a common-place affair, neither very severe, nor very mild, nor very dry, nor very rainy, and quite unenterprising and unoriginal in its tricks and changes. What we mean is that nothing untoward has happened,—nothing to retard progress, or put us off our course, or throw us out of our reckoning. Our log-book reports each day as a repetition of the day before and each week as the last week over again. This should mean even progress and good

successful work. There have been two changes in the staff: Fr. Hildebrand Dawes has left the Monastery for St. Mary's, Warrington, and Fr. Maurus Carew has returned to the mission and has gone back to St. Peter's, Soel Street. Some other transfers of priests from one place to another should be noted. The late Cathedral Prior of Belmont is now at Spilby. Fr. Basil Hurworth is at St. Alban's, Warrington. Fr. Oswald Swarbrick has gone to Orford Lane, Warrington, and Fr. Cathbert Mercer to Lostock Hall. The new Canons in South Wales are Fr. Maurus Lucan of Dowlais and Fr. Raphael White of Bridgend.

We take the following note from a local paper:—

THE PAPISTS OF PARBOLD AND WRIGHTINGTON.

It is interesting at this time, in connection with the present school question at Wrightington, to note that the district has for generations been strong from the religious point of view, Mr. W. Fred Price found at the Bishop's Registry, Chester, a report, dated 1804, from the Rev. John Johnson, then incumbent of Douglas Chapel, of which the following is a copy:—

"In the Chapelry of Douglas are 67 Papiests, one person, viz., Thomas Bimpson, junr., perverted to Popery by marrying a Papist woman."

"There are three places where they assemble for worship, viz., Wrightington Hall, Parbold Hall, and Fairhurst Hall, their priests are Mr. Felix Delaland, of Wrightington Hall, Mr. Marsh, of Parbold Hall, and Mr. Orton, of Fairhurst Hall; there is a Popish School kept at Parbold Hall by Mr. Marsh. Stipend £57 a year, £40 of which arises from the augmentation by Lot from Queen Anne's Bounty, laid out in land let for that money in Hoole. £12 left by legacys, and £5 the perpetuation of the Rector of Eccleston, making altogether £57."

THE PRIOR OF PARBOLD.

"The Mr. Marsh, referred to in the Rev. John Johnson's report, was Richard Marsh, O.S.B., who was born in 1762, and was the son of Peter Marsh, junr., of Hindley, near Wigan. He became Prior of the Benedictine Monastery at Diculward in 1789, escaping thence the night it was seized, 13th October, 1793, and joining to his refugee brethren at Acton Barnell in 1794, with whom, after many changes of residence, he settled at Parbold in 1802.

In this year he resigned the Priorship, the community removed to Ampleforth, and he opened a boarding school at Parbold Hall, which he continued for about two years. He was subsequently Prior at Ampleforth Monastery, twice President-General of his Order, and in 1838 received the titular dignity of Abbot of Westminster. He died at Rixton, near Warrington, on 13th February, 1843, aged 80 years."

Reading the quotation concerning Parbold School, one might suppose that the "Stipend £57 a year" had reference to the pension of the students. But even the Prior of Parbold was not clever enough to get £40 a year from Queen Anne's bounty. The sentence clearly has nothing to do with Dr. Marsh or the Papiests of Parbold and Wrightington. It does not tell us of a fat purse secured to the Parbold School, but of the meagre wage of a starveling curate.

Here is another bit of old Ampleforth history.

Extract from "Speech of Mr. Eneas McDonnell at the British Catholic Association Meeting, July 21, 1827" from the *Catholic Miscellany*. (Vol. VIII No. 69.)

This Meeting was held by the General Committee of the British Catholic Association, for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning Parliament for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Lord Farnham was in the chair. A Rev. J. Ivimey, the Secretary to the Baptist Sunday Schools in Ireland, was prominent at this meeting in calumniating the Catholics. "Popery was the abomination that maketh desolate; it was a great lie, and made of every species of aggravation. It exposed its wretched followers to every sort of misery here and eternal perdition hereafter," &c.

Mr. Eneas MacDonnell speaks to express his entire concurrence with the Resolution to form the Petition. After meeting an infamous attack just made in a London newspaper against Mr. O'Connell he goes on as follows:—

"There is but one other subject to which I would allude—namely, the necessity of increasing your exertions towards extending accurate information among your fellow subjects, who, I must say, stand much in need of it. Having lately visited Yorkshire, I had many opportunities of knowing the truth of



this position, and the good results of any efforts to extend accurate knowledge of your civil and religious principles. I am bound to say that I experienced nothing but kindness and courtesy, and therefore do not mean to offend, when I declare the necessity of your making such exertions. I will furnish one instance of the ignorance of the peasantry. As I travelled up Stratton Brow, (Sutton Bank) towards the top of Ambleton Hill, I met a peasant, named Lumley, who went with us to point out the several objects from that delightful spot, called "The White Mare." He talked of Rievaulx Abbey, one of the monuments of Popish barbarism, of which there is just enough still left to shew the taste of its founders, and enough destroyed to prove the taste of their persecutors—(cheers.) He stated that the Abbey (the ruins of which were about four miles distant from us) had been inhabited by "Papishes." I asked what they were? He replied, that they were a sort of folk that he had not liking for—that they wanted dominion over Protestants. I asked him why he thought so, but he could give no answer whatever to that question. I asked him if there were any Papishes then in the country? He said there are some at Ampleforth College, about five miles distant—that they came sometimes to the Hill, sixty or eighty at a time, and took out his two gavelocks (iron crowbars), and brought them to the top of the Hill, and then gathered round the gavelocks; that they said something of a catechism-like in their own language, which Protestants could not understand, then they all worshipped the gavelocks.—(Loud Laughter.) I asked, did he perceive any change in the gavelocks after they were worshipped? He said he did not think any better of it, and I am quite certain he believed every word he said. On the next day, I visited Ampleforth College (a place worthy of the esteem of every admirer of liberal education, religious purity, and hospitality,) and inquired as to this gavelock worshipping branch of the new Reformation—(loud laughter)—when I obtained this solution of the awful mystery—that some of the young Lords sometimes rolled large stones down the hill for their amusement, and borrowed poor Lumley's gavelocks to aid in those idolatrous practices.—(Laughter.) Such things are very ludicrous, but consider whether they are not also very pernicious, for what opinion can a peasantry

who believe such things entertain of those whom they consider capable of such worship?"—(Hear, Hear).

A full budget has been received from our Roman correspondent:—

"Hardly had the last notes been sent off when Fr. Abbot arrived in Rome for a short visit. He was accompanied by Br. Aelred, Mrs. and Miss Dawson, and some friends. During his brief stay he was received in private audience together with Brs. Aelred and Bruno, and Mrs. and Miss Dawson, by the Holy Father who seemed most ready to grant all blessings and privileges that were asked. The Pope showed special interest when he was told of the number of Mrs. Dawson's family that have joined the Benedictine Order, and wrote special blessings on some photographs for those who were not then present.

Father Abbot found time to pay a visit to Subiaco. Those who have been there and have learnt to love its numberless beauties, will be sorry to hear that it is to be robbed of one of its greatest charms. The advance of civilisation demands the sacrifice of the music of the torrent that has for centuries been the only sound to break the silence of that solitude. The town of Subiaco must have its electricity; hence the bed of the Anio must be cleared of its rocks and boulders so that the stream may in future run smoothly and in silence, and its force may be greater when it reaches the town.

Special interest has been taken by the general public in Subiaco, since the monasteries and surrounding country were chosen by the great modern Italian novelist Fogazzaro as the scenes of some chapters of his last remarkable book "Il Santo."

Br. Aelred joined a large party from the College which made an excursion into the Alban Hills on St. Stephen's Day, under the guidance of Fr. Rector. We went by rail to Gandolfo but did not stay to visit the castle that was offered, a miserable remnant, to the Pope when he was despoiled of his temporal power, and which is now the summer residence of the Cardinal Secretary of State. It stands in a high position and commands an excellent view of the Lake of Albano on one side and of the Roman Campagna on the other. After a walk of about eight miles we reached a spot just outside the town of Genzano above the Lake of Nemi, known for its beauty as "The

Gem of Italy." This beauty attracted to it in ages long past the worshippers of Diana, and in later times the emperors of Rome. The Lake occupies an extinct crater, circular in form, and is surrounded by densely wooded hills (whence the name "Lacus Nemorensis"), which preserve unruined the surface of the transparent waters, the "Mirror of Diana." Opposite, well up on the hills, stands the village of Nemi, a quaint, old-world place, a strong fortress, in former times, when Guelphs and Ghibellines fought for mastery. It is at present in the hands of the Orsini family, which was always associated with the former party, and which generally upheld the popes against the emperors.

Below Nemi to the left is a small plateau, on a level with the lake, which was the site of the famous temple of Diana. It was in the groves about this temple that was witnessed from time to time the death struggle between the chief priest and the candidate for the office. The price of the position was the victory over and death of its occupant, for the goddess was served by

The priest who slew the slayer  
And shall himself be slain.

Julius Caesar was the first to announce to the Roman world the charms of this enchanted spot, and when he built a villa there he set a fashion that was soon followed by many. Later, the emperors appropriated it to themselves, built great barges which were decorated with all the art and luxury of the classic age, and there indulged in water pageants, gorgeous beyond description. It was Tiberius and Caligula who excelled in these extravagances. Their galleys have lain, through all the centuries, beneath the still waters of the lake and, legend has woven stories of mighty treasures that here lie waiting the venturesome. It is perfectly true that at a depth of thirty-six feet is the galley of Tiberius, and about two hundred yards away that of Caligula, forty-eight feet down. The former is two hundred and thirteen feet long, the latter one hundred and ninety-two feet. As early as the fifteenth century, a certain Archbishop Leon Alberti made an abortive attempt to recover the treasures, but it seems likely that modern engineering will accomplish the task. It is the proposal of the experts to drain Lake Nemi, through an old Roman outfall. For this two powerful pumps will be used, and the water carried in pipes across the Valley of Ariccia, where it will

be utilised in the electric plant that is to drive the pumps. If this is successful, the vessels will be enveloped in cradles of iron and drawn to the shore. Then the twentieth century will be able to admire at ease the treasures and ingenuity of imperial times, an earnest of which has been exhibited in the numerous objects that have already been brought to the surface. One can only hope these learned men who plan all this, will not forget to manage to let us have the Lake again when they have completed their operations.

Twice within three weeks did death visit us at the beginning of the year. Canon Mackey's health seemed to be on the mend till a few days before Christmas, when he caught a chill which soon became serious. Although he was always full of confidence that his recovery would be a matter of a few days, he became gradually weaker. In the early morning of the Epiphany, he asked for and received with great devotion the Last Sacraments. By midday on the 8th, it was easy to see that it would be a matter of a few hours, and in fact he passed away very peacefully about nine o'clock. True to the end to his great consideration for others, he would have had us leave him and take some rest. The affection and respect in which he was held by all here was shown by the way in which everybody did his part in carrying out the last solemn services, and by the presence of the whole College when he was laid by the side of his predecessor in the office of Procurator in Curia Romana, Abbot Raynal. When Canon Mackey returned to Rome last November, he knew well, after the warning of the seizure at Downside, that death might call him at any moment, and he spoke of how he had everything in order, as far as possible, for another to take up his work on the life of St. Francis of Sales. He had hurried on the beginning of the actual composition, and had written a few pages. His last public tribute to his great Saint was the article on St. Francis for the "Times" edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, for which he also wrote on the Sacred Heart.

On the morning of January 26th, the tolling of the bell was the first news we received that death had again been busy in our midst, that Sant Anselmo had lost its first Prior, Father Adalbert Miller. He had been forced to relinquish his professional duties

some time ago, on account of ill-health, but it was a shock to lose so suddenly from our midst a figure so familiar. He was found dead by the brother who went to call him for Mass, and had evidently died during his sleep. He was appointed Prior of the College of Sant Anselmo by a special brief of Leo XIII. He was a man of extraordinarily universal knowledge and learning and was known and loved by all those who came in contact with him for his wonderful simplicity of character.

May they rest in peace.

The work of the Commission for the Codification of Canon Law progresses steadily. It will be welcome news to those who have to do with such matters, whether theoretically or practically to hear that the impediment of consanguinity in the fourth degree is to be abolished, and probably also in the third degree.

One of the editors of the official Vatican edition of the works of St. Thomas, Father Peter Paul Mackey, when he read the notice of the recent English translation of the *Summa contra Gentiles*, which appeared in the last number of the *Journal*, said that the opinion there expressed of the book coincided with his own and that of the other editors, but he thought examples much more telling might have been cited to show the incompleteness of the version.

Fr. President has appointed Fr. Wilfred Corney as Procurator in Curia Romana; he arrived in Rome at the beginning of February."

We offer our heartiest congratulations to St. Cuthbert's Grammar School, Newcastle, on the attainment of this the 25th year of its establishment.

The 'Retrospect' of C. Hart, B.A. in the current number of *St. Cuthbert's Magazine* will be most gratifying to all members, past and present, of the School, while it is both instructive and encouraging to all who take an interest in the work of Catholic education. It is the record of a scheme undertaken and carried through in the sturdy spirit of the North. It is the realization of a happy thought in spite of difficulties, discouragements and risk of failure—the history of success achieved by the blessing of God and devoted energy and self-sacrifice.

Among the pioneers of this great work we are pleased to see such honourable mention of one who was for some time a student

at Ampleforth. Fr. Magill came to Ampleforth as a student in 1867 and some years later joined St. Cuthbert's Ushaw as a candidate for the priesthood. The early years of his clerical life were spent in the service of the branch foundation in Newcastle; and it was not till 1890 that ill-health compelled him to resign his position of Head Master which he had held for five years.

The coming Jubilee in August will be a memorable landmark in the history of St. Cuthbert's and we heartily wish the new School a continuance of the favour and sympathy it has won and of the unqualified success it has achieved.

From a Correspondent:—

"In odd places one begins to hear scraps of Solesmes plain chant, and an idea can be formed of the new manner of execution. It suggests many thoughts. From the first it is evident that it has nothing to replace the best of our Mechlin chants. Our *Pange Lingua, Iste Confessor, Vexilla Regis* and the vesper hymns for martyrs, are worth preserving; they have power, manliness, dignity, sometimes rising to majesty. It would be a distinct loss if they were dropped and music of this character found no place in the liturgy. I have heard the Solesmes version of the *Pange Lingua*; and I have heard our version sung by a choir with Solesmes instructs. I can quite understand anyone preferring these versions to ours, as being smooth, sweet, devotional,—with all the feminine good qualities that music can have; even we might give the same verdict when we got used to them. But no one could say that they are the same thing as ours; the power and manliness are absolutely gone.

Another thing not to be lightly parted with is the chant of the Lamentations. It is full of dignity and pathos combined; it could scarcely be replaced. There used to be sung at St. Anne's another version, sweeter, perhaps sentimental and less dignified; one would grudge the loss of either, still more of both.

There is much more that is really beautiful and worthy in our music, much that will be more easily dropped than replaced. And in any case it is a serious matter to cast out finally from the liturgy those good and manly types of music that are not represented in the Solesmes chants.

On the other hand, much of our Gradual music, unwept, untonoured, might well be unsung. But I believe the fault is

mostly in the rendering; and this would not be remedied by a change of books. Our bad tradition has grown up on one principle,—wait for everyone else before going on to the next note. It will not be remedied by letting the opposite principle—go straight ahead—be interpreted by each singer as best he can. It seems to me that the true court of appeal, the standard by which to judge how a phrase should be rendered, is the rendering of the Preface and Pater Noster by the single voice of the priest. Here there is free rhythm, no attempt to equalise notes merely because they are written alike, and a natural combining of the rhythm of the words with the rhythm of the music. In dealing with music to be sung by the choir there are limitations; the single voice may vary his interpretation on different days, and vary his breathing-places; for the choir these would have to be arranged beforehand. In fact there are many good renderings possible, but a choir can only do one of them at a time. And that one must be chosen and taught. Individual gropings will only combine into a chaos such as has been traditional with us. A choir can no more formulate a rendering than a committee can jointly write English.

In the reaction against the cart-horse movement of much of our singing there seems a danger of indiscriminateness. Not all slowness is wrong. There is a slowness of ponderous crawling; there is also a slowness of dignity and gravity. Our traditional renderings of the *Magnificat*, and of the responsory at Vespers, and—*sit venia verbo*—the Cassinese one for the prayer as Father Abbot sings it, are not ponderous nor drawing. If they are hurried, dignity and gravity are lost, and the effect is only blippant. Here again one may appeal to the single voice; no one has a set uniform pace for singing everything, but sings slower or quicker as words and music and ceremony are more or less solemn. We could scarcely assimilate the Solesmes method of a rapid pattering of syllables atoned for by a languishing cadence at the end of each phrase. It is intelligible in a nation accustomed to pouring out a stream of equally unaccented syllables at a rate that our ears can scarcely follow. But to us it is not natural; our grace sung for a week on that plan would be unendurable. On the whole it seems to me that a reform in our rendering is needed, or change of books will only

be change of chaos. And if the rendering is reformed, the Mechlin music will be quite as pleasing as the Solesmes.

Greetings to George Shea, Esq., of Newfoundland! It was like renewing acquaintance with an old friend to see his portrait in *The Newfoundland Quarterly*. The paper has a highly appreciative paragraph concerning his position in the island which his old comrades will be glad to read. "George Shea, the controlling partner in Shea & Co., was born in St. John's. Under the new Municipal Act he was elected its first Mayor, an office he has filled with dignity and ability both creditable to himself and beneficial to the city. (He has held the office ever since.) Apart from the high place he holds in commercial and civic circles, he is perhaps one of the most popular men in the city. Being of a genial kindly nature, and possessing a voice of rare beauty and power, his name has always figured prominently on the lists of those singers and performers who have always been ready to devote their talent for charitable and philanthropic purposes. He is kindly and unostentatiously charitable, and only very few of his intimates know the extent of his practical sympathy to the needy and distressed. He comes of a fine old family. His esteemed father—Sir Edward Shea, President of Legislative Council, and his uncle—Sir Ambrose, late Governor of the Bahamas, are the pride and boast of Newfoundlanders, the world over. They have proved that for brains and ability, Newfoundlanders when they get the chance, are able to hold their own with the foremost men of the Empire. Mr. George Shea was for some years the Executive representative of the District of Ferryland." He now represents East St. John's in the Executive Council.

We take the following paragraph, summing up Sir John Austin's career, from the *Tablet* of April 7th.

"The death of Sir John Austin, at the ripe age of eighty-two ends a career rich in public service and wholly honourable in all its activities. Sir John, a Yorkshire maltster, whose large business occupations still left him energies to spare for the public service, entered Parliament as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone. It was under the brief Premiership of Lord Roseberry, however, that he received his baronetage; and it was somewhat difficult

to define precisely, by the current Party terms, the position of Sir John when he resigned the seat for the Osgoldcross Division at the last General Election. His great personal popularity perhaps rendered this conventional exactitude a superfluity. Great were Sir John's local activities until they were lost in the larger life of Parliament, with enforced residence in London during a portion of the year. Sir John had a Yorkshireman's shrewdness and also a Yorkshireman's heartiness. His hospitality was always conspicuous; and his happy family life had of late years a delightful setting at Fryston—the scene of so many memorable parties in the late Lord Houghton's days—which he rented from Lord Crewe. Lady Austin survives her husband; and the new baronet in succession to his father is Sir William Austin, born in 1871." We commend his soul to the charitable prayers of our readers. R.L.P. William Austin came to Ampleforth in the year 1883.

We ask the prayers of our readers also for the repose of the soul of Captain O'Hagan, father of William James O'Hagan, whose heroic death is still fresh in the memories of Englishmen. We quote the words of the *Daily Telegraph* correspondent, Friday, March 16th.

"New and dramatic details are forthcoming to-day regarding the wreck of the British steamer *British King*, which was sunk last Sunday at a point 700 miles east of Boston, after battling for three days with wind and waves. The vessel was owned by the British Shipowners' Company, of Liverpool; and of the crew of fifty-six, twenty-nine, went down. The accounts given by the survivors and rescuers differ considerably, but one is irresistibly impressed by the complete unanimity and sincerity with which they bear tribute to the lion-hearted James O'Hagan, skipper of the wrecked vessel, whose dead body, enclosed in a pine coffin, and covered with the Union Jack, now awaits a hero's grave at Boston, Massachusetts. This story of a gallant struggle against overwhelming odds, and sacrifice made to save his ship recall the best traditions of the British skipper, and, as told me to-day, make one feel glad that the brave seaman was British-born.

It appears that the vessel sailed from New York on Wednesday, March 7, with a miscellaneous cargo, including live cattle. She

was bound for Antwerp, and made good progress until Thursday, when she ran into the teeth of the Atlantic gales. Heavy seas swept the vessel fore and aft, and some heavy gear was washed into the tormented water. It was caught by the breakers, hurled back with tremendous force, and crashed against the iron sides of the vessel. In this way, it is believed, the leak was sprung. The water poured into the holds, and pumping was only of small avail.

Preparations to jettison the cargo were made, and all hands worked desperately in what seemed a hopeless struggle for life. Captain O'Hagan, by general consent, was the coolest and most active man aboard. Despite the terrific weather he kept the bridge nearly all the time from Thursday until Saturday, giving orders, and cheering up his men. The latter suffered constantly from exposure, from the attacks of the waves which flooded the ship, from lack of sleep, from hunger, and from the bruises and injuries which they received by being tossed forward and backward on the vessel's deck.

By Saturday the *British King* had settled down in the water to a noticeable extent, and, realising the necessity of quick action, Captain O'Hagan himself went into the hold, and strove to repair the most damaged sections of the hull. It was while he was doing this that a barrel of oil fractured one of his legs in two places. The injury was so severe that a piece of bone protruded through the flesh. In spite of this injury, and in spite of the internal hurts caused by his fall, Captain O'Hagan refused to be carried to his cabin. He ordered his leg to be bound up, and when this had been done he resumed his command, and directed the efforts which were being made to plug up the hole in the ship's side; but all efforts proved fruitless, and Saturday night found all hands, including a little stowaway, trying to take refuge on the main deck.

At an early hour on Sunday morning the German tank steamer *Mannheim* and the Anglo-American Oil Company's steamer *Bostonian* was sighted. Affairs were then at the last stage of desperation. In answer to the *British King's* signal, "We are sinking," both vessels launched their lifeboats, and succeeded, with much difficulty, in rescuing twenty-eight of the crew.

It is difficult to know which to admire most—the heroism of

the brave men who manned the lifeboats at the risk of their own lives, or of the British King's crew, some of whom volunteered to remain aboard because there was no room in the boats. The Bostonian's crew apparently competed for the honour of manning their lifeboat.

Darkness prevented the removal of all the crew of the sinking vessel, and while the Mannheim proceeded on her voyage, the Bostonian decided to stand by for a few hours. When the moon rose nothing but wreckage marked the site where the British King had gone down. Captain O'Hagan, suffering agonies from his fractured leg, his other injuries, and from his long hours of exposure, had been lowered carefully into the first boat despatched by the Bostonian, but he died shortly afterwards."—R.I.P.

Here is a trifle taken from the *Office Window* of the *Daily Chronicle*:—

"Now that Spain and England are about to be brought into closer bonds of union, it is interesting to note that the one permanently successful attempt to civilise the Australian blacks is the work of Spanish missionaries. Sixty years ago a couple of Spanish Benedictine monks, Dr. Salvado and Dr. Serra, established a mission station at New Norcia, in Western Australia, which has now grown into the largest monastery and settlement of civilised blacks in the Commonwealth. There are sixty monks in the place and the average of blacks in residence is 300. A convent of Spanish nuns takes charge of the black girls. The blacks are well educated, and taught a number of trades. Some of them have even qualified as postal and telegraphic officials. The Western Australian Government gives the institution an annual grant of £450."

We learn from *The Catholic Times* of some notable doings of our brethren in South Wales.

"THE NEW CHURCH AT CANTON.—Father Duggan, O.S.B., and his curate, Father Bernard Gibbons, O.S.B., are taking their coats off to the great task of erecting a worthy church at Canton in place of the present makeshift building, and, what is even more important, they have induced the congregation to imitate their good example. The wonderful spirit of co-operation which

has been diffused was strikingly illustrated in the success of the whistle drive held in aid of the building fund, at the Assembly Rooms, Town Hall, Cardiff, on Monday evening last. The fine room was almost uncomfortably crowded, and, as showing how far the efforts of the ticket sellers had outstripped the hopes of the committee, it may be mentioned that the proceedings had to be delayed somewhat owing to a heavy shortage in programmes. However, all went merry as a marriage bell, under the presidency of Dr. Broad, than whom it would be impossible to imagine a more genial and capable master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the games Father Duggan, in calling upon the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress to present the prizes, expressed his gratitude to all who were present for their very material help towards beautifying their newly-made city. He was especially grateful to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress for their presence and assistance in lending the Town Hall."

"LECTURE ON PLAIN CHANT BY FATHER BURGE, O.S.B.—The Very Rev. Father Burge, O.S.B., gave a lecture at Merthyr-Tydvil to the Plain Chant Choir of St. Mary's on Tuesday and Wednesday week. The principles of the Chant and the manifest desire of the Holy Father to make its use universal throughout the Church were points briefly disposed of. The method in which it should be rendered was the particular object of his visit. For some months, since the opening of their new church in October last, a body of men had been trained to sing not only the Plain Chant Ordinary of the Mass, but likewise the Proper of every Sunday. The diligence with which they have pursued their task may be judged from the fact that while all were practically without musical knowledge, many have learnt to read with no very great difficulty, and Sunday after Sunday their execution of the Chant has won unstinted praise. Dom Burge, whose reputation as an expert was well known to them by his recent publications, was asked to instruct them in the methods of Dom Pothier. With great readiness he acceded to their request, and the result has been hailed with enthusiasm. The information on voice production, and the rhythm of the Chant, was of great value, and, to their own surprise, in less than an hour Father Burge had thoroughly taught the choir an entirely new Mass from the Vatican Kyriale, with a completeness of execution they

had not before even dreamt of. All were deeply impressed with the beauty of the method of Dom Pothier, and a second visit from Father Burge is looked forward to with the most eager expectation."

Our readers will be pleased to hear that Father Burge's article in the *Journal* on the "Rhythmic Theories of Dom Mocquereau" has received the honour of being translated into French and published as a number of the *Paléographie Musicale*.

The energy of our Cumberland fathers is again in evidence. Here is a cutting from a *Workington* paper.

SHAKESPEARE BY THE CATHOLIC CHILDREN.

"Father Standish and those who have been working with him for some months had their reward on Friday evening, when the Queen's Opera House was packed in every part with an enthusiastic audience who had assembled to witness the opera 'Midsummer Night's Dream' performed by the Catholic schoolchildren. Father Standish and his colleagues aimed high when they tackled Shakespeare; but the result quite justified their selection.

Space won't allow a detailed criticism of the various characters; but generally, and without exaggeration, we can say that the greatest possible credit is due to the children and those who trained them.

The mounting was very good, and the costumes superb. Indeed, we thought that less costly dresses might have been quite as effective; but it seemed to have been a case with the parents of having everything correct and of the best material. Judging by the hearty applause, which was well deserved, the large audience were delighted, and Father Standish, his colleagues, the children and their parents are to be heartily congratulated upon having produced an excellent all round show."

Our readers will notice a reference in the School Diary to a performance by the Junior students of what was called on the programme "A Fragment of Aristophanes' Frogs." We are glad to learn that the play was fragmentary only because it is in a state of mere preparation. We hope to be present at the full performance which we understand will take place on Exhi-

bition Day this year. For the consolation of those of our readers whose Greek is getting rusty we are happy to state that the play is given in Mr. Gilbert Murray's delightful English Verse Translation. To Mr. Murray himself those responsible for the production of the piece are much indebted for a kind letter of encouragement, and some valuable advice on the many difficulties which beset the rendering of a Greek play before a modern audience and under modern conditions.

Our thanks to Mr. Milburn for a large canvas by T. Holroyd; the subject "The Old Oak, Pandy Mill," exhibited at Leeds in 1875. He also sends us six more valuable old engravings, among them a St. Lawrence, by Leblon, a most welcome addition to our engraved St. Lawrences.

Father Austin Hind presents us with an interesting engraving by H. Demsey—silhouette portraits of ten Catholic priests who died of fever in the year 1847, in Liverpool. We find three Benedictine fathers in the list, Rev. Wm. Vincent Dale, O.S.B., John Austin Gilber and James Francis Appleton, D.D. We also have to thank Fr. Basil Hurworth for a large photograph of Knaresboro' and two small fine engravings.

On January 4th the Craticulae Cricket Club met for supper at the Stork Hotel, Liverpool. The Rev. J. E. Matthews, O.S.B., M.A. (President of the Club) was in the chair and among members present were G. C. Chamberlain Esq., and John Hesketh Esq., (Vice-Presidents), the Very Rev. T. A. Burge, O.S.B., Revv. R. P. Corlett, O.S.B., A. M. Powell, O.S.B., and P. L. Buggins, O.S.B.; Messrs. H. Quinn, L. H. Chamberlain, C. Quinn, J. G. Fishwick, etc. After supper the Chairman proposed the toast of the Craticulae C. C. in an interesting and witty speech, to which the Hon. Secretary briefly responded. The health of the chairman was proposed by the Rev. R. P. Corlett, seconded by G. C. Chamberlain, Esq., and received with musical honours. In his reply the chairman voiced the feeling of the meeting by particularly thanking Prior Burge, not only for his presence with them that evening, but also for the most able way in which he had presided at the piano. Among those, besides Prior Burge, whose vocal

abilities contributed to the success of the evening were the Rev. P. L. Buggins and Messrs. T. Ibbotson and D. Traynor.

An excellent list of fixtures has been arranged for the coming cricket season. Fixture cards may be obtained from Messrs. E. R. Hesketh or O. L. Chamberlain at the College, or from the Secretary, Mr. G. H. Chamberlain, Fairholme, Grassendale Park, Liverpool.

We see in the *Yorkshire Post* that the Lancashire County Second XI. has been included among the Minor Counties for the coming cricket season, and that Mr. Tom Ainscough has accepted the position of captain of the team. It is no secret that had he felt disposed to devote his leisure hours to cricket, Mr. Ainscough could have obtained a permanent place in the Lancashire First XI. We hope to see him on our own ground in the summer, after the match against the Yorkshire Second XI. at Harrogate.

Warm felicitations to Michael Worthy on occasion of his marriage with Miss Ethel Bucknall of Liverpool, also to Ernest Railton on his marriage with Edith Lowther.

We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of Anne Willson, mother of our three Fathers, Philip, Wilfrid and Dominic Willson; and of Fr. Bernard Adrian Beauvoisin, O.S.B., a short record of whose life we hope to give in our next number. Both have died whilst these 'Notes' were being printed. May they rest in peace.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the *Adelphian*, the *St. Augustine*, the *Beaumont Review*, the *Revue Bénédicte*, *St. Cuthbert's Magazine*, the *Dunside Review*, the *Donai Magazine*, the *Georgian*, the *Oratory School Magazine*, the *Oscotian*, the *Ratcliffian*, the *Raven*, the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the *Studien und Mittheilungen*, and the *Ushaw Magazine*.

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