

SIR FREDERICK WELD, G.C.M.G.,

O.S. 1833.

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

"Quant je puis"

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CURRENT EVENTS.

Our frontispiece of Sir Frederick Weld, G.C.M.G. (O.S., 1833) illustrates an article in this issue suggested by his recently published biography by Lady Lovat, which has attracted much attention in the press.

The Corpus Christi procession this year was remarkable for one new departure. Hitherto the Guard-of Honour has always been furnished by the O.T.C., but this time in addition those of the corps who had given in their names to go to camp were employed to line the route from the old front to the entrance from the playground. The experiment, though it added much to the ceremony from a spectacular point of view, had this disadvantage, that it much reduced the volume of sound in the singing. The Very Rev. Father Provincial carried the monstrance, supported by Fr. Rector and Fr. Cassidy. The *Daily Mail* of the following day contained a picture of the procession.

This year a ceremony, which lapsed last year, when the late Fr. John Clayton visited us as Vice-Provincial, was renewed, namely, the delivery of an address in Latin and Greek verses to the Very Rev. Fr. Provincial on his day, June 16th. Among other things to which His Reverence referred in his reply were the steady increase in our numbers, the extension of the system of private rooms for the boys of the Higher Line, and our recent participation in the Public Schools gymnastic and boxing competitions. All present associated themselves with the sentiment expressed in the Latin verses, namely, the pleasure it gave us all to welcome His Reverence once more restored to us in good health, after his long and painful illness.

The panegyric of Saint Aloysius was delivered in finished Latin periods, on June 21st, by Philip B. Anderson, one of the imperators of Rhetoric.

The Lower Line Arithmetic Good Day consisted of a drive in motor char-à-bancs to Bolton Abbey. It was conducted by the Rev. R. Baines and the Rev. R. Colley. Unfortunately the rain would come down all during the journey there. This did not, however, prevent the party (thirty-eight all told) from having a very enjoyable outing. After lunch in the woods, a visit was made to the historic Strid on the river Wharfe, celebrated in Wordsworth's well-known poem, "The Founding of Bolton Abbey."

The budding Newtons who were fortunate enough to get the Higher Line Mathematical Good Day took as their objective the same spot as last year. It was new to most of them, for whereas there were only five on the previous occasion—just enough in fact to form a quorum for an ordinary taxi—this time it required a motor-brake to accommodate the fifteen who had qualified. There was only one opinion about the wonderfully good brand of not very expensive cider that can be got at Braida Garth farm. Hearing its praises sung, we were reminded of the story of the Lancashire man who was questioned about the relative charms of divers parts of the country that might be selected for an outing. He had apparently one criterion by which to size up their respective merits: "Aye, yon's a place where yo can get a good glass o' hale."

It is distressing to think that so mild a distemper as chicken-pox could stop a campaign. Yet so it is. Sporadic cases declared themselves during the month of June; still, hope was entertained that a sufficient interval might intervene between the last case and the end of term to admit of our contingents going to Aldershot. Suddenly, on the Rector's Day, like a bolt from the blue, came the news "No Camp!" Needless to say, consternation was written on every face! That the spirit of the corps was willing, if the flesh was weak, is proved to demonstration by the record number who had entered their names for camp. The names listed amounted to no less than 102, excluding officers. They will now be condemned by a cruel fate to go home

before the time, but not without the consoling consciousness that they have shown their readiness to serve their country. This untoward event is all the more regrettable because this year, for the first time, the corps was to have been initiated into the mysteries of platoon drill. This will be a serious loss, because when next year we go to camp, we shall find other schools have the advantage of us in this respect. Camp, whatever its drawbacks, must be admitted to have a stimulating influence, both before and after, on the *ethos* of the O.T.C., and for that reason we sympathise particularly with those responsible for its efficiency, who have worked hard during the year to make camp a success.

The growth of militarism in our national youth is becoming every day more obtrusively apparent. We are not referring to the Ulster Volunteers, much less to the Nationalist counterblast; we are referring merely to the coming invasion of our property in August by no less than two divisions of the Catholic Boys' Brigade. The Liverpool division will encamp for their manœuvres in Paradise, by the Hodder; while the Leeds one will have quarters on the hill by Bankhurst on either side of the road. We heartily wish them a strenuous and enjoyable time.

We are looking forward to Sunday, July 26th, when the Rev. Walter Weld, S.J. (1892), and the Rev. Edward Colley, S.J. (1893) are to be ordained priests in the College Church. In the former we welcome one of the family who gave Stonyhurst to the Society; and in the latter one of a series of brothers, six of whom, including himself and his Jesuit brother, the Rev. Robert Colley, were successively Captains of the School. This constitutes, we fancy, a record of its kind.

In our last issue we noticed the intended embellishment of the Shireburn summer-houses in the garden, which is to be executed after designs of Mr. Leonard Stokes. We should have added that Mr. Humphrey Watts, of Edgbaston, has generously undertaken to defray the costs.

STONYHURST ASTRONOMERS AT HERNÖSAND.

On July 28th, Father A. L. Cortie, F.R.A.S., who is in charge of the British Government Eclipse Expedition of the Joint Permanent Eclipse Committee of the R.S. and R.A.S., sets out for Sweden. He will be accompanied by Father E. O'Connor, F.R.A.S., of the Stonyhurst Observatory, and also by Mr. G. J. Gibbs, F.R.A.S., of Preston, and Mr. E. T. Whitelow, F.R.A.S., of Birkdale. They will journey to Hernösand by way of Hull, Gothenburg, and Stockholm. Father Cortie is taking with him several heavy cases of astronomical instruments. As head of an official party he has allotted to him a Government grant towards the expenses of his expedition. His original plan was to have gone to Kieff, in Russia. To enable him to do so—Jesuits being excluded by law from Russia—the President and Council of the Royal Society applied as far back as last January to the British Foreign Office to procure from the Russian Government leave for the two Jesuits to go to Kieff in their exclusively scientific capacity. After all there was precedent for this seemingly reasonable request. In 1887 Father S. J. Perry, F.R.S., though a Jesuit, had been given a permit for just such an expedition, though it must be admitted it was not until he had been refused admittance on the first application. To the honour of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, we are glad to be able to state that they warmly supported the application made in January on behalf of Fathers Cortie and O'Connor. The British Foreign Office reported in May that the Russian Foreign Office had refused to give the desired permit, but the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg was instructed to press the matter. Meanwhile Father Cortie had a personal interview with the Russian Ambassador in London. One minute's conversation with so genial a personality ought to have convinced His Excellency that Father Cortie was neither a dangerous Nihilist nor a wily proselytiser masquerading as a scientist. Presumably it did; at least, he promised to intervene, and in point of fact he did so. However, it was all of no avail. On May 22nd a final reply was communicated by the British Foreign Office to

the Royal Society, "refusal" to grant the permit "being based on the categorical provision of the Russian law against the admission of Jesuits into Russia." It would seem, then, that the Government of the Tsar has gone back rather than forward on the path of religious toleration—and all this, as the French would say, "*en plein vingtième siècle*."

Perhaps it was the selection of Kieff as the objective of the astronomers that motived the refusal of the Russian Foreign Office. It is one of the so-called holy cities of Russia, not but what there is a large number of Ruthenian Catholics resident in the town. Conceivably, the Procurator of the Holy Synod winced at the prospect of a scientific expedition containing members of so suspect an order as the Society of Jesus, effecting an entrance into such sacred precincts. Whether it was that he and his colleagues feared a disturbance on their arrival, or during their stay, or dreaded nothing more than the spread of the Catholic microbe, we cannot pretend to say.

Kieff being ruled out, there were, fortunately, other quarters in which the expedition might be employed to advantage, for instance, Persia and Sweden. The former presented attractive features, as the period of totality in that country will be almost as long as at Kieff; but then there was first the distance from England to be considered and secondly a cumbrous and expensive caravan journey up country, involving great difficulties in setting up the apparatus. Accordingly it was determined to select Hernösand, in Sweden, as the best locality for the observation. In striking contrast to the somewhat truculent attitude of the Russian Government has been the chivalrous courtesy of the Swedish astronomers, and in particular of Professor Hasselberg, leader of the Swedish Government Expedition to Hernösand. In all their communications with Father Cortie they have displayed just the sort of spirit we should expect from disinterested comrades in the cause of science.

Fathers Cortie and O'Connor will not be the only Jesuit astronomers at Hernösand during the eclipse

of the sun. They will be joined by Father Wulf S.J., of the German Province, and Father Luis Rodés, S.J., a Spaniard, both of them from Valkenberg, in Holland. What would the Russian Government have thought of four Jesuits meeting together, when there was not room for two of them in that mighty empire? We wish them all success, and trust that on the analogy of "making hay while the sun shines," they will secure good results while it does not.

THE M.C.C. MATCH.

It is comfort to be able to record two cricket wins and—what is worth a win from any two other teams—a highly creditable draw against M.C.C. The match against the Northern Nomads was not prolific in runs on either side. The S.C.C. just won by the narrow margin of a single run. Farrelly took six wickets.

In the M.C.C. match we made 202, a record against that club on our ground. Flynn and Caryll inspired confidence by an opening partnership which yielded a profit of over 40 runs. The name of Harold Morrissy, however, will go down to posterity as the hero of the occasion. Mead could make no impression on a defence that was as impregnable as it was artistic. When quite set, and past his half-century, he was thrown out by Hornby in the effort to steal a short run.

Morrissy still further distinguished himself by a brilliant running catch at long-on, just on the very edge of the boundary. Withall laid about him in his York form of last year and refused to retire till he was within three of forty. Farrelly, Caryll and Flynn ran well into double figures.

The M.C.C. being two men short, R. Riley, our veteran of the last four or five seasons, being on a visit, was invited, together with G. Thornton, our twelfth man, to supply the deficit. They did so to good purpose, each achieving a fine catch, and the former bowling one wicket. The M.C.C. forced the

game at a great pace, A. H. Hornby, the Lancashire captain, making 42, and H. C. Hollins 45. Still by evening they had only compiled 144 for five wickets.

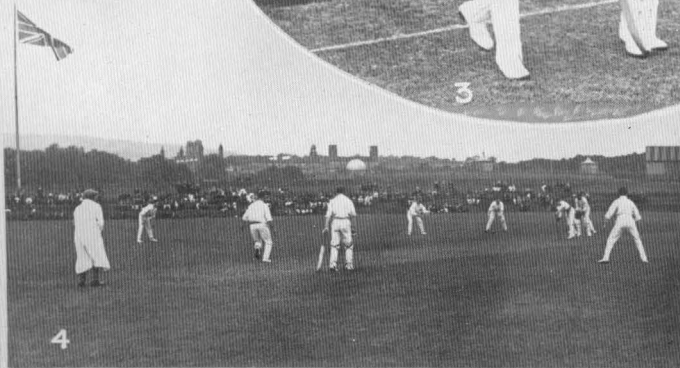
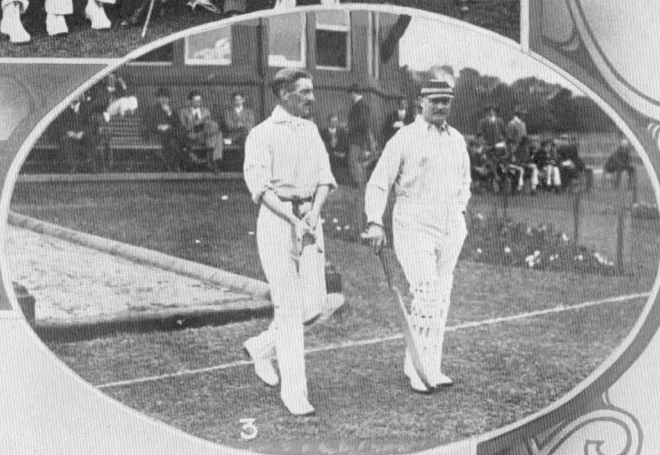
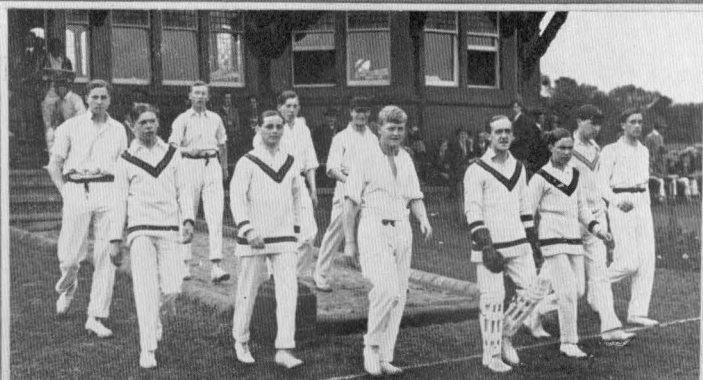
We were pleased to hear that Hornby and Mead had complimented the XI. in general, and individual players, Morrissy especially, on their play.

The XI. selected from those under sixteen to confront a Sedbergh School XI. of the same age was captained by W. Allanson. They dislodged their opponents for 67. It was impossible not to sympathise with the latter. They had no less than four motor breakdowns on the way, and were possibly demoralised and tired by their experiences. Perhaps they would have done better to go in second. We made 101, the chief contributors being Leslie Unsworth, with a dashing 37, T. Shiel with 17, and C. Morrissy and R. Sellier with 12 and 11 respectively. Of the visitors Roe bowled far the best.

The Sedbergh XI. then went in. Their one object was to knock up enough runs to serve as a basis for declaration. After reaching 78 for six they risked it, but it was only want of time that prevented our XI. from winning in the second innings, as well as in the first. We made a total of 45 for five. The match, of course, went by the first innings. Allanson and L. Unsworth were the chief scorers on the resumption of play. On their side Roe, and on ours C. Hamilton, were the most deadly with the ball.

"C" Company of the O.T.C. entered a XII. for the first time to shoot for the Imperial Challenge Shield (Junior). The average of points was 60.3. The result, if not superlative, may be considered distinctly encouraging. With such a prize in view, greater keenness will, no doubt, be exhibited in future by our juvenile marksmen.

Among the new coats of arms in the window by the new gymnasium is that of St. Aloysius. We are indebted to Mr. Paul Woodroffe, the designer, for the following description:—"Argent a cross pattée



THE M.C.C. MATCH.

1. Stonyhurst Going Out to Field.
2. M.C.C. XI.
3. A. H. Hornby and C. E. de Trafford.
4. M.C.C. Fielding.

F. Hopwood, Manchester.

gules between four eagles, displayed sable, beaked and membered of the second. Over all an escutcheon quarterly first and fourth gules a lion rampant crowned or. Second and third barry of eight or and sable. The whole surmounted by a princely coronet."

After this lucid explanation our readers will have no difficulty in grasping the meaning of the quarterings! It is to be observed that the lions stand for Lombardy. "Barry of eight or and sable" are the ancient arms of the Gonzagas. The eagles were granted by the Emperor Sigismund, in 1433. St. Aloysius, who was born in 1568, and died in 1591, being Patron of this College, it is only proper that his arms should be emblazoned in a conspicuous place. They are flanked by the beautiful coat-of-arms of the Archduke Franz Karl, of Austria, who arranged to have his arms put up when he left us from Philosophy last year.

EXCHANGES.

Downside Review (Centenary Number), *Beaumont Review*, *Rossallian*, *Month*, *Examiner*, *Columbian*, *Clongownian*, *Belvederian*, *Mungret Annual*, *St. Peter's Magazine*, *Wellingtonian*, *Denstonian*, *Elizabethan*, *Radleian*, *Ampleforth Journal*, *Glasgow Herald*, *Sphinx*, *University Correspondent*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *Xaverian* (Calcutta), *Oscotian*, *Ushaw Magazine*, *Holy Cross College Bulletin* (Worcester, Mass.), *Ignatian Record*, *Xaverian*, *Zambesi Mission Record*, *Xaverian* (Kew, Melbourne), *Trait d'Union*, *Raven*, *Xaverian* (Liverpool), *Fordham Monthly*, *Yellow Dragon*.

SOCRATIC INDIFFERENCE.

Remembreth you of Socrates;
For he ne countede nat three strees
Of noght that Fortune koude do.

Chaucer (Boke of the Duchesse).

HODDER NOTES.

We all got the "Writing Good Day" this term. We drove to Pendle Hill, starting from Hodder at 9-30 a.m. At the foot of the hill Fr. Cassidy remained with all the overcoats and we went up the hill. It was very hard, slow, thirsty work climbing up, but jolly quick and easy sliding and tumbling down. Then came lunch at the "botom of Pental," and afterwards a halt to buy ice-creams in Clitheroe before we drove back to Hodder for dinner.

We had tennis tournaments at Hodder this term. They were awfully exciting. Alfred Agostini is the secretary of the Tennis, and he and Walter Girdwood were the winners, but Alfred Barrow and Michael Chevers also played.

Some of us tried to trap rabbits this term. Don't put rabbit's hair in front of the traps to encourage them to go in. It is no good. I tried it. Rabbits are not stupid animals; I thought they were, but now I know better. So when your master says you have no more brains than a rabbit, you needn't get stuffy!

Roddy Riley, O.S., gave us a lot of eggs for the Museum. Here they are: Kittiwakes, Greater Black-backed Gulls, Herring Gulls, Oyster Catchers, Guillemots. We thank him very much.

W. E. AWDE & T. BAHR,
(Secretaries of the Museum).

At Hodder you can catch lots of butterflies, if you know how. They are not all rare. You may think so at first, but wait till you see the books about them. Cabbage-whites are rather rare here. I suppose there aren't enough cabbages for them. When you catch your butterfly don't put your great fat fingers on his wings. If you do we won't want you any more in our club.

KEVIN HOYLE & HENRY BARTLETT,
(Secretaries.)

Fr. Reginald Riley, S.J., came by motor this term to carry off our Ocelot to St. Helens to help him to build his new Church there. This is how he did it. He put Michi, the Ocelot, in a shed, and outside he wrote a big notice, "This way to the Tiger." The shed was called a "side-show" at the fair.

The people who came to the fair paid 2d. to see the tiger. It really wasn't a tiger, but Fr. Riley kept the money to pay for the Church. He said that the Spanish word for Ocelot is "Tigrillo," which means a *little* tiger. He never said it was a *big* one, so he did not tell a lie. Besides, what do *they* know about Ocelots?

There are a lot of members in our fishing club. Philip Maxwell Stuart caught the biggest fish. I caught one just as big, but the club-men said it didn't count because it was an *eel*. But Fr. Cassidy let me eat it on Friday, so it must be a fish.

AUDLEY GOSLING (*Asst.-Secretary*).

St. Aloysius' Good Day came on a Sunday this year so we waited till Monday to keep it. We went to Higher Hodder Bridge and made camp fires, and fished, bathed and lunched like anything all day. It was splendid!

This is a list of the Hodder Cricket XI. :—A. Tully, P. Conron (bowlers), A. Agostini, E. Tarleton, E. Biller, W. Girdwood, E. Green, C. Nash, M. Chevers, G. Fletcher, C. Pyke. The Editor of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* has promised to print their photographs as soon as ever he has room for them.

NATURE WILL OUT.

Like as it was with Æsop's damsel, turned from a cat into a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her; therefore, let a man avoid the occasion altogether, or put himself often to it, that he may be little moved with it.

Bacon : Of the Nature of Men.

OLD ALUMNI.

The Right Hon. John Francis Moriarty, P.C., K.C. (1870) has recently been appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal.

The Rev. Walter Weld, S.J. (1893), and the Rev. E. Colley, S.J. (1892), are to be ordained priests at Stonyhurst, on July 26th, by the Bishop of the Diocese. We take this opportunity of congratulating them in advance, as the ordination will take place some days after the publication of this issue.

F. Bede Jarrett, O.P. (1891), has been elected Prior of St. Dominic's, Haverstock Hill.

Henry Francis Blake (1892) was married to Miss Mary Isobel Thornton, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Wimbledon, on June 20th.

In the published lists of recent medical degree examinations, at Cambridge, F. G. Lescher (1900), is certified to have passed the "Third Examination for Medical and Surgical Degrees, Part II.," and J. Le Brasseur (1904), to have passed the "Second Examination for Medical and Surgical Degrees, Part II."

Vincent Thierens (1909), has passed his "First M.B." in the Medical Course of the Liverpool University.

Late in September, or early in October a new play by B. Macdonald Hastings (1892) author of *The New Sin*, will be produced by Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, at the Vaudeville Theatre, London. The play is in four acts, and is called *Advertisement*. Mr. Matheson Lang and Miss Lilian Braithwaite will be seen in the principal parts. The central character is that of a Jewish proprietor of patent medicines.

Percy Topham (1892) has recently returned from a trip round the world in his small light yacht. This achievement in so small a vessel is regarded as establishing a record.

We were glad to welcome the following Old Alumni who have visited us recently :—Charles Rochford Norton (1875), P. Hallinan (1877), Joseph Waterton (1907), Roderick Riley (1908), R. P. Creagh (1901), R. Maude (1902), Bernard Radcliffe (1880), Paul Woodroffe (1887), P. Martinez del Rio (1906), George Monahan (1891), W. C. Cagger (1882), Felix Larue (1878).

On June 9th last a complimentary dinner was given to the Mayor and Mayoress of Hampstead (Councillor E. A. O'Bryen (1878) and Mrs. O'Bryen) by the Catholics of the Borough.

The toasts *The Pope and the King*, and *The Mayor and the Mayoress* were both proposed by Fr. Provincial (the Very Rev. Joseph Browne, S.J.); *The Visitors* was proposed by Mr. E. S. Crowe; and *The Chairman* (Very Rev. J. Browne, S.J.) by Mr. T. E. Lescher.

Among the 104 guests who were present to do honour to the first Catholic Mayor of Hampstead occur the following names of old Alumni of Stonyhurst: Very Rev. Joseph Browne, S.J. (1872), the Rev. W. Bodkin, S.J. (1877), Rector of Stonyhurst, H. C. John (1872), T. E. Lescher (1841), the Rev. Prior Bede Jarrett, O.P. (1891), the Rev. C. Nicholson, S.J. (1868), W. Synnott (1868), the Rev. J. Keating, S.J. (1877), the Rev. J. Bampton, S.J. (1863).

Ronald Jones (1898) has lately received a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve.

Joseph Riddell (1881) has been elected Mayor of Picton, New Zealand, for the year 1914.

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. J. W. SPARROW, LL.D.

All who remember Dr. Sparrow during the years when he taught law at Stonyhurst will realise the extent to which his loss is felt by the many Catholic institutions with which he was connected during his long and busy life. His career is so fully dealt with in *The Catholic Times* for June 24th, which we print below, that we need add no further comments of our own.

DR. SPARROW, LIVERPOOL.

A FAMOUS EDUCATIONIST.

We regret to record the death of Professor W. J. Sparrow, B.A., LL.D., which occurred at his residence, 11, Salisbury Street, Liverpool, on Wednesday last, after a trying illness.

Dr. Sparrow, who belonged to an old Lancashire Catholic family, was born at Blackburn in 1850. In 1859 Dr. Sparrow entered St. Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool, and remained a pupil there until 1863, in which year he went to the Oratory School, Edgbaston, founded and presided over by Cardinal Newman. He won great distinction in the study and on the playing fields. He matriculated at London University in 1867, and two years later was appointed to the Oratory teaching staff, with which he was associated for five years. Those eleven years at the Oratory were among the most satisfactory of a nobly-spent life, for Dr. Sparrow had the inestimable happiness of almost daily intercourse with Newman himself. He treasured many memories of the great Cardinal, and counted among his most cherished possessions two letters from him, the tone of which was affectionately intimate.

Dr. Sparrow began his legal career in 1875—the year in which he took his B.A. degree—and returned to Liverpool to become a pupil in chambers to the late Mr. Justice Walton, then of Cook Street. In 1878 he took the LL.B. degree, and was called to the bar. For some years he was successfully associated in professional work with such eminent lawyers as Mr. Justice Walton, Mr. Justice Pickford, and Mr. W. F. Taylor, now Judge of the Court of Passage. He earned a wider reputation than that of the ordinary barrister on the Northern Circuit, for in addition to his general practice, he did a great deal of legal coaching, and gave frequent courses of lectures to the chartered accountants' students and other bodies.

In 1886 he took his degree as Doctor of Laws, and in 1896 was appointed Professor of Law at Stonyhurst College, a position he filled for eight years. Mr. Justice Wills appointed him Revising Barrister for the city of Manchester and the Gorton and Stretford divisions of the county in 1898, and in 1902 he became lecturer on Constitutional Law at Liverpool University. In 1907 he was appointed to the chair of Commercial Law at the same University in succession to Judge Thomas, and a newspaper that made the announcement mentioned the warm regard in which he was held by his pupils. He was certainly a great lawyer, though his deep professional knowledge was never used in the publicity of the open courts of the present generation. Moreover, as was the case with Walton, Matthew,

Brampton, and Russell, his great legal attainments were accompanied by an ardent and practical spirituality.

He was a loyal member of the Young Men's Society, and at the Liverpool Conference, just over a year ago, he received a presentation to mark his twenty-five years' service as vice-president. It is not surprising to learn that such a man began the labours of the day by serving an early Mass at St. Francis Xavier's.

Of his personal character it is difficult to convey more than a faint impression. He was scholarly, gentle, saintly, not merely liked, but loved; not merely respected, but revered. His passing creates a gap that nothing can ever quite fill, for he was a rare type—a true son of his great master, Newman.—May he rest in peace!

FATHER EDWARD IGNATIUS PURBRICK, S.J.

Whilst this issue was going through the press the sad news arrived of the death of Fr. Purbrick, at the Holy Name, Manchester, on July 18th.

Fr. Purbrick was Rector of Stonyhurst from September, 1869 to May, 1879. Previously he had been Master of Rhetoric from 1855 to 1857, and Prefect of Studies from 1858 to 1861.

To his energy and initiative when Rector, and later Provincial, the building of the "new college" at Stonyhurst was due. An adequate memoir of Fr. Purbrick will appear in our October number.

Fr. Purbrick was buried at Stonyhurst, on Tuesday, July 21st.

R.I.P.

WILLIAM FRANCIS PLOWDEN (1870).

We have learnt with regret of the death on July 12th of William Francis Plowden, of Plowden Hall, Shropshire. W. F. Plowden was a Philosopher here many years ago and after leaving College his life was spent almost entirely at his home in Shropshire. As squire of Plowden Hall he was extremely popular alike with his neighbours and his tenantry. The Old Faith for which his ancestors had suffered so much in penal times always found in him a staunch supporter. His loss is very deeply felt by a wide circle of friends.

R. I. P.

MICHAEL H. D. THUNDER (1857).

We have only recently received information of the death of Michael H. D. Thunder, which occurred on April 21st.

As details of his life are lacking we must content ourselves for the present with the expression of our sympathy with the members of a family which has sent many of its sons to Stonyhurst. R.I.P.

JOHN SIDGREAVES (1852).

By some unaccountable oversight the notice in our last issue recording the death and career of Mr. Sidgreaves was headed "Edward" Sidgreaves. We take this opportunity of correcting the mistake in the Christian name.

AN ECHO OF OLD KHAYYÁM.

Ὅταν πίνω τὸν οἶνον,
εὐδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.
τί μοι γόων, τί μοι πόνων,
τί μοι μέλει μεριμνῶν;
θανεῖν με δεῖ καὶ μὴ θέλω.
τί τὸν βίον πλανῶμαι;
πίωμεν οὖν τὸν οἶνον
τὸν τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου,
σὺν τῷ δὲ πίνειν ἡμᾶς
εὐδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.

Anacreon. 45.

TRANSLATION.

My cares are lulled when I drink wine,
Why, therefore, should I weep?
And why should toil or woe be mine?
Why should I sorrow keep?
Sith I must willy-nilly die,
Why blunder on through life?
With fair Lyaeus let us try
To drink an end to strife.
In our potations deep
Our cares are lulled to sleep.

D. M. (Grammar I).



Photo. by F. Hopwood, Manchester.

THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.

Procession leaving the West Front.

DE REBUS PHILOSOPHORUM.

The first tennis out-match of the season was played on June 14th against Mr. de Choisy's team, and resulted in a victory for us by six matches to two; 3—1 in the Doubles, and 3—1 in the Singles.

The second was on June 28th, against the East Lancashire L.T.C., when we were defeated by three matches to five; 2—2 in the Doubles, and 1—3 in the Singles.

In the return match against Mr. de Choisy, played at Blackburn, on June 2nd, we again won by four matches to two; 1—1 in the Doubles, and 3—1 in the Singles.

The East Lancashire L.T.C. beat us for the second time in the return match, on July 4th, by two matches to six; 1—3 in the Doubles, and 1—3 in the Singles.

A match played here on July 5th, against Messrs. C. and R. Trappes-Lomax, Dr. Orme, and Mr. Peel, was spoilt by the rain, but as far as it went the victory was with us by three matches to two; 2—2 in the Doubles, and 1—0 in the Singles. The return, played at Clayton on July 16th, resulted in a draw, one match all, the rain preventing further play.

The Open Doubles Championship began on June 26th, and finished on July 14th. The results were as follows:

ROUND I.

Rev. Mr. Plant and Rev. Mr. D'Arcy *beat* Mr. Trappes-Lomax and Mr. Flynn.
Mr. McGahey and Mr. Olabarri *beat* Rev. Mr. Ryan and Rev. Mr. Baines.
Mr. Orosdy and Mr. Molina *beat* Mr. Livesey and Mr. Sellier.
Mr. R. Strachwitz and Mr. Bolton *beat* Mr. Heurtley and Mr. Chambers.
Fr. Vignaux and Fr. H. Irwin *beat* Mr. Spencer and Mr. Cooper.
Rev. Mr. Colley and Mr. Eyre *beat* Prince Felix and Mr. Sota.

ROUND II.

Fr. Vignaux and Fr. H. Irwin *beat* Mr. McGahey and Mr. Olabarri.
Mr. Orosdy and Mr. Molina *beat* Mr. R. Strachwitz and Mr. Bolton.
Byes.—Rev. Mr. Plant, Rev. Mr. D'Arcy, and Rev. Mr. Colley, Mr. Eyre.

SEMI-FINALS.

Rev. Mr. Plant and Rev. Mr. D'Arcy *beat* Fr. Vignaux and Fr. H. Irwin.
Mr. Orosdy and Mr. Molina *beat* Rev. Mr. Colley and Mr. Eyre.

FINAL.

Rev. Mr. Plant and Rev. Mr. D'Arcy *beat* Mr. Orosdy and Mr. Molina.

7—5; 1—6; 6—8; 6—3; 6—2.

The Philosophers' Doubles Championship was won by Mr. Sota and Mr. Molina. The following were the results:—

ROUND I.

Mr. Spencer and Mr. Sellier *beat* Mr. Eyre and Mr. Soriano.
Mr. Molina and Mr. Sota *beat* Mr. Flynn and Mr. Tate.
Mr. Orosdy and Mr. Bolton *beat* Mr. Cooper and Mr. A. Strachwitz.
Mr. Olabarri and Mr. R. Strachwitz *beat* Mr. McGahey and Mr. Szaszkievicz.

SEMI-FINALS.

Mr. Molina and Mr. Sota *beat* Mr. Spencer and Mr. Sellier.
Mr. Orosdy and Mr. Bolton *beat* Mr. Olabarri and Mr. R. Strachwitz.

FINAL.

Mr. Molina and Mr. Sota *beat* Mr. Orosdy and Mr. Bolton.

2—6; 6—4; 1—6; 6—4; 6—4.

The Singles Championship has not been decided in time for this issue.

Congratulations to Mr. Spencer on his record-breaking success in the Blackburn Motor-cycle Hill-climbing Competition, which was held on Waddington Fell on Saturday, July 18th. He took the two special gold medals for the fastest times in the Open

and Members' Classes, and a third gold medal for the fastest time in another open competition. In addition to these he took the first prizes in the five h.p. and unlimited classes. It is to be hoped that these gilded laurels will atone to him for the accident to his "ignition" at Brooklands last Easter.

We have had the pleasure of visits from J. Waterton, R. Riley, R. Creagh, and E. Langdale. The last-named has just received a good appointment as managing engineer on the railway now under construction in the hinterland of Sierra Leone.

Prince Felix left on July 7th. He and Prince René are going up to Oxford next year.

The Good Day took place on Tuesday, July 7th. Our guests at the lunch at Blackpool were Major Pearse, Mr. Gordon-Gorman, Mr. Gudgeon, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Furley, and Mr. Garnaud. The weather was rather threatening in the early morning, but it cleared up very shortly, and became as fine as a July day ought to be.

The time before and after lunch, until the return at 5-30, appears to have been spent in ways gratifying to every taste, which is as much as to say that the Good Day really did deserve its name. Dinner at about eight o'clock, at which Fr. Minister, Fr. Cullen, Fr. Cortie, Fr. Thonon, and Messrs. Priestley, Milne-Thompson, Ralph, Livesey, and Dawson were present, was followed by a very pleasant smoking concert.

IRASCIBILITY.

Anger is certainly a kind of baseness, as it appears well in the weakness of those subjects in whom it reigns: children, women, old folks, and sick folks.

Bacon: Of Anger.

SODALITY NOTES.

During the month of May we had Benediction every Saturday evening instead of the usual office, and Mass every Friday.

We thank Fr. Gruggen for his address to the Sodality, which was much appreciated, and sincerely hope soon to be favoured again.

At the second annual election the following were promoted:—

A. C. Prentice to become 1st Assistant.
R. P. Gethin to become 2nd Assistant.

The Sodality officials for next year are as follows:

HIGHER LINE SODALITY.

<i>Prefect</i>	B. Withall.
<i>Assistants</i>	{ S. Prentice. R. Plissonneau.

Councillors: H. Slattery, G. Tobin, M. C. Nolan, J. Kenny, W. Allanson, D. Smith, F. Caryll, C. Unsworth, L. Unsworth, R. Walker, J. Cashman, B. Kirkbride.

LOWER LINE SODALITY.

<i>Prefect</i>	S. Didcock.
<i>Assistants</i>	{ R. Gurrin. R. Sellier.

Councillors: A. Maxwell-Stuart, J. Bell, P. Bell, F. Rockliff, E. Weld, J. Wilson.

The Sodality of St. Stanislaus for the youngest boys in the College has just completed its second year of vigorous existence. It holds its meetings periodically during evening visit, and attends a Mass of its own from time to time in the Sodality Chapel.

We wish all success to C. Garcia, who left us at the end of the Easter Term.

A. C. PRENTICE, *Secretary.*

VARIA.

JOHN VANDENHOFF (1802).

A correspondent has sent us a pamphlet dated 1838, containing a monograph on an O.S. actor of some note in the early years of the last century.

The extracts from it, which we print below, may serve to recall the memory of a distinguished alumnus, and incidentally provide literary archæologists with a specimen of the flamboyant style of the period. What the writer means by describing Vandenhoff as the "Principal," or "Sub" of the Jesuits' College, Stonyhurst, is quite beyond us. Perhaps some reader can offer us a conjecture.

EXTRACT FROM "ACTORS BY DAYLIGHT AND PENCILINGS IN THE PIT."

No. 34, Saturday, October 20th, 1838. Price 1d.

This gentleman, Mr. John Vandenhoff, sprang from a very ingenious old Catholic family, and was, like the late John Kemble, designed by his parents for the priesthood, and in the probationary study for which sacred calling he obtained a very respectable classical education, and passed his early manhood as the Principal or Sub (*sic*) of the Jesuits' College, Stonyhurst, Lancashire.

The dull but laborious occupation of wielding the ruler, flourishing the rod, and hearing the monotonous *hic, haec, hoc*, and *amo amas amat*, etc., was anything but satisfactory to young Vandenhoff. He had an aspiration after fame; he wished to be talked of if it were only to be abused; anything appeared preferable to his then pursuit.

Paraphrasing Othello's farewell to his occupation, he bade adieu to the desk of the Dominic, and at 18 years of age first appeared as Osmond, in "The Castle Spectre," at his native city of Salisbury.

He was afterwards for many years the tragic hero of the Liverpool and Manchester Theatres, admired as an actor and respected as a man. About 18 years since he made an attempt to carry London by storm by mixing the styles of Kemble, Kean, Young, and Macready so admirably together, that it might very justly challenge applause as a splendid theatrical specimen of the "composite order"; but it did not then meet with the success which we must candidly confess it richly merited, even for its ingenuity and industry.

With Mr. Vandenhoff it was apparently "a clear field and no favour," but in the first heat the critics declared that he was not to win. This was soon understood by the managers, who had staked a good round sum (in the shape of salary) on his success, falsely calculating that as "The Vandenhoff" was the best north-country horse on the theatrical turf, and all the favourites and crack horses being absent, he must succeed on the London course. What were these ill-judging and out-jockeyed managers to do? They soon gave him a gentle hint that he was *Monsieur de trop*, and that he might return to the place from whence he came. But Mr. V. was deaf to all such hints, he wisely arguing with himself, as anyone else would have done, that if the managers did not know when they had a good servant, he knew when he had a money-making place, and to keep it he was determined as long as the law would allow. The managers at last came to the point that would wound the Vandenhoff feelings, and perhaps put the Vandenhoff body to instant flight. They were about to produce a melo-dramatic spectacle immediately, to please the galleries. Here was an opportunity not to be lost, they cast him an insignificant part (*Leicester*) in a more insignificant drama, "Kenilworth." Vandenhoff had his choice of three evils, either to play the said part, or be mulcted of six weeks' salary (no joke), or go (no joke either). With much wisdom he pocketed the insult with the salary, and "went on" for the part, but acting in it was out of the question. This the managers thought was certain to disgust the feeling of the "new gentleman with the hard Dutch name," and make him retreat to Lancashire, there to "serve his sovereign i' the north." But the new gentleman with the hard Dutch name had screwed his feelings to the money-making pitch, and had, as it were, in his mind's eye "already banked the surplus of his somewhat weighty salary," and postponed all further attempts at London fame *sine die* (which *sine die* has since been proved in the Vandenhoff case to mean fourteen years). The honourable and gentlemanly managers finding that hints, inuendoes, and utmost professional insults had no effect upon the gentleman with the hard Dutch name, and inducing him to move the seal from off their bond, resolved to try what effect neglect would have upon him. They made him nobody; his name was never seen or heard. He made a regular weekly visit to the treasury, but not to the stage, and when at length the usual season had expired, he was told that which he had long known, namely, that he was no longer wanted, and might go to hell; but the choice of a place of resort was left to himself, and he wisely fixed on Liverpool, the scene of all his former glory. The theatrical throne of Lancashire he deemed his right, and to be resumed at pleasure; but it so happened when he left it empty to go on his

unfortunate London speculation it had necessarily been filled by another gentleman (a Mr. Salter), a man of superior genius, though somewhat flighty "for genius to madness nearly is allied." The theatre immediately became the arena of discordant noises and ruffianly bruising matches, and the boxes, pit, and gallery were nightly adorned with flaming placards, exhibited by the partizans of each would-be mimic monarch, the contents of which were as disgraceful to the drama as to common sense. Nor was this spirit of opposition confined to the theatre alone, for "Vandenhoff for ever, and the good old cause," "Salter for ever, and no Catholics," disgusted the eye of the passenger who could read it chalked on every wall, street, and dirty alley of that extensive and populous town. The end of all this scene of fire and fury was that the pupil of Ignatius, the man of tact and industry (Mr. Vandenhoff) was safely re-seated in the tragic chair, which the man of genius, lacking tact (Mr. Salter) was forced to vacate for the cell of a mad-house, where melancholy and broken-hearted, he shortly died, and was forgotten! "*Sic transit gloria histrionis!*" After a lapse of fourteen years, calculating that all his former opponents, except Macready, had for ever left the scene, Mr. Vandenhoff again appeared upon the Metropolitan boards. In June, 1834, he played his favourite Coriolanus, at the Haymarket. His success has since been such as to warrant the conclusion that he has now become fixed, if not the first, certainly as one of the first of our legitimate actors. Mr. V. has had many disadvantages to contend with, nature has not been over kind in her arrangement of his visage; all there is light and inexpressive; and even when darkened by the aid of art, the expression is not improved. His performances are generally accused of coarseness, yet his coarseness arises from the natural formation of his features, and not as some suppose, from a want of taste. His name, too, carries a Teniers-like coarseness in its very sound. Why did he not change it for one more pleasing to the ear, as many of his professional brethren have already done? Mr. Vandenhoff, by his private conduct, even more than his public talent, does honour the arduous and difficult profession he so early adopted. In society he is the scholar, the gentleman, and strictly honest man; he is a man that, through the various worldly struggles of half a century, has always fought bravely for his right, and won it.

—♦♦♦—
DON'T COUNT YOUR CHICKENS,

Gut nae fush till ye get them.

Scotch Proverb.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AN O.S. FOOTBALL TEAM.

DEAR SIR,

May I beg the hospitality of your pages for the following?

A year ago, under the pseudonym of "Nasica," I expressed a wish that the Stonyhurst Association should form an Old Stonyhurst football team which could compete for the Old Boys' cups; also that they should regale their old College with an annual "display of histrionic talent." No notice, I am sorry to say, was taken of my stirring appeal, in spite of the fact that I enumerated the many advantages of such a course. I see, however, that E. O'Bryen, Esq., of mayorial fame, has also invited the Association to bestir itself and give greater sign of its existence than attendance at an annual dinner. Great as are, no doubt, the feats performed at this interesting ceremony, and eloquent as the speeches are, yet surely I may be pardoned if I ask whether this is all that can be done for Stonyhurst by its old boys. To eat an annual dinner and to make eloquent speeches does not require much devotion to one's old College. Now, though we have Stonyhurst Association Prizes, a Stonyhurst Settlement in Liverpool, and though Old Stonyhurst is making its name felt in the world, yet neither of these accomplishments are exhaustive of the potential energies of the Association.

Let us then have something from that august body which may be "a little thing, yet all its own." Those who have the perspicacity to recognise the combination of my former pseudonym and the initials at the foot of this letter may possibly demand with every show of reason why don't I do something myself. But surely, merely because during a six years' stay at the College I succeeded with exemplary skill, in spite of masters, prefects and other nuisances in doing absolutely nothing, and because at present I am following a career of like utility, surely, I say, this affords no reason to imitate me.

Hoping my appeal will have the effect of at least rousing an answer.

I remain,

Yours lazily, H. H.

MUSIC NOTES.

The following list of Masses embraces those performed since our last issue :—On Corpus Christi, Gounod's Messe Solennelle de St. Cécile ; on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Gounod's Messe du Sacré Cœur ; on the Feast of St. Aloysius, Sewell's Mass of St. Philip Neri ; and on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, Perosi's Missa Pontificalis. The pieces sung during the offertory comprised Elgar's "Ave Verum," Father de Zulueta's "O Cor Amoris Victima" (the solo part being very nicely sung by R. Sellier), and Esclava's "Tu es Petrus." The procession music for Corpus Christi was the same as last year, but owing to the silence of the sixty or seventy members of the O.T.C., who lined the route and served as a guard of honour, the chorus singing lacked much of its wonted volume. This was particularly noticeable in the Academy Room. During the Benedictions in the Octave of Corpus Christi the following numbers from Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion" were sung, the opening chorus, "Laudis Thema," "Sit laus plena," in which the strophes for solo voice were very sweetly sung by O. Feeny, "Docti Sacris," and "Bone Pastor."

The proper vespers were sung on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, and were a great improvement on what has been so far heard, when the proper vespers of the Feast have been attempted. The hymn "Decora lux" was Webbe's well-known version, the Magnificat was Palestrina Tone viii., and the "Salve Regina" by Maher. That by Soriano has also lately been sung.

Favoured by fine weather, the choir thoroughly enjoyed their good-day, on June 29th. Blackpool, the cynosure of all Lancashire trippers, was our objective, and there for three hours, for we had to return in time to sing vespers, we disported ourselves at the various shows on the South Shore and in the Tower.

Messrs. Merigold's motor-char-a-banc took us from the College to Blackpool in less than two hours,

the return journey being equally expeditious. Father Minister provided us with a very excellent dinner at the end of the day.

The annual orchestra supper took place on July 6th, a very pleasant re-union, at which we were pleased to welcome as a guest Mr. Mitchell.

In these, the closing notes on music for the scholastic year, the Vesper Choir deserve a special word of praise for the general excellence of their singing.

SEMI-BREVE.

THE EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC.

Dr. Keighley, of the Royal College of Music, Manchester, held the College examinations in music on June 26th and 27th. Fifty-eight boys were examined, the standard being that of the Associated Board R.A.M. and R.C.M., in which full marks are 150, and pass marks 100, a distinction being gained on 130 marks. Just half the candidates satisfied the examiner, and among these, three obtained distinction, A. Prentice, for violin, G. Mitchell, for organ, and J. Kenny, who was examined in composition. The Singing Class gained 110 marks—a good pass.

The examinations for school certificates of the Associated Board were held by Mr. S. P. Waddington, on July 6th, twenty-six candidates presenting themselves for examination. The results are not yet to hand, but the examination was successful. Mr. Waddington expressed himself, as did Mr. Davenport last year, as much pleased with the general advance in music since he was last here as examiner some few years ago. He commended the soundness of the teaching, but would like to see more attention paid to the study of scales. After all, the more difficult passages in pieces are, as a rule, only portions of scales. Mr. Waddington had an opportunity also of hearing the singing of the choir, and expressed himself as well pleased. This testimony is the more valuable as it comes from the musician who trains the chorus in the opera at Covent Garden.

THE BATTLE OF TORREON,

MARCH, 1914.

Continued.

A Business Memorandum to Mr. J. F. BRITTINGHAM, President of the "*Jabonera de la Laguna Co., Ltd.*," of Mexico, by PATRICK A. O'HEA (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.

In the afternoon Mr. Cummins was sent for by Villa. He went accompanied by Mr. Carothers. Villa, after accusing him of federal tendencies, told him he wanted a man to go to Torreon, and that he had selected him, as he knew that the federals would respect his person. He stated that his mission was to carry a written demand for the surrender of the town to General Velasco, and an offer to any foreigners who might wish to do so, to leave by the Western side before noon of the following day, taking refuge in San Carlos, or Lerdo.

Cummins refused to carry out the first part of the message entrusted to him, as being wholly alien to the duty of a neutral, and even as constituting a violation of neutrality on his part. Villa flared into a rage, and threatened Cummins, and there were some anxious moments until Carothers interposed, and supported Villa's contention that it was Cummins' duty to carry out the task imposed upon him, insisting upon the necessity of his going.

Cummins left it on record with me as his official successor that in case anything should happen to him, I was to make it clear to our Government that he went under threat and command not of his own volition. The part that referred to the salving of neutrals of itself he would have carried out gladly, but not the military demands. As the case stood, he was carrying *both missions* under menace.

Scarcely had he left here, about five p.m., when the guns in the station yard began to fire over his head as he advanced along the railroad line straight towards Torreon, and nobody troubled to attempt

to stop that fire, and insist that he be given a peaceful passage to Torreon.

A few moments later the federal cannon replied, aiming at the trains in the station, and several shells fell in the park, causing most of its occupants to scatter in haste and confusion. Every time that the federal gunners fired towards this town it seemed that their principal aim was taken at our group of trees, for shells have fallen and exploded in a dozen places through the park, whilst I have almost lost count of those that have hit the factory. Day after day it has been the same. A few shots from their guns in the station, then the federal shells in savage reply screaming past and striking with deafening roar. If troops are demoralised by these terrible missiles, you may imagine their effect upon crowded and cowering women and children, whose nerves were breaking under the general strain.

Every time that a bombardment would begin I had to go around from place to place getting everybody under cover, locating and bringing in husbands for anxious wives, and attending to similar tasks. I was out in the open this day on such a mission, when a shell struck the rail near me, bursting with devastating crash, but happily hurling its charge forward. One of the watchmen who was crossing in front of the seed-shed was struck by a missile, and the ball drove through his foot from arch to heel. We had him laid out in the cotton shed of the big bodega, and he bled fast. But Carothers proved a most efficient surgeon, probing the wound, and cutting out the ball with a safety razor blade. The experience shook me a little, for I have tried hard to avoid danger and injury to all, even the humblest workers that are helping us out at present.

That night double watchmen were put upon the employees' houses. General Gonzales Ortega has his headquarters in the coach-house. He wished to have one of the employees' houses, I think, and was not pleased when I told him that all were in use. But to consent to the formation of a cuartel in one of the houses would be to condemn that house for ever, and to introduce a military element with attending danger of complications, ineradicably into our midst.

Saturday, March 28th.

Again we have been apparently the focus of the federal fire, and shells have burst about us, and struck the factory with terrifying effect, although fortunately no injuries, personal or material, of consequence have to be reported.

One shell struck the rear of Ames' house, piercing the kitchen wall and bursting within, killing one captain and wounding three others who were grouped inside. They say that a woman was struck by the same missile outside, but when I saw the room it was in shambles.

In the afternoon one projectile after another hissed around or above us. One struck the cooling room door, and, ripping through, smashed trolleys and frames inside. Another broke the great cotton-wood tree on the inner side of the toilet soap factory, and fragments of the exploding missile flew in all directions. One great mass hurled through two of the drums that lie beneath, splitting them open, and spilling their coco-oil contents. Other fragments clattered against the tank cars under the roof of the soap-loading department.

Yet another projectile, skimming over the roof of the office, struck the rear wall of the seed bodega, plunging right through the three-foot adobe wall, and flinging fragments of steel and bricks all around inside. Others burst in the park over scurrying rebels, and they ran in every direction. The hellish din and confusion can hardly be described, and the women and children in such close proximity to the explosions, huddled together in the grille of the vault down below, amidst tears and prayers.

Despite the precautions taken, Juanito's and Ames' houses were entered last night and badly mauled and mostly looted. I am too sorry that these pretty homes have been pulled about, but it must be evident that in the present moment I cannot watch everything, and have done my best when I have saved lives and the most essential things besides. I have now, however, arranged for the occupation of these houses by the newspaper correspondents, which will keep the rebels, I hope, from turning them into pig-pens. I have arranged

with Don Abraham for the occupation of his house by the R.R. manager with the same object.

It is sad to see the grass trampled out of existence, and strewn with litter of straw and filth unspeakable. Trees have been lopped down, palms rent and broken, fences and benches turned into kindling, and dead horses lay around until we piled wood over them and burned them where they lay.

I am worried about Cummins. He carried the demand for surrender in a closed envelope, and was ignorant of the insults that may have been included in its contents. However, his friendship with the federal officers, as well as his position, will have warded off all danger on this score. But with regard to the departure of the foreigners, the pretences that have been made of anxiety for their welfare and desires of securing their safety are a farce, and a dangerous one at that. He, in company of such foreigners as might decide to avail themselves of the offer, were to have left the town by the western side between 11 and 12 to-day, under protection of the white flag. But from the moment he left here I cannot see that any further account has been taken of his mission, and it is quite within the bounds of chance that Cummins, or any foreigners who may have attempted to leave, have been driven back by the intermittent rifle fire, with no one on this side to restrain the danger for them, and prevent their falling even into a veritable death-trap. I do not think that Cummins, or any other foreigner, will have attempted to get out, but I do know that the offer of safe passage is a hollow sham.

A heavy attack on Torreon began at 10 p.m., and now the final stages of the struggle between the federals and the rebels may be said to have begun. General Velasco went into action with rather less than 8,000 men at the beginning, and they must have dwindled greatly, both by death and desertion before he left Gomez Palacio, and withdrew to Torreon, and with the death of two generals, at least, if we take it that Occaranza has succumbed. The federal commander at the outset also had twenty pieces of artillery, of different calibres. Some of these were mere mountain guns, and some of intermediate bore, only a few being heavy 80/mm. pieces. It is

very probable that ammunition is now lacking for some of these guns of different calibres ; he had also between thirty and forty machine guns. On the other hand the rebels are said to have more than thirty pieces of artillery, although some of their shells are crude and defective. They have about twenty machine guns, and are said to number, including those from Durango, who have also converged upon this attack, over 16,000 men.

Sunday, March 29th.

Daylight brought no novelty beyond the news of the capture of St. Rosa, on this side of the river, and reported taking of three field pieces, and many prisoners. The hill has certainly been captured, but of other details I am not certain.

All night and all day the firing has continued around the beleaguered city, without any apparent result on either side. Many shells from the rebel batteries have been hurled into the defenceless sections of the town, and peaceful citizens, as well as armed defenders must have suffered. Yet at every point the federals appear to have held their own, and with the exception of the St. Rosa hill only, none of their outlying fortresses had been captured, although the strain upon their defenders must have been terrible.

At noon again shells from the federal batteries began to reply to the worrying fire of the guns in the Gomez Palacio station. One projectile struck the big oil tank, twelve inches from the top, and presumably exploded inside, for it wholly disappeared. Another struck most dangerously above the dynamite glycerine tank-cars ranged between the seed bodega and the hullers, piercing the roof, emerging diagonally through the wall at the top, and raining bullets and fragments of metal forward and just beyond the last of the string of storage cars. Another shell went clean through the smoke stack, fortunately without greater damage than the puncture that it caused. Several burst in the park, and rent branches and tree trunks, ploughing deep through the earth. But the most dangerous of all came in an arc that must have just carried it clear of the office roof, for it struck the tree

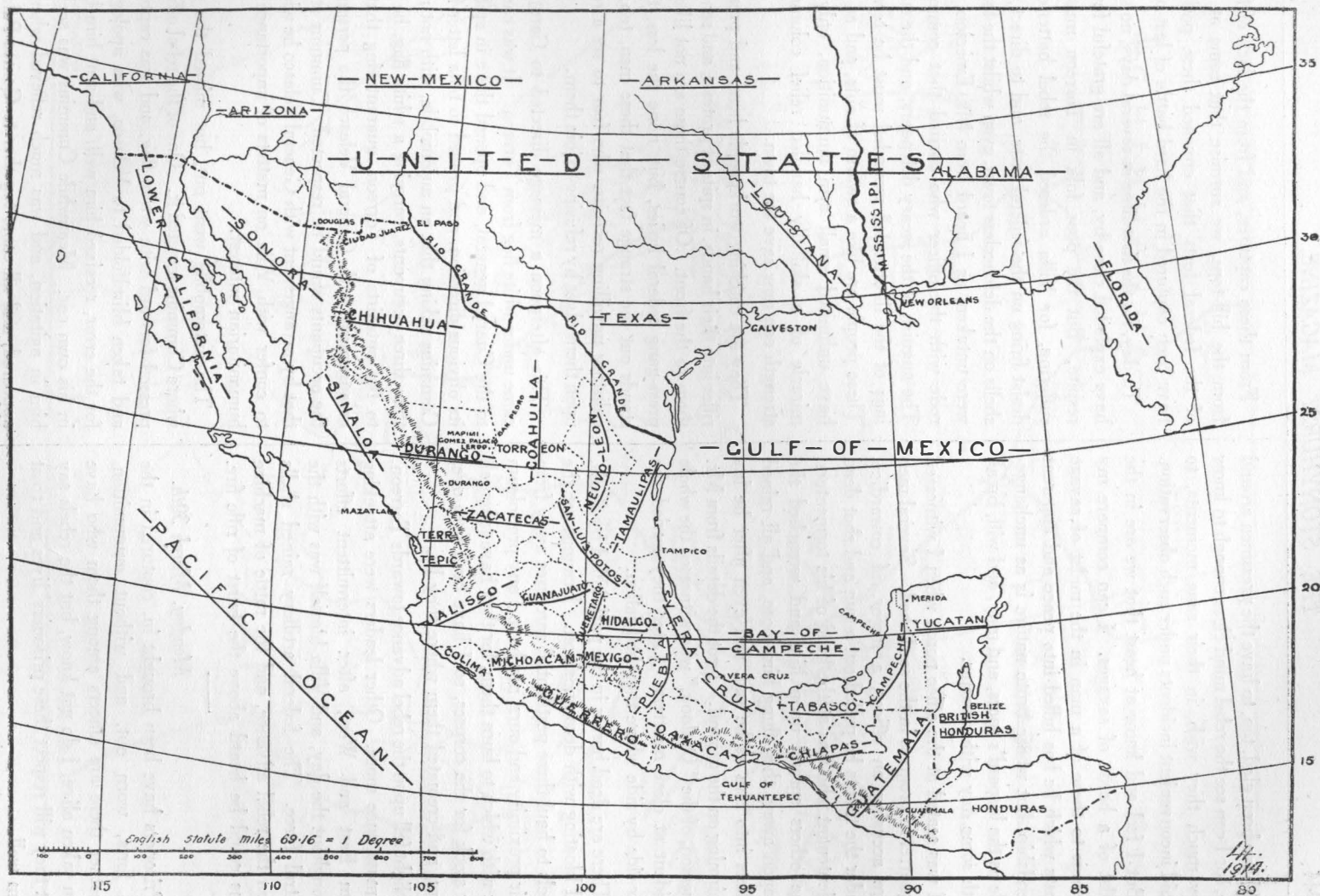
beyond it and in front of the watchmen's gate, striking downwards then, and shivering the step of the doorway into the seed bodega, and spattering the wall of the building with the deep indentations of bullet holes.

The proximity of this explosion, the flash and roar and the fumes sent panic through the refugees in the basement, and it was difficult to calm them. They have been living below the ground for more than a week now, and the noise of battle has rarely been silent for long, so that the poor women's nerves are almost broken. I wish I could say that the men were better. All seem to seek in me an anchorage for their hopes, and a refuge for their fears.

I am very glad to have Carothers here. One must be careful not to blame him when he knows that the department that he works for desires a certain course of action, or rather inaction, and that he can but comply with instructions, and venture upon no independent action, or opposition, to the will of the rebel chief, from the knowledge that he will have no support if he does so. I should be interested to know whether the American representative has in one single instance taken a firm stand, or opposed himself directly or indirectly to the will of the rebel commander, or criticised his actions. I know of no such action on his part.

How such flabbiness, such lack of backbone, and even right of protest, and positive avoidance of the dreaded leader in his darker moments lest he should be provoked into unseemly acts, how such positive obsequiousness even to his whims and moods, how all this can be consonant to the dignity of a great nation, through its representative, I wholly fail to comprehend ; nor can I repress contempt for such weakness which, we well know, in dealing with a semi-savage people as this, can only be interpreted by them as timidity and fear, and be fatal in the long run.

But in strict justice I absolve Carothers' action from any further character than dutiful consideration of the wishes of those who sent him hither, and he has certainly displayed every disposition and desire to help to the utmost of his powers. Such an attitude must be recognised and met with gratitude.



I have been glad, too, to have the pressmen around me, for I can see the rebel mind close enough to know how much they wish, in their sane moments, to avoid inconvenient incidents under such observation.

But I feel and know at heart that we are in the midst of a horde of savages. I can compare my feelings to those of a man in the midst of savage beasts which he has lulled into peace and apparent friendship, but whose brute nature is as unchangeable as the leopard's spots, and may, and will, break forth some day with disaster.

I was seated at the office porch when I witnessed a quarrel in progress in the seed-shed. Several men were accusing an officer, a major, of cowardice. Under the taunts he pulled out a gun and shot dead a lieutenant who was at the head of his tormentors. The others sprang upon him and wrenched the weapon away, then flung him loose, and all rained bullets into him as he ran, and even after he lay squirming on the ground. I got the details from Mr. Emerson, of the "Outlook," who witnessed the whole incident at close quarters. Later they buried the pair side by side where they had fallen.

There are dead horses in the park killed by shells, and bloating with decomposition. I cannot get the rebels to haul these pestilential carcasses away from their proximity and ours, nor have I any petroleum left with which to burn them, for they have taken all my stock for the corpses, so I have built fires over them, and cremated them where they lie.

Night fell upon the rebel advance towards Torreon, in mass once more. Other leaders were attacking from East and West, after intermittent efforts throughout the day, and Villa himself was with the central force. The federal artillery rained shells upon the rebel advance, and the rattle of machine guns could be heard above the burst of rifle fire.

Monday, March 30th.

Prisoners have been brought in, captured in the hill forts, worn out, and without ammunition. Whether there are officers among them who have been taken alive, I do not know, but the rebels say that they will respect these prisoners' lives and treat them well.

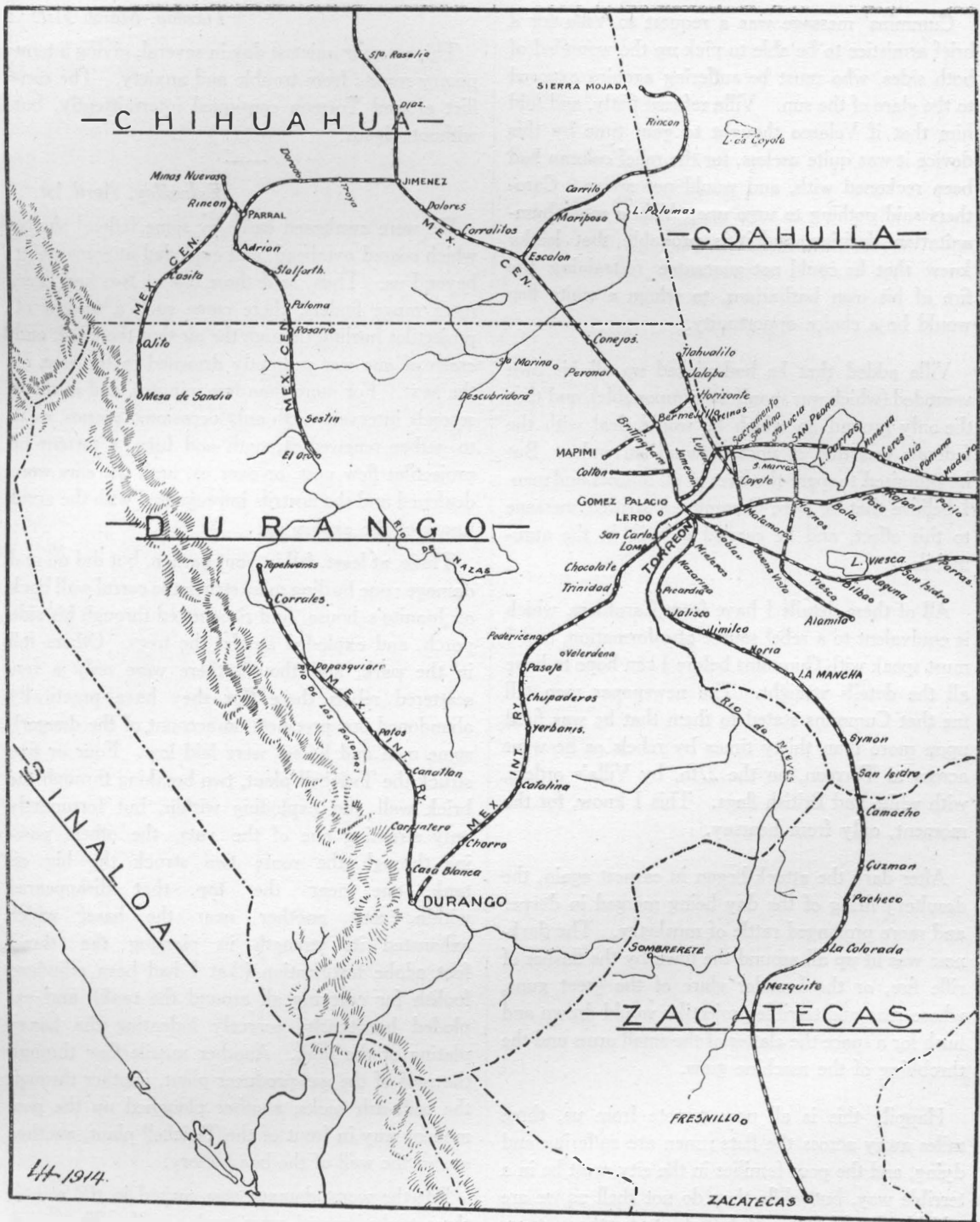
From these captures, and from the lack of firing from the hill-tops, we surmise that some at least of the federal forts that crowned these positions have been captured in the hard battle of last night.

To-day, for the first time in several days, no shells have exploded close by, and all are grateful for the respite. But the poor folk in Torreon must be suffering, for Villa ordered the rebel batteries to desist firing on the federal forts, and to direct their shells on the defenceless town, even whilst the former were untaken, as I heard from Mr. Emerson, who rode with the officer who carried that command. The anguish of the weary defenders, and the sufferings of the ill-attended wounded must be terrible. These people are like a swarm of ants, and as they have unlimited small arm ammunition, only the miracle of a skilfully handled relief column in strength can now save the town.

They are catching workpeople here, and pressing rifles into their hands, in spite of protests, and sending them to the front. Of course these are not like the press-gang federal levies, but, none the less, there stands out the strange fact that these men, too, are enlisting unwilling recruits, who fear to set a mark upon themselves by refusing to join them.

This afternoon a message directed to Carothers came under white flag from Torreon. It was carried to the Cuartel general, and opened there in spite of its obvious direction, and proved to be a letter from Cummins asking that an automobile, with not more than three occupants, carrying a white flag, be sent to the outskirts of Torreon, guaranteeing that by arrangement with General Velasco the persons of the occupants would be respected. Cummins stated that by arrangement with General Velasco he wished to confer with Villa on matters of importance and humanitarian interest.

The automobile went out, but missed the spot where Cummins awaited it. One of the rebel officers pressed forward with white flag, and was captured and taken blindfolded to Velasco, who apologised for the error, received him well, and sent him back in his own car. Meanwhile Cummins was seeking him in agitation, and was much relieved when he appeared, and all came together to Gomez Palacio.



Cummins' message was a request to Villa for a brief armistice to be able to pick up the wounded of both sides, who must be suffering agonies exposed to the glare of the sun. Villa refused flatly, and told him that if Velasco thought to gain time by this device it was quite useless, for the relief column had been reckoned with, and would not arrive. Carothers said nothing to urge upon Villa a more humanitarian decision, and it is probable that leader knew that he could not guarantee restraining the fire of his own barbarians, to whom a white flag would be a choice opportunity.

Villa added that he had picked up all his own wounded (which was manifestly impossible), and that the only ground on which he would deal with the federals was that of unconditional surrender. But he promised to spare the lives of all officers and men. I believe that he gave Cummins a written message to this effect, and he carried it back in the automobile.

All of these details I have from Carothers, which is equivalent to a rebel source of information, and I must speak with Cummins before I can hope to have all the details straight. The newspaper men tell me that Cummins stated to them that he was fired upon more than thirty times by rebels as he went across to Torreon, on the 27th, by Villa's orders, with white and British flags. This I know, for the moment, only from hearsay.

After dark the attack began in earnest again, the desultory firing of the day being merged in deeper and more prolonged rattle of musketry. The darkness was lit up all around the town by the flashes of rifle fire, or the broader glare of the great guns, whose roar and terrible projectiles would drown and hush for a space the clatter of the small arms and the throbbing of the machine guns.

Happily this is all now remote from us, three miles away across the flats; men are suffering and dying, and the poor families in the city must be in a terrible way, but while they do not shell us we are selfishly thankful, though full of pity for those others who are now suffering in their turn.

Tuesday, March 31st.

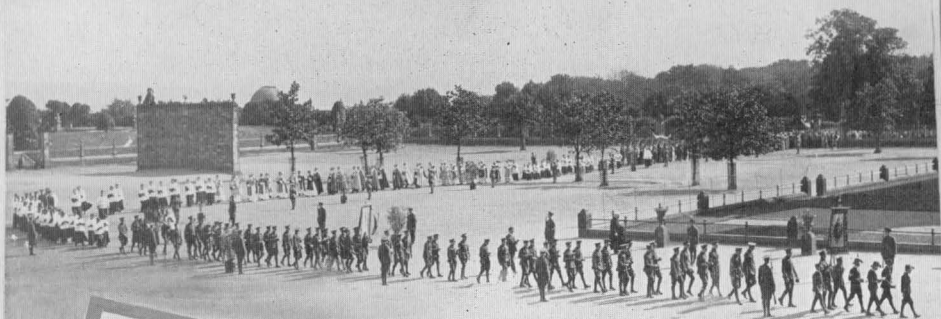
This was our quietest day in several, giving a temporary respite from trouble and anxiety. The conflict around Torreon continued intermittently, but without vigour.

Wednesday, April 1st.

We were awakened early by some federal shells, which soared overhead, and exploded at some point beyond us. Then, as if those one or two had been mere range finders, there came such a torrent of projectiles hurling through the air that the swish and crash of one was promptly drowned in the roar of the next. For more than five minutes, and at three seconds intervals, with only occasional pauses, as if to gather renewed strength and fury, a torrent of projectiles flew past, or over us, until the ears were deafened and the nostrils impregnated with the acrid fumes of the explosives.

Three, at least, fell in your garden, but did no real damage; one hurling mass struck the corral wall back of Juanito's house, and ricocheted through his side porch, and exploded amidst the trees. Others fell in the park, and though there were only a few scattered rebels there (for they have practically abandoned our precincts on account of the danger), some men and horses were laid low. Four or five struck the Twichell plant, two breaking through the brick wall and exploding within, but fortunately only straining one of the vats, the others passing through the roof; two struck the big oil tank, one near the top, that disappeared within, and another near the base, which exhausted its strength in piercing the three-foot adobe fortification (that I had been adjudged foolish for carrying all around the tank), and exploded harmlessly, scarcely indenting the heavy plating of the tank. Another missile flew through the roof of the gas-producer plant, another through the soda-ash sacks, another ploughed up the permanent way in front of the Twichell plant, another scored the wall of the box factory.

But the worst damage was caused in the row of three tanks beyond your garden wall. The sweet-water tank had already been twice hit by the rebel



THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.

1. The Procession crossing the Playground.

2 and 3. The Procession passing through the Courtyard.

shells, as you will recollect, and now another projectile ploughed through the adobe screen, and perforated it near the base. Fortunately it had been emptied. Another knocked a hole in the extreme top of the crude oil tank, and a third perforated the same tank about seven feet from the top.

I was around the factory half dressed as soon as the fire paused, and getting the watchmen out of their hiding places, and having them strip quickly, and, with ladders and the plugs on hand for the purpose, stopped the rent through which the oil was pouring forth. Practically none were lost, as all fell into the vat below, thanks to the spill-way that had been arranged.

I was relieved to find that the damage caused by that hellish cannonade had been no worse, although secret hurts will reveal themselves from time to time throughout the factory. Above all I do rejoice that none of the tank-cars in storage have been broken. Fortunately while all the shells were aimed in our direction, most of them exploded beyond the limits of the factory, and the only explanation of the whole assault that I can find is that possibly a body of cavalry was moving past beyond us, raising a cloud of dust that revealed their presence. Or again, it may be that the fire was intended for the round-house, and the rebel supply trains there, in which case, however, the aim was very poor.

We had breakfasted at the house when the cannonading started again, but with less fury. Waiting until it paused, we were proceeding towards the office when two more projectiles swished past far overhead, fortunately, but near enough to terrify the poor ladies that were with us, whose desperate panic could scarcely be restrained. This was a time when I was glad to have the cool head of Carothers to help avert a threatened panic, for one man alone cannot do very much. None of these projectiles struck the factory or building.

In the course of the day a deputation came from the General to examine all our telephones and connections, suspecting us, most ridiculously, of having called the federal fire. You know the sort of annoyance that keeps one on edge all through these times ;

enquiries, demands, veiled threats, the capture of Clemente, who would have been dragged off had I not managed to placate his captors. I make no mention of the use of our machine shops for the manufacture of munitions of war, the demands for metal, for belting, and for every substance and material that we possess.

In the afternoon we were bombarded once more, but with less severity, and I have now issued a rule that every man who finds himself outside the vaults must seek refuge in the place nearest at the time, and must on no account emerge until the cannonading stops. I am getting a little tired of searching for missing relatives under fire and hope to have convinced the women folk, whose anxiety and perturbation can well be imagined, that it is far better and safer for every one that the man who is not at their side when the shells begin to burst, should wait until the storm of projectiles is past, rather than come seeking a frantic wife across open places.

I was visited during the day by Fierro (Major Fierro, the murderer of Mr. Benton) of Villa's Estado Mayor, ⁽¹⁾ who ordered a detail of our soap stocks to be given him, and all sales to be suspended.

I drew up and handed to Fierro a tentative letter, to be handed to the general, enclosing a list of our boxed soaps, and informing him that the order to suspend all sales would be carried out.

The messenger enquired about our soap producing capacity, and put many other questions. I told him that we could not produce very much more soap until our stock of primary materials should be replenished from abroad. I impressed upon him that we were an international corporation in the sense that many of our shares are held abroad, and that there is much American capital in the business, and finally that every cent of the 125,000 dollar loan had been paid up by us faithfully, at great sacrifice, and in spite of the attitude of the bankers who had wished to cheat both us and them.

I am now watching for the next move in this game, and have a clear statement in most concise terms

(1) ' Estado Mayor—Staff.

prepared, setting forth proofs of our having paid the full amount of the loan imposed upon us, and the circumstances of your intervention with that object. I am disposed to believe that these are machinations of this same individual, who is the man, you will remember, who tried to get away with two trainloads of soap from us before. The present moments whilst fighting is in progress will witness nothing decisive in these matters, and they are wholly unpropitious for seeking information as to the rebel purposes. I am not worried about these pretensions, but am inclined to believe that we will have to pay up again as soon as Torreon is taken, and a new government is organised there; but that seizure of property, or of business, if advised by certain rapacious spirits, will be wholly discountenanced, both by the more moderate and by the more practical elements among the revolutionists, and these elements and their ideas and propaganda are undoubtedly gaining ground.

Carothers was present during those interviews, and I am sure that it was due to this fact that the truculence of the visitor became modified. This is but one of many instances when I have had reason to be grateful for the presence of Carothers here, and I should be wanting in every sense of justice and gratitude if I did not state clearly how much I consider that I, and through me, the company owe to him.

After nightfall a terrific attack upon the town began again, first from the West, then sweeping around the front, until finally a muffled roar from the East told us that they were engaged on that side also. The lights of Torreon went out, and the deadly rattle kept up all night in the darkness, stabbed only by the flashes of rifle fire, or illuminated momentarily by the discharges of the big guns.

Thursday, April 2nd.

Last night took place the heaviest assault of the attacks upon Torreon, but with no advantage apparent to the rebels, for morning broke upon an unchanged state of affairs, and the number of killed

and wounded confirmed the audible evidence of the severity of the battle. Like a wounded beast infuriated, that turns upon the nearest and weakest prey, Torreon began to rain shells upon us once more, maintaining that intermittent cannonading until the afternoon. In concentrated rain of projectiles this firing never equalled the furious hail of two days ago, but its intermittent character made it both dangerous and nerve-racking. In one half-hour of no unusual intensity or concentration of fire, we counted nearly forty projectiles that swished by, or over us. Fortunately, the artillerymen were now less discriminating in their favours, and many went both East and West of us. None the less, there was more destruction to this property to deplore.

One shell half demolished one of the brick pillars of the railing before your house, and another exploded in front of the corridor, shattering the stone frame of the window of Albert's room, twisting the iron bars with a great fragment that tore through it, and scoring the cement work and inner wall of the porch with shrapnel holes, several missiles finding their way into other rooms also.

Not until nightfall did the news fly from mouth to mouth that the federals were evacuating the city, and great fires were visible at different points in the unhappy town, their high-thrown tongues of flame and occasional flashes and low booms leaving no doubt but that the defeated army was destroying its surplus ammunition.

We knew afterwards that the federals had been going out all through the day, although it seems that the movement was conducted with relative order, and that they departed in trains to make the first stage of the road.

There are many things told of this evacuation and of the fight in Torreon which have come to my ears since, but our history of the war may be said to have closed with the evacuation, and much of interest that has come to our knowledge since is, at best, part of another narrative no longer connected with this institution.

SIR FREDERICK WELD (1833).

The Life of Sir Frederick Weld, G.C.M.G., a Pioneer of Empire, by ALICE, LADY LOVAT, with a Preface by SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, K.C.M.G. (published by *John Murray*, London, 1914).

This is a book which should be read by all Stonyhurst men, past and present. Lady Lovat tells with charming simplicity the story of the life of one of the most distinguished sons of Stonyhurst—a life simple, strenuous, and eminently successful—and with true art allows her hero in great measure to tell the story himself, by means of numerous extracts from letters, diaries, etc.

It is given to few men to accomplish what Sir Frederick Weld did for the British Empire. It was his impulse that sent New Zealand forward on that independent career which has brought her to her present greatness. He found Western Australia moribund, and left her infused with new life, and equipped with representative government, so that when the time came she found herself fully worthy to take her station with her sister States in the Australian Commonwealth. After a while in Tasmania, which he called his Capua, we find him as Governor of the Straits Settlements pursuing a policy—*suaviter in modo fortiter in re*—which culminated in the establishment of the Federated Malay States—of which Sir Hugh Clifford remarks, “Their very balance-sheet reads like a fairy tale, no less.”

His biographer tells us: “As a youth Frederick Weld was exceedingly delicate,” and he himself says, “I was still a poor weakly thing,” and bearing this in mind we marvel all the more at the hardships he was later on called upon to endure and cheerfully to survive.

“He went first to Hodder, which is the preparatory school for Stonyhurst, and only removed from it by a distance of a mile, and followed on, with the rest of his class, in his second year, to Stonyhurst.” Of his journey from Chideock, Weld tells us “We must have been at least a week getting to Stonyhurst, where my school-life was spent.” “He tells us,” says the author, “he was very sorry to leave the ‘dear old place,’ to which, in nine years, he had got

deeply attached.” His attachment is shown by his naming one of his sheep-stations in New Zealand after his Alma Mater, and his “fond affection and deep recollection” are reflected here and there in the book under review. Thus journeying through the Malay States, he speaks of a river as being “a stream like the Hodder, only smaller,” and again on a similar journey he tells us how “the Malays (who are not particular how they get their fish) throw the root of a plant called ‘tuba’ into the water which has the effect of stupefying them, and before long they come to the top. Such a scene followed; the Malays shouted and yelled, throwing themselves into the water and hitting the fish with sticks, and laughing just like a heap of schoolboys. . . . Though it was poaching, it was great fun, and reminded me of fishing the brooks at Stonyhurst on ‘good days.’”

It was on St. Patrick's Day that Weld first saw the country where he was to spend twenty-six years of his life, and wherein he was to inaugurate that policy of “self-reliance” which was to guide New Zealand along the noble path she has ever since pursued. He thus describes the scene: “At length, one morning, just before daylight, on the 17th March, I was awoke by the cry of ‘Land!’ Day dawned on a dull, heaving sea. All we saw at first was a low line of coast; then the sun rose behind the tall cone of Mount Egmont, which I then thought, and still think, one of the most beautiful mountains in the world, and we saw its glorious outline standing out against the morning sky. Such was my first view of New Zealand.”

It is interesting to note here that Sir Frederick Weld's name will for ever be associated in New Zealand with Home Rule, and in Malaya with Federation—two political shibboleths that ring in our ears to-day with damnable iteration.

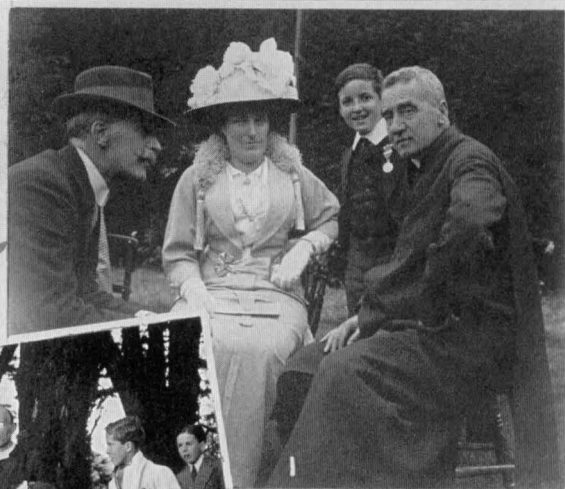
It was not till the 23rd April, St. George's Day, that Weld finally landed at his destination, Wellington. The narrative that follows of hardships and dangers, joys and sorrows, is most interesting. Of the dangers overpassed we must mention two. The Colonists were at war with the natives, and a force of British troops came in touch with the enemy,

but owing to the nature of the country could not locate the latter. Weld volunteered to reconnoitre, and climbed a tree for the purpose. He accomplished his object, but in doing it was seen by the Maoris, who might easily have shot him. In the parley that followed the natives said "they were quite ready to fight, but were waiting for the English to begin. It was for this reason that they had not fired at Fred when he climbed the tree, it being a bad omen to kill the first man. They wanted the first to be killed on their side as a sacrifice to the god of war."

On another occasion the squatters at Wairarapa were cut off by a rising of the natives from Wellington, with which it was urgently necessary for them to communicate so as to make known their desperate plight. Weld undertook the part of messenger. Between him and his destination lay the Muka-Muka pah, held in force by the natives. The only available passage was along the sea shore. "A full moon lighted the scene almost as clearly as if by day. To walk past the houses along the beach without being seen was to attempt an impossibility, and it was equally impossible to pass behind them. Weld saw that his only chance was to keep in the wash of the sea, making a dash whenever he saw his opportunity. Accordingly he crouched and ran, lying flat as the wave broke, and letting it wash over him, then again rising and making a short run, till at last he had passed the village and got under the shelter of some rocks. A dog or two barked whilst he was crossing the bay, and he heard voices, but no alarm was taken, but as soon as he had reached cover a chorus of dogs barking roused the natives. Fred, however, did not stop to listen, and being now out of sight, he started at a run, leaping from rock to rock till he reached the little stream of Waimarara, four miles distant. Here he took to the water, wading for some distance up the stream in order that if he was being pursued by dogs the scent should be lost; hearing no sound of pursuit, he lay down in the bush and slept till dawn. The following morning he reached Wellington and fulfilled his mission." An exploit that would have delighted the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson!

As we are quoting we cannot refrain from transcribing the account of Mrs. Weld's journey of 2,000 miles, from Fremantle to Hobart Town, in a 100-ton schooner, with her nine children. It is a romance in itself. Weld writes to his brother: "Mena and the children have at last arrived. I had been laid up for a whole month previously, but was beginning to get better when, on the 1st of June, the *Mary Herbert* was signalled twenty miles out, with the wind contrary. I hired a steamer, and, lame as I was, got on board, and went off to meet them, and by nightfall we had tugged the vessel up to the wharf. Though it was getting quite dark a great crowd had assembled, who cheered us most lustily. I cannot describe the sympathy we have met from all classes. I wish you could hear Mena's description of what she underwent in the voyage. In the first place the deck-house was so small that they had hardly room to turn round in it. If it had not been for the steward, who behaved splendidly, and who, with Mena, took entire charge of the children—the nurses being worse than useless—I don't know what would have happened. Then they had very rough weather, though the wind was fair generally, so that they continually spent the night mopping up the water which flooded the cabin. The captain turned out to be an ex-convict, and besides drinking like a fish, knew so little about his work that Mena had to give orders to the crew to reef in the sails. The cow gave no milk, and had to be killed on their arrival, and Mena's pet mare (we have been told in a previous letter that her name was Crinoline), the most beautiful, docile creature in the world, which followed them on board like a dog, and can never be replaced, died on the voyage. Thank God, Mena and the children are quite well, and little Angela began to improve from the time of their going to sea." To this account the author adds a foot-note: "The *Mary Herbert* was wrecked on its return journey, and all hands on board drowned." That completes the picture!

Sir Frederick Weld's religion and he were one and indivisible. He was a Catholic first and last. Twice at least while he was in high place his religion brought him into conflict with opposite opinion,



SNAPSHOTS FROM THE GREAT ACADEMIES.

1. The Mayor and Mayoress of Hampstead (Mr. E. A. O'Bryen and Mrs. O'Bryen) and Fr. James Robinson, S.J.
2. At Tea on the Bowling Green.
3. The Rector with the Bishop of Nottingham and the Bishop of Geraldton (W. Australia).

but he went his way unyielding. His piety was solid, and quite simple—there are many instances given of it in this record of his life. Thus he mentions in a letter to Lady Weld, his going to Mass at the Cathedral in Malacca: "Mass was said by a Chinese priest, so reverently and quietly; he had a light, thin moustache, and, I think, a pigtail under his chasuble. He is a confessor, having been imprisoned and condemned to death, and finally banished for the faith. After Mass was over I went into the Sacristy and asked him for his blessing." Perhaps the most striking instance of simple faith and piety is to be found in the following extract from his diary, when he heard of the approaching death of his cousin, and the friend of his youth, Sir Henry Clifford: "Got up early and wrote to Henry Clifford. I fear this closes my life-long friendship with dear Henry, and will be my last communication with him till we meet in the next world."

The book is furnished with an adequate index, though Hodder does not figure in it. In these days of cheap production maps, if only sketch maps, might be furnished of the four Colonies identified with Sir Frederick Weld's activities. As to the interesting illustrations, may we assume that they are from Sir Frederick's own pencil? The cover bears the Weld crest, with the motto "Nil sine numine"—a motto we remember being assigned, jestingly, to the Birmingham Oratory, when the illustrious Cardinal was its revered Head—so we take it for granted that heraldic conventions forbade the substitution of "Dieu et ma dextre," of which Sir Frederick Weld says (p. 13), "I adopted it henceforth as my own." There are a few misprints—(p. 91) *quality* for *equality*, (p. 278) *caves* for *eaves*, (p. 296, l. 5) *was* for *were*, and (p. 371) where *Siberian* instead of *Liberian* coffee is spoken of. And this leads us to remark that though in the Malayan section of the book well nigh every tropical product is mentioned, there is no word, no hint, of that fairy princess *Hevea Brasiliensis*, who was all the while slumbering in the Botanical Gardens of Singapore.

Sir Hugh Clifford's preface, as those who know him might expect, is manly and direct. He has only one fault to find with Sir Frederick Weld, and he

voices it thus: "Even as a boy, I remember registering the silent opinion that he was a singularly bad judge of men." However true that may be in general, to the one instance that he adduces, viz., himself, Sir Frederick Weld, if he were alive to-day, would promptly plead, "Not guilty!" "He had been rather severely criticised," says Sir Hugh, "for having had the boldness to entrust a special mission of some delicacy and difficulty to so young a man—I was at that time not quite one-and-twenty—and I think I can see him, etc." Of this "special mission of some delicacy and difficulty" Sir Frederick writes: "The successful issue of Mr. Clifford's mission to Pahang opens up a State richer and larger than Perak, possessing great mineral and agricultural wealth, and offering a great field for commercial enterprise." And again, in a letter to a friend: "I have lately scored a great success as a result of my policy in this country; the rich and powerful State of Pahang on the east coast has asked for a treaty, and a Government agent. . . . All the southern part of the Peninsula is now under British influence, and—one may add—open to commerce, peace, and civilisation. The task of introducing these elements into Pahang, which is utterly disorganised, will require much tact, prudence, and firmness. Young Clifford was the instrument of bringing this about, and he has shown all these qualities, and great powers of physical endurance in arduous, and even to some extent, dangerous journeys, often living on native food for weeks together."

We will conclude our notice of this most interesting book with Sir Hugh Clifford's fine eulogy of his former Chief. "A statesman, honest, fearless, noble, kind, inspired by a wonderful and perfectly unostentatious piety, and beyond all things, simple, so that the boy's heart in him was never subdued, and the purity of the boy never tarnished, he dwells in my memory, and so must always dwell, as perhaps the finest gentleman that I have ever known."

One last word—the book cries aloud to Stonyhurst boys of to-day:—"Go, and do likewise."

CHARLES G. RYAN (1877).

HARPOONING CROCODILES AND SHARKS.

A COLOMBIAN SPORT.

By RAFAEL OBREGON (1897) and LEO HOTHERSALL.
Illustrated by Leo Hothersall.

Colombia, and especially that part of Colombia about the delta of the Magdalena, is rich in many varieties of animals, some of which afford capital sport. Alligators from 18 to 20 feet in length abound here. There are three classes of these Saurians. The largest which, of a dirty black colour with a long snout, resembles the African Crocodile and is sometimes called the "Jacaré." The second class is not so large and has a dirty brown coloured back with a yellowish green belly. Both these classes are called "Cayman." The "Bavilla," a much smaller kind, is shorter in the head and is very active and fierce, and rarely grows longer than 10 feet. The alligator feeds on fish and offal of all descriptions and fulfils quite a useful purpose as scavenger. Pigs and young cattle straying near the river are often whisked into the water by the alligator's tail and eaten.

Alligators infest the swamps and mud banks in the rivers, looking like motionless logs, but when startled their activity is surprising.

On one occasion the writer stepped on one when about to climb a tree, but Mr. Cayman made off, fortunately for the writer, who will never forget the sinking feeling in the stomach which he felt on that occasion. A similar but more exciting experience befell an assistant of the writer who had been told to take a compass sight from the top of a big tree in some swampy land. He reached the tree and trod on what he thought was one of the roots. It was a cayman who promptly made a bite at him. By a rapid movement he managed to get out of reach, but the vicious beast kept jumping up at him. Finally the man drew his macheté (a kind of cutlass) and struck again and again until he blinded it (the eyes are very prominent). He was then able to dispatch it easily. His macheté was much notched after his exciting fight.

As a rule, though, the cayman does not put up much of a fight. He generally makes off when man comes near, lying nose to the water in order to dive in without delay, and he is marvellously quick at it, too.

Like most other animals he is most ferocious in the breeding season. The eggs are about the size of a goose egg and are of a dirty white colour with a leathery skin like that of a turtle's egg. The eggs are laid in the sand, about 25 to 70 in number. They are sold in the market places and are supposed to be very strengthening. Cayman fat is very good for inflammations, chills, etc. Certain parts of the animal are cut out and dried, then powdered. This is supposed by the Indians to be a specific remedy for various diseases.

A favourite method of hunting the Cayman in Colombia is to take a gasoline motor-launch with a dug-out canoe towed behind with the usual quota of paddles and palanquas (long poles with a fork at the end used for poling in shallow water). A party of about six, including one or two Indians (who are very expert in the canoe), food, drink and petrol, are carried on board, along with rifles, revolvers and machetés, not forgetting the harpoons. A short description of the harpoon used would perhaps be advisable. The business end of the harpoon is like a boat-hook but with a cutting edge near the point and is made of steel. It has a socket into which is pushed a pole about 10 feet long. A strong thin rope is tied tightly round the harpoon and then passed along the shaft to the other end where it is again fastened tightly. This rope is then attached to a big float made of a very light wood called Bujia. The shaft is attached to a long rope which is coiled up ready for operations. The shaft comes out of the harpoon socket after entering the Cayman but remains connected with the rope at the other end.

A start is made in the early morning when a cool refreshing breeze makes boating really enjoyable on the river. Breakfast is taken aboard and then the launch is driven into one or other of the canos or natural canals, which are numerous in the Magdalena delta. It is often possible to get near

the caymans, as they bask in the sun, if not frightened by the "chug, chug" of the motor. Then the canoe is unlashed and two or three men and an Indian push off quietly. A cayman is seen and the Indian poles or paddles as near as he can before the cayman awakes and plunges into the water. The harpooner is at the prow holding the harpoon with both hands and at the critical moment he throws with all his strength.

The harpoon is sometimes thrown direct off the stem of the launch which is steered in a straight line

pilot. As in playing a fish, the line is pulled gently at first and gradually tightened until the crocodile is tired out.

Generally it is possible to haul your cayman ashore alive, but individual reptiles, like fish, vary in fighting qualities, and I have known some display such ferocious activity in resisting capture that they had to be shot before they could be landed.

The writer was once upset within a few yards of an alligator after a continuous fight of over fifteen minutes, but the welcome reports of three rifle shots



towards the reptile. Success usually depends on being able to take the animal unawares. The launch is run in as near the bank as can be managed without grounding it and the harpooner endeavours to strike before the cayman gets past him into the water. One is astonished at first at the ease with which the harpoon drives through the tough hide of the reptile. As soon as the crocodile feels the steel it glides into the muddy water which would effectually conceal its whereabouts but for the float bobbing on the surface above it. Then the launch is exchanged for the light dug-out canoe with its skilful Indian

allayed my fears. The bullets mortally wounded the beast just as he was coming at me open-mouthed and I was hauled safely into the canoe.

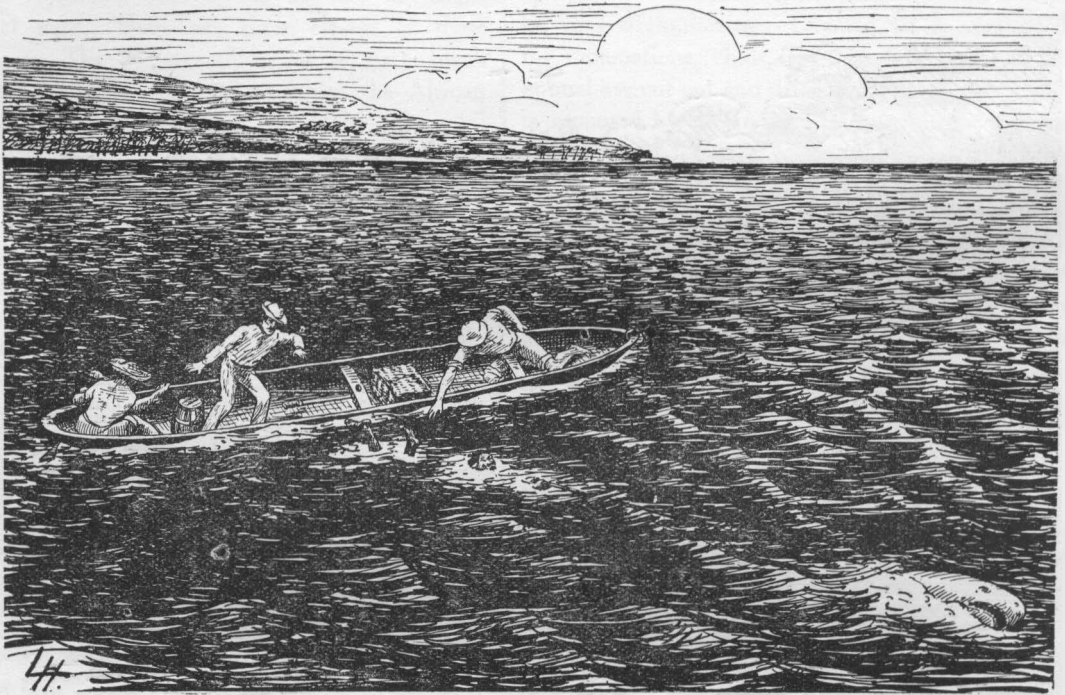
The sight of that vast mouthful of teeth within a few feet of me remains a haunting memory.

As a rule, however, as we have noted elsewhere, a harpooned crocodile becomes strangely passive, when once it realizes that escape is no longer possible. I have sat beside a big crocodile in this state, when he was only slightly wounded. Though he could easily have torn me piece-meal he lay motionless but for the blinking of his little eyes.

There is in reality little risk in taking such a liberty with a played-out cayman, but I have vivid recollections of the nerve storm I endured the first time a native induced me to try the experiment.

A brother of mine once took his seat beside a cayman under much more uncomfortable conditions. He was on the point of hurling the harpoon, when the launch grounded with a bump and out he tumbled under the very nose of the crocodile. Active athlete as I knew him to be, I was unprepared for

the canoe; but there is still plenty of rope to play. As a general rule the cayman sulks at the bottom like a salmon; then come a succession of tugs at the rope and he is hauled up and dragged to the bank, where a noose is slipped round his neck and a turn hitched round his snout to prevent him opening his mouth. He is then thoroughly cowed and may be towed behind the launch. It is curious how quiet he usually is when brought to land; but not always. On one occasion when a cayman was harpooned and



the extraordinary agility with which he flung himself out of the water into the launch. Doubtless the cayman was equally astonished or it would have fared badly with the harpooner.

I fancy that even the most enthusiastic salmon fisher would admit that the first thrilling moments which succeed the hooking of a big fish and feeling that he is still "on" after his first wild dash for freedom, are equalled if not surpassed by the excitement following the harpooning of a big active cayman. The mighty splash of his dive is followed by a heaving of the water and the float is jerked out of

dragged to the surface near the launch he made a leap and bit a lump clean out of the gunwale.

One must not get the idea from the foregoing that the cayman never attacks unless attacked; for the writer has lively memories of a picnic to the mouth of the Magdalena when the launch was hitched up in a back-water to a tree stump and an Indian was left to mind it. We all undressed and went to bathe in the sea where there were some fine rollers. We had not been absent long when we were startled by a scream from the Indian. We all ran towards him and there we saw a big cayman slowly returning to

the water. It seems that after our departure the Indian promptly fell asleep and this cayman had crawled out of the water to stalk him when he awoke only just in time. We then got aboard the launch and whilst getting ready, the cayman, undismayed by the revolver shots, kept circling round the launch quite near. This was certainly the "cheekiest" cayman the writer remembers.

This expedition took place in the rainy season, and we were presently exposed to the full force of the torrential showers which wet us to the skin in a few minutes. We took off our clothes and headed for an Indian village where the Indians prepared us a "sancocho de gallina," a kind of stew made from fowls, cassava, maize, yams, etc., and very appetizing. The meal concluded with delicious coffee. Thus ended a typical crocodile hunt.

A party of us thought that as we had been so successful with caymans, a similar expedition to harpoon sharks might afford a pleasant variety of sport. In due course the shark hunt was arranged. We sailed to the shark ground in a cutter-rigged boat and then two of us and two Indians got into a dug-out canoe, far too small for the purpose, as it happened. The writer was at the prow in his bare feet finding great difficulty not only in standing up but even in remaining in the canoe with the heavy harpoon in his hands. The Indian behind him had sticks of dynamite, fulminates and fuses which he lit with a cigar and then threw in the water. The explosion killed a quantity of fish which rose to the surface, belly up. Then the sharks came snapping up the fish. The writer threw his harpoon and missed, nearly falling out of the canoe. More dynamite was thrown and the Indian this time took the harpoon. A shark rose quite near and the Indian cleverly planted his harpoon in it. The shark leaped with pain and darted off at a great rate, dragging with it the Indian, still holding on to the rope. Before he let go, the rope had cut into his hands badly. We had a little difficulty in getting him out none the worse for his adventure. Fortunately we had not fastened the rope to the canoe or we should have been swamped, for we could see the shark with the float behind it making for the open sea at a tremendous rate.

We decided that shark hunting in a dug-out canoe was more exciting than cayman hunting. A sentiment with which the Indian was quite in accord.

O.T.C. NOTES.

It is with feelings of regret that we have to announce that the Corps will not attend this year's O.T.C. Camp. That there were over one hundred cadets for camp speaks highly of the spirit of the corps. We hope that this record in numbers will even be exceeded next year.

The inter-class shooting competition was won by Rhetoric. The congratulations of all to their team and their captain, H. J. Lynch.

"C" Company this year, for the first time, produced a team to compete in a public contest. A team of twelve practised hard for three weeks, and on June 26th shot off their attempt for the "Imperial Challenge Shield"—Junior Division. The team averaged 60.3 per cent., a satisfactory result considering the attack of nerves incidental to a first attempt.

After a very keen competition Sergt. J. Reynolds, section commander of No. 1 "A," carried off the "best section cup," with an aggregate of 90 per cent. A higher level of efficiency was reached by all sections who contested. All praise to the Section Commanders to whose personal efforts this improvement is undoubtedly due.

In the "Best Section Competition" the winners were as follows:

Sergt. J. Reynolds	No. I. A.
Sergt. M. Cuffy	No. IV. B.
Sergt. D. Cuffy	No. I. C.

This year's band has been most efficient, thanks to the untiring efforts and indefatigable zeal of Dr. Sergt. A. Prentice.

The "Harrison Cup" was competed for on the Long Range during the month of June. Sergt. G. Thornton ran out winner with the score of 53 points out of a possible 56.

We have to announce that the establishment of the corps as a three-company organisation ceases at the end of the School year. The corps will henceforth, in accordance with the new regulations, consist of one double company of four platoons.

The smartness of the guard of honour for the Corpus Christi procession, commanded by Major S. A. Pearse, was particularly noticeable this year. A new feature of the procession was the lining of the route by the camp party, an honour which all highly coveted.

Colour-Sergts. } E. CLARK.
 } H. J. LYNCH.

THE AVIARY.

An eloquent panegyrist of eld, having much to say in praise of a dead friend and little time to say it in, neatly turned the flank of difficulty by observing of him, "*ad cujus laudes addidisse aliquid, discerpsisse est*," which might be thus rendered in graceful mathematical prose, "any addition to whose praises is subtraction." And this, too, is what we think on the subject of our promised funeral orations on Patsy the Cockatiel (O.S.), and Mac the Macaw, recently gathered to the company of O.S. fowls who once adorned our Aviary by voice and plumage. Anno Domini killed Patsy (he was a twelve-year-old) and Mac was murdered at midnight by his cousin Mick. Mac's remains, admirably mounted by our taxidermist, Mr. F. Kirby, of Preston, are now in the College Museum. His perch in the Aviary is occupied and his name perpetuated by the gorgeous Blue-and-Buff Macaw recently presented, together with a suitable stand, by Mrs. Simpson, of Winkley.

The space at our disposal forbids us to give further details of the doings of the "smale fowles" in the

aviary, so we must rest content with supplying the following complete list of those at present in residence.

A cock Kentucky Cardinal, two cock Pope Cardinals, two cock Redcrested Cardinals, two cock Grenadier Weavers, a pair of Crimson-Crowned Weavers, three cock Orange Bishops, two cock Napoleon Bishops, one cock Black-faced Weaver, a pair of Waxwings, Pine Grosbeaks (two cocks and one hen), a pair of Crossbills, a pair of Hawfinches, eight Pekin Robins, a pair of White Java Sparrows and one pair of Grey Java Sparrows, two pairs of Siberian Bullfinches, two pairs of Goldfinches, a pair of Siskins, Zebra Doves (one cock and two hens), two pairs of Spice Birds, a pair of Black-headed Nuns, a cock Silky Cowbird, a hen Red-winged Meadow Starling, a cock Transvaal Singing Finch, a cock Reed Bunting, five pairs of yellow Budgerigars, three pairs of Green Budgerigars, four Bramblings, two pairs of Brown Linnetts, two pairs of Mealy Redpolls, a pair of Lesser Redpolls, a pair of Twites, Cockatiels (two cocks and three hens), a pair of Bengalese Parrakeets, a Chinese Yellow Bunting, a Madagascar Love Bird, a hen Carlifornian Quail (with a bevy of 14 young ones a month old), a Common Quail. Macaws—Robert, Mick and Mac. Owls—Two Eagle Owls and three Long-eared Owls, two Tawny Owls and three Barn Owls. Eagles—A Chilian Eagle (hen). Falcons—A Merlin.

For the Management } E. CLARK.
 } G. THORNTON.
 } J. WATERTON.

DONATIONS.

The Rector expresses his thanks for the following donations to the Musuem:—

A large Tarpon (mounted by Rowland Ward, London); *presented by Mrs. Claude Watney.*

Three Oars of Cherry wood, carved by the native of Degama, S. Nigeria; and

Three large Brass Dishes, worked with designs by the natives on Calabar coast, S. Nigeria; *presented by the Rev. R. Moss, S.J.*

THE RAILWAY "FOLLY" OF HURST GREEN.

The tripper who breaks his journey to Stonyhurst at the sign of the Shireburn Arms will see on the left of that justly esteemed hostelry a little wicket gate that admits to a path leading down to the river. If he pursues it till he comes to the first farm house, and then makes his way through a wood on his right, adown which the Dean Brook patters to the Ribble, he will find himself face to face with a gigantic furrow in the field, bounded by a plantation at either end. He may wonder what it is. The bed of a once diverted river? No! Perhaps another of those traces of the Roman occupation that abound in our neighbourhood? Nothing of the kind. It is simply an abortive railway cutting that dates no further back than the year 1847.

Can it really be, he will ask, that a railway line was once intended to come within such close proximity to the College—that but for some untoward accident the slumbers of its inmates might nightly have been disturbed by the whistle and rumbling of trains? Yes, strange to say, this is really the case. An entry in the Minister's Journal for September 24th of the year referred to, runs as follows: "The first sod of the railway passing Hurst Green turned up this evening." The only inaccuracy in this interesting statement is that the railway did not pass, and that as a consequence Hurst Green missed at once and for ever its chance of becoming a city, and Stonyhurst a suburb.

We have been at some pains to investigate the history of the various projects to run a railway in our neighbourhood, before the details should be drawn into the vortex of oblivion. Fortunately there are two quadragenarian patriarchs in the college community who, like Nestor, have seen three generations of men, and were boys here when the work was put in hand. Into their capacious memories we have delved. Then there is Owd Till, the game-keeper. He, too, has topped his four and four-score years, and though he "wor nobbut a lad at t' time," he well remembers discussing the work with the

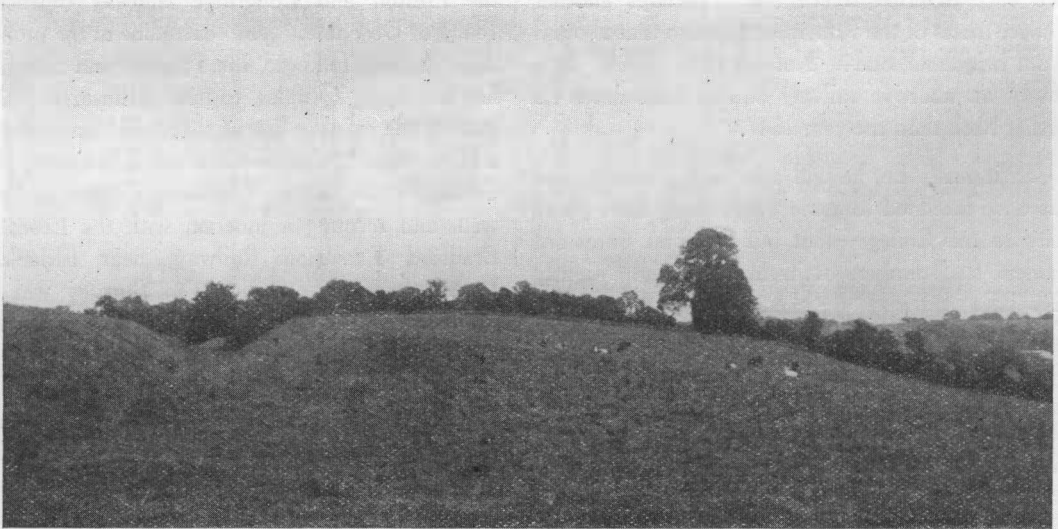
labourers employed on the cutting. We have further to thank Mr. John A. F. Aspinall, General Manager of the L. & Y. R. for the courtesy with which he has supplied us, from official sources, with some reliable data for our inquiry.

So far, then, as our researches go, we have succeeded in tracing three distinct proposals for a railway in our vicinity. Of the first already alluded to, Mr. Aspinall writes: "A railway was promoted by an independent company in the Session of 1846, commencing by a junction with the Preston and Wyre Railway, on the west side of the Preston to Lancaster Railway, and forming a junction with the Preston and Longridge Railway (opened in 1840), at Deepdale. The centre line of the proposed railway then followed the Preston and Longridge line for about 2½ miles, to near Grimsargh Station, leaving the existing line at that point, and following a north-easterly direction through Ribchester, Hurst Green, Great Mitton, Clitheroe, Chatburn, Bracewell, and forming a junction with the Leeds and Bradford Extension Railway, near Elslack. A branch from Great Mitton to Burnley was also deposited. The railway was authorised from Preston to Clitheroe only under the Fleetwood, Preston, and West Riding Junction Railway Act, 1846. The only portion constructed was from the junction with the Preston and Wyre Railway to the junction with the Preston and Longridge Railway at Deepdale, and I understand that this was found to be so expensive that the remainder of the line could not be proceeded with. The Preston and Longridge Railway was sold to the Fleetwood, Preston and West Riding Junction Railway Company in 1856, and the property of the Fleetwood, Preston and West Riding Junction Railway Company was purchased in 1867 by the L. & Y. and L. & N.W. Companies. . . . The cutting made near Hurst Green in 1847 will probably be in connection with the railway authorised in 1846. . . . I am unable to trace any record of any proposals from Preston *via* Longridge since 1847. . . . I may say that no official plan of these railways exists, and their line of route can only be obtained from the Parliamentary Deposits at the time."

Practically the entire cutting, as it now stands, was achieved at this first attempt. No machinery such as steam-navvies, appears to have been available for the purpose of clearing the soil. As Owd Till puts it: "It wor maistly spade-wark then." The number of hands employed scarcely suggests that the work was taken up seriously. Masters used to take their boys on walk-days to see it going on. Living witnesses can only remember to have seen some fifty to a hundred men at work. The impression left on their minds is that it was rather a half-hearted affair. We have questioned a few of the more grey-headed of the College retainers—nearly

illustration of the type of sum in the unitary method of arithmetic, with which schoolboys are familiar: "If a handful of men can do a small amount of work in a short time, how many men will be required to do a considerable amount in a much longer one?" It was, indeed, mere playing with railway construction.

Nearly twenty years passed, and again another attempt, even more feeble than the first, appears to have been made. Once more the Minister's Journal is helpful. Under date, 1866, April 23rd, we read: "Fr. Thos. Cooper off to London to give evidence in favour of the new railway that is to be



THE RAILWAY CUTTING NEAR BAYLEY HALL.

all of them of a generation younger than contemporaries of the cutting—to discover why the enterprise proved such a failure, but have uniformly met with the same answer, which no doubt crystallises a local tradition: "I've 'eerd tell as they began at th' wrong end." However, as to which end was "th' right," and which "th' wrong" there is not unanimity. The consensus of opinion favours the view that "they spent too mich brass at Preston." Certainly no great sum can have been expended on the cutting at this end. It is only 300 yards long, by about 30 yards broad, and 25 feet deep. The whole thing looked rather like a practical

opened at Hurst Green." Evidently the College authorities of the period were sanguine to the point of optimism. The prospects were rosy enough. The station was to be nearer the College than in the original scheme. For whereas the site selected for that purpose had been the farm, variously known as Chitterick or Crossgills, below the Shireburn Arms, the new line was to run up behind the *Eagle and Child* to a station facing Fairfield. It will scarcely be believed, but if we are correctly informed, there was a revival of the old farce in the same old furrow. Owd Till, then grown to man's estate, remembers seeing the work resumed. A few more men cut a

few more sods, and there the matter ended. Not a single sleeper is discernible where the grass now grows.

Still a third project was mooted in the early eighties. This time there was no question of a station at Hurst Green. The line was to run from Longridge, along by Kemple End, and across the valley, probably to Keighley (to be pronounced Keethley !) A committee was appointed, so we are told, to inspect and report on the feasibility of the project. They courteously suggested that the authorities of the College, and our neighbour, Mr. Fenton, whose properties stood to rise in value, if the railway passed through, or near them, might contribute something to the initial expenditure. The latter declined with equal courtesy and no less firmness. What those initial expenses were, or would have been, it is not for us to say. Perhaps we may guess at one item on the list. The committee inspected and they lunched ; they inspected and they dined. "Aye," says Owd Till, "and so they wud do ! but they wudn't do ony wark."

It appears that an expert was employed to pronounce on the practicability of this third scheme. He gave it as his opinion that the engineering difficulty of spanning the valley and surmounting other obstacles would be so formidable that the profits of the railway would never enable investors to recoup the original outlay. Obviously the main source of profits was not to be derived from the passenger traffic, but from the transport of cotton and minerals. As a matter of fact, however, the towns on the Preston side naturally get all their coal from Wigan, and on the Yorkshire side from East Lancashire pits, such as those at Burnley and Padiham, and, moreover, the line would be of comparatively little use for cotton transport, being off the direct line to Manchester.

Turning over the pages of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* for March, 1889, we find that the S.U.D.S. once made the Preston-Keighley Railway a subject of debate, and that its desirability, from the College's point of view, was carried by a majority of 16 in a house of 28. Those opposed to the idea argued that the scenery would be uglified, epidemics brought

to our doors, and our privacy, already so grossly violated, would suffer still further intrusion. These contentions failed to convince. The facilities such a line would afford for journeys to and from the College, the enhancement of the value of the estate, albeit an unearned increment, and the development of Hurst Green, were esteemed weightier considerations. We leave our readers to decide whether after all it is a matter of regret that the proposed Hurst Green Railway never got beyond the stage of being a "folly."

M. S.

THE HIGHER LINE MATHEMATICAL GOOD DAY.

Ingleton was again chosen to be the scene of another Mathematical Good Day, and on June 15th, after early Mass and breakfast, fifteen fortunate ones set out under the able guidance of Fathers Vignaux and O'Connor, on the stroke of eight. It was an ideal day, and after an extremely enjoyable drive through Clitheroe, Gisburn, and Settle, Ingleton was reached at 10-30 a.m. We almost immediately set out on our journey to Braida Garth. During the walk the wayside scenery was so beautiful that we scarcely noticed the distance, four miles, which we covered in our tramp. Pecca Falls and Raven Ray were visited *en route*, and at the latter place photographs were taken of the party sitting under the falls. On reaching the farm at Braida Garth we were regaled with the cider for which it is famous, and then we proceeded to inspect Yorda's Cave. Returning again to the farm an excellent lunch was provided to which everyone appeared to do full justice. After a short rest we returned to Ingleton, *via* The Greta and Beizley Falls, which almost surpassed Raven Ray in beauty. The motor left Ingleton at 4-30, and we arrived at the College in time for a swim before dinner. A sumptuous repast completed the day, and by that time everyone was ready for bed, full of the memories of a happy day. Our thanks are due to Fathers O'Connor and Vignaux who did so much to make the expedition a success, from which nothing detracted save the unavoidable absence of Major Pearse.

CRICKET.

STONYHURST v. YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN

This match was played at York, on June 17th, under conditions which, without prejudice, may be called unfavourable to the Stonyhurst XI. The long journey to York, though made under the moral ægis of the Spiritual Father's company, was frankly tiring, and more than one of the XI. were unwell, E. Brown, indeed, being unable to play. He was efficiently replaced by J. Kelly, G. Thornton being 12th man, and H. Lynch also coming as marker. The match was played under a blazing sun, and in an atmosphere so sultry as almost to make a repetition of last year's thunderstorm desirable, and the wicket was extremely hard, and the ground is known to be lumpy and unreliable. Stonyhurst having won the toss, F. Flynn and F. Caryll opened the innings to the bowling of Messrs. E. Tew and K. Lister-Kaye. After a maiden over, a boundary, hit by Caryll, raised hopes, but he was caught at mid-off by Mr. Fergus for 13. Flynn having been bowled by a yorker from Mr. Tew for 2, J. Franck settled down comfortably at the wicket, and survived H. Morrissy, unluckily l.b.w. to Mr. Tew for 1. Franck and T. B. Trappes-Lomax scored steadily at first, running, however, no risks, and snatching runs where they could, Trappes-Lomax especially showing restraint and spending the hour immediately before lunch over making six runs. Franck having been caught at the wicket for 25, the top score of the day, J. Shiel followed, playing his maiden innings, slightly handicapped by very pardonable nervousness. He was bowled by Mr. Fergus for five when the luncheon bell rang, with five wickets down for 71. After lunch T. Trappes-Lomax went on again with B. Withall, who made a good square hit to the boundary, but was unluckily caught soon after at mid-on standing back. F. Farrelly was next in, and the batsmen again played carefully, missing no chances, Trappes-Lomax being bowled at last by a yorker from Lister-Kaye for 23. This was, too, the first appearance of J. Kelly, the next man in, who played very creditably indeed, and was not out for 11.

Soon after his advent, however, F. Farrelly was l.b.w. to a ball from Mr. Tew, and R. Plissonneau, playing back from what was perhaps one of the best balls of the afternoon, was bowled for 12. M. C. Nolan and Kelly held up the last wicket between them for about twenty minutes, the former being caught at mid-off for four. It was pleasant to observe how well the tail end of our eleven batted, and that the hitting throughout, though not hard, was, on the whole, careful. It is consoling, too, to note that the famous pavilion Duck was not once called upon to quack, no member of our XI. having failed to score.

The opposing team was an unusually good one, Mr. E. J. Radcliffe being an ex-Yorkshire captain, Mr. Stanley having been placed in the Yorkshire XI. for his batting alone, while Mr. Lister-Kaye had played for Eton and Oxford, and Mr. Tew and Mr. Fergus for Cambridge. Mr. White is the brother of Sir A. White, captain of Yorkshire, and we were fortunate in seeing his wicket go down for so relatively few. Mr. Anson, who batted first last year, was this year placed eighth, an indication, perhaps, of the superiority of this year's XI. over last year's. Mr. Stanley may be said to have won the match by his steady play, preventing Farrelly's bowling, which won very high praise from all, from being so effective as usual. Farrelly, indeed, had hard luck; he kept a very good length, but the balls kept bouncing over the wicket. Had the match been played on the softer Stonyhurst pitch the story might have been very different. Mr. Lister-Kaye on the other hand, batted with astonishing freedom, sending one ball, by an off-drive off Caryll, on to the Pavilion roof, and another, by playing back to a less well-pitched ball from Plissonneau, over the opposite pavilion. By the time he batted, however, our men were tired, and his play (he knocked up 60 in a very short time) was disheartening. Plissonneau, too, must be congratulated on his six wickets, and in general our fielding was good, and met with very favourable comment from the opposing XI. in the pavilion, Morrissy's being especially highly praised. Kelly, too, was very quickly on the spot. It is agreed, however, that we had a lesson to learn from the wise and admirably varied placing of the Gentlemen's

field. But for some unlucky mis-catches the latter would have been out, probably, for under 200; both Franck and Trappes-Lomax, however, retrieved an earlier misfortune by splendid catches at deep mid-on and in the long field respectively; Morrissy, too, made a magnificent catch near the boundary between long-on and square-leg; while Withall, running half-way up the field, held a high miss-hit which dismissed Mr. Peters off Plissonneau's bowling. The XI. cannot be too highly congratulated on the way in which they kept their spirits up, and on their sportsmanlike play, in spite of the defeat they soon could not help foreseeing.

STONYHURST.

F. Flynn, b. Tew	5
T. Caryll, c. Fargus, b. Tew	13
J. Franck, c. Whaite, b. Anson	25
H. Morrissy, l.b.w., b. Tew	3
T. Trappes-Lomax, b. Lister-Kaye.....	23
T. Shiel, b. Fargus	5
B. Withall, c. MacFarlane, b. Lister-Kaye	4
F. Farrelly, l.b.w., b. Tew	14
J. Kelly, not out	11
R. Plissonneau, b. Lister-Kaye	12
M. C. Nolan, c. Fargus	4
Extras	20
Total	134

YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN.

W. T. White, b. Plissonneau	13
Col. MacFarlane, c. Franck, b. Plissonneau	2
H. C. Stanley, l.b.w., b. Plissonneau	45
J. C. Peters, c. Withall, b. Plissonneau	17
J. D. Jefferson, b. Farrelly	25
E. J. Radcliffe, not out.....	32
C. E. Anson, b. Plissonneau	3
H. C. Fargus, c. Trappes-Lomax, b. Farrelly	17
K. Lister-Kaye, b. Farrelly	60
A. H. Anson, c. Morrissy, b. Plissonneau	10
E. Tew, did not bat	
Extras	23
Total for nine wickets.....	253

STONYHURST v. M.C.C.

This match was played at Stonyhurst, on July 2nd, in fine weather, against a strong M.C.C. team, which included C. E. de Trafford, A. H. Hornby, H. C. Hollins and Mead (W.)

Withall won the toss, and decided to bat first, the innings being opened by R. Flynn and F. Caryll. Both batsmen soon settled down, and played well, R. Flynn opening by two good off-drives for four. The score rose steadily, and there was every promise of a good first wicket. These two batsmen scored 40 before they were parted, Flynn being bowled for 22, and Caryll shortly afterwards being dismissed for 23. Then followed a temporary collapse, Brown and Trappes-Lomax being dismissed for one and two respectively.

Morrissy, in the meanwhile, had settled down to a good innings, hitting and driving with accurate precision. Franck, who had batted well for his 13, was bowled shortly before lunch, and F. Farrelly followed him to the wickets.

After lunch Morrissy and Farrelly continued a good partnership, the latter hitting well, and scoring fast, and the score rose to 129 before Farrelly was eventually smartly taken in the slips by R. Riley (O.S.) having 26 runs to his credit. Morrissy continued to score freely all round the wicket, his neat cutting calling for frequent applause from the spectators. Withall was next in, after Farrelly's dismissal, and, scoring fast, knocked up a very attractive 38. Morrissy soon reached his fifty, but unfortunately was shortly afterwards thrown out very smartly by A. H. Hornby for 54. H. Morrissy is to be congratulated on his fine innings, as is also B. Withall, our captain. Plissonneau, Kelly, and Nolan all scored some useful runs, Kelly sending up the 200 amidst great applause. The score eventually stood at 202—being quite a Stonyhurst record against the M.C.C. Mead bowled finely throughout the innings, accounting for six wickets for 25 runs.

The M.C.C. opened with C. E. de Trafford and A. H. Hornby, facing the bowling of Farrelly and Plissonneau. The former was the first to be dismissed, being beautifully caught by T. Trappes-Lomax in the out-field. A. H. Hornby and Munds steadily raised the score, the Lancashire captain giving an excellent display of his batting powers, and Munds, by hard hitting, added 26 before being neatly caught off a hard return by F. Farrelly.

H. C. Hollins next joined his captain, and for some time prospects looked very black against us. Hollins driving and cutting beautifully, was still batting when A. H. Hornby was given out l.b.w. for 42. H. C. Hollins did not long survive, for two overs later he was caught by R. Plissonneau. His batting was very attractive throughout, his whole innings being brightened with frequent powerful hits towards all parts of the field. Bates, having added a few runs, was caught on the boundary by Morrissy, this being quite the best catch of the match. Six wickets were now down when stumps were drawn at 5.45, the score being 144. It is regrettable we could not play full time, as we had every prospect of success.

The XI. is to be congratulated on its performance. The score was far bigger than we had hoped to attain. The fielding, perhaps, was not quite up to the usual standard; several catches were missed, which quite altered the game. T. Trappes-Lomax Lomax, Morrissy, Farrelly, and Plissonneau, however, all distinguished themselves by good catches. The match was thoroughly enjoyed by the spectators, and we hope for equal success in the future.

Appended are the individual scores and bowling analysis:—

STONYHURST.	
R. Flynn, b. W. Mead	22
F. Caryll, b. W. Mead	23
E. Brown, b. W. Mead	1
H. Morrissy, run out	54
T. Trappes-Lomax, l.b.w., b. W. Mead	2
J. Franck, b. W. Mead	13
B. Withall, b. Bates	38
F. Farrelly, c. Riley, b. W. Mead	26
R. Plissonneau, c. Thornton, b. Bates	5
J. Kelly, b. Riley	7
M. C. Nolan, not out	7
Extras	4
Total.....	202
M.C.C.	
E. de Trafford, c. Trappes-Lomax, b. Farrelly ...	5
A. H. Hornby, l.b.w., b. Brown	42
Munds, c. and b. Farrelly	26
H. C. Hollins, c. Plissonneau, b. Brown.....	45
Bates, c. Morrissy, b. Nolan	14
Rev. Poole, not out	6

O. Walker, run out	0
R. R. Riley, not out	4
G. P. Thornton	} Did not Bat
C. Hulton	
Mead	
Extras	2

Total for Six Wickets..... 144

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

Brown	2 wickets for 13.
Nolan	1 wicket for 6.
Farrelly	2 wickets for 53.

STONYHURST v. FULWOOD GARRISON.

June 2nd.

The Garrison won the toss, and decided to bat first on a fairly hard wicket. Farrelly caught and bowled Col.-Sergt. Smithurst when the score stood at 5. Both Plissonneau and Farrelly bowled well, and after Sergt. King was dismissed for 15 they had no difficulty in dividing the rest of the wickets between them. The Garrison were all out for 41.

Stonyhurst opened the innings of the home team with Flynn and Caryll, who hit up a score of 63 runs before the first wicket fell. F. Caryll, after a good innings, was l.b.w. for 31. Flynn, who batted neatly and carefully, eventually was caught on the outfield for 74. E. Brown played a vigorous game, and made a well-deserved total of 61 before he was dismissed. When the fourth wicket fell Stonyhurst declared their innings closed. The score stood at 182 for four wickets.

Fulwood Garrison then began their second innings. Farrelly was bowling effectively. His balls were well pitched and varied.

The match resulted in an easy win for the College, the Garrison making 133 all out in both innings, while the home eleven scored 182 for four wickets.

FULWOOD GARRISON.

Col.-Sergt. Smithurst, c. and b. Farrelly	1
Corp. Long, b. Farrelly	4
Qr.-M.-Sergt. King, c. Farrelly, b. Plissonneau ...	15
Col.-Sergt. Coward, b. Plissonneau	2
Capt. Rutter, lb.w., b. Farrelly	4
Major Clarke, l.b.w., b. Farrelly	0
Col.-Sergt. Stevenson, c. and b. Plissonneau	0
Qr.-M.-Sergt. Gray, b. Plissonneau	5
Sergt. Brown, b. Farrelly	5
Corpl. Drummond, b. Plissonneau	0
Gnr. Maurice, not out	0
Extras	5

Total..... 41

Bowling Analysis.

Farrelly	5 wickets for 17.
Plissonneau	5 wickets for 19.



THE CRICKET ELEVEN, 1914.

Back Row—F. R. Flynn, J. G. Kelly, M. C. Nolan, F. J. Caryll, R. Plissonneau.

Middle Row—H. C. Morrissy, F. J. Farrelly, B. P. Withall, T. B. Trappes-Lomax, E. B. Brown.

On Ground—J. H. Franck.

STONYHURST.

R. Flynn, c. Gray, b. Maurice	74
F. Caryll, l.b.w., b. Coward	31
E. Brown, l.b.w., b. Maurice	61
H. Morrissy, b. Maurice	7
B. Withall, not out	3
Extras	6

Total for Four Wickets..... 182

FULWOOD GARRISON SECOND INNINGS.

Col.-Sergt. Smithurst, b. Farrelly	0
Corpl. Long, c. and b. Plissonneau	4
Qr.-M.-King, b. Farrelly	39
Col.-Sergt. Coward, b. Plissonneau	6
Capt. Rutter, c. Farrelly, b. Brown	3
Major Clarke, b. Brown	8
Col.-Sergt. Stevenson, b. Plissonneau	0
Qr.-M.-Sergt. Gray, l.b.w., b. Farrelly	11
Sergt. Brown, b. Farrelly	2
Corpl. Drummond, not out	1
Gnr. Maurice, b. Farrelly	14
Extras	4

Total 92

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

F. Farrelly	5 wickets for 18.
Plissonneau	3 wickets for 25.

STONYHURST COLTS v. SEDBERGH COLTS.

July 8th.

Last year our "under 16" XI. visited Sedbergh; this year the match was played at Stonyhurst. Our visitors were, unfortunately, long delayed on the road owing to a series of mishaps.

Sedbergh won the toss, and started to bat on a good wicket. In the first over Ostler was out to an easy catch at mid-on. Beazley and Kidson played good cricket, and brought the score to 30. A double change of bowlers was now tried. Hamilton, after several short pitched balls, bowled Beazley, and in the following over Sellier secured two wickets. Kidson, whose cutting and off-driving was excellent throughout, could find nobody to stay with him. Going in at the fall of the first wicket, he was undefeated at the end and gave no chance.

Stonyhurst started well, Shiel and Morrissy raising the score to 30 before being separated, but three wickets were down for 33 and Shiel quickly followed. The position was critical, but Unsworth and Rockliff hit hard and brought the score to 60. Rockliff was then bowled. Sellier played well for 11. The score eventually reached 101. Unsworth's 37 was very valuable. He gave no actual chance, but several mis-hits just

failed to come to a fielder's hands. It is to be hoped he will cultivate playing with a straight bat before next season.

After a short interval for tea, Sedbergh started to bat a second time. Their intention was evident—take risks, hit hard, run up a score and then try to dismiss Stonyhurst.

They took risks, hit hard, and gave chances. But what a display of fielding! No less than five catches, which came direct to hand were dropped! The ground fielding and throwing-in was hardly better. With 78 on the board Sedbergh declared. Stonyhurst had half-an-hour to bat. If dismissed in that time without making 45 the match would be Sedbergh's.

It was exciting. Sedbergh fielded excellently, and in ten minutes four wickets were down. Allanson, however, was undisturbed by disaster. His off-driving was excellent. When stumps were drawn we had made 43 for the loss of five wickets.

It is much to be hoped that when we visit Sedbergh next season our fielding will not put victory in jeopardy.

SEDBERGH COLTS. FIRST INNINGS.

Ostler, c. Sellier, b. Withall	2
Beazley, b. Hamilton	10
Kidson, not out	29
Taylor I., c. Rockliff, b. Sellier	3
Roe, c. Hamilton, b. Sellier	0
Newstead, c. van der Taalen, b. Hamilton	9
Chalton II., run out	3
Wilson, b. Sellier	5
Rees, l.b.w., b. Sellier	0
Ramsay, b. Hamilton	3
Taylor III., b. Hamilton	1
Extras	2
Total	67

STONYHURST COLTS. FIRST INNINGS.

C. D. Morrissy, l.b.w., b. Kidson	12
J. H. Shiel, b. Kidson	17
W. G. Allanson, l.b.w., b. Roe	1
F. P. van der Taalen, b. Roe	0
F. G. Rockliff, b. Taylor I.	7
L. F. Unsworth, b. Beazley	37
J. B. Payne, b. Roe	0
R. M. Sellier, c. Wilson, b. Kidson ..	5
W. B. Withall, l.b.w., b. Roe	5
C. F. Hamilton, not out	4
C. H. Crabtree, l.b.w., b. Roe	0
Extras	7
Total	101

SEDBERGH COLTS. SECOND INNINGS.

Kidson, l.b.w., b. Withall	3
Newstead, b. Allanson	17
Rees, b. Hamilton	21
Ramsay, b. Withall	1
Taylor I., b. Hamilton	28
Charlton II., c. Shiel, b. Sellier	7
Roe, not out	0
Wilson	} Did not Bat.
Ostler	
Beazley	
Taylor III.	
Extras	1
Innings declared—Total for 6 wickets.....	78

STONYHURST COLTS. SECOND INNINGS.

C. D. Morrissy, b. Taylor III.	9
J. H. Shiel, l.b.w., b. Roe.....	0
W. G. Allanson, not out	15
L. F. Unsworth, b. Roe	12
F. P. van der Taelen, b. Roe	0
F. G. Rockliff, c. Rees, b. Taylor III.	4
J. B. Payne, not out	1
R. M. Sellier	} To Bat.
W. B. Withall	
C. F. Hamilton	
C. H. Crabtree	
Extras.....	2
Total for five wickets.....	43

STONYHURST C.C. v. NORTHERN NOMADS.

June 23rd.

Continuous rain during the night and the following morning had rendered the wicket soft. However, at about 11-0 o'clock it cleared off and play commenced at the usual time. Withall, on winning the toss, decided to bat. The wicket played fairly well before lunch, and the College compiled the fair total of 44 for two wickets. Shortly before the lunch bell F. R. Flynn, being well set, had the misfortune to be run out. After the lunch interval H. Morrissy, with 10 to his credit, and E. Brown opened play again. The sun, in the meanwhile, had been beating on the wicket, and afforded the bowlers considerable help. So much so, in fact, that the only College batsman who offered any effectual resistance were B. Withall, who made 18, and R. Plissonneau, who carried his bat for 12. The innings closed with the total at 89. The Rev. A. T. Royds was conspicuous for his good bowling and the consistent length of his balls, while some of C. W. Surridge's breaks were remarkable, notably the one by which F. Farrelly was bowled.

When the Nomads resumed batting the wicket had dried up considerably, but was still wet enough to be dangerous. J. C. H. Hollins went in second, and with some very good hits made a total of 19, but was caught by T. Trappes-Lomax in the out-field. Shortly afterwards T. G. Gilling, who had gone in third, had made 22, when playing out to a short pitched ball of Brown's, was easily caught at cover-point by H. Morrissy. A smart throw in of T. Trappes-Lomax to F. Farrelly had dismissed Captain J. Fairlie. But the score was gradually increasing, six wickets falling for 62. When the ninth wicket had fallen the score was 86; the Nomads wanted three to equal and four to win. Then came two byes, which left the Nomads only one to equal. F. Farrelly then sent down a ball which J. Eccles hit to the boundary, where it was caught by T. Trappes-Lomax. Farrelly bowled very well for College, taking six wickets for 37 runs in 16 overs, four of which were maidens. Plissonneau took two for 29, but kept his balls well pitched, so that three out of 12 overs were maidens. The College fielding was good on the whole, but the picking up was slow and the throws-in sometimes wide.

STONYHURST C.C.

R. F. Flynn, run out.....	24
F. Caryll, b. T. D. Killick	8
H. Morrissy, b. Rev. Royds	14
E. Brown, b. Rev. Royds	1
J. Franck, c. C. Surridge, b. Rev. Royds	4
T. Trappes-Lomax, c. J. Fairlie, b. Rev. Royds ..	1
B. Withall, b. Rev. Royds	18
F. Farrelly, b. C. W. Surridge	0
J. Kelly, c. and b. C. W. Surridge	3
R. Plissonneau, not out	12
M. C. Nolan, c. J. Hollins, c. Surridge	1
Extras	3
Total	89

NORTHERN NOMADS.

F. Cramer-Roberts, l.b.w., b. Farrelly.....	1
J. C. H. Hollins, c. Trappes-Lomax, b. Farrelly...	19
T. G. Gilling, c. Morrissy, b. Brown	22
E. H. Longson, l.b.w., b. Plissonneau.....	2
A. Eccles, b. Farrelly	13
G. Eccles, c. Trappes-Lomax, b. Farrelly	19
C. W. Surridge, c. and b. Farrelly	0
T. R. Mills, l.b.w., b. Farrelly	4
Captain Fairlie, run out	1
T. D. Killich, b. Plissonneau	0
Rev. C. Boyds, not out	0
Extras	7
Total	88

THE DOWNSIDE REVIEW.

CENTENARY NUMBER.

It is with especial pleasure that we call attention to this centenary number, edited by the Abbot of Downside. It is of far wider interest than most similar publications, and must, in fact, be considered as of genuine historical value to the student. It includes a retrospect dealing with Douay, and its "inheritance," the "Spirit of Old St. Gregory's"; a clearly stated "Record of the Century" (followed by a most tactful account of the controversy with Bishop Baines, which will be found to have been treated, in Mgr. Ward's forthcoming volume on English Catholic post-emancipation history, far less fully, though in as serene a style), and an account of the Australian Mission. Are we fanciful in thinking we discern, even in these ruffled records, something of that Benedictine breath of peace so ancient in tradition that it has no need to count centenaries? We have so often breathed and rejoiced in that calmer air! Dare we without impertinence express our prayer that in these heated days of hurry and programmes, of advertisement and outcry, of lust for large profits and quick returns, this spirit may be breathed ever more widely forth upon Catholic work in England?

A section dealing with Downside buildings, follows, and an admirable series of illustrations showing the suggested plans for Downside and the final realization, adorns the book. Here, again, we would ask to congratulate those responsible, upon the wise slowness of their building, upon their robust and sane English spirit, upon their homogeneity of treatment, and their dignified serenity of line. Downside Abbey Church is, I would half dare to say, in itself, sacramental, so influential must it be, for good, upon its congregations. The pages on the Library and the Literary Output of the century are startling when to the unexpected extern they reveal how mighty a mass of quiet work has been achieved at Downside. This includes, of course, the unique record of Cardinal Gasquet's labours. An account of St. Gregory's Society, with lists of benefactors, distinguished alumni, lay and ecclesiastical, of academic and athletic distinctions, etc., ends the volume.

And perhaps, after reading, with homage, this account of work done, and of efficiency, our thought will gratefully recur to that ceaseless round of the Divine Office whose chanting echoes under the Abbey vaults, and we return thanks to the great Benedictine Order for all it does to preserve, in our era of flashy music, sentimental imagery, and scamped ritual, the austerest, yet most humanly consoling traditions of the Liturgy.

C.C.M.

REVIEWS.

SHORTER NOTICES OF BOOKS.

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CAMPION'S TEN REASONS.

Edited with Historical Introduction by the Rev.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

With English Translation of the Latin Text by the Rev.

JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.

Apart from their interest in *Campion* as the first English Jesuit martyr, the volume before us should have this further interest for Stonyhurst readers that it is compiled from the rare original edition of the work presented to the Stonyhurst Library by the late Marquess of Bute.

Father Pollen's introduction is a scholarly and exhaustive piece of historical research. Every detail of interest dealing with the man, his time and his work, is here told in vivid style, and yet with the detachment of the impartial historian. The very tale of the mere printing of the book in the lonely house in the wood, with scouts out to watch for pursuivants is worth reading for its own sake. Father Rickaby's translation has caught all the best qualities of the style of the period without any of its defects. It is an altogether admirable piece of work.

THE RELIGIOUS POEMS OF RICHARD CRASHAW.

With an Introductory Study by R. H. ERIC SHEPHERD.

These poems are well worth publication in their present form.

The selections are judiciously chosen and the introduction is a real help to the reader in appreciating and understanding their aim and their appeal.

LOURDES.

By the Very Rev. Mgr. HUGH BENSON.
With Eight Illustrations.

As might be expected from the author, the account of Lourdes is picturesquely and forcibly written. It makes Lourdes and its people and its unique atmosphere live before the eyes even of those who have never seen it for themselves. The defence of the miracles is worked so naturally into the story that one is never conscious of the intrusion of a polemical rock breaking up the smooth flow of the narrative.

The book is a notable contribution to Lourdes literature and is likely to remain the best brief work on the subject.

PARISH LIFE UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By W. P. M. KENNEDY, M.A., Professor of Modern History University of St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish, Nova Scotia.

This is a very interesting survey of the parish life of England during early years of the Reformation, the working of which, with its gradually sterilizing influence on ancestral practices of piety and religious ceremonies is told with a lucidity which is never clouded by the wealth of detail at the author's command. A glance at the documentation registered in the margins of many pages bears testimony to the industry and erudition of the writer.

The style, if not remarkable for any special grace of expression, is always readable, clear, and free from verbiage. In fine, it is a very useful handbook of parochial life at its most interesting period of transition.

THE QUESTION OF MIRACLES.

By the Rev. G. H. JOYCE, S.J.

This important question is here treated compendiously and with admirable clarity of exposition. The book opens with a careful explanation of terms during which the ground for discussion is gradually cleared of all ambiguities till the point at issue for illustration and proof emerges clearly before the reader. The line of demarcation between miracles and faith-healing is then established and the evidential value of miracles discussed. The concluding chapters are devoted to a very able critical examination of the miracles of the gospel and of many others which fall under the heading of ecclesiastical miracles.

Throughout, the arguments of opponents are fully and fairly considered and there is no sign of scamping the discussions to which they give rise. The treatise is written in a graceful and forcible style and is singularly free from the suggestion of heaviness associated with certain theological discussions.

Reviews of the following are held over until our next issue:—

CATHOLIC DEMOCRACY — INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM—by HENRY C. DAY, S.J., with a Preface by the CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. *Heath, Cranston & Ouseley, Ltd., Fleet Lane, London.* Price 6/- net.

A CHALLENGE TO THE TIME SPIRIT, by the REV. T. J. GERRARD. *Washbourne, 5/-.*

DAILY REFLECTIONS FOR CHRISTIANS, by THE VERY REV. C. COX, D.M.I. *Washbourne, 6/-.*

LIFE OF FATHER PAUL GINHAC, S.J., by ARTHUR CALVET, S.J., translated by W. DOYLE, S.J. *Washbourne, 8/6 net.*

LIFE OF GEMMA GALGANI, by FATHER GERMANUS, Passionist, with an Introduction by CARDINAL GASQUET. *Sands, 6/- net.*

CATHOLIC STUDIES IN SOCIAL REFORM—

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP, by the REV. T. WRIGHT. *P. S. King & Son, 6d.*

THE DRINK QUESTION, by the REV. J. KEATING, S.J. *P. S. King & Son, 6d.*

ENGLAND AND THE SACRED HEART, by the REV. G. E. PRICE. *Washbourne, 2/-*

DAME CLARE'S STORY TELLING.—A DECADE OF STORIES OF OLDEN TIMES. By ELSA SCHMIDT. *Washbourne, 2/6.*

HOLY MASS. Two Volumes. By the REV. H. LUCAS, S.J.

ST. PAUL TO THE CORINTHIANS.—THE FIRST LETTER. Edited by the Rev. C. LATTEY, S.J. *Longmans, 1/- paper, 1/6 boards.*

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SISTER MARY OF ST. FRANCIS, S.N.D. By the HON. LAURA BETRE (*nee* Stafford-Jerningham); edited by DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B. *Washbourne, 5/-*

THE CONVERT'S ROSARY. By ALICE M. GARDINER. *Burns & Oates, 1/6.*

THE PILGRIMS OF GRACE. A YORKSHIRE TALE IN THE TIME OF HENRY VIII. By JOHN G. ROME. *Washbourne, 3/6.*

JESUS AMABILIS. A BOOK FOR DAILY PRAYER By FRANCESCA GLAZIER. *Washbourne, 2/-*