



J. R. Hutchinson, Artist.

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THE NEW ETCHINGS OF STONYHURST.

- 1.—The South Front. 2.—A Vista: South Front from the Garden. 3.—The Boys' Chapel.
4.—The South East Corner of the Front Court. 5.—The West Front from the North. 6.—The Main Staircase.

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

“Quant je puis”

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Vol. XIII. No. 194.

June, 1914.

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CURRENT EVENTS.

We reproduce in our frontispiece and on another page the set of seven etchings of the College, recently executed by Mr. J. R. Hutchinson, and published by Beynon and Co., of Cheltenham. Father Rector has still in hand some of the first 25 sets printed from the plates, but intending purchasers should lose no time in sending in their orders to him if they wish to secure these early impressions. The price is four guineas per set.

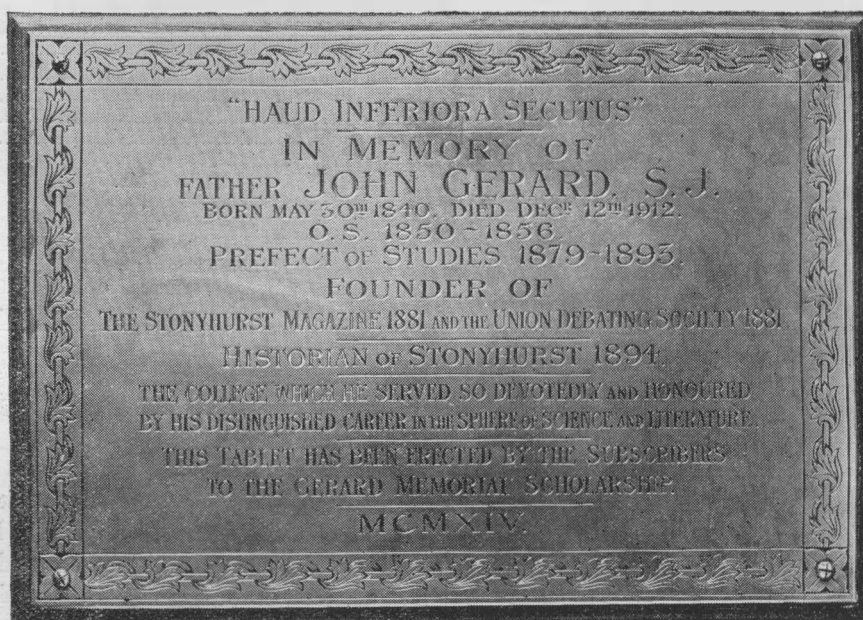
We rejoice to be able to congratulate our Irish sister-College, Clongowes Wood, on the celebration of its centenary. The Very Rev. Fr. Browne, in his capacity of Provincial, represented the English Province, and the Rev. Fr. Rector and Fr. Michael Maher, of St. Mary's Hall, represented Stonyhurst. The accounts we have received of the fêtes and ceremonies, not to mention the distinguished company present, represent the celebration as a splendid

success, well worthy of the occasion. The *Daily Mail* for June 3rd, contained a portrait of Mr. J. Redmond, leader of the Irish Party in Parliament, and an old Clongownian, busily engaged in signing his autograph in the albums of the students. The passing of the Home Rule Bill only a few days before the centenary of his old school, no doubt gave additional value to the signature of one who was chiefly instrumental in bringing it to pass, and readily accounted for the genial smiles on the faces of the Irish leader and his youthful school-fellows.

The Stonyhurst Association dinner this year took place in the refectories of the community and philosophers here. It was a most successful evening in all respects, and was attended by a numerous company, representing all departments. An account of the speeches is given elsewhere.

The subscribers to the Gerard Memorial have erected a brass tablet to the memory of the late Father John Gerard, so many years our Prefect of Studies, and later on Provincial. It is fixed on the outer wall of the Higher Line Reading Room, a most appropriate place, as all will agree who remember how he founded, and for many years conducted with brilliant results, that most useful of institutions, the Stonyhurst Union Debating Club. An illustrative print of the brass is given below.

disease, which reached so acute a stage some weeks before his death that small hopes were entertained of his recovery. Fr. Kavanagh was only forty-five years of age, and until lately had to all seeming the prospect of many years of useful work before him. He entered the Society of Jesus as a priest in 1894, and after his studies was employed almost entirely on the mission. The offices most recently held by him were—Minister at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, and Minister at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst.



Another plate will give some idea of the two beautiful candelabra, of elaborate workmanship in brass, that have lately come to the College as a present from Fr. Provincial. They now adorn the sanctuary of the Sodality Chapel.

DEATH OF FR. MICHAEL KAVANAGH, S.J.

It was with deep regret that all at Stonyhurst heard of Fr. Kavanagh's death, which occurred at St. Mary's Hall, on June 4th last. He had been in weak health during the last few years, from heart

In character Fr. Kavanagh was particularly genial and amiable, and he made friends wherever he went. The community at St. Mary's Hall were much attached to him, and feel his loss keenly.

R.I.P.

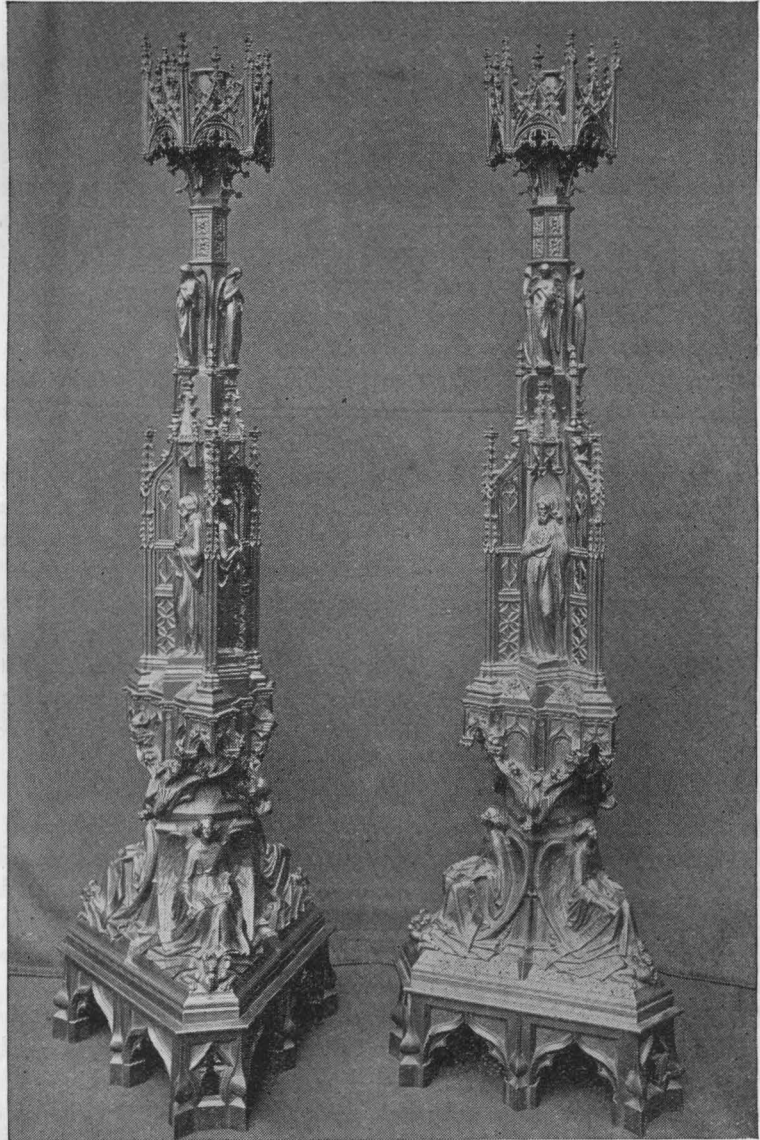
With the most heartfelt cordiality we congratulate our Benedictine sister-college, Downside, on its centenary, and on the happy coincidence by which at the same time the distinguished Abbot-President of the English Benedictines, Cardinal Gasquet, received the red hat.

The *Morning Post* for April 20th, contained an interesting notice of the Public Schools' Motor-cycling Races on the Brooklands track, which took place on the previous Saturday. Stonyhurst was well represented by the intrepid "Jacky" Petre, and by Mr. Thomas Spencer, senior philosopher this year. J. J. Petre was first in class II., 500 cc. motor-cycles, his machine being a $3\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. *Rudge*. The distance of the race was three laps, or nearly nine miles. These were run off in about eight minutes, at an average speed of nearly 62 miles an hour. Of competitors from about twenty other schools, the only one Petre had to fear was a Rugby boy, who took a lead at the start and held it for two miles, when the Stonyhurst man forged ahead and maintained his foremost position to the finish. The result quoted was: "Won by three-quarters of a mile; a mile and a half between second and third. Winner's speed, 61.69 m.p.h."

In Class III., for higher-powered machines, Stonyhurst, in the person of T. Spencer, on a five h.p. *Indian*, though competing against machines of a higher power, would unquestionably have been placed, that is in the first three, but for a regrettable accident. An important part of the engine broke. As it was he was fourth. It is worth noticing that these races are now an annual event; so it is to be hoped that next year entries from Stonyhurst will

be even more numerous and not less successful. A cheer for our pioneers!

We hope in our next issue to give heraldic particulars of the various coats-of-arms that have lately been put up in the windows at the end of the playroom and schoolroom galleries. They are, as usual, the work of Mr. Paul Woodroffe, of Campden.



Reproduction of candelabra in Sodality Chapel.

A substantial addition has just been made to the landed property of the College. In 1812, 1829, and 1838, various portions of land in the vicinity were acquired, so that, in process of time the whole of the adjoining Grimshaw Estate was surrounded by the College property. It, therefore, became increasingly desirable, if possible, to annex it. We had to fear that, if the land in question were sold in allotments to small holders, they would be more difficult to buy out at a subsequent date. Thanks, however, to the considerate kindness of Mr. Grimshaw, the right of pre-emption of the estate as a whole was offered to our authorities, who were extremely grateful to the vendor for his generosity in preserving the estate intact. Negotiations were entered into some time ago; the contract of purchase was signed on February 12th of this year, and the purchase completed, and possession taken on May 9th. From a sub-joined map, skilfully sketched by Mr. Leo Hothersall, of Preston, for the editor, a clear idea of the extent and position of our new territory may be formed. The property consists of 59 acres of prime farm land, and 12 acres of woodland, together with two dwelling houses, four cottages, and farm buildings. The proximity of this large plot in our near neighbourhood, the unification of the estate, and last, but not least, the welcome addition of 12 more acres to our shooting, are advantages too obvious to enlarge upon.

OPENING OF THE MONTH OF MAY.

Fr. Martindale preached the discourse at the gathering before the Lady Statue, for the opening of May. He alluded to a remark made to him by Mr. E. W. Hornung, the writer of *Raffles*, upon the immense power, in a Catholic school, of the devotion to Our Lady, and he spoke of the unique importance of being able, and willing, to choose rightly when alternatives were offered us. Mary, by one right choice, altered the world's history. It was possible to drift through life almost without choosing at all, and for the will to disappear, almost, through lack of use, or misuse. Yet it was the will which made a man truly man, and the will showed its worth in the choices it made. Fr. Martindale appealed especially

to those whose first, or last, May this was at Stonyhurst, and asked them to choose resolutely to begin or to finish their Stonyhurst career as well as possible. His subject was developed in a most interesting manner, and held the close attention of all throughout.

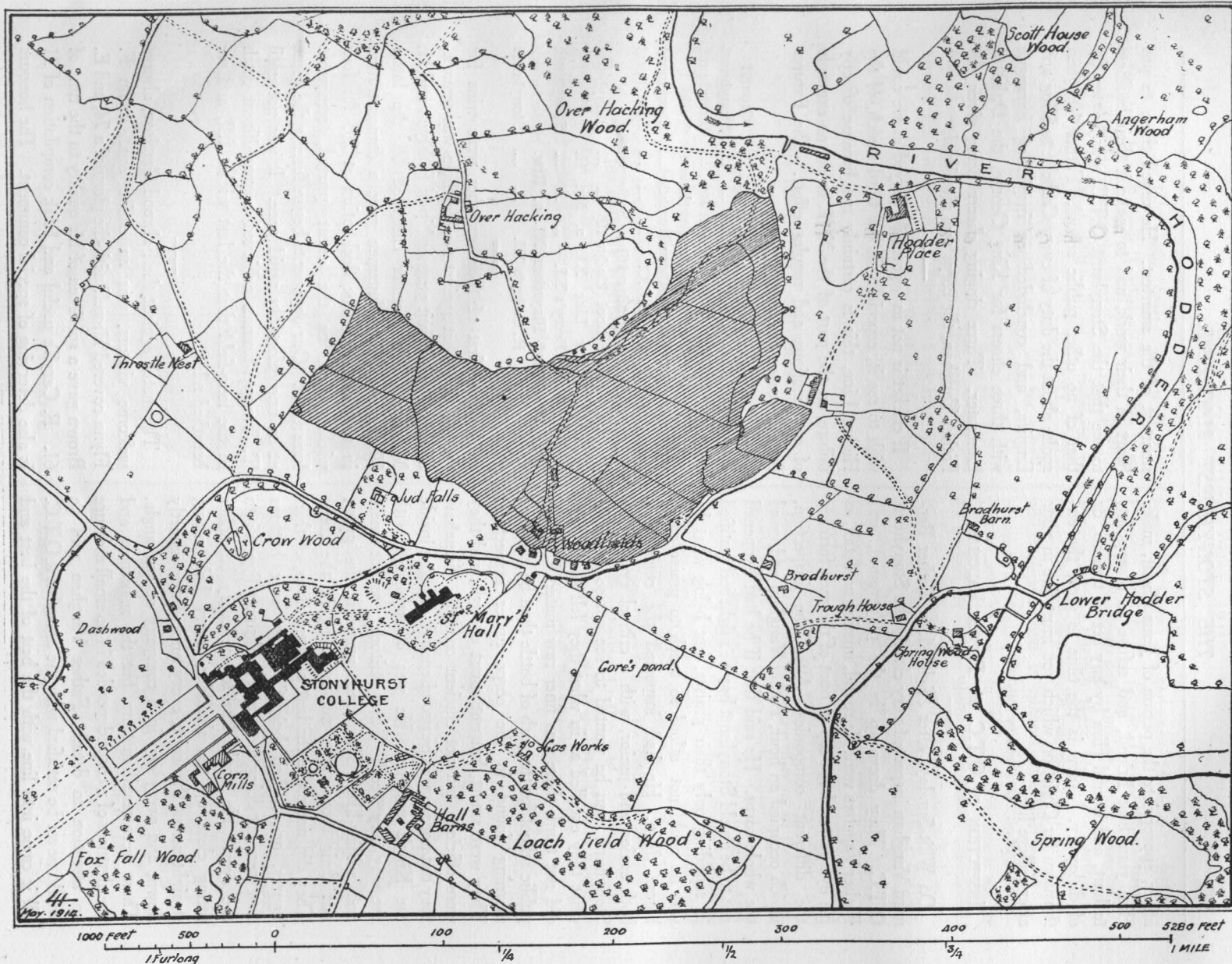
CLOSING OF MONTH OF MAY.

ADDRESS BY FR. BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J.

The usual ceremony for the closing of the month of May was notable this year for the stirring and eloquent sermon preached by Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., on the occasion. His exhortation was in reality a plea for enthusiasm for our Lord. He told how Jesus Christ had come upon earth to cast fire, and he wanted to see it enkindled in the hearts of all, more especially in the hearts of every Stonyhurst boy. Fire was a great driving force, fire was a great transforming force, and fire was a great lighting and heating force. The preacher, with copious illustration, drew out his lesson, and then went on to show the difference which was seen in the Apostles themselves before and after their baptism of fire-tongues. Before, they were timid, irresolute, and doubting, while after the coming of the fire-spirit they were brave, resolved, and as full of faith as a power-house of energy. Father Vaughan said he would say to the present-day boys of Stonyhurst what his sainted Father, Ignatius, was wont to say to his Jesuit sons when going forth on mission duty—"Be on fire, and go and set the world on fire."

The only safe way of going forth from the narrow platform of school life to the broader one of public life was to be inspired with a strong, an enthusiastic, nay, a passionate love of Jesus Christ.

On the treacherous ways of life he only was sure of his footing whose arm was slipped into the sacred arm of our Lord. On that arm every Stonyhurst boy must learn during his college career to lean with all his weight, and from that Sacred Heart he must learn to draw all his strength and his support to meet the trials to his virtue that would sweep over him, no matter in what business or profession he might be engaged. Make your religion a personal



The shaded portion of the map shows the position of the Grimshaw Estate, of 71 acres, recently purchased by the College.

affair, appropriate the person of Jesus Christ, make Him your best Friend, and refuse to disappoint, to hurt, and wound Him by any act of treason, or of disloyalty. Now is the time to grow the enthusiasm for Christ on which you must live in your after college life.

INSPECTION OF O.T.C. BY FATHER VAUGHAN.

On Whit-Sunday, after High Mass, Father Bernard Vaughan inspected very closely the Stonyhurst O.T.C. They drew up in the playground, and Father Vaughan went his round, missing no detail, as his eye passed from cap to boot of the men forming the different companies. After the inspection, which occupied an hour, Father Vaughan addressed the whole corps. He said that if he had happened not to be an old Stonyhurst boy he might feel justified in sounding only their praises, but being what he was he could not afford so much to praise as to blame them. He had inspected the companies, both senior and junior, with a critical eye. As a Stonyhurst man he wanted to see not so much in what they excelled as in what they fell short. He did not think there was finer raw material in any public school for the garb of battle than he had that morning found in the corps under inspection. They were smart, but not smart enough, and they were efficient, but not efficient enough. Somehow they did not seem to be proud enough of being inside the King's uniform. He was disappointed with the way they stood. Their attitude was not smart and soldier-like. Their feet were in the grass, but their brows were not swinging in the stars. They did not make the best of themselves, of their figures, or of their height. There were buttons that were not doing duty, and hooks not slipped into the eyes. He would like to see every bandolier fitting close up the shoulder, every belt sitting straight across the waist, every tunic drawn smartly down, and every cap in a company at one angle. These were small matters, but the smartness and the alertness of a corps depended in no small measure on attention to detail. Father Vaughan said he would never be satisfied with the Stonyhurst O.T.C. till it came into line with the best of the best and

smartest of the smartest. He urged them to put heart in their work, and to make it their business to see that the Stonyhurst O.T.C. was beaten by that of no other public school. Father Vaughan spoke about the duty of every Catholic to King and Empire, and concluded an inspiring harangue with three cheers for King George, the Duke of Lancaster. Three ringing cheers being given for Father Vaughan, the corps was dismissed.

If cricket is not as vigorously played as we could wish to see it, especially in the third match, of the Higher Line, this is certainly not because of any failure on the part of the XIII. to set an example of conscientious and regular effort. The fixtures for this season are as follows :

Date	Team.	Ground
May 28	S.C.C. v. Northern	Stonyhurst
June 2	S.C.C. v. Fulwood Garrison ...	Stonyhurst
" 17	S.C.C. v. Yorkshire Gentlemen	York
" 23	S.C.C. v. Northern Nomads ...	Stonyhurst
July 2	S.C.C. v. M.C.C.	Stonyhurst
" 8	S.C.C. (Under 16) v. Sedbergh School (Under 16)	Stonyhurst
" 16	Lower Line XI. v. Mr. H. Berry's XI.	Stonyhurst
" 23	Third Playroom XI. v. Rev. R. Colley's XI.	Stonyhurst

The two first of these matches were wins for the S.C.C. That against the Northern was remarkable for the brilliant partnership of F. Flynn and H. Morrissey. The former compiled 88, the latter 80 not out. Both batsmen gave a demonstration in neat cutting. The declaration at 203 for four wickets was, as the event proved, somewhat hazardous. Our opponents began forcing the game at an uncomfortably rapid pace. It was not until T. Trappes-Lomax achieved a magnificent catch in the long-field that the last wicket fell, and we breathed relief.

The match against the Fulwood Garrison, always welcome visitors, was an easier win. Again F. Flynn covered himself with the glory of a 74, and E. Brown gave a specimen of his quality to the tune of 61. F. Caryl's useful and brisk compilation of 31 is also deserving of special comment. The honours

in the bowling have been pretty evenly divided between F. Farrelly and R. Plissonneau. We have special satisfaction in congratulating Farrelly on completing his first half-century of wickets in first-class cricket, *i.e.*, out-matches. The tariff for a bat in out-matches is fixed at 50; for a ball, seven wickets in the same innings. We trust that one or more of our bowlers may gain the latter, and of our batsmen the former, in the return match against the Gentlemen of Yorkshire, on June 17th. We hear, however, that there is prospect of their finding a more formidable team awaiting them than last year.

THE HEATHCOTE GOLD MEDAL.

Results of the Competition.

There was only one candidate, H. Slattery, for the Heathcote English Literature Medal. Possibly, when the offer of this medal, which can at present be competed for only by Rhetoric, is more widely familiar (this is the first year of its existence), and facilities for general reading considerably increased, competition will be proportionately keener. The

books set were: Shakespeare, *Henry V.*; Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I., II.; Burke, *The American Speeches*; Chaucer, *Prologue* and *Knight's Tale*; Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*. Though there was no competition, the medal was deservedly awarded to the candidate, whose papers, both in content and in form, were a pleasure to read. He can quote and can remember facts well. Perhaps in future years more might be looked for in the shape of personal impression, artistic appreciation, and independent judgment. Thus we think that *Vanity Fair* would be a more promising book for the eliciting of these than, for instance, *Paradise Lost*, and certainly than Burke's speeches. This essay on the characteristics peculiar to prose and poetry respectively was clear and original. It is hoped, by the offering of this medal, to make of literature not so much one more "subject" for exact knowledge, as a source of permanent pleasure, and a means towards an easier and more intimate association with the more cultivated and many-sided of one's fellow-men. "History," said Lord Acton, "should be not a burden to the memory, but an illumination to the soul"; and the same applies, in its measure, to the knowledge of literature proper to a man of the world.

C. C. M.



THE HEATHCOTE GOLD MEDAL (slightly enlarged).

EXCHANGES.

The R.M.C. Record (Sandhurst), *Zambesi Mission Record*, *Denstonian*, *St. Xavier's College Magazine*, *Xaverian* (Mayfield), *Animals' Friend*, *Xaverian* (Liverpool), *St. Aloysius College Magazine* (Malta), *St. Mary's College Magazine* (Marazion, Bombay), *The Xaverian* (Calcutta), *Ratcliffian*, *Downside Review*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Ampleforth College Journal*, *The Raven*, *Downside Review*, *Oscotian*, *Ushaw Magazine*, *L'Ecole Technique* (Liège), *Trait d'Union*, *Irish Review*, *Beaumont Review*, *Mountaineer*, *Elizabethan*, *Radleian*, *Rossallian*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Month*, *Fordham Monthly*, *Wellingtonian*, *Examiner*, *St. Joseph's College Trichinopoly Magazine*, *Ignatian Record*, *Blue and White*, *St. Xavier's College Magazine*, *The Columbian*, *Roma*, *The Gazette*.

HODDER NOTES.

The following have gone up from Hodder to the College this term:—C. Broadbent, J. Caron, G. Fawcett, G. Field-Moser, V. Grunhut, S. Jardim, J. Banks, J. Molina, A. Riley, E. Molina. We wish them every success.

A short time ago Fr. F. Irwin brought down Professor Matachowski to see us. He is the Director of the "Teresianum," at Vienna, which is the largest and most distinguished Government Secondary School in Austria. He thoroughly inspected Hodder, with which he was highly pleased. He paid a visit to Miss O'Kelly's class, where the boys sang him two songs, one in German and the other in French. He was delighted, and said, "Das ist sehr gut!" We all answered "Hoch! Hoch!!"

The boys are very keen on Cricket this term and we hope to have a first-class eleven. E. Biller and P. Conron are the captains of the first "Twenty-two," and V. Tuke and H. Bartlett are the captains of the second "Twenty-two." Between ourselves, we do not think that the Philosophers will have much chance against us, but we are sure that they will do their best.

A Committee has been formed to look after the Ocelot. It is composed as follows:—Fr. Cassidy, Chairman; A. Riley, Hon. Secretary; Jim, the Gardener, Caterer; W. Girdwood, Valet; Rev. J. Gallagher, Trainer. A friend has sent us the following little poem on our pet:—

THE HODDER OCELOT.

We are proud of our beautiful Ocelot!
Of food down his throat he can toss a lot!
To provide him with fodder
Is the joy of all Hodder.
If he died, we should each feel his loss a lot!

Fr. Molloy will be glad to hear that the Fishing Club has started work for the season 1914. We are as careful as he was in putting back small fish, and in not taking smelt. At present the Club consists of a Secretary, A. Barrow, and "two industrious workers," C. Unsworth and C. Pyke.

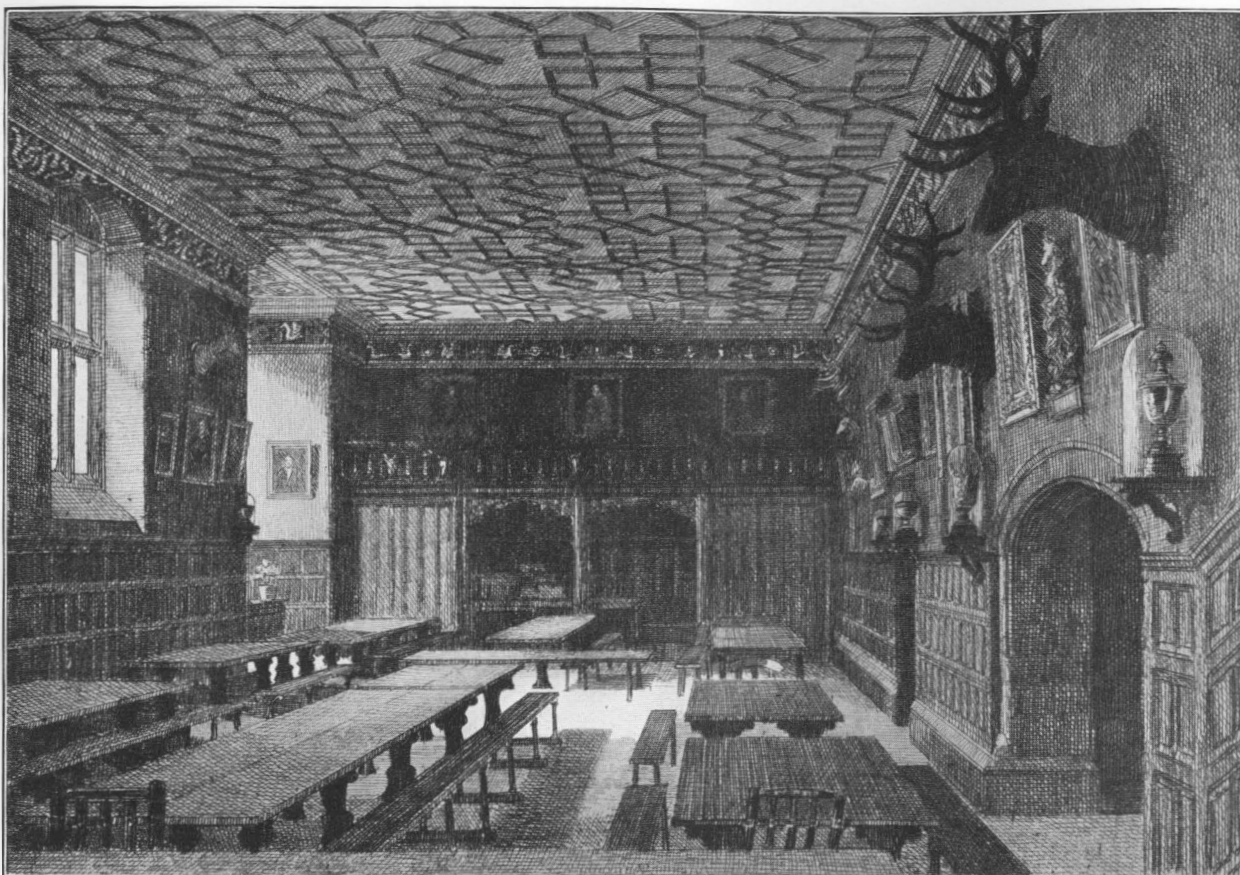
Our dear old friend, Jim the Bulldog, is no longer with us. The Hodder food was too much for him! He was as fat as a Pig! We have made a present of him to Dr. Orme.

Four Hodder boys made their first communion on Corpus Christi, these were:—Alfred Sire, Terence O'Shea, H. Mackeson, and L. Mackeson. Very Rev. Father Provincial (Father Joseph Browne) said the Mass, and there were a number of visitors present.

We are very grateful to Mrs. Corkery for her present of a very pretty altar-cloth, and to Mrs. Waddington for giving us a cotta embroidered with rich lace.

Don't be afraid of doing too much. Those who are, seldom do as much as they ought.

—Admiral Lord Collingwood.



J. R. Hutchinson, Artist.

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THE SHIREBURN REFECTORY.

OLD ALUMNI.

Editorial Notice.

We have had the pleasure of receiving recently letters from well-wishers of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* commenting on the scantiness of our "Old Alumni Notes." We cordially agree with them, and no one regrets the fact more than we do. Unfortunately the remedy lies not with us but with *our Old Alumni themselves*. If they do not write and tell us what they are doing it is scarcely fair to reproach us for ignoring their achievements. Take your finger off the trigger, then, good O.S. Critic!

We are doing our best. We subscribe to a lynx-eyed press-cutting agency, which pounces on every printed mention of Stonyhurst and forwards it to us. We buttonhole every O.S. visitor to the College for news of himself and his friends. We have O.S. correspondents in large cities, Universities, and even in the regions known in our local dialect as "Furrin Paarts," all of whom with unfailing regularity forget to send us their promised contributions. Promised food fattens no swine. Obviously, then, it is to our Old Alumni readers themselves that we must look for a remedy for this deficiency, which is glaringly exemplified in our present issue.

Major A. L. Bickford, C.I.E. (1883), has recently been appointed D.A.A.G. of the 1st Division Peshawar, N.W. Provinces.

We offer our congratulations to Isaac Ayerza (1904), who was married to Miss Mary Lynch Gorostiaga, on May 12th.

F. G. Lescher (1900), who is now working at the West London Hospital, has recently passed Part II. of the Cambridge Examination for Medical and Surgical Degrees.

Col. Arthur Woodroffe, R.E. (1881), is at present engaged on the military mission entrusted with delimitation of the boundary between Peru and Brazil.

An Oxford correspondent informs us that C. Taunton, 1904 (Corpus), and J. Danson, 1906 (Trinity), have been playing "soccer" for their respective colleges, and that E. Bamford, 1909 (Corpus), though an eightsmen last year, is prevented, through stress of work, from rowing for Corpus in the summer eights this term.

Edward Kennedy, who only left us as lately as last November to enter Sandhurst, has been appointed Colour-Sergeant at the R.M.C. This is rapid promotion.

IN MEMORIAM.

FATHER JOHN CLAYTON, S.J., (1857).

Many Stonyhurst men, past and present, will have heard with regret of the death, at Boscombe, of Father John Clayton at the age of 73.

The mere enumeration of the important appointments held by Father Clayton throughout his career bear sufficient testimony to his general abilities and his special capacity for government and administration.

Three years after his ordination he was made Rector of Mount St. Mary's College, a post which he vacated to become Provincial for a period of six years. Next we find him in charge of the Mission of New Orleans, as Vice-Provincial. Having re-organised the affairs of that Mission during his three years' residence there, he returned to become Rector of Wimbledon College. Later he was Rector of St. Beuno's College. After a year as Procurator, at Beaumont, in 1908, he was appointed Superior of

the Church and Mission at Boscombe, near Bourne-mouth, a post which he retained till his death, if we except a brief interval in 1913, when he acted as Vice-Provincial during the absence of the present Provincial in Guiana, and also during the recent illness of the latter.

Father Clayton's direct connection with Stonyhurst dates from 1857, when he came from Mount St. Mary's to the Class of Grammar, becoming in that year Head of the Lower Line. As a student he was diligent and capable, always maintaining his position among the first three of his class, and in his final year he was Head of the College, and Prefect of the Sodality. In 1868 he returned to Stonyhurst as third Prefect, and after a year he became Master of Figures, remaining in charge of his class until the end of their year in Poetry, 1873.

As a master he is remembered by his pupils as a painstaking teacher, an uncompromising disciplinarian and yet the kindest hearted of friends. A great example of work himself, he expected his boys to work too, and they never resented it. He was so palpably concerned in their getting on and in their success in games as much as in their studies, that they loved him as well as revered him. In the terminal report he expected his class to top the list, and he was a doughty upholder of his class's honour when he appeared to play for it in the inter-class matches of the Old Stonyhurst games. Amongst his pupils in Syntax and Poetry were two future Jesuits who were destined to succeed him in the office of Provincial, Father R. Sykes and Father Joseph Browne. Lord Justice Moriarty, of the Irish Bench, was a member of the same class.

Father Clayton was a typical "John Bull." A strong ruler, cautious, industrious, dependable, and absolutely "straight" in all his dealings, "Honest John," as his friends loved to call him, invariably acquired the respect and trust of all who knew him.

He was a man of few words, in whom a somewhat austere manner overlaid a genuinely hearty and genial nature.

A statement from him, beginning with his favourite exordium, "Depend upon it," uttered with pon-

derous emphasis and intense conviction and accompanied usually by a thump on the table, or a slap on his thigh, was eloquent of hidden depths of immovable determination.

When he asserted that the anxieties of his office as Provincial never cost him an hour's sleep we can accept his words as quite in keeping with his impassive, imperturbable disposition, destitute of nerves and unhampered by imagination.

With his American acquaintances in Louisiana he was very popular. As a "Britisher" in their eyes he quite "filled the bill."

Some of the strangest characters in Galveston, Texas (then no law-abiding city), were his devoted admirers.

Among these we may mention one Brann, editor of *The Iconclast*, a ferocious quill-driver of the most militant type, whose life was perpetually in danger from the guns of the local victims of his unbridled vituperation. The present writer well remembers Father Clayton's regret when news reached him of the death of his friend Brann, who was shot at sight in the streets of Galveston, by a rival editor, whom he had lampooned beyond human endurance. Apparently the gentle Brann had not, as the local papers put it, been quite "slick enough in pulling his gun," though he planted two bullets in his aggressor before he fell.

Father Clayton's official letters were models of a brevity so unconventional as to cause some amusement to foreign ecclesiastics accustomed to more ceremonious epistolary forms.

Thus, "Dear Father A., Please go to X. Yours, John Clayton, S.J.," was no uncommon form with him.

And when the destination of the recipient, thus laconically indicated, was some foreign mission totally unexpected by him, his continental confrères were unbounded in their admiration for British obedience.

Father Clayton himself received, interpreted and executed commands with a certain rugged simplicity, and he expected a like observance from others. Orders from headquarters in Rome were carried

out by him promptly and literally, with a touch, occasionally, of almost Cromwellian ruthlessness, in the face of the claims of local traditions and vested interests.

When he made up his mind it certainly required no small exercise of ingenuity to divert his purpose. Thus, when Rector of St. Beuno's, he determined on one occasion to exterminate all the rabbits on the property. "I have just been reading," said he, "that five rabbits eat as much grass as one sheep. Depend upon it, I mean to kill the lot. I've bought a machine for blowing sulphur fumes down their holes. That'll choke them all nicely." The present writer, to whom the foregoing pronouncement was made, was then in charge of that Department of Agriculture at St. Beuno's which dealt with the destruction of rabbits by means of fire-arms; consequently he and his partner agreed that it would be a pity to allow the sulphur method to succeed. But they knew better than to oppose the plan directly, so they first persuaded Father Clayton that the best time for the experiment would be during a hard frost with deep snow on the ground. As a preliminary they carefully ferreted all the rabbits out of the group of burrows selected for the experiment and then conducted Father Clayton to the spot. After two hours spent in the bitter cold blowing sulphur down empty holes, Father Clayton returned home looking distinctly "glum," and never mentioned the subject again. After that he confined his efforts to lying flat on the ground outside a wood on warm summer evenings, armed with a preposterous old single-barrelled "Hotchkiss" converted rifle, laboriously "potting" rabbits without respect for age or sex, provided only they remained sufficiently motionless.

In private life Father Clayton exhibited a robust sense of humour which was rarely evident in his public official utterances. There is a dour gleam, nevertheless, in the following answer of his to the Bishop of Menevia. The Bishop had pleaded with him as Provincial, in a speech at an ordination dinner at Beuno's, *to think of the needs of the Welsh Mission*, and lend him some priests for the work. Said Father Clayton in reply, "I have been thinking

of it, and, depend upon it, I mean to *go on thinking about it*." Roars of laughter followed, in which the Bishop joined as heartily as any.

His last years were spent in the quiet retirement of the Boscombe Mission, where, until quite recently, he seemed in his usual health.

When he presided as Vice-Provincial at the Provincial Congregation, held at Stonyhurst, in August last, he was to all appearances as hale and hearty as ever.

But he was beginning to feel his years, and to more than one friend he spoke privately in terms that were not habitual to him, of the burden which these official duties laid upon him.

During the past few weeks previous to the apoplectic seizure which finally carried him off, signs of failing vitality were beginning to be noticeable to those who came to see him. In him the Society of Jesus has lost a valued superior and worker, and the personal example of a singularly fine character.

R.I.P.

EDWARD SIDGREAVES (1852).

We record with regret the death of Edward Sidgreaves, which occurred some weeks ago. He was a member of a family well known at Stonyhurst. In disposition he was very retiring, especially in later years, when he rarely left the immediate neighbourhood of his home near Preston. Soon after leaving College he took up a business career, varied by requirements of military duty with the Lancashire Militia, in which he held a commission for some years. He was a deeply religious man and specially noted for his generous charities. On his father's death he had succeeded to considerable wealth, but of recent years his means had become considerably reduced through his habitual liberality in assisting others less fortunately circumstanced. He was not married. The few friends and relatives who were admitted to his intimate friendship were deeply attached to him, but his circle of acquaintances was not wide owing to his natural reserve and love of seclusion.

R.I.P.

FERNANDO DE MELLO (O.S., Phil., 1908).

News of the premature death of F. de Mello, who was a Philosopher here for two years from 1908, reached us last month. We regret that no further details have come to us in time for publication.

R.I.P.

DE REBUS PHILOSOPHORUM.

The Arundell Scholarship has been won by Mr. G. Williams, of Wimbledon College; and the Keating Memorial Essay by Mr. T. Trappes-Lomax.

Congratulations to Mr. Flynn on getting his colours, and on his two remarkable scores of 88 and 74 against the Northern C.C., and Fulwood Garrison respectively; also to Mr. Trappes-Lomax for his brilliant catch at long-on, which brought the first match to a close.

New arrivals this term are Messrs. R. and A. Strachwitz, and E. Bolton.

We are glad to welcome Mr. T. P. Armstrong, who has joined the Philosophers' Staff in the place of Mr. Power.

Tennis was begun on May 18th, but has suffered not a little from the sudden breaks in the weather for which the past month has been remarkable. Our first out-match was on June 14th, against Mr. de Choisy's team from Blackburn. The result was a victory for us by six matches to two.

The annual group photograph was taken on the 27th and has proved most successful. We hope to have the enlargement up very shortly.

Prince René and Mr. Almásy have left for home to pass their final examinations, and will not return till next term. Mr. Soriano, who has been abroad since Easter, returned on the 15th.

The "K" shelves in the Library, formerly occupied by books of reference, are now entirely devoted to classical English authors. They contain at present the complete works, in fine editions, of Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Meredith, George Eliot, the Brontës, Stevenson, Kipling, Whyte-Melville. The books of reference, much reduced in number by the elimination of many obsolete or irrelevant volumes, occupy a new set of shelves under the right-hand window, alongside which is another new bookcase, dedicated to Catholic literature and biography, and Apologetics. In this is included the very useful and interesting "Catholic Library," edited by Father Goodier, and now appearing in fortnightly volumes.

We take this opportunity of pointing out that the Philosophers' Library is, and from its commencement always has been, intended for the sole use of the Philosophers, by whom alone the cost of its upkeep is borne; that it is therefore a private, not a College, library; and that there is no standing custom or agreement by which any persons other than the Philosophers have free access to it. One is glad, on occasion, to oblige anyone who may ask for the loan of a particular book, but it was never intended that the library should be thrown open to the reading public of Stonyhurst at large.

It is not at all pleasant to have to speak in this way, the less so as those to whom our remarks are addressed have quite obviously been acting in perfect good faith. But so frequent and well grounded have been the complaints of late that books, and more particularly new and much sought-after books, are taken out—in many cases, one is forced to conclude, without entry—and kept out of the reach of their legitimate owners for quite unconscionable periods, that there is no alternative but to do so. At the present time of writing, for instance, quite a dozen volumes have been out so long—and they were not taken out by Philosophers—that we have practically given them up for lost. We shall have to replace them, as, since the beginning of the year, we have already had to replace an almost equal number.

THE GREAT ACADEMIES.

The Great Academies were held on June 4th. The chief novelty was the prologue, most felicitously enunciated by D. Macsherry. As we print part of it in another place, we can leave the reader to admire the originality of conception, deftness of rhyming, delicacy and point in allusion and unusual closeness of observation it displayed. Needless to say, it evoked several outbursts of applause. Written, learnt, and spoken as it was (we understand), quite at the last moment, no easy task was imposed upon Macsherry, who deserves every congratulation. W. Barrow's "Revenge" was a revival from the elocution prize competition, and it closed his career as an Academy reciter in a manner worthy of his many previous triumphs. Of the other items, already criticised in our pages, it is enough to say that the audience paid them the distinguished and by no means invariable compliment of desisting entirely from all conversation during their performance. The musical contributions were received with marked appreciation. The following was the programme :—

Overture ... "The Merry Wives of Windsor" *Nicolai*
THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

Prologue D. MACSHERRY

SCENE FROM THE EPILOGUE OF THE "WESTMINSTER PLAY."

Davus, a misaristocrat	...	F. VAN DER TÆLEN
Rufus, a legal luminary	...	L. UNSWORTH
Chremes, a farmer	...	P. FLINN
Charinus, of the Admiralty	...	E. CLARK
Mysis, a Suffragette	...	J. KENNEDY
Bomo, a policeman	...	M. H. NOLAN
Lesbia, herself	...	G. THORNTON
Simo, the spirit of progress	...	J. CASHMAN
Crito, the spirit of the past	...	B. KIRKBRIDE

Chorus "The Challenge of Thor" (King Olaf) *Elgar*
CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.
"The Revenge" (*Tennyson*) ... W. BARROW

CHARACTERS FROM THE PROLOGUE TO THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

Squire	...	M. SWENY
Monk	...	G. MCELLIGOTT

Wife of Bath	...	F. FARRELLY
Cook	...	R. GWYN
Miller	...	G. HULL
Clerk of Oxford	...	R. WALKER

"LA POUDRE FULMINANTE."

Le Docteur Tisane	...	E. BROWN
Cléobule (son domestique)	...	A. MAKEPEACE
Dubois	...	G. O'DONOGHUE
Dupont	...Malades	J. KELLY
Durand	...	B. WITHALL
Le Commandant Duracuire	...	F. CARYLL

(La scène se passe dans le cabinet du docteur.)

THE STONYHURST CHORUS.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

2-0. Lunch.

3-30. Review of the O.T.C.

4-30. Tea.

Gymnastic Display.

Distribution of Athletic Prizes.

The Prefect of Studies prefaced the Distribution of Prizes with a warning that we should not be long detained, as there were only a few prizes available for award. Of these, two were new additions to our prize-book. Last year we printed an article dealing with the Beltzhoover money prizes, generously given by the Stonyhurst Association of America for essays on American history and institutions. The first fell to T. Trappes-Lomax, the second to R. Irwin, and the third to J. Radcliff. As for T. Trappes-Lomax, he seemed to have about as much a monopoly of the chief literary prizes as Harold Lynch, Captain of the School, had of the athletic ones. Both were recipients of a loud and prolonged ovation, as they knelt time after time to kiss the ring of either Dr. Brindle, Bishop of Nottingham, or Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Geraldton, Western Australia, who, with Mr. J. Maxwell-Scott, of Abbotsford, President of the Stonyhurst Association, supported the Rector in the distribution of prizes, both morning and afternoon. Another new prize was the Heathcote gold medal, of the value of £10, for which we are indebted to the munificence of Colonel Gilbert Heathcote ('69). H. Slattery, of whose qualifying papers a notice is to be found in these pages, was the winner, and looked quite resplendent with the bright orb of gold flashing on his breast.

After lunch Major Pearse, mounted on his charger, held a review of the troops in the Avenue field. The march past and salute to the Bishop of Nottingham elicited very favourable comment, as we are glad to hear, from some officers of the Fulwood Garrison, who had been present at the Academy. "B" Company was especially noticed for the precision and uniformity of its step.

The gymnastic display followed on tea in the bowling green. It was regrettable that the new Gym. was not ready in time. Perhaps some were not unreconciled to a little more fresh air on so fine a day. As last year, the Brothers Prentice and Cuffey greatly impressed the onlookers by their combination of strength and skill in feats on the horizontal and parallel bars; not but what all the troupe, to a man, gave evidence of the careful training they had received from their zealous instructor, Sergeant Hill.

Father White, the First Prefect, then read out the names of prizewinners in the athletic sports and kindred competitions.

The eight Rhetoricians who had won the cup for rifle shooting each received a beautiful little decoration, consisting of a small silver shield, with rifles as supporters. We trust that the prospect of winning such a trophy individually may encourage marksmen to co-operate more actively for the composite honour of carrying off the cup.

Some choice, if unofficial, music in the Academy Room, brought a very pleasant day to a close.

The following is a list of the winners of the School Scholarships announced on the occasion, and of the chief prize-winners:

SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIPS.

The "Arundell" Open Scholarship of £60 a year, for two years, tenable among the Philosophers—GEORGE WILLIAMS (Wimbledon College).

The "Senior" Scholarship (£40 a year for two years), open to students of the College under sixteen—CHARLES HAMILTON.

The "Dobson" Open Scholarship (£30 a year for two years), open to boys under sixteen—JULIAN KENNEDY. Next in Merit—HENRY WESTWOOD.

The "Junior" Open Scholarship (£30 a year for two years), open to boys under 14—DUDLEY WARD. Next in Merit—CHARLES POWELL, ALAN O'BRYEN.

The "Johnston" Open Scholarship (£20 a year for two years), open to boys under 12—EDWARD DE FRIETAS. Next in Merit—EDWARD IRWIN, NICETO DE LARRINAGA.

The "Shireburn" Open Scholarship (£20 a year for two years). Open to boys under 12 not being students at the College—EDWARD OWEN FOX.

PRIZES.

Owing to the fact that many of the prizes will be settled by the results of the public examinations at the end of the term, it is only possible to announce a few of the prizes.

The Philosophers' Debating Prize, presented by the Stonyhurst Association, and consisting of books to the value of £5—Mr. THOMAS TRAPPES-LOMAX, who also carried off the *Harry Keating Memorial Prize* of £10.

The Heathcote Gold Medal, of the value of £10 (offered by Colonel Gilbert Heathcote to the Class of Rhetoric for English Composition and Literature)—HENRY SLATTERY.

The Beltzhoover Money Prizes (offered by the Stonyhurst Association in America for English Essays on American History, Arts and Institutions) were awarded as follows:

First Prize £4 (Open to Philosophers and Higher Line)	.. THOMAS TRAPPES-LOMAX.
Second Prize, £2	RICHARD IRWIN.
Third Prize, £1	JOHN RADCLIFF.

BOYS' DEBATING SOCIETY PRIZES.

First Prize (Books to value of £3)	FRANCIS FARRELLY.
Second Prize (Books to value of £2)	ROBERT WALKER.
Third Prize (Books to value of £1) ..	GERALD McELLIGOTT.

Junior Latin Prose Prize—CHARLES HAMILTON.

Elocution Prize (First Division)—

FERDINAND VAN DER TAELEN.

Kirby Elocution Prize—W. BARROW.



WINNERS OF THE SCHOOL SCHOLARSHIPS.

1. George Williams (*The Arundell*).
2. Charles Hamilton (*The Senior*).
3. Julian Kennedy (*The Dobson*).

4. Dudley Ward (*The Junior*).
5. Edward de Freitas (*The Johnston*).
6. Edward Owen Fox (*The Shireburn*).

Elocution Prize (Second Division).

RICHARD SMITH

Elocution Prize (Third Division)

EDGAR HARRISON.

In the recent War Office Certificate "A" Examination of March, 1914, certificates were awarded to GERALD BERKLEY and HENRY SLATTERY.

The following is the programme of the gymnastic display given on the Observatory lawn in the afternoon.

Captain ... A. W. PRENTICE
Vice-Captain ... M. E. CUFFEY

TEAM :

A. C. PRENTICE. G. P. THORNTON. J. R. WILSON.
B. P. WITHALL. V. H. FRENCH. J. G. KELLY.
M. E. CUFFEY. D. F. CUFFEY. B. E. AGOSTINI.
S. A. PRENTICE. H. C. MORRISSY. J. A. CARRASCO.

I.—INDIAN CLUBS.

II.—HORIZONTAL BAR.

1. Upstart, Clear Circles, Swinging Circles.
2. Tableau.
3. Voluntaries.

III.—PARALLEL BARS.

1. Tableau.
2. Single Tricks.
3. Tableau.

IV.—SQUARE HORSE.

1. Backlifts, Vaults, Between the Hands.
2. Tower, Dives, and Somersaults.

V.—LONG HORSE.

1. Backlifts.
2. Front and Reverse Splits.
3. Dive.
4. Feet between the Hands.

VI.—CHAIR TABLEAU.

C. B. HILL, *Sergt.-Instructor.*

Being good is an adventure far more violent and daring than sailing round the world.

—G. K. Chesterton.

THE ARUNDELL SCHOLARSHIP, 1914.

The scholarship was awarded this year to Mr. George Williams, of Wimbledon College; and the successful candidate, together with Mr. T. Trappes-Lomax, his *proxime accessit*, deserves to be very highly complimented on the excellence of the work shown up. Indeed, so close was the running that a fair award became very difficult.

Mr. Williams won his scholarship, as far as marks went, upon his mathematics, which were rather better than his rival's; but in reality his success was due to his unusually wide, accurate, and above all articulated general knowledge. The facts known to him were, of course, relatively few, but they were admirably used, and were considered in connection with their causes, their consequences, and with one another. That Mr. Williams should come thus prepared reflects the highest credit upon those responsible for this—perhaps the most important—part of his education. Mr. Trappes-Lomax was in possession of many more facts, and has far greater literary style and method. He possesses also a really remarkable power of assimilation, and a gift of original comment not, as yet, visible in Mr. Williams, and promising considerable successes in the future. His assets appear, however, to be the fruits rather of personal initiative (for which he cannot possibly, of course, be too highly praised) than of guided study. Both these candidates should do excellently at the University later on.

In the other candidates, D. Keegan's general knowledge and acquaintance with modern languages and geography called for distinct commendation; he should on no account fail to develop them. W. Barrow showed, too, a rhetorical power, and a gift of generalization, which, kept well in hand, will stand him in excellent stead, though, if not disciplined and pruned, they may be fatal to the perspective of his view and the value of his judgment.

In all cases the essays showed that their writers were willing to think, and, in some, that they had been willing to read. Wider and more careful reading might, indeed, be recommended to almost all of them.

C. C. M.

STONYHURST ASSOCIATION DINNER, June 3rd.

Considering it was held on a week-day, and at such a distance from the habitat of many of the members of the Association, the dinner this year at the College was well attended. About a dozen who had expressed their intention of coming had to cry off at the last moment, being detained by business. Besides the officials usually invited, including the Heads of the Higher Line, a number of O.S.'s on the College Staff received an invitation, and these, in addition to some of the Philosophers, swelled the company to quite a respectable figure. The Hon. J. Maxwell-Scott was in the chair, with Father Provincial and Father Rector on his right and left. The following was the Toast List :—

TOAST LIST.

"THE POPE" AND "THE KING, DUKE OF LANCASTER."
By the President.

"STONYHURST" AND "STONYHURST ASSOCIATION."
By Nicholas J. Synnott, Esq.
STONYHURST CHORUS.
Responded to by Very Rev. Father Rector.
E. A. O'Bryen, Esq.
Major S. A. Pearse.

"THE GUESTS."
By Kenneth F. Callaghan, Esq.
Responded to by Rev. Father Pinnington, S.J.
Rev. Father Nicholson, S.J.
Rev. Father Cortie, S.J.

"THE PRESIDENT."
By Joseph E. Weld, Esq.

To Mr. N. Synnott was assigned the toast of Stonyhurst and the Stonyhurst Association. As an original member of the S.A. from its foundation, and as one who was for six years a boy at the College, and for two as a philosopher, the speaker was in a position to deal with either element of his theme.

While he rejoiced to see his class-fellow, Fr. Provincial, at his side, he joined with the latter in deploring the recent death of Father John Clayton, their common master and friend, a man of sincere

and earnest character, who could simulate anger so true to the reality as to deceive even his boys. The speaker went on to compare the Society to an army, equipped with all the requisite arms of the service. Stonyhurst illustrated one aspect of its activity. He repudiated the slur of "espionage," as a dishonest device to fasten a calumny on the Jesuit system of judicious supervision, by clothing it with a foreign name, or rather misnomer. For thirty years or so, members of his family had been, more or less continuously at Stonyhurst, and neither they nor he could find any justification in their experience for the insinuation. Things had changed, he did not deny, for the better, because with the times. The old Spartan severity of his early days had given way to an Athenian freedom and refinement. He remembered the time when about the only books accessible to the boys were those in the Spiritual Library—not but what they were excellent of their kind! He thanked the Rector cordially for enabling the Association to meet for their annual dinner in the College—an agreeable change from the purlieu of a London restaurant.

The Rector, who was received with cheers, responded. He welcomed the Association, which both he and Father Provincial recognised to be Stonyhurst under another name. It would be easy for those present to judge for themselves by a tour of inspection whether the College was in a flourishing state. If not, it was not for want of effort. The studies under the new system were working well. The games, too, were going strong. To the regret of all, we had played our last match against Rossall, who were abandoning Soccer altogether for Rugger; but it was satisfactory that we had won the last match we played against that school, our friendly rival. In the football match against the Oratory, we had also been successful. The O.T.C. was efficient. As for the new Gymnasium, the builders had not come up to time, therefore the formal opening had to be deferred. An O.S. prowling about Shirk had asked when it was ever to be pulled down. He could only answer, it must stand, unless some enterprising Suffragette destroys it. It was more than ever a necessity, now that we had 400 boys and more on the books. That very day the

395th boy had arrived. Only sickness retarded the celebration of a day for the record of 400 boys. But even the desire to attain that number would not induce him to relax for a moment the strict rules of quarantine. The system of our College discipline might at times be ignorantly, or maliciously, attacked. Those present had an opportunity of seeing it in the working, and, as laymen, could render a valuable service in defending it against misrepresentation when its honour was impugned, or its efficiency challenged.

Mr. E. O'Bryen apologised for his venturing to make a speech. When the Secretary wrote to exact one from him, he replied excusing himself, but the latter rejoined in such courteous terms that it would seem as if his own letter had been interpreted as a request to be allowed to speak. However, he had his little revenge on the secretary. He said he bowed to his fate on the principle of the old woman who curtsied at the mention of the name of Satan; and on being asked why she did so, she replied that one never knew when it might be useful to stand well with him! In his mayoral capacity he was troubled with many inane inquiries from copy-hunting hacks. For example, he was asked whether he approved of public dinners. He had replied in the affirmative, but suggested that for the future *after-dinner* speeches should all be made *before* dinner! He had this much, however, that was material to say, namely that the Association could be made an engine of far greater utility, if more young members could be co-opted, and if those in a position to do so would endeavour to give a helping hand socially to the latter, when occasion offered. Beaumont had its annual dance, Downside its monthly meeting of old students. Could not the S.A. widen the sphere of its activities? He concluded by thanking Father Minister for functioning so efficiently as Master of the Mess.

Major Pearse deprecated the duty imposed on him of having to speak, deploring the fact that he had not had the luck to be a Stonyhurst boy, if for no other reason, at least for this, that he had not had the Stonyhurst facilities for acquiring the arts of oratory. As he proceeded, however, the spirit with which he

spoke, and the fluency and choiceness of his language effectively belied his disclaimer. If he was a man of one subject, a harper on one string, that subject, that string, was the O.T.C. His attachment to his old regiment, which was second to no one's, had been transfigured into attachment to Stonyhurst, and found expression in his efforts to identify himself with everything that could further the interests of the School corps. The latter had stood to him, as he had by it. Officers carefully selected to inspect it had been deeply impressed by the bearing of the boys, and by the kindness of such of the community as they had met. As for himself, he had accepted the post of C.O. of the Stonyhurst O.T.C., influenced by the considerations, first, that behind the movement was a spiritual motive, and that a motive of that nature, if it flourished anywhere, ought to do so at Stonyhurst; and secondly, because he held to the principle that those who claimed position should do the duties such a claim imposed. Lord Haldane's effort to form a special reserve of officers was one expression of the spiritual motive alluded to. He would therefore urge the claims of the special reserve. It was no longer regarded as the Cinderella of the Service. In feeling terms he returned thanks for Stonyhurst, and paid a delicate compliment to the Society to whose influence he ascribed his possession of the boon of being a Catholic.

Mr. K. Callaghan was the humorist of the evening. He acquiesced in the multiplication of toasts, if only because it enabled the guests to charge another glass. As he looked around him, fond memory awakened visions of the past. He could not forget how Father Provincial, when Rector of Stonyhurst, had shown himself an ardent promoter of the virtue which is accounted second after godliness. It was he who had broken through the crust of tradition, and introduced warm baths. He remembered the fierce discussion that once had arisen among the dons of a certain college at Cambridge, when the momentous question was put—were they to erect a hot-baths installation, a thing hitherto unknown in the place. The younger Fellows were for it to a man; the older were silent, save one only, who sought to dismiss the suggestion as frivolous, with

this clinching argument: "Baths! Baths! Why the young men are only up for eight weeks at a time." Scanning the list of the speakers down to respond to this toast of "Our Guests," Mr. Callaghan quailed at the thought of the flood-gate of eloquence he was about to open. "*Après moi le déluge.*" There was Father Pinnington, J.P.; the Spiritual Father, the psychologist of the human boy; and Father Cortie, the mention of whose musical name had caused a hush to fall on the Russian Embassy. He refrained from quoting the precise phraseology in which Father Cortie had addressed him when he cut short his scientific career, and dismissed him as a boy from the Nat. Phil. class. He had fallen like Lucifer, never to rise again! With a rapidity of assimilation that a K.C. would have envied, he expounded a brief that had evidently only come into his hands at the dinner table, with an exhaustive mastery of all the details of many interesting events in our recent school history, concluding with a wish that the Association dinner might occur oftener, if only to afford more frequently the opportunity of entertaining Stonyhurst guests.

Father James Pinnington was the first to respond. He felt shy after the display of eloquence of the proposer of the toast. He admitted that he was a J.P.; in fact, he had been one from the day he was christened. He regaled his audience with delightful reminiscences of the pioneer Fathers of Stonyhurst, and of events in the dim past; how, for example, on the announcement of the victory of Waterloo, the Rector sent a fleet courier, like another Pheidippides, round all the class-rooms to proclaim it, and how such a burst of enthusiasm was evoked that the door of one of them was pulled bodily off its hinges, the masters being even more frantic in their joy than the boys.

Father Nicholson showed himself quite a match in humorous debate for the brilliant ex-President of the Cambridge Union, to whom he gave a plenary absolution for all he had said. He marvelled that the latter could know so much about our inner history. It was a good thing both for the Association themselves and for the inmates of the College that the Annual Dinner was this year within our walls.

The boys of the present could not fail to be edified by the loyalty to the College of the boys of the past. The community were cheered by the knowledge that there was an active outside interest in their work. It was not always June here; we also have our November. In return, we gave the Association of our best, a welcome hearty and sincere. It would be a joy to the visitors to see the old spirit still prevailing and the improvement made in the conditions of College life.

Father Provincial, fresh from his visit to the Clongowes Centenary Celebrations, recalled the wonderful impression made by the spectacle of 600 old Clongownians rallying to their Alma Mater, and of the enthusiasm of all, such as he could have expected nowhere else outside the walls of Stonyhurst, and described how the warmest greeting accorded there to any of the guests was given to an old first prefect, when he found himself once more in the midst of his old boys. There must be some sterling merit in a system of education that could implant the seeds of such grateful memories. Father Provincial paid a high compliment to Mr. E. O'Bryen, the Catholic Mayor of a Metropolitan borough, who had contrived to win golden opinions, even in the most unlikely quarters. He did, indeed, plead guilty to having broken through the traditional crust, when he installed the warm baths. If his Reverence only saw the stampede at the end of first schools on days when any particular class has its hot bath, he would realise how keenly posterity appreciates the provision he made, when Rector, for their ablution.

Father Cortie thanked the Association for the help they have given him in his capacity as Master of the Music for the last twenty years and more, and specifically for their annual grant in aid of the orchestra. Of the loyalty of old Stonyhurst men in foreign parts he had had abundant evidence, when, at the voice of obedience, he made scientific excursions East or West, and found himself in the company of Stonyhurst boys of the Dispersion. Yes, and if they were loyal to the College, they were also loyal to the Church. Nor did the recollection that he had ordered them twice nine in bygone days prevent them from holding out to him most heartily

the chastened right-hand of fellowship. His prayer was, "May loyalty flourish!"

Mr. Joseph Weld, in a short speech, proposed the health of the President, which was drunk to the music of "He's a jolly good fellow," and of three ringing Stonyhurst cheers.

The President, who rose amid applause, expressed his nervousness at trying to speak after the discharge of so much eloquence. It was now just 48 years, nearly half a century, since he left Stonyhurst. His memory carried him back to the time when, as a boy in Rudiments, he had received nine ferulas from Father Pinnington, whom he rejoiced to see present at the table. He might add, they were the softest ferulas he ever received. That event was the starting-point of a life-long friendship! He would not sit down till he had raised his voice to preach just a short exhortation on behalf of the fine old national game of cricket, which he feared was not now cultivated with the same zest as of yore. Stonyhurst boys should remember that when they leave school and take their place in the world, they will put to shame those of their old school whom they meet outside, if they have to make the humiliating excuse when asked to play cricket, that they are not up to it. Golf is good, as an adjunct, yes, but not as a substitute for cricket. He concluded by proposing Father Rector's health.

At the meeting of the Association on the morning following the dinner, a donation of £36 was generously subscribed by the members and handed over to the First Prefect towards the equipment of the new Gymnasium.

The following is a list of those present:—

The Hon. Joseph Maxwell-Scott (President), Very Rev. Fr. Provincial, Rev. Fr. Rector, Mr. Nicholas Synnott, Major R. Chichester-Constable, Mr. W. F. Anderton, Mr. Philip Colley, Mr. O. Goodier (Secretary), Fr. Pinnington, Fr. Minister, Mgr. Lindsay, Fr. Maher, Major Pearse, Mr. E. A. O'Bryen, Mr. Joseph Weld, Fr. Cassidy, Mr. C. Ryan, Mr. C. Trappes-Lomax, Mr. P. Hallinan, Fr. Steuart, Mr. P. de Zulueta, Fr. Simpson, Mr. W. P. Whittaker, Mr. Teebay, Fr. Cullen, Mr. F. Killion, Fr. Gruggen, Dr. Blackett, Rev. G. Thonon, Mr. Parker, Fr. Nicholson, Mr. H. C. John, Mr. E. Langdale, Dr. McElligott, M. H. Watts, Fr. H. Irwin, Mr. G. Bell, Fr. Bartley, Mr. T. Thornton,

Fr. F. Irwin, Mr. H. de Trafford, Fr. Cortie, Mr. P. Woodroffe, Fr. Martindale, Mr. K. Callaghan, Mr. B. Smith, Mr. T. M. Waterton, Mr. C. Brand, Mr. D. Smith, Mr. T. Massey Lynch, Fr. Gregson, Rev. F. Plant, S.J., Rev. R. Colley, S.J., Mr. H. Finegan, Mr. Garcia, Mr. T. Spencer, Mr. T. Trappes-Lomax, Mr. Eyre, Mr. Flynn, Mr. French, Mr. H. Lynch, Mr. B. Withall, Mr. Sellier, Mr. Olabarri, Mr. de la Sota

SOCIAL PARAGRAPHS.

Stonyhurst is in a flutter of excited preparation as we write. Old boys are arriving in troops. The College is to be flooded with them, and the Housing Problem has become acute at Hurst Green and Woodfields; even Clitheroe is said to be congested.

There is much hand-shaking and delighted recognition. There is the rapturous discovery that Father Cassidy has not turned a hair, and that Father Pinnington is younger than ever. There is the search for one's old desk in the Study Place. Battles of the 'seventies and the 'eighties are fought all over again with elaborate detail by spirited youths who declare that it seems only like yesterday, and who wonder why the old buffers don't turn up in crowds for the Academy as they used to. They little realise that they themselves are fine examples of what is politely and politically termed "the buffer state." What does it matter? They are boys again, back in the old stream, dreaming of the vanished "threepenny tarts," eating in imagination the buttered toast of Mother Anne, and wincing at the sight of the ferula.

Life is telescoped at such a time, and even the middle-aged dream dreams and see visions. The visions overshadow the realities of new oak panelling and unfinished (alas!) gymnasium. The visions are, indeed, far more real than any wood or stone. The new sights have to be taken in by degrees, tested and appraised; the old memories are proved and accepted; they are part of our mental furniture.

We are linked with the past, plunged deliciously in the present, and enormously interested in the future. "And may the sons that are to be"—well, we are quite concerned about them.

In short, we have for a few hours that "social sense" about which tiresome people are always prating. To-day is no longer to-day; it has become a century. The whiskered individual in the white waistcoat is an individual no longer; he is a chapter in Catholic history. The expansive buffer has expanded into—Stonyhurst.

Now Stonyhurst does not merely stand for the imparting of a certain amount of Latin and Greek, history and mathematics. These things could be secured at a crammer's. Nor is its existence entirely justified even by the O.T.C. Stonyhurst stands for a long, wide movement; century-long and world-wide. Its object is to turn out men, stamped with a distinctive spirit, who will be proof against worldliness and will stamp Catholic ideals upon the mind of the world. If it is not doing that it is doing nothing.

Here comes in the value of such gatherings of old boys. The school tradition is recalled, the social sense awakened, the Catholic spirit stirred. Never was there greater need for a quickening of our corporate life, for never had Catholic laymen so fine an opportunity. The country is in a state of flux and uncertainty. Men are looking enviously at the stability of Catholic principles. There is a call for leaders in village and town, in parish life and municipal life, social movements, in literature, and in Parliament.

The working classes in their millions are stirring. They are organising and reading and asking questions. They are forming their own mental atmosphere and shaping their own philosophy of life. There is still time for the professional and leisured classes to throw themselves into the movement, and to make it a beneficent and national movement, rather than a class-cleaving and disruptive movement. In ten years' time, if they continue to hold aloof, it may be too late. If there is any doubt as

to our duty, listen to the summons of the Pope. "Go to the people," he says. This is not politics. It is practical Catholicism.

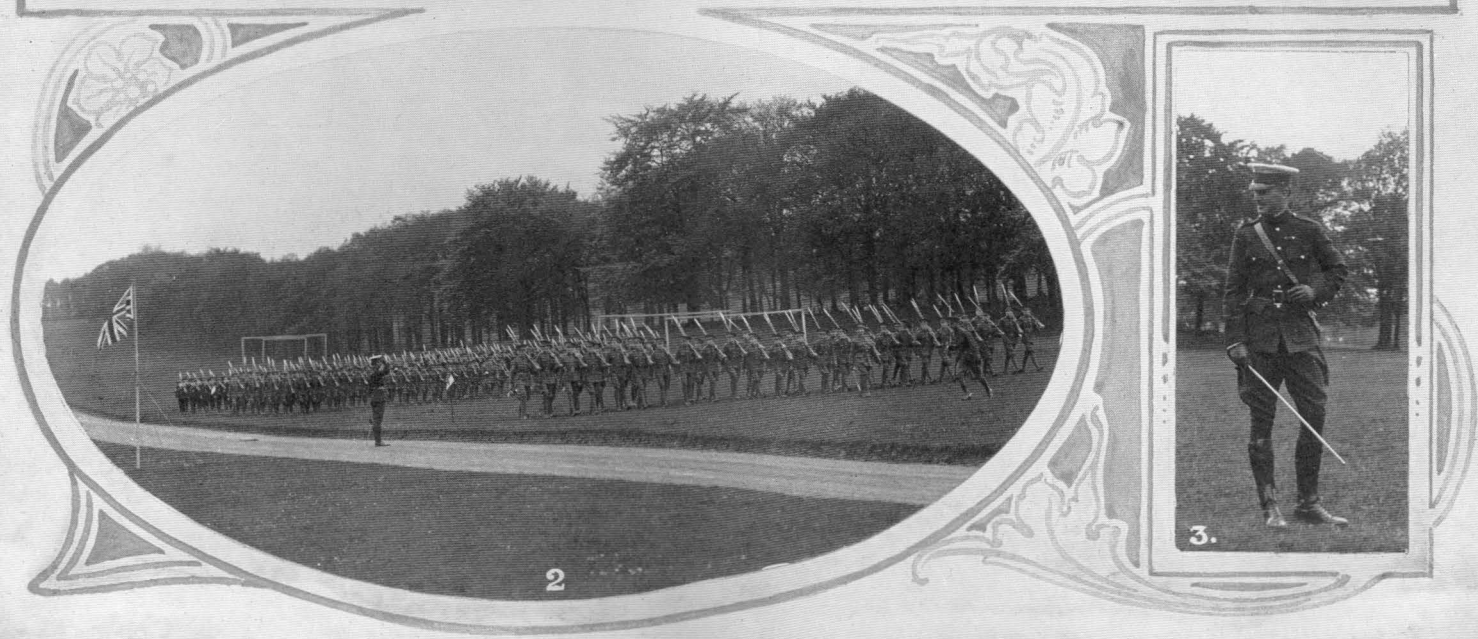
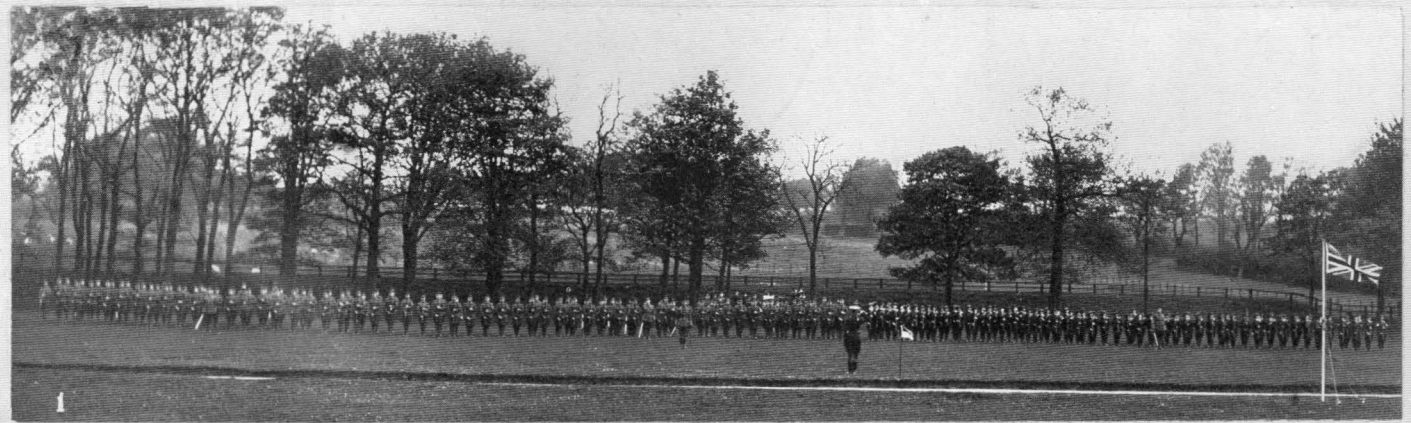
Has this wider conception of Catholic and civic duty really taken hold of our old boys? How many of them we find to be loyal sons and "practising Catholics," yet without any sufficient idea of their vocation as Catholic laymen in these critical days?

While Catholic working men are coming forward by the hundred to take part in a cause which taxes their generosity; while miners and weavers are giving up evening after evening to the study of social science, economics and Catholic principles, because they know that they may thus exercise a wider apostolate for Christ. On the other hand, those who might lead the movement stand aloof. This is a puzzle and a perplexity to those who, without envy or bitterness, take a truer view of education, viz., that it is not merely a personal possession, but an advantage to be used for the common good.

Too many educated laymen in the Catholic body are bored at the mention of social action. They imagine that it harbours designs on their purses, or it suggests boys' clubs, for which they have no time; or slumming, for which they have no inclination. And so it comes about that those who should lead merely stand in the way of those who would advance.

Boys still at school may be excused if they do not grasp the full bearings of Catholic faith upon national movements. But a public school (as is widely recognised to-day) has a mission to those who have left its walls as well to the present generation. Part of that mission is to bring the old school spirit to bear upon the social life of the old boy.

They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.—*Lowell*.



STONYHURST O. T. C. ANNUAL INSPECTION, 1914.

1. The Salute.

2. The March Past.

3. Major May, Inspecting Officer.

THE O.T.C. INSPECTION.

The annual inspection of the O.T.C. took place on May 13th. Since the beginning of the term rain had fallen on all days available for parade with one exception. On that day alone was it found possible to do thoroughly some of the manoeuvres so necessary for the neat execution of ceremonial drill. Yet so whole-heartedly did all ranks throw themselves into their work on the day itself, that the opening words of the address by Major R. S. May, of the General Staff, the Inspecting Officer, removed all anxiety about the standard to which the corps had attained.

The order of the inspection followed, of course, that which the War Office has laid down for such occasions. "Dressed up," on the saluting base, arms were presented to the Inspecting Officer, who then proceeded to inspect the turn-out of the cadets. In this—if we may be permitted to say so without seeming flattery—the cadets eclipsed all other years. They reached a standard which it is hoped they will maintain, and will pass on as a tradition to those who come after.

This being concluded, the corps marched past by companies, and then rallied from the halt at quarter column into company column. Company Drill was now carried out, "A" Company drilling exceedingly well under its company officer. "B" Company did not show up so well—suffering, no doubt, from the absence of some of its N.C.O.'s; but "C" Company were quite as good as usual.

N.C.O.'s from the various companies were called upon to execute some movements in company drill. To this reference will be made in the summary of the Inspecting Officer's address. Let it be sufficient to say that the colour-sergeants of the three companies, especially those of "A" and "B" companies, were highly complimented by Major R. S. May. That they fully deserved such praise none can deny. The tribute was a just reward of their year's work.

The time had slipped quickly by, and the corps was fallen in to await the address of Major May.

He began by a reference to the report on the last inspection by General Sir Henry Mackinnon, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., which, he mentioned, he had read most carefully. He was fully convinced that they again merited all that the General had said of them. It was a great pleasure to him to find how efficient the N.C.O.'s were in their work. They had drilled the companies with a knowledge and smartness that spoke well of their corps. The contingent had gained a number of Certificate "A's", which number compared favourably with those of other contingents. They had also given men to officer the Special Reserves and Territorial Force. But they ought to give more. No doubt, he continued, such a service required self sacrifice, but surely a college like this, where they had always present before them the self-sacrifice of the community, could teach them the lesson of self-sacrifice for their country's sake. He concluded by hoping such would be the case.

That the corps will have the pleasure again of seeing Major R. S. May is the fervent wish of all.

Appended is the report of the Inspecting Officer :

Drill. Officers and the majority of non-commissioned officers had a good knowledge of company drill. The Cadets were steady on parade, and handled their arms well.

Discipline. Very good. The spirit of the contingent is excellent. The senior non-commissioned officers had their cadets well under control.

Turn Out. Good. The clothing was in good order.

Arms and Equipment. The arms were in good order. Equipment serviceable.

Buildings, Ranges, &c. I agree with the opinion of the Commanding Officer that the armoury is somewhat small for the size of the contingent.

General Remarks. This contingent has the advantage of having an ex-regular as commanding officer, who is largely responsible for the very efficient condition of the contingent. The two instructors know their duties well.

The number of commissions taken and certificates gained is well up to the average of other schools. It is a pity the cadets have not sufficient time to fire their musketry course on the open range, which is situated on the school estate,

SYNTAX ACADEMY

Vivacity was throughout the dominant note of this performance. No speaker was assigned an individual recitation. It was a case of "all for one and one for all," and the united effort resulted in a racy academy, which held the audience from start to finish.

G. Thornton and R. Tuke stepped out upon the boards to discuss the concoction of a prologue. They were perhaps a little previous, the opening sentences being lost in the subsiding hubbub of conversation that followed on the overture. After an animated tête-à-tête they paused to discover that they had delivered their prologue without deciding precisely what it was to be. They spoke out clearly, but directed their attention too exclusively to one another, and too little to the audience. A pleasing effect was produced by their reciting together the closing lines.

Then followed an amusing excerpt from the epilogue to the Westminster Play. Under the thin disguise of Davus and Rufus, passages from the career of two public notorieties were playfully satirised. If the piece had less variety than that of last year, it had considerably more pungency. F. van der Taelen, who can pass without an effort from the impersonation of a dashing cavalier to that of an up-to-date Chancellor of the Exchequer, was as delightfully at his ease as ever. In a word, he took charge of the scene. It did not, however, afford him scope enough to do justice to his versatility. L. Unsworth, as Rufus, lacked somewhat the finesse of the Hebrew, and was rather too subdued, but showed a pushfulness in seeking his own advancement, quite in keeping with the tenor of his part. M. H. Nolan's appearances in his dual rôle were loudly applauded. His Chremes had the gruffness of a true Hodge, and his Bomo the bluntness of a P.C. 49. As a pale-faced, but militant Suffragette, Mysis (J. Kennedy) was admirably appointed. His, or rather her, bomb and hat-pin, were equally formidable. But for make-up, down to the latest torn-skirt fashion, G. Thornton's Lesbia fairly winded us. She was out for subscriptions for a home for

superannuated cats, and almost purred her pretty requests for a donation. To Charinus (E. Clark) was reserved a judgment of Paris. Draped in a mackintosh that scarcely half concealed a pair of salmon-waders, he hardly cut a figure that suggested the Shepherd of Ida. But then, he had only to decide so minor a question as the choice of a C.J. for the English Bench. Whether, like a certain First Lord of the Admiralty, whom he was caricaturing, he went up in an aeroplane or down in a submarine, he was equally well accounted for the experiment. Simo (J. Cashman), as the Spirit of Progress, gaily tripped with Lesbia what was presumably meant for an apology for the Tango, a feat from which Crito, the Spirit of the Past (B. Kirkbride) recoiled with truly Puritanical frigidity.

A scene from H. J. Byron's "Our Boys" opened the second part. It is one of those old-fashioned pieces that stand revival, if only for the perennially practical lesson they enforce. The protagonist was P. Flinn, as Perkyn Middlewick, a retired and opulent buttermilk. He was a little shy at first, and for that reason not quite consistent in his dialect, but the merriment that greeted his sallies helped him to warm to his work, and he ended by surpassing himself. His very vulgarity was rendered almost amiable by the particularly charming and natural way in which F. van der Taelen played the part of his loyally affectionate and well-bred son, who refuses to be ashamed of the rusticities of a deserving father. Not but what the old man's broad humour jarred on his refinement, as when he involuntarily betrayed his feelings by the aside: "Is it that he has grown more vulgar, or I more sensitive?" In fact, it was hard not to share the old man's distress at hearing that Charley had not seen everything on his travels, as he had been told to do, because the boy had failed to command an opportune eruption of Vesuvius. Flinn lacked rather the deliberation of old age, but that defect might have been remedied if he could have donned a suitable make-up. J. Kenny was very successful in evincing, as Sir Geoffrey, his aristocratic repugnance to the ex-butterman's coarse vagaries, but was rather too disposed to gesticulate, when stiffness of manner would have been in place, and, in chiding

his disappointing son, would have gained by being more incisive. A. Makepeace, as the graceless Talbot, might have done more to heighten the contrast between his own worthlessness and the merits of his friend Charley. B. Withall interposed with dignity, as the detached spectator, whose laconic remarks give proof of his discernment.

The chief part in the French scene, which might be described as "Les fourberies de Cléobule," was judiciously assigned to A. Makepeace, who quite rose to the occasion. In his capacity as "médecin malgré son maître," he was ably seconded by his dupes and patients, G. O'Donoghue, J. Kelly, F. Caryll, and B. Withall. The latter, with very little to say, made quite a hit by his droll manner and quaint attire. The contorsions that followed a dose of "la poudre fulminante" suggested that this prescription would be valuable in the infirmary as a means of curing malingerers, or those who, like one of Cléobule's clients, indulge in too deep potations of "Le Pop de Stonyhurst." We were sorry to see so little of E. Brown, who, however, did not retire till he had put us in possession of the situation.

The overture from "Nabuccodonosor" is one that we have not had at any academy for twenty years, and the manner in which the orchestra played it made the audience rejoice at its resuscitation. The interlude was less successful. In the Oriental March, a somewhat monotonous theme, the cymbals clanged with wearisome persistence. The Doge's March furnished a livelier measure.

We take the opportunity to congratulate Mr. Gudgeon on the proficiency of his singing class, who rendered the "Viking Song" with no less taste than spirit. The singing was confident and uniform, and the alternation of the voices was very well managed.

The programme is appended :

OVERTURE "Nabuccodonosor" ... *Verdi*
THE ORCHESTRA.

—
Pars Prior.

Prologum pronuntiabunt { G. THORNTON
R. TUKE

Excerpta ex Epilogo "Westminster Play."

Davus, a misaristocrat	F. VAN DER TÆLEN
Rufus, a legal luminary	L. UNSWORTH
Chremes, a farmer	M. H. NOLAN
Charinus, of the Admiralty	E. CLARK
Mysis, a suffragette	J. KENNEDY
Bomo, a policeman	M. H. NOLAN
Lesbia, herself	G. THORNTON
Simo, the spirit of progress	J. CASHMAN
Crito, the spirit of the past	B. KIRKBRIDE

INTERLUDE from Incidental Music to

"The Merchant of Venice" *Rosse*

1—Oriental March. 2—Doge's March.

Pars Altera.

"Our Boys" (H. J. Byron) scenam agent :

Sir Geoffrey Champneys	...	J. KENNY.
Talbot (his son)	...	A. MAKEPEACE.
Major Champneys	...	B. WITHALL.
Perkyn Middlewick	...	P. FLINN.
Charley (his son)	...	F. VAN DER TÆLEN.

"LA POUDRE FULMINATE."

Le Docteur Tisane	...	E. BROWN.
Cléobule (son domestique)	...	A. MAKEPEACE.
Dubois	...	G. O'DONOGHUE.
Dupont	...	J. KELLY.
Durand	...	B. WITHALL.
Le Commandant		
Duracuire		F. CARYLL.

(La scène se passe dans le cabinet du docteur.)

PART SONG "Viking Song" *Coleridge-Taylor*
THE SINGING CLASS.

DONATIONS.

The Rector records his thanks for the following Donations :—

TO THE MUSEUM :

An Ancient Brass-bound Musket, from the Persian Gulf ; presented by Mr. F. W. Rodrigue.

A pair of Great Snipe ; presented by Bernard Cinnamon (1901).

THE BATTLE OF TORREON, MARCH, 1914.

A Business Memorandum to Mr. J. F. BRITTINGHAM, President of the "*Jabonera de la Laguna Co., Ltd.*" of Mexico, by PATRICK A. O'HARA (O.S. 1895), Manager of the Company, and British Vice-Consul for Gomez Palacio and Torreon.

Maps by Leo Hothersall.

N.B.—In sending this account to the *Stonyhurst Magazine*, the Author specially requests that it should not be published by any other periodical, as he is now in the hands of the rebels, who might resent his strictures on their misdeeds.

GOMEZ PALACIO,
Friday, March 30th.

Telegraph and train service had been operating with regularity for some days, and after sundry interruptions of traffic, we hoped to have entered upon a period of peace and open communications.

Such was the condition of things with us, when, like a bolt out of the clear sky, came the rumour in the course of the afternoon that rebels, said to be led by Urbina, had entered Tlahualilo, after a fight with the federal outpost there.

Whilst we were still seeking for fuller confirmation of the report, and disposed to regard it with a measure of incredulity, there came tidings of fighting at Bermijillo, and that evening an engine came steaming in from the North that had abandoned most of the cars that it was hauling, and its crew reported a narrow escape from capture by the rebels, bringing visible testimony of the engagement in the nine or ten wounded men who were on board.

Later in the evening the 'rurales' ⁽¹⁾ from Bermijillo straggled in, reporting a fierce engagement with superior forces of the enemy, who suddenly appearing from the North under the command of General Angelos, it was said nearly succeeded in catching them in their toils.

The passenger train from Paredon came in about 2-30 after midnight, reporting alarming rumours along the line, but with no definite news. By this last train I received your memorandum of the 16th.

(1) 'Rurales'—the veteran soldiers of Mexico.

Saturday, March 31st.

Neither I nor any other person had any idea that the danger was truly imminent, but on principle could not leave so important a matter in such unsatisfactory shape, and preferred to dedicate the whole day to insistency with the military and railroad authorities in order to have things arranged in the best way to safeguard our valuable products. Yet the whole day passed without my having been able to secure that which I wished, only promises of assistance at an early hour on the following morning, for the yards here are filled with blundering military trains, and busy engines pushing them to and fro at command.

The best that I had been able to accomplish by night-time was an order extracted from the busy general for our tank cars' release from fortification service. I also secured from General Velasco an order for a car-load of coal from the railroad to be placed in the Amistad, with which to feed the boilers of the pumps and fill to the brim the tank on Trincheras Hill, which had been depleted by the soldiers who were entrenched there. They had even laid a pipe along the hog-back, feeding water along it with a hand pump.

In the course of the day the garrisons from Viesca, Mapimi, and other outlying points rode in. The last train to arrive was one from San Pedro, at 8-30 a.m., bringing soldiers and refugees, but the telegraph line remained open till evening in spite of the stoppage of train traffic. It was then that I wired to you a request to mail advice to my home that I expected to be cut off, and this I did more with a view to warning you as directly as possible of what might happen, and that I foresaw the possibility of a prolonged interruption of communications, which you could only interpret as signifying that we feared a rebel advance upon us from the North. The military censorship would not have allowed me to say more.

In regard to the fate that may be in store for us, I have found the criticisms of a Japanese naval officer from the cruiser *Itsuma*, who came to visit me a few days ago and pay his respects to me as British consul and therefore Japanese representative here.

He found the defence weak in artillery, they having but twenty pieces in all, and many of them of small calibre, and the fortifications likely to be of service only against rifle fire.

I, personally, should feel more secure if the much talked-of reinforcements under Maas were to arrive here. I have noticed in the first moments of excitement too much confusion amongst officers, who have had months to prepare themselves for the crisis, and a lack of confidence on their part in the quality of the raw levies of which some of the regiments are made up. I doubt, too, the wisdom of scattering such untried troops in widely separated fortifications on the crests of the hills, a plan which might allow the rebels to concentrate their whole efforts on the weakest link in the chain whilst feinting attack in the plain elsewhere, and with the capture of one such position, panic and demoralisation would have to be feared amongst the untried defenders of the rest.

Nor should such an attack be difficult, for the defenders have no search lights with which to aid their artillery at night, nor have they any system of flag or flash signalling from post to post.

Indeed, I do not remember to have seen such signalling methods ever used in the Mexican Army, and a chance bullet, or wily foe, might sever their telephone wire at any moment.

In the evening, forces were hurried out to Sacramento, where there was reported to be a fierce fight in progress, and long after dark we could hear the excited whistling clamour of the troop train locomotives, and the hurrying past of squadrons of horse.

Sunday, March 22nd.

The morning found us completely isolated from the outside world at last, all wires having been cut. Beyond this there were no alarming symptoms, and with the report of the success of General Peña, in repelling the rebels in the fight at Sacramento, the military bands broke into "Diana," and the towns assumed their usual Sunday air.

None the less, I was off to Torreon betimes and working upon the railroad problem again, finally securing the dispatch of a special engine to do our switching work, and breathing freely only when news

came that this had been done, and that upwards of 100 tons of dynamite glycerine, and as many of cotton-seed oil were in the securest places that could be found within the factory. I also had all the cars of soap safely stowed away.

Returning to Gomez Palacio, I arranged for the more important watchmen's posts to be reinforced by reliable men from the operatives at six o'clock that evening, and for special men to come on duty at the different tanks at the same time. I also placed special men in the box factory in case of fire, and had the motive assistant called to the gas-producer engines plant, so that he could start it up at quick notice in case we should need to pump and the steam engine could not manage the whole work.

All the men on duty at the tanks had specific instructions how to act in case of destruction by shell fire, and were armed with wedges and plugs of wood. Finally, I gave orders for no visible lights to be shown after dark, either in the park or around the factory.

All these precautions looked even more excessive than my previous plan of converting the office cellar into a bomb-proof shelter for extreme need, but I have learned that everything possible must be arranged in advance, as the rapid appearance of danger gives little time for fixing up such matters at the last moment, frequently amidst excitement and panic. I also wished to have my force of helpers well drilled in advance.

All my arrangements had been perfected, when suddenly in the midst of the calm of a Sunday afternoon, but mildly ruffled by the movements of the military, a cannon on the Trincheras Hill boomed out, then another and another took up the chorus. Rifle fire began soon afterwards, punctuated by the big guns of the defence, and before long there was a sharp rattle of a general engagement along the northern front of the town, of which the factory wall constituted the easternmost, and probably most important, defence.

At a run I hurried the people out from the houses on the other side of the park. A bullet ploughed into the earth in front of me as I hurried the last of the refugees into safety.

Night fell on a pandemonium of sounds as of hell let loose. The incessant crackle of musketry, punctuated with the reports from some rifleman who was firing close at hand, the tap-tap of the machine-guns, and the reverberating boom of the cannon. Yet above the din of the battle could be heard, too, the yells of the rebel attackers, in confused volume, though once or twice, in momentary lulls, the shouts of "Viva Villa!" could be clearly heard.

Ebbing and swelling, but rarely dying away, and then only to be renewed with wilder fury, the sounds of the battle kept up the whole night long. Soldiers came running through the park, the first defaulters from the firing line, blundering and demoralised.

Then came others, supporting wounded men, followed by an orderly on horseback, and a tight little squad that cried out that they were off to get more ammunition. We could catch glimpses as they passed before the light of the solitary lamp that illumined the consular notice on the gate, which some even stopped dazedly to decipher.

In a lull in the firing I got together a group of ⁽¹⁾mozos, and hurried them out and across the park, dodging the groups of soldiery, and hoping that a flying bullet might not find its billet in the dark. We raided the houses of the colony for foodstuffs, stumbling through deserted houses, where I dared not strike a light, and returned laden with food from our quest.

Women and children were huddled in your ⁽²⁾sleeping room and Dña Angelita's boudoir, in heat and confusion, listening to the savage sounds of battle and the bullets that droned past or smacked against the houses and trees.

I snatched an hour's sleep in a lull of the fighting, and here I must say how glad I was to have Mr. Cummins with me. ⁽³⁾ He was a staunch helper, and took much of the responsibility off my shoulders, enabling me to attend to the most essential points, and even to break across and pass into the watchmen's gate once or twice in the course of the night,

and assure myself that they were at their posts, or, rather, within the seed warehouse, and that no damage had been done within the works.

Monday, March 23rd.

The restless night broke into a wilder dawn, with renewed rattle of rifle and machine-gun fire, and we feared that the assault was at hand.

Through all this time I had been directing the kitchen, as well as all other arrangements. The Chinese cook and boys had been caught in Torreon by the fighting, and came across here at a run in the dark, and through the hail of rifle bullets, arriving more dead than alive, but happily unhurt, and, more important still, yet able to cook. Fortunately my precautions had extended themselves to the larder in days past, and there was no danger of shortage of food in many days, even of siege.

The waning of the rifle fire with the growing daylight was the first certain news that we had of the repulse of the attackers, although now, for the first time, the enemy's artillery began to play upon us, and shells whistled overhead or burst with deafening din and the rattle of spreading balls and dropping twigs.

All were seated at the breakfast table, when one shell, with a noise like thunder, tore through the sheet iron of the back porch and struck against the wall of the room which is on this side of the main entrance. Fortunately it did not penetrate, for Mr. Cummins was within at the time, and he might have been grievously hurt.

Breakfast was finished in haste, and all scurried past the spot where splinters and broken fragments of the stout adobe wall bore witness to the destructive power of the projectile.

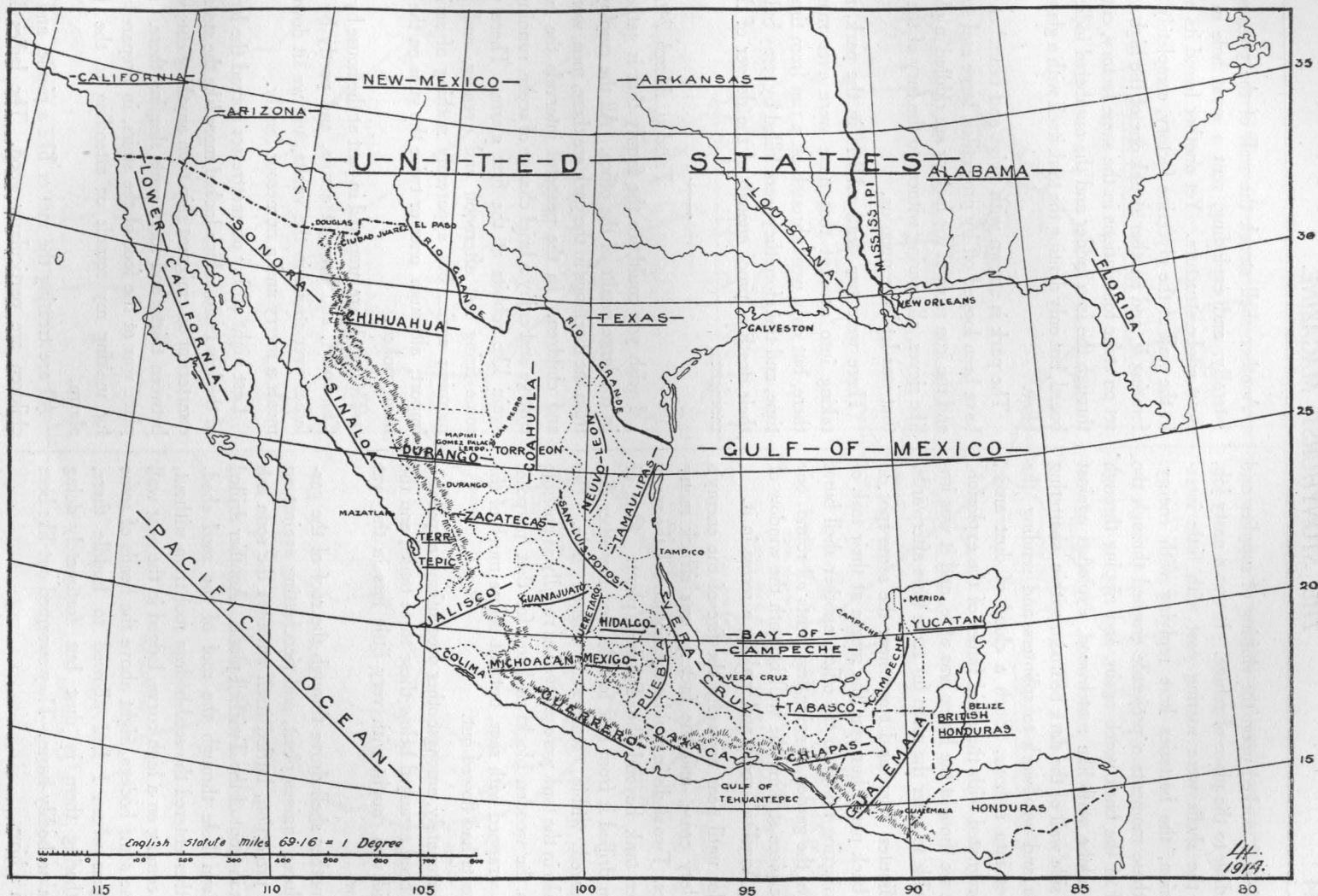
In a few minutes I had run all the people across the yard and into the office vaults, and breathed more freely when children and women particularly were within its sheltering walls. How I blessed my foresight in having raised strong buttresses of adobe ⁽¹⁾ four feet thick in front of all the low windows, little exposed though they were.

(1) 'Mozo'—Man-servant.

(2) The writer had occupied Mr. Brittingham's house since last September.

(3) Mr. H. F. C. Cummins, the former Vice-Consul, was staying with the writer prior to leaving the district.

(1) 'Adobe'—Unbaked brick.



Next I worked upon the shifting of supplies and bedding to the place of refuge. It was a nasty job, for the shells were soaring past with little intermission, the batteries here replying with energy. In these moments a projectile crashed through the roof of the back porch again, and ripping through the adobe wall like matchwood, exploded against the side wall of the dark bedroom within, shattering glass and woodwork to splinters and rending the paper into ribbons. Such a cloud of dust arose, impregnated with the acrid fumes of the explosion, that we thought the house was afire, and it was impossible to enter the room for some time afterwards.

Minutes later, as I stood near the same spot on the back porch hurrying the *mozos* at their task of transferring things to the office, another shell burst above the garden, flinging fragments all round, one large piece striking the wall beneath the window of *Dña Angelita's* room and making a recess in it.

Not until near noon did the fire of the enemy's artillery cease, and the factory was struck many times. Two shells in rapid succession struck the sweet water tank beyond the *Twichell* plant. One of them drilled it from side to side, and the other disappeared within, tearing a ragged hole. The breaks in the tank were plugged as rapidly as possible with the wooden blocks at hand for that purpose, well wrapped with rags, but not before much of the contents had flowed out.

Fortunately, amongst other precautions, a spillway had been arranged below these three tanks, and the liquid was caught with very little loss in the vat below.

Another shell drove through the roof of the gas-producer engines plant, and ricochetting against an iron projection, buried itself amongst the soda ash bags in front of the *Twichell* plant. Another drilled a clean hole through the roof of the seed shed. Another entered the seed-bodega roof from without, and coming on a high curve, lodged in the near wall of the same bodega, right above the heads of some refugees whom I had allowed to huddle there, smothering them in dust but fortunately doing them no bodily harm. They swarmed out like bees from a hive.

Another shell struck the wall of the press-room laterally, and exploding, rent a great hole in the stout adobe structure. Yet another found its mark in the wall of the glycerine factory, completely perforating it, and another struck one of the high tanks set on stone foundations in the same factory, cutting through the iron ladder and the numbered indicator board, but only denting the tank itself with a glancing blow.

The park is strewn with twigs and branches that have been lopped off by projectiles, large and small, and the iron roofs of the factory are riddled in places like sieves, all bearing witness to the fury of the fire that was let loose upon us.

There were two dead soldiers in the park, and, taking into account that none were ever massed there, but only went through on a run from time to time, and therefore they were killed by stray bullets, their death is proof enough of the danger of those moments.

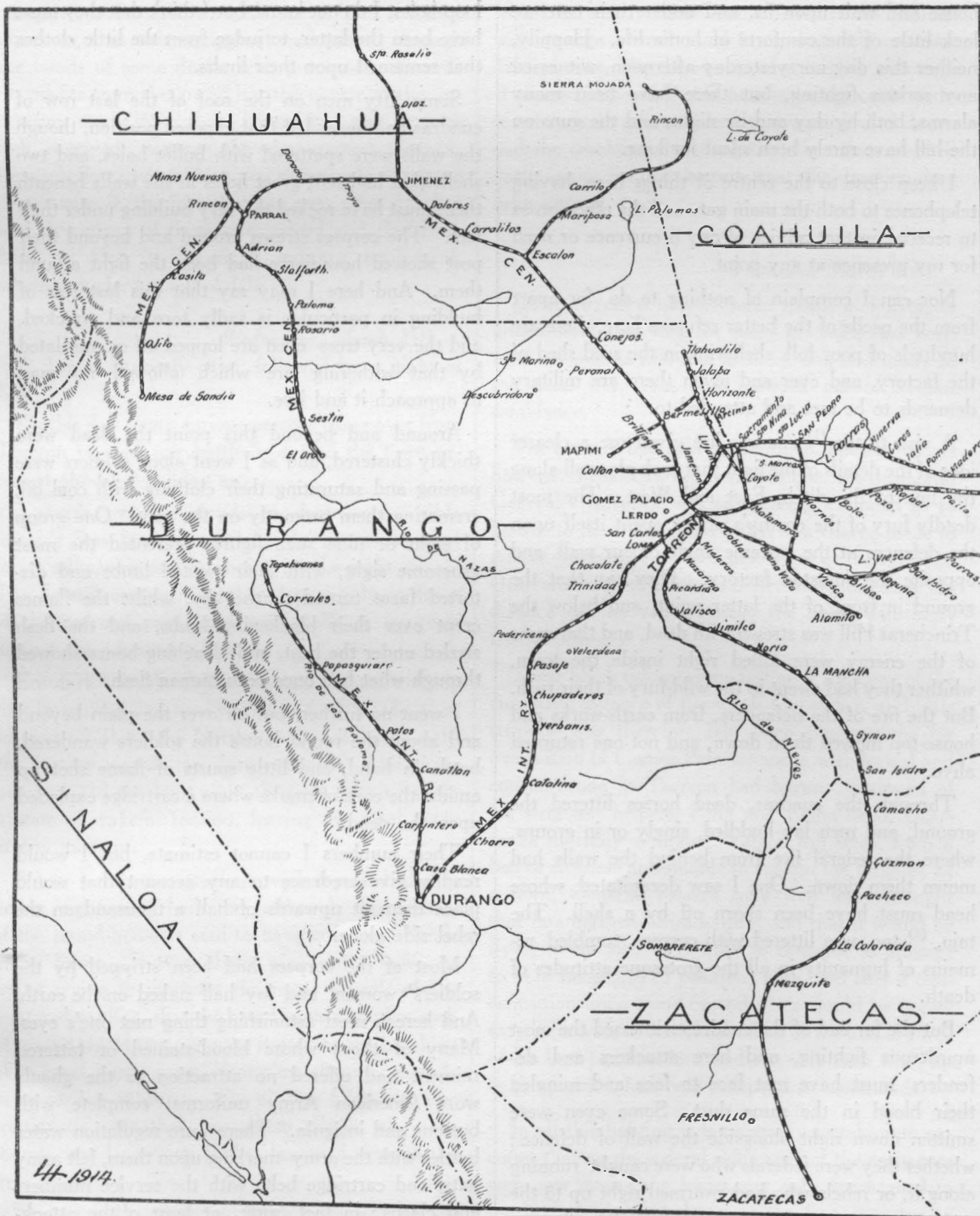
Tuesday, March 24th.

I wish you could see the family that is gathered in the large vaults of the office. All the employees from the dwellings in the park are there, men, women and children. In the peaceful intervals the latter emerge and enjoy a brief change of scene, running in again like rabbits at the first alarm. There was some firing last afternoon and evening, and this morning again, but apparently nothing of serious import, although once or twice the guns on the hill have spoken.

The meals are prepared in part at the house by my Chinaman, and brought across, and partly by the ladies over stoves in the vaults, and we sit down to meals a merry and a numerous family.

Last night all lay on mattresses spread the length of the low room, which looked more like the steerage quarters of an emigrant ship than anything else, with between thirty and forty souls sleeping there. My place was at the foot of the stairs, in preparedness for making my rounds or attending to the first alarm.

All are treating the matter like a picnic, and the children are particularly good. The ladies keep



house and wait upon us, and under their care we lack little of the comforts of home life. Happily, neither this day nor yesterday afternoon witnessed any serious fighting, but there have been many alarms, both by day and by night, and the guns on the hill have rarely been silent for long.

I keep close to the centre of things here, having telephones to both the main gate and the office, so as to receive instant advice of any occurrence or need for my presence at any point.

Nor can I complain of nothing to do, for apart from the needs of the better refugees here, there are hundreds of poor folk sheltering in the seed shed of the factory, and ever and again there are military demands to be met and attended to.

A visit to the ⁽¹⁾ cuadras has given me a clearer idea of the details of the fight that took place all along the line of the ditch, East and West. The most deadly fury of the enemy's attack spent itself upon the defences at the extreme angle of our wall, and opposite the Amistad factory. They say that the ground in front of the latter point, and below the Trincheras Hill was strewn with dead, and that some of the enemy were killed right inside the town, whither they had swept in the wild fury of their rush. But the fire of the defenders, from earth-works and house-top mowed them down, and not one returned alive.

Through the cuadras, dead horses littered the ground, and men lay huddled, singly or in groups, where the federal fire from behind the walls had mown them down. One I saw decapitated, whose head must have been shorn off by a shell. The tajo, ⁽²⁾ too, was littered with corpses, tumbled remains of humanity in all the grotesque attitudes of death.

But the far end of the cuadras witnessed the most murderous fighting, and here attackers and defenders must have met face to face and mingled their blood in the same dust. Some even were smitten down right alongside the wall of defence; whether they were federals who were caught running along it, or rebels who had swarmed right up to the

loop-holes, I do not know, but I think that they must have been the latter, to judge from the little clothes that remained upon their limbs.

Some fifty men on the roof of the last row of cuadras had never left that exposed position, though the walls were spattered with bullet holes, and two shells that had rent great holes in the walls beneath them must have rocked the very building under their feet. The corpses strewn around and beyond their post showed how fierce had been the fight around them. And here I may say that this last row of building in particular is sadly torn and wrecked, and the very trees even are lopped off or mutilated by that withering fire which allowed no man to approach it and live.

Around and beyond this point the dead were thickly clustered, and as I went along soldiers were passing and saturating their clothing with coal oil, cremating them promptly on the spot. One group of eight or nine such figures presented the most gruesome sight, with their twisted limbs and distorted faces turned to the sky, whilst the flames crept over their blackening limbs, and the flesh sizzled under the heat, and bleaching bones showed through what had once been human flesh.

I went no further, but all over the plain beyond and about the round house the soldiers wandered, bottle in hand, and little spurts of flame shot up amidst the coils of smoke where a cartridge exploded upon the dead.

Their numbers I cannot estimate, but I would readily give credence to any account that would place them at upwards of half a thousand on the rebel side alone.

Most of the corpses had been stripped by the soldiers' women, and lay half naked on the earth. And here a most astonishing thing met one's eyes. Many of those whose blood-stained or tattered raiment had offered no attraction to the ghouls wore American Army uniforms, complete with buttons and insignia. There were regulation water bottles with the army marking upon them, felt army hats, and cartridge belts with the service numbers and clasps; in fact, some, at least, of the attacking rebels died wearing American soldiers' uniforms

(1) 'Cuadras'—Stables

(2) 'Tajo'—Ditch.

complete. Of course we understand, even if it surprises us, that this equipment had passed through the hands of some dealer who purchased discards or misfits from the army, but the nature of the impression made upon these ignorant people may be well imagined; nor can the most earnest explanations wholly convince them that there is absolutely no significance in the fact that the men who attacked and slew many of them were armed and clad from head to foot in American military equipment, whether modern or out of date.

Wednesday, March 25th.

A day of heavenly calm, followed by a night of hell.

On this day many curious persons came over from Torreon to view our battle-field, and the town assumed almost a holiday air.

Towards evening clouds of dust were visible towards San Ignacio, marking the course of rebel forces advancing and extending for the night attack. The federal cannon unlimbered promptly in front of the railroad park, and sent shells at intervals against the advancing lines.

Ere dark the rifle firing also had begun, coming first in muffled and heavy volume from Lerdo, then leaping all along the Northerly line of battle until the factory guards too were engaged. This firing never ceased the long night through, keeping us in a state of wakeful tension, fearing the rebel entry at any moment.

But at Lerdo the attackers were repulsed after a heavy fight, and here too, although the defence of the round-house is said to have cost the federals many losses. It was about nine p.m., however, whilst trying to interpret the many sounds of the scattered conflict, that we heard such a sudden rush of sound that I can compare it only to the breaking of a great steam main, drowning all other sounds in its furious outburst. The air was filled with one continuous roar that seemed to silence all other sounds, and long-range bullets hummed through the trees.

We found afterwards that this was the attack upon Trincheras Hill, the most furious fight of the siege,

which for nearly three hours sustained its volume, with no sign of individual firing, but only one vast muffled roar, like the chorus of a mighty waterfall. It seemed impossible that human beings could withstand such an infernal blast, and when it died down, and the crackling fire along the other lines asserted itself again, we felt certain that the position had been carried.

Thursday, March 26th.

Dawn revealed indescribable scenes of horror on and around that hill, for hand grenades had been used, as well as rifle and artillery fire, and many of the dead were rent and battered out of human semblance.

The federals had held their ground, but the success had cost them dear, for General Peña was dead, and General Ocarranza was so severely wounded as to be like to die. Peña had fallen in a charge made to relieve the hardly-pressed defenders of the hill, and Ocarranza was struck by a bullet whilst directing the defence of the round-house, the most Northerly federal position.

These black tidings came fast after the news of the successful defence of the whole line of fire, and little surprise was therefore felt when preparations for evacuation of Gomez Palacio, and a withdrawal and concentration in Torreon had begun. Stripped of his strongest helpers, Peña and Reina dead, Ocarranza mortally wounded, Valgez still weak from a bed of sickness and unable to sustain the fatigues of a fight, General Velasco may well have thought that fate had used him hardly, and that it would be flying in the face of destiny to continue to attempt to hold his scattered positions here, and that a concentration upon some central place would be necessary if he were to lessen the effect of the loss of three of his best commanders, and the only men who, up to the present, had held independent commands.

In all this fighting it is necessary to take into account that on the federal side many of the regiments were raw press-gang levies, not only unseasoned to battle, but likely to desert at the first opportunity that they might find of running away or going over

to the enemy, and that most of the officers in command of the troops were mere boys, captains and lieutenants who should still be cadets at Chapultepec, and majors and colonels who could scarcely show a beard. The trains, trams, and carts streamed past in one dismal and disorderly procession, crowded with excited refugees struggling with one another for coveted positions and speedy transfer to Torreón. Troop after troop defiled past, the soldiers staggering under their packs, the poor women running alongside, or trailing after, staggering under yet heavier burdens or carrying children in their arms, shuffling and running, weeping and crying, with haste and excitement, blocking the roads to Torreón.

At four p.m. our garrison, too, filed out through the park, and the last of the forces from other posts poured into the central streets and turned south. A railroad locomotive, with iron cables, shuffled about the yards in semi-darkness under the direction of a colonel of engineers, ripping up the track; and a group of "rurales" stayed close under the walls of the rubber factory opposite until night fell, when they, too, filed out and left us abandoned.

We could hear the swish of the heavy shells and their vicious bursts, as the rebels shelled the town before their advance, and soon bursts of rifle fire and taunting yells told us that the enemy had discovered the abandoned fortifications and suspected a trap. Before midnight, however, many were in the town, and we could hear them hammering upon the doors as they went from house to house in search of concealed enemies.

Friday, March 27th.

They were at the main gate of the factory before dawn, and went through all our works, displaying to our great relief, no sign of antagonism towards the defence that had been made from our walls.

Carothers,⁽¹⁾ who appeared later in the day, told me that he had explained to Villa and to his staff, one by one, the neutral attitude of the management and occupants of this place, and our complete powerlessness and inability to resist the warlike uses to

which our walls had been put, according to my letters and telegrams to him before he left El Paso.

I hope that this circumstance may have saved us from the molestation and abusive examination that we had otherwise without a doubt undergone, for whereas we were soon most uncomfortably inundated with troops, their destructiveness was limited to the inevitable happenings amongst such a horde, and no deliberate injury was committed nor direct insult offered.

Troop after troop swarmed into the park, until every nook and precinct was filled with men. They tore down young trees, or tethered their horses to them, lopped off dry limbs for firewood, ripped up palms, and beat down the grass under a thousand hooves. The greenness of our glades and the trimly-kept flower beds soon disappeared under the trampling mass. Benches were broken and fed to the flames, and doors wrenched off, walls thrown down, and private houses broken into and rifled for provisions; and still more and more streamed in like swarming bees. As usual the unfortunate manager was in demand in ten places at once. Here boxes of soap were being stolen, there a captain was threatening to break open a door in quest of subterranean passages; here a general was calling for food, there a rail-road man demanding water for their engines, and a mozo telling wildly of the rifling of the houses of employees in the park, or a cook coming to complain that he had no material for the noon-day meal.

War correspondents arrived, and I billeted them in the rooms of your house that night, for its greater security, although the notice of its being the residence of the British Vice-Consul has so far secured complete immunity for it.

By evening I had the string of adobe along the southern end of the vaults where the families slept and lived doubled against the possibility of a striking shell, and the office windows above them barricaded with sacks, and a row of sacks likewise filled with soda ash, at the head of the stairs that led to the vaults where we all sleep. The refugees now number some sixty in all, and during the heavy shell fire

(1) Mr. G. C. Carothers, the United States agent with the rebel forces.

there are moments of pitiful excitement amongst the crowd of defenceless creatures. The strain is telling on some of them, too, and our once light-hearted picnic party is now hard to cheer.

To be continued.

THE ELOCUTION PRIZES.

The Elocution Competition, both for Higher and Lower Line, took place on Tuesday, June 2nd, in the Academy Room, the preliminary elimination trials having taken place the evening before. Besides visitors and sundry members of the community, an audience was furnished by the members of these classes which were represented among the competitors. There was a universal agreement that the standard of attainment this year was a great advance on that of last. In the Second Division, S. Unsworth gave a very pleasing rendering of the familiar "Pipes at Lucknow." D. Macsherry followed with Doyle's "Spanish Mother." For subdued passion and evidence of latent talent, he was accounted by experienced critics second to none of the other speakers, but there were possibilities in the piece, which a more careful study might have elicited to greater advantage. We cannot refrain from expressing the hope that we may on a future occasion see him do fuller justice to his very remarkable gifts as an elocutionist. G. Liston's "Modern Logic" was the only humorous piece attempted. He showed distinct capacity, but was handicapped by the comparatively small scope his recitation afforded. The prize was awarded to R. Smith. His piece, "The Abbot's Prophecy," derived local colour from its reference to such familiar objects in our neighbourhood as Whalley Abbey, Pendle Hill, and Ribblesdale. It was a most artistic effort, carried through with flawless precision of gesture, clearness of voice, and boldness of delivery. N. Chevers laboured under the disadvantage of having to declaim the same piece as the first speaker, so that it lost much of its charm of novelty.

Then followed a most interesting competition for the prizes in the first division. W. Barrow and F. van der Tælen, presumably not by concert, but coincidence, had chosen each of them Tennyson's "Revenge," a poem that seems to afford ever fresh possibilities of interpretation. This was abundantly illustrated by these two speakers, each of whom, in his own way, reflected the highest credit on the person responsible for his tuition. To an indefinable charm of utterance, Van der Tælen united a captivating grace of gesture, a mastery of facial expression, and a most accurate regulation of speed and intensity. From the graphic portrayal of the opening scene to the pathos of the incident where "they blessed him in their pain"; from the fierce defiance of the dauntless old sea-dog to his poignant dying cry, every note rang true. When the speaker made his bow, there was a general feeling that he had set a pace which it would be no easy task to equal, much less outstrip. Barrow, whose turn came next, made an admirable first impression. There were impassioned moments in the earlier stages of his declamation, which seemed to give promise of his excelling the excellent. However, as he proceeded he carried deliberation to excess, and his dramatic pauses were unnaturally long. The divergence in interpretation of the rival elocutionists was most apparent in their respective conceptions of the proper spirit in which to voice the hero's last words. Barrow's tone, consistently with his portraiture of Sir Richard Grenville, as a rugged buccaneer, was loud and defiant; Van der Tælen's a thrilling blend of suppressed feeling and triumphant exultation. The first prize was deservedly awarded to the latter; the Kirby prize to the former. In the Third Division, E. Harrison was the only contestant. The relatively high standard he attained sufficiently accounted for the absence of rival competitors.

If you want a thing done, go; if not, send.

—Benjamin Franklin.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of "The Stonyhurst Magazine."

JUNE, 1914.

DEAR SIR,

"GERARD" MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

<i>Sixth Subscription List.</i>	£	s.	d.
Amount already Acknowledged ..	667	16	0
Stanislaus Lynch (second donation) ..	10	0	0
Rafael Obregon	5	0	0
Mrs. Thomas, in memory of her son, Arthur Chilton Thomas	2	2	0
A. Ulysses John	2	2	0
P. Hallinan (2nd donation)	2	2	0
J. Liddell (2nd donation)	2	0	0
Mrs. L. Jackson	1	1	0
J. Unsworth	1	1	1
Cecil Dwyer	1	1	0
J. F. Lischer	1	1	0
N. R. Pearse (2nd donation)	1	1	0
Col. P. Kenna, V.C., D.S.O., A.D.C. ..	1	0	0
C. Trappes-Lomax	1	0	0
	£698	7	0
Interest on Money on Deposit to 31/3/14	15	2	6
Total	713	9	6

It is proposed to shortly close this fund, and the Committee are most anxious to be able to hand over to the Trustees of the Scholarship Funds a clear £700, after all expenses have been paid. The total expenses, including the Memorial Brass, amount to about £33, thus leaving a sum of about £20 more to collect. Any subscription, however small, will be gratefully received, and should be sent to the Hon. Secretary of the Fund, Mr. E. Blackett, at the address below. Cheques, or postal orders should be crossed, "London, County and Westminster Bank."

Believe me,

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD J. BLACKETT,

43, Bryanston Street, Hon. Sec. and Treas.
Portman Square, London, W.

THE CHOIR.

To the Editor of "The Stonyhurst Magazine."

SIR,

Your latest issue, remembering doubtless that toffee is good for throats, dosed our Choir with butter. ["It didn't do any good," said the Dormouse. "It was the very best butter," answered the Hatter, resentfully" (I quote from memory)]—May I in my turn offer it a crust?

Our Choir has certain defects which, judging from universal (*viva voce*) comment, escape no one. To be taught how to manage the breath is, of course, of the essence of all voice training, however elementary. I have no idea how much time is consecrated to it here. Doubtless, much. Still, more should be made of it. Then we should not have so many in all parts of the choir letting out all their breath at the beginning of a note which they are then incapable of carrying through. Allied to this is the proper opening of the mouth. At present about one treble opens his mouth properly; most sing through their lips; and a fair-sized group stands absolutely silent, not even "looking as if they could sing," in silent expectation of, I suppose, the Choir-do, since no other reason for their presence can be surmised. All good training, moreover, concentrates on the *attack*. More attention should be given by the choir to the instructions of their indefatigable choirmaster on this point. As it is, most of the trebles wait, indefinitely, for a lead, and are not led; one of the tenors markedly, and another to a less degree, come in habitually late; and the tenors often drown the trebles. The basses (one of them, by prerogative, I presume, very markedly) come in as much too early as the tenors do too late. This accounts for the ragged and uncertain singing of the Psalms (those of Ascension Day were like nothing on earth), so that to single out the "smoothness and accuracy" of, e.g., *Tenebræ*, for commendation, argues a sense of humour so dry as to be all but cynical. (Thus, too, all the longer titles of any litany, and the first *Agnus*, when the tune changes, are always messy). Management of voice, disciplined attack, and thorough acquaintance with the music to be

sung would, too, ensure the hitting of each note plumb in the middle, a clean and refreshing practice, and a triumph rarely, if ever, achieved by the vague shots of too many of our choir. There is in consequence a tendency to lapse even into that most lewd of all errors, the "glide" (is it not technically called the *portamento*?), a most peculiarly vile habit, especially in Gregorian (which, if slip shod, is as detestable as it is austere inspiring when accurate), and even more in the intoning of antiphons. In making these remarks I in no way hint at any lack of material. That it is quite good anyone who has heard Singing-practice knows. We cannot indeed hope for excellence comparable to that of the trained choir of Wimbledon, or Stamford Hill, or even of a keen and cultured congregation like Letchworth's; but even here discipline and training could do much, and we could manage to produce quite fifteen very good trebles, who would do admirably until creeping age prevented them, as so often, living up to the performance of their youthful days. Having asked for discipline, training, and accuracy, I feel it out of place to do more than to allude to the constant ill division of words (*casti-i-ssima*) and lines (Dark night has come down on us Mother. And we. Look out for thy shining sweet Star of the Sea!) and to deplore the lack of all "colour" in the singing. Let us, therefore, have high ideal, zealous co-operation, and a divine discontent.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

DIVINELY DISCONTENTED.

THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.

To the Editor of the "*Stonyhurst Magazine*."
SIR,

All are agreed upon the immense improvement in our Corpus Christi procession owing to the presence of the O.T.C. Sincere and cordial thanks are due to Major Pearse for his admirable organisation of this department. Many, however, nor the old-fashioned only, experience a certain shrinking when loud commands are shouted in the Church. Am I but proving myself, militarily speaking, an

utter ignoramus if I ask whether, in the Church, the evolutions could be performed *at a sign* from the Commanding Officer? Am I wrong in supposing, moreover, that, save when actually lining the route, or forming the guard of honour, the members of the O.T.C. can, and should, sing? The loss of their voices is a heavy one, especially in the open air.

I am, sir,

Yours, etc., R.N.

THE AVIARY.

We had just uplifted our pen, heavy with unshed ink, to record the sad news of the deaths of Patsy, the Cockatiel (O.S., 1902), and Mac, the Macaw (O.S., 1912), when the ruthless editor informed us that he had no space left in this number for our funeral orations on the deceased fowls. We hope to do ample justice to the subject in our next. Meanwhile we must content ourselves with expressing our thanks to benefactors for the following additions to the Aviary:—

A Blue and Buff Macaw; *presented by* Mrs. Simpson.

Two Pairs of Siberian

Bullfinches

One Pair of Crossbills

One Pair of Pine Gros-
beaks

presented by
Frank Butler (1879)

One Hen Waxwing; *presented* Anonymously.

A substantial donation to our funds; *from* Mr. P. Bell.

Two Cock Madagascar

Weavers

Two Pairs of Spice Birds

A Crimson-crowned

Weaver

An Orange Bishop

A Napoleon Bishop

A Cordon Bleu

An Orange Waxbill

presented by
John Chichester.

The following have been purchased by the Management:—A Kentucky Cardinal, and Two Orange Bishops.

For the Management

{ E. CLARK.
G. O'DONOGHUE.
JOHN WATERTON.

VERSE.

The Prologue of the Great Academies.

In answer to several requests, from visitors and others, we print part of the Grand Academy Prologue, despite the vigorous protest of its anonymous author, who considers that an impromptu piece of doggerel, consisting chiefly of topical allusions, is suitable (if at all) only to domestic declamation, and not to print. After the exordium, it proceeds:—

First, in courtesy she sends
 Kindliest welcome to her friends.
 Sister CLONGOWES, 'tis for thee
 Year of glad centenary :
 Years a hundred o'er thy head,
 Sister DOWNSIDE, too, have sped.
 ORATORY, we with you
 First this year have had to do
 On the stubborn football field :
 Now that flannelled batsmen wield
 The light willow at the wicket,
 Come, and take revenge at cricket !
 ROSSALL, older friend and foe,
 For three years 'twas thine to snatch
 Laurels at our football match.
 This last year* to us they go.
 You our tale of triumph clinch,
 Head and Captain, HAROLD LYNCH !
 Though no more with ROSSALL we
 Fight for goals, the O.T.C.
 Finds us field-days friendly fierce—
 Thanks to you, dear MAJOR PEARSE !
 While for inspiration, look !
 Colours that the illustrious ROOKE
 Straight from WELLINGTON's hand took.†
 Battlefields Peninsular
 Saw you wave 'mid shells that burst :
 Brought from WATERLOO afar.
 Now your home is STONYHURST.
 Long the list is, teach us haste,
 JACKIE PETRE, you who placed
 STONYHURST, by BROOKLANDS‡ rules,
 First among the Public Schools.
 Better luck attend your fists
 Next year, gallant pugilists,
 Agile gymnasts ! ALDERSHOT
 Simply waits to see you win,

* Since Rossall is abandoning Association for Rugby, it appears that the Rossall-Stonyhurst match must be for the nonce, at least, suspended.

† Vide *Stonyhurst Magazine*, Dec., 1913, p. 787.

‡ Vide *Stonyhurst Magazine*, current number.

Now you've (very nearly—) got
 The new GYM to practice in.

Seventh, with thirty in the field
 Shooting for the silver shield,
 Stood the record of our rifle.*

Hark ! from tall Parisian EIFFEL
 Wireless news comes daily, nightly,
 At our installation landing—
 Quite a "cordial understanding" . . .
 Were we sure we read it rightly !

Twenty score of scholars pour
 Down the crowded corridor :
 In the Angels' Chapel,† see,
 Dwells a novel company !
 Yet (they tell), at hush of night,
 Hymns angelic are not quite
 Silenced yet . . . and incense sweet
 Still their saintly nostrils greet.

WILFRID WARD, right glad were we
 To our walls to welcome thee.‡
 Glad to have thee for our scion
 Hampstead's Mayor, E. A. O'BRYEN !
 Proud, with Austria, Spain, and France
 To acclaim the high romance
 And long-centuried renown,
 BOURBON-PARMA, of your crown !

Pass we swift to what's to come,
 Then our Prologue shall be dumb.
 First, the famous Latin play,
 All on questions of the day.
 DAVUS (David) damns the Lords :
 RUFUS makes Marconi-hoards.
 Doubly great, in air, on sea,
 Lo CHARINUS.—What shall we
 Do with MYsis, Suffragette ?
 If the pretty little pet
 Simply will not stay at home—Oh,
 Marry her to Sergeant BOMO !
 Blushing like a rosy star,
 Lo the lovely LESBIA !
 Our astonished stage upon,
 Lovely LESBIA, come on !

MUSE, enough. No more I'll say
 For the other actors, they
 Shall themselves address you
 Each clear in French or English speech.
 While the Orchestra can want

* *ib.*

† The Chapel of the Angels has (*vide Magazine*, Feb. 1914), become a dormitory, known as the Dormitory of the Holy Innocents.

‡ Vide *Stonyhurst Magazine*, Dec., 1913.

Naught from me. 'Tis conversant
 With its own drum, how to thump it,
 How to blow with its own trumpet. . . .
 This, dear sir and honoured madam, is
 All. Good luck to our Academies!

MUSIC NOTES.

At the beginning of the third term our first treble, F. van der Taelen, retired from the choir, as his voice was beginning to break. He has been a most efficient leader. C. Chudleigh, a former first treble, and E. Harrison retired for the same reason. S. Hall and A. Gibbs became altos, and the following were admitted as trebles—M. Slattery, W. Biller, and B. Feeny.

The Mass chosen for the Solemnity of St. Joseph was the "Missa Pontificalis," by Perosi, with Father de Zulueta's "Te Joseph Celebrent," sung at the offertory. All went well, the congregation joining heartily in the offertory hymn.

The next Mass was for the Ascension, and the choir then performed Silas' Mass in C, with Kammerlander's "Ascendit Deus," as offertory piece. An accident to the blowing apparatus of the organ just before the Mass considerably disconcerted the choir, and hence their performance was an indifferant one. It was difficult to keep either tone or expression against the continuous thump of the blowing apparatus, hastily improvised in place of the engine.

On Whitsunday the Mass was Gounod's "Messe Solennelle de Pâques," a very trying mass for trebles, and the offertory piece the "Confirma hoc Deus," by Rogers. The mass was a decided improvement on the last performance, as was the offertory piece also, and the expression and time were much more carefully attended to. The singing of the sequence, the well-known "Veni Sancte Spiritus" of Webbe, by the congregation, was admirable.

The proper vespers of the feast, according to the Vatican Antiphonale were sung on the Ascension and on Whitsunday. It is very difficult, after being used to the Mechlin edition for so long, to perform the antiphons in the revised edition with anything like precision. The Vespers on the Ascension were very ragged, those on Whitsunday not much better. The Magnificat was Palestrina, Tone VIII., and the Regina Coeli was by Fagan. We missed the long familiar version of the "Veni Creator Spiritus," in fact on the earlier occasions when it was performed we noticed some dissonance between the organ and the congregation. In the Psalms, too, the congregation still persist in putting the accents on the wrong syllables, and make a distinct stop before the meditation and the termination; for instance, "saecula saecu (stop) lorum, Amen," instead of "saecula saeculorum."

With regard to secular music, the singing class gave an excellent performance of Coleridge-Taylor's two-part chorus, "The Viking," under Mr. Gudgeon's direction, at the Syntax Academy. At the Great Academies an augmented choir, with the powerful aid of Mr. P. de Zulueta, as leader of the basses, and Mr. B. Smith, former members of the choir, gave a rendering of Elgar's chorus, "The Challenge of Thor" (King Olaf), which was greatly praised by the visitors. The orchestral accompaniment was subdued and effective.

With regard to the orchestra they have very much improved since the beginning of the year. Among new members lately admitted are V. French, as 2nd violin, W. Biller, and A. Gibbs, as 2nd flutes. Both the overtures for Syntax and the Great Academies, "Nabuccodonosor," by Verdi, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Nicolai, were very well played. On the latter occasion, Mr. J. P. and Mr. J. Sheridan assisted the 1st violins, and the 'cellos, and Mr. D. Smith (O.S.) the flutes. Some new music was heard at the Syntax Academy in two marches from the incidental music to "The Merchant of Venice," by Rosse. Of these the Oriental March is more original in conception than the Doge's March.

SEMI-BREVE.

CRICKET.

Owing to the failure of our cricket correspondents to send in their reports in time, detailed accounts of other matches must be deferred till our next issue.—*Ed.*

STONYHURST C.C. v. NORTHERN C.C. *May 28th*

The visitors won the toss and elected to put the College in first. This plan, however, was not very successful, the College compiling the handsome total of 203 for four wickets in slightly under three hours. For this success we were mainly indebted to the brilliant batting of F. Flynn and H. Morrissy, who, together, added 160 for the third wicket, scoring a faultless 88 and 80 not out respectively. After the tea interval Withall declared the innings closed, and put in the visitors to score the 200 runs in two hours. They were all out within the time for 180, largely owing to some good bowling by F. Farrelly, who took six wickets for 77 runs. Scores:—STONYHURST C.C.

F. Flynn, c. Taylor, b. Framton	88
F. Caryll, b. Mate	3
E. Brown, b. Fraser	4
H. Morrissy, not out	80
T. B. Trappes-Lomax, not out	10
B. Withall, c. Blase, b. Framton.....	2
Extras	5

Total for 4 wks. (dec.)..... 203

J. Shiel, J. Franck, F. Farrelly, R. Plissonneau, M. C. Nolan did not bat.

NORTHERN C.C.

G. Framton, st. Withall, b. Plissonneau	22
J. Lathmar, b. Farrelly	0
H. Blease, c. Withall, b. Farrelly	6
E. Mate, l.b.w., b. Farrelly	52
S. Scholfield, b. Plissonneau.....	1
J. Fraser, b. Plissonneau	33
P. Bush, b. Farrelly	8
J. Taylor, b. Brown	24
M. Teague, l.b.w., b. Farrelly	11
L. Richardson, c. Trappes-Lomax, b. Farrelly ...	1
R. Verdon, not out	1
Extras	21

Total 180

F. Farrelly	6 for 77	22 overs
M. C. Nolan	0 for 21	5 overs
R. Plissonneau	3 for 62	14 overs
E. Brown... ..	1 for 2	2 overs

STONYHURST v. FULWOOD GARRISON. *June 2nd.*
Stonyhurst, 182 (Declared after 4 wickets down).
Fulwood Garrison, 1st Innings, 41. 2nd Innings, 92.

REVIEWS.

THE "GAZETTE."

A Catholic Medical Journal.

We wish to offer a very sincere and cordial welcome to the first number of the *Gazette* (*Burns and Oates*: after this number, which is gratis, the price will be 1s. for non-members of the Catholic Medical Guild; for members, 6d.), which is to be the organ of the Catholic Doctors' Guild of St. Luke, Cosmas, and Damian.

It was the need and difficulty of finding Catholic medical officers for the Catholic Boys' Brigade which immediately occasioned the creation of this Guild. The Anglicans had one in England; many Catholic models existed on the Continent, the ancient French Guild of St. Luc, St. Côme, et St. Damien having been reconstituted at Le Mans, in 1884, and numbering over 11,000 members. In 1910 the ancient English Guild (1308) of St. Cosmas and St. Damien provided the main lines for a new guild of Catholic Doctors, and the first annual meeting was held at Archbishop's House, October 21st, 1911. The new Guild was soon affiliated to other Catholic Guilds, and shares, it is evident, in a general, and therefore significant modern movement, since the Guilds of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans (for instance) are scarcely older than the English. Of its 224 members, 25 hail from overseas, *i.e.*, from Malta, Ceylon, India, West Indies, and Australia.

The purpose and utility of the Guild are obvious. The points at which the duties of a doctor and the duties of a Catholic meet are many; at some (in more than one instance) they may seem, for a while, to clash. The doctor wants not only, for his own sake, to avoid violating the law, but, for that of others, to support and applaud it. Constantly the doctor is the priest's right-hand man. Often he can say and do what no priest can, and will be believed where priests would not be listened to. The mere fact and presence of a doctor, at once an expert in his profession, yet a careful, loyal Catholic, is an enormous encouragement to the weak, and a downright argument for religion. Suitably enough, the Chaplain of the Guild, Fr. I. R. Fletcher, was himself formerly a doctor. The material value of the Guild is also very great. It is enormously important that Catholic doctors should know one another and be known as such. Catholics should like to have Catholics to attend to them. Catholic medical students get great help in many ways other than spiritual, by being in touch with older Catholic members of their profession. Constantly, too, the greatest problems connected with medicine on the one hand, and Catholic dogma and practice on the other—

eugenics, mental deficiency, race-suicide, marriage, conditions of labour and living, etc.—need discussion, and obtain it in the study circles organised, or to be organised, by the Guild, or are to be dealt with in the *Gazette* (Tuberculosis and Marriage, and the Autonomy of the Cell are treated in the first issue, and are connected with problems of literally vital importance).

The Church in England has gladly blessed this undertaking. Last August the International Congress of Medicine met in London, and Cardinal Bourne preached at the High Mass celebrated at Westminster for the Catholic members, who also, to the numbers of above 1,000, assisted afterwards at his reception in Archbishop's House. The president is Dr. Kenneth Stewart, and we are glad to observe upon the list of vice-presidents, Associates and Council the following names of some whose sons were educated at Stonyhurst, and others who were themselves Stonyhurst boys: Vice-Presidents—Sir Alexander Dempsey M.D., Surgeon-General Maunsel, C.B.; Honorary Associates—Rev. Charles Plater, S.J. (1887); Council—Dr. E. J. Blackett (1880), Dr. McElligott.

The annual subscription is 2s. 6d., a composite fee of £1 constituting life membership. All Catholic members of the profession, including *registered students of medicine*, in the British Empire, are eligible.

We earnestly hope to see a rapid and great increase of adherents to this Guild. No enterprise makes more for Catholic solidarity within that profession which, in a sense, ranks next in dignity to the priesthood.

C. C. M.

SIX MOTETS FOR S.A.T.B.

By the Rev. CHARLES RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J.

(Cary & Co., 231, Oxford Street, London, W.)

In a former issue of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* we expressed our appreciation of those scholarly and melodious motets, now approved by the Westminster Diocesan Commission. They comprise Bone Pastor, Ave Regina, Alma Redemptoris Mater, Salve Regina, and Ave Maris Stella. The second of these is in constant use at Stonyhurst and is a great favourite amongst us. But all appeal by their devotional and tuneful character to such as seek in music intended for the Church sanctuary beyond more contrapuntal exercises. The success that these motets have already achieved has induced the author to re-issue them in a new edition, the Ave Regina, the Salve Regina, and the Ave Maris Stella having been revised and partly re-written. We are particularly pleased to welcome these compositions by an old Stonyhurst boy.

A MAGAZINE IN LATIN.

Esperanto not being yet the common tongue of Europe, and inter-communication being ever more desirable, many besides Catholics are talking about the revival of Latin as a medium of general intercourse. *Alma Roma* is published in Rome (via del Governo Vecchio, 96), and is edited by Cav. Giuseppe Fornari; The subscription is 10/- annually, and the ideal of the *Alma Roma* is at once to preserve Latin from the doom which threatens, now-a-days, everything the utility of which is not immediately apparent to the eye of the uneducated, and to adapt it (for, in spite of all, Latin is adaptable) to modern uses. Certainly this first number gives excellent examples of the variety of topics to be treated. Social and economic notes, archeological and artistic paragraphs, hygiene, literature, current events, pontifical legislation, and even jokes. All this in 20 pages.

We are immensely pleased to see that to recommend Latin as a universal medium of communication implies an identical pronunciation. *Alma Roma* vigorously states the case for what is known as the Restored, or Augustan, pronunciation; at least, as far as C and G are concerned, about whose value there neither is nor ever has been any dispute. *Tshaylow* and *laydjay* will soon cease, we may hope, to be offered for *caelo* and *lege*. Pius X. has written a long and very cordial autograph letter of approbation.

SAINTS AND FESTIVALS.

By MOTHER MARY SALOME.

A Cycle of the Year for young people.

Illustrated by GABRIEL PIPPET.

Washbourne. 3/6.

This is one the most delightful books for children that can possibly be imagined.

The subjects of the stories, their style and treatment are alike charming and graceful. Those anxious to provide good and interesting spiritual reading for the little ones will find this book invaluable.

The illustrations are most of them excellent, but somewhat unequal in merit. In the frontispiece, for instance, representing the dream of St. Joseph before the flight into Egypt, the effect is somewhat that of a founding infant lying at the feet of a tall man, so colossal is the Angel compared to St. Joseph. There is also something rather repulsive in the picture of St. John Gaulbert being embraced by the Figure on the Crucifix. On the other hand, nothing could be more admirable than the finding of the body of St. John Nepomucene "A cry was heard in the city."

We fully endorse the dictum of the Bishop of Northampton in his excellent preface: "Saints can be evidently made as interesting as fairies."

THE CATHOLIC LIBRARY.

1. **Allen's defence of English Catholics,**
2. **St. Antonino and Mediaeval Economics.**
(2 Vols.)

The above form numbers 2, 3 and 4 of the Catholic Library series, which was introduced to the notice of our readers in the last issue, and come up fully to the ideal set before themselves by the editors. The printing is what one expects in publications of the Manresa Press, and in form they are very handy. Of the first, we cannot give a better idea than in the words of His Grace Cardinal Bourne, in his preface:—"This treatise gives us an answer to the charge, still sometimes renewed, that those who gave their lives for the Catholic faith in England in the sixteenth century were in reality men disloyal to Queen and country. More valuable still . . . is the light thrown upon the recently discovered continuity that, we are told, exists between the established Church of England and the Catholic Church in England before the Reformation. To such a groundless theory the lives and deaths of our Blessed Martyrs are the best and most conclusive reply."

The second presents the social work and theory of a Saint in the fifteenth century. The appearance of such a life is most opportune, as proof of the efficiency of the Church in tackling the social question, where liberty is accorded it; and it will be an eye-opener to many who look on that epoch as plunged in the deepest ignorance of things social and economic.

In Book I. of Allen's defence, page 33, line 18, "than" appears to be a misprint for "then." On page 86, line 8, the sense seems to require the disappearance of the "not," unless the phrase "let pass" has a special meaning.

In the Life of St. Antonino, page 31, Benedict XII. should be Benedict XIII.

BERGSON: AN EXPOSITION AND CRITICISM.

T. J. GERRARD.

Sands & Co. 2/6 net.

As a criticism of *Bergson*, the book leaves us cold, perhaps even a little irritated by a regrettable scolding tone which prevades it. The criticism rarely comes to grips with its opponent; the chapter on unconscious finality is about the best, but even this does not take much of Bergson's admissions into account. However, some of the work is worth reading for its own sake, if one tries to forget it is dealing with Bergson.

As an exposition of Bergson, it is often inaccurate. Bergson's thought is too complex to fit the ready-made labels tacked on to it by Fr. Gerrard. Bergson does not "destroy space"; and the critic does not appear

to have understood the drift of Bergson's solution of the arrow of difficulty. Intelligence is not purely symbolic according to Bergson; it becomes so only when it applies its categories to life. To describe that philosopher's theory of memory as "the intersection of mind and matter" is to give a complete false idea of it.

To appreciate Bergson correctly, it is necessary to understand the philosophic system against which his own is raised; we see no signs of this in the book before us. So understood, it shows a tendency towards scholastic thought.

Had the critic noticed the distinction St. Thomas makes between "ratio" and "intellectus," he would have been struck by the analogy between the two thinkers, and would, we think, have been in a better position to correct Bergson.

Bergson does not say (page 37) that insects are the culmination of the "anthropoids," but that the manifestation of instinct culminated in the arthropods.

OUR LADY INTERCEDES.

Twelve Stories by ELEANOR F. KELLY.

2/6; and

BLIND MAUREEN

and other stories by the same author.

Washbourne. 2/-

Most of these stories have evidently appeared already in various magazines, collected together they form two most attractive volumes, which can be read with pleasure by young and old alike.

Every one of these stories is bright and interesting.

They are chiefly concerned with the sayings and doings of Irish people, and are thoroughly healthy and Catholic in tone. Here and there they are enlivened with touches of characteristic humour as when the minister remonstrates with Patsy MacDermott on "the idolatry" of having a statue of Our Lady in a place of honour in his lodging, saying: "It is vile, it is heathenish to have the woman's image there. Why, she was no better than other woman, my own mother, for instance." To which Patsy rejoins: "Begorra, av she wasn't, then there's a big differ between their two sons, anyhow."

Or when the carman, after listening with apparent sympathy to Mrs. Casey's denunciation of wealth, to her concluding protestation, "I'd sooner have a little sent on before me, in the shape of charitable deeds, than leave a mountain of riches behind me," soothingly replied, "Maybe you're right, Mrs. Casey, but there's a great many people that's not of your way of thinking."

The story of the priest-catcher caught in his own trap is rather an original conception and one of the best tales in the volume which bears the name of "Blind Maureen."