



*Photo by]*

*[Lafayette.*

**Lieut. MAURICE DEASE, V.C., Royal Fusiliers.**

**Born, 1889. O.S., 1903.**

**Killed in action at Mons, August 23rd, 1914.**

# THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

“Quant je puis”

## CONTENTS.

Vol. XIII. No. 197.

December, 1914.

V.C. LIEUT. MAURICE DEASE.— <i>Frontispiece</i> .		RHETORIC ACADEMY .....	1039
STONYHURST AND THE WAR.....	1005	THE PLAY ON DECEMBER 1ST .....	1040
LETTERS FROM THE FRONT .....	1013	MUSIC NOTES .....	1041
OLD ALUMNI .....	1020	O.T.C. Notes .....	1041
In Memoriam—	1023	THE NAVAL SITUATION— <i>Plates</i> .....	1042
Capt. Theodore Crean (1894)— <i>Plate</i>		A PAGE FROM THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE BOOK .....	1046
Lieut. Raymond Nolan (1900)— <i>Plate</i>		THE REBELLION IN SOUTH AFRICA.....	1051
Capt. Edward Erskine White (1892)— <i>Plate</i>		VARIA .....	1052
Lieut. D. T. F. Fitzpatrick (1909)— <i>Plate</i>		DONATIONS .....	1052
2nd Lieut. Claude J. O'Connor-Mallins (1902). — <i>Plate</i> .		SODALITY NOTES.....	1053
Lieut. Edward J. Cormac-Walshe (1904).		AN ACCOUNT OF THE TAKING OF GUADALAJARA, AND THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS .....	1053
W. J. Bellasis (1894).		LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....	1056
2nd Lieut. Trevor J. Clancey (1909)— <i>Plate</i>		FOOTBALL .....	1057
Lieut. Alexander Cyril Montagu (1901)		REVIEWS .....	1059
Fr. Edward Ignatius Purbrick, S.J.— <i>Plate</i>		Sister Mary of St. Francis, S.N.D.	
CURRENT EVENTS .....	1029	The Pilgrims of Grace.	
HODDER NOTES .....	1035	On a Hill.	
SOME REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT SUPERIOR ...	1036	An index to the works of John Henry Cardinal Newman.	
DE REBUS PHILOSOPHORUM .....	1038		

## “FOR VALOUR.”

WAR OFFICE,

November 16th, 1914.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING has been graciously pleased to approve of the grant of the **Victoria Cross** to the under-mentioned Officer for conspicuous bravery whilst serving with the Expeditionary Force:—

**LIEUTENANT MAURICE JAMES DEASE,**

4th BATTALION, THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.

Though two or three times badly wounded, he continued to control the fire of his machine guns at Mons on 23rd August until all his men were shot. He died of his wounds.

## MAURICE DEASE.

---

The Spring of his life had scarce gone by,  
    There was promise of fruit to be :  
Summer was still in the Belgian sky,  
But the Autumn-harvester Death came nigh,  
    Gathering flowers for glee.

He gave his best and he gave his all  
    When he put his youth at stake ;  
He dared what he might at duty's call,  
Eager to live but ready to fall  
    If it were for his country's sake.

The Spring of his life no Summer knows—  
    Farewell to the fields of Meath !  
In his Irish home is a budding rose  
Shall live perchance to the early snows,  
    Till the winds of Winter breathe.

He held the bridge and he worked his gun—  
    It was what he was set to do ;  
For cowardly fear in his heart was none,  
The thing to do he had always done,  
    And now he would fight this through.

He fought and he bled ; he fought and he fell ;  
    He did what a brave man could  
He faced the terrors of shot and shell.  
Is it well with him ? oh, indeed, it is well,  
    For he died as a brave man should.

Honour to whom there is honour due,  
    To the soldiers that strove and died :  
And here, for honour, dear Maurice, to you,  
Is a posy of flowers we come to strew  
    With our sorrow and lasting pride.

Q. Z.

## STONYHURST AND THE WAR.

## SOME O.S. AT THE FRONT OR IN THE FORCES.

The following list of O.S.'s who are serving in the Forces of the Empire is herewith published. An additional list will appear in the next number of the Magazine. The asterisk denotes those of whom we have knowledge that they are actually at the front.

- AMOROSO, M. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*95th Brigade R.F.A.*  
 ANDERSON, F. O. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—*7th (Service) Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.*  
 \*ARBUTHNOTT, J. G. (1905), Sub-Lieut.—*H.M.S. Venerable.*  
 \*ARCHER-SHEE, G. (1905), Lieut.—*3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*  
 AYLMER, G. (1890), Capt.—*A.S.C.*  
 BAMFORD, E. J. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—*13th (Service) Batt. Rifle Brigade.*  
 BAMFORD, H. J. (1892), Lieut.—*3rd North Midland Brigade, R.F.A.*  
 BAMFORD, O. J. (1894), Capt.—*6th Batt. North Staffordshire Regt.*  
 BARKER, F. B. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—*R.E.*  
 BARRON, E. A. W. (1887), 2nd Lieut.—*6th Reserve Regt. of Cavalry.*  
 BARTON, G. R. (1903).—*Canadian Contingent.*  
 BELLASIS, J. H. (1892).—*South African Forces.*  
 BELLASIS, R. (1894).—*South African Forces.*  
 \*BELLASIS, W. J. (1894).—*East African Mounted Infantry.*  
 BELTON, A. (1870), Capt.—*2nd King Edward's Horse.*  
 BELTON, E. (1877).—*Public Schools Special Corps.*  
 BELTON, P. (1879).—*Public Schools Special Corps.*  
 BERKELEY, E. D. (1907).—*Public Schools and University Corps.*  
 BERKELEY, F. G. J. (1895), Capt.—*2nd Batt. Hampshire Regt.*  
 \*BERKELEY, J. J. F. (1896), Capt.—*3rd Batt. The King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*  
 BINNS, H. (1893).—*French Foreign Legion.*

- \*BICKFORD, A. L., C.I.E. (1883), Major.—*56th Punjabis.*  
 BLAKE, A. J. (1897), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 BLAKE, V. C. (1899), Capt.—*Irish Guards.*  
 BLOOMFIELD, H. P. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd E. Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.*  
 BLOOMFIELD, H. S. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*6th Batt. Norfolk Regt.*  
 BLOOMFIELD, T. G. (1905).—*6th Batt. Manchester Regt.*  
 BLUNDELL, F. N. (1893), 2nd Lieut.—*Lancashire Hussars.*  
 BOBBETT, J. C. N. (1893).—*28th London Regt. (Artists' Rifles).*  
 BODKIN, L. F. (1890), Capt.—*113th Inf., I.A.*  
 BOULTON, C. H. E. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—*5th (Service) Batt. Cameron Highlanders.*  
 \*BOYD, J. F. (1892), Capt.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 \*BREEN, T. F. P. (1900), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 BRODRICK, A. L. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*1st County of London Yeomanry.*  
 BRUMBY, E. F. (1911).—*5th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada.*  
 \*BULFIN, Sir E. S., C.B., C.V.O. (1873), Major General.  
 BURKE, E. B. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—*1st Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*  
 \*BURKE, H. J. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*  
 \*BUTLER, P. R. (1899), Capt.—*1st Batt. Royal Irish Regt.*  
 CALLAGHAN, E. F. (1894), Capt.—*7th London Brigade R.F.A.*  
 \*CALLAGHAN, G. F. (1894), Capt.—*1st Batt. Connaught Rangers.*  
 CAMERON, E. K. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—*6th (Service) Batt. Cameron Highlanders.*  
 CANNON, P. C. (1908), Lieut.—*A.S.C.*  
 \*CARBONEL, A. J. (1902).—*French Army.*  
 \*CARUS, E. L. (1887), Major.—*4th Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.*  
 \*CASSIDY, F. (1896), 2nd Lieut.—*Military Interpreter.*  
 CASSIDY, O. (1898).—*East Kent Mounted Rifles.*  
 CHESTER-WALSH, H. F. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—  
 CHESTER-WALSH, J. H. (1899), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C.*

- CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, B. H. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*East Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry*.
- \*CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, C. H. J. (1904), Lieut.—*1st Batt. Warwickshire Regt.*
- \*CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, R. C. J. (1903), Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Rifle Brigade*.
- CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE, W. G. R. (1874), Lt.-Col.—*5th Batt. Yorkshire Regt.*
- CHOPIN, A. J. (1907).—*5th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada*.
- CHRONNELL, H. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*5th Batt. Loyal N. Lancashire Regt.*
- CHURCHILL, F. V. S. (1880), Capt.—*Attached to King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*
- \*CLANCEY, T. J. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Border Regt.*
- \*COCKSHUTT, N. (1903).—*Attached to Royal Flying Corps*.
- COLLEY, P. W. (1899).—*Calcutta Light Horse*.
- COLLEY, F. W. (1892), 2nd Lieut.—*S. Notts Hussars*.
- COLLEY, J. W. (1888), 2nd Lieut.—*1st Welsh (Howitzer) Brigade, R.F.A.*
- COLLEY, W. J. W. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—*7th (Service) Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.*
- CORBALLIS, E. R. L. (1904), Lieut.—*Royal Dublin Fusiliers, attached to Royal Flying Corps*.
- \*CORMAC-WALSHE, E. J. (1904), Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Leinster Regt.*
- CORMAC-WALSHE, H. I. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*5th Batt. Leinster Regt.*
- v.c. COSTELLO, E. W. (1893), Major.—*22nd Punjabis*.
- COULSTON, H. C. (1902), Lieut.—*Warwickshire Yeomanry*.
- \*COULSTON, H. J. C. (1897), Lieut.—*3rd Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*
- COURY, G. G. A. (1907).—*6th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- \*COVENTRY, W. ST. J. (1907), Lieut.—*1st Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.*
- COX, R. C. (1867), Colonel.—*7th (Service) Batt. Inniskilling Fusiliers*.
- \*COX, R. C. S. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers*.
- CRAWFORD, C. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*5th (Service) Batt. Oxford and Bucks. Light Infantry*.
- \*CREAN, T. (1894), Capt.—*1st Batt. Northamptonshire Regt., attached to Royal Flying Corps*.
- CREAGH, P. H. (1891), Capt.—*Leinster Regt.*
- \*CREAGH, L. (1892), Capt.—*1st Batt. Manchester Regt.*
- DALY, J. (1906).—*North Irish Horse*.
- \*DANSON, J. F. (1905).—*Motor Cycle Despatch Rider, 5th Signal Section*.
- DAVIS, W. (1911).—*East Surrey Regt.*
- \*D'ARCY, J. C. (1895), 2nd Lieut.—*R.H.A.*
- DAWSON, R. G. (1896), Major.—*Scottish Horse*.
- \*v.c. DEASE, M. J. (1903), Lieut.—*4th Batt. Royal Fusiliers*.
- DE BURY, H. R. V. (1882), Capt.—*Canadian Forces*.
- \*DE MUN, Comte A. (1887).—*French Army*.
- \*DE TRAFFORD, H. J. (1888), Capt.—*3rd Batt. S. Stafford Regt.*
- DE TRAFFORD, H. M. (1894).—*Queen's Rifles (Canadian)*.
- \*DE TRAFFORD, O. (1895), Capt.—*1st Batt. S. Stafford Regt.*
- \*DE TRAFFORD, T. C. (1891), Capt.—*2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers*.
- DOBSON, E. A. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—*8th Batt. Sherwood Foresters*.
- DOBSON, J. S. (1901)—*4th Batt. Cheshire Regt.*
- \*DOBSON, T. Y. (1895), Sub-Lieut.—*R.N. Brigade*.
- EYRE, H. V. (1912), 2nd Lieut.—*The Buffs (East Kent Regt.)*
- EYRE, J. B. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*Grenadier Guards*.
- EYSTON, G. E. T. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Dorsetshire Regt.*
- FANNING, W. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*1st Batt. Herefordshire Regt.*
- FARREN, W. I. G. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers*.
- FERGUSON, S. H. J. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—*5th Reserve Regt. of Cavalry*.
- FIDDES, J. A. (1898).—*3rd Public Schools and University Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.
- \*FITZPATRICK, D. T. F. (1909), Lieut.—*3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.*
- FINEGAN, H. M. (1904), Lieut.—*8th (Irish) Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*

- FILOSE, A. A. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—*Indian Army, attached to 4th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- FITZGERALD, T. (1897).—*19th Alberta Dragoons.*
- FLINN, F. S. (1905).—*6th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- \*FLOYD, B. E. (1900), Lieut.—*116th (Heavy) Battery, R.G.A.*
- FOGARTY, W. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*South Irish Horse.*
- \*FORD, J. P. W. (1892), Capt.—*26th (Heavy) Battery, R.G.A.*
- FORDER, C. J. (1900).—*1st Batt. London Regt.*
- FOX, R. (1901), 2nd Lieut.—*4th Batt. S. Lancashire Regt.*
- \*GIBBONS, C. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Royal Irish Regt.*
- \*GILBEY, J. N. (1899), Lieut.—*2nd Batt. Welsh Regt.*
- GREEN, D. F. (1890).—*10th (Service) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.*
- \*GREEN, S. L. (1903), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*
- GRIFFIN, C. J. (1904).—*7th Hussars.*
- GRIFFIN, R. M. J. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—*R.G.A.*
- HARDY, A. T. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—*5th City Batt. Manchester Regt.*
- HARRINGTON, Lieut.-Col. Sir J. L., K.C.V.O., C.B. (1882).—*9th Batt. Essex Regt.*
- HARRISON, J. B. (1901).—*South African Forces.*
- HARRISON, J. L. (1901).—*South African Forces.*
- HARRISON, P. F. (1895), Lieut.—*Ammunition Col. "I" R.H.A., (India).*
- \*HASTINGS, L. M. (1892).—*South African Imperial Light Horse.*
- \*HASTINGS, N. H. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*8th (Service) Batt. Gloucestershire Regt.*
- \*HAWES, R. B. (1906).—*Motor Cycle Despatch Rider, 3rd Army Headquarters, Signal Company.*
- HAY, F. T. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*7th (Service) Batt. Royal Scots Fusiliers.*
- HAY, J. R. (1895), Capt.—*5th Batt. Gordon Highlanders.*
- HAY, W. (1895), 2nd Lieut.—*A.S.C. (T.)*
- HEMELRYK, C. J. (1902).—*A.S.C.*
- \*HEMELRYK, G. (1891), Lance-Corporal.—*Motor Division, 73rd Company A.S.C.*
- HEMELRYK, P. H. (1886), Major.—*7th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- \*HOLLAND, V. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—*Military Interpreter.*
- \*HOPER-DIXON, P. (1907).—*2nd (C.O.L.) Batt. Royal Fusiliers.*
- HOWARD, W. J. H. (1903), Lieut.—*2nd Batt. (King's (Liverpool Regt.))*
- HUGHES, T. V. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—*3rd Lowland Ammunition Column, R.F.A.*
- HULL, E. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*2nd W. Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.*
- INNES, J. G. A. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—*9th (Service) Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.*
- \*JARRETT, A. F. V. (1894), Capt.—*Attached to 23rd Mountain Battery (Indian Exped. Force) R.G.A.*
- \*JARRETT, A. V. (1889), Capt.—*2nd Batt. York and Lancaster Regt.*
- \*JARRETT, C. H. B. (1883), Major.—*1st Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.*
- \*JARRETT, H. C. D. (1886), Major.—*19th Punjabis, attached to 57th Rifles*
- JERRARD, A. G. A. (1887), Major.—*3rd Batt. Prince Albert's (Somerset Light Infantry.)*
- JODRELL, F. J. (1904).—*180th Battery R.F.A.*
- JOHNSTON, F. E. (1887), Major.—*2nd Batt. N. Stafford Regt.*
- \*JONES, R. L. (1898), Sub-Lieut.—*H.M.S. Triumph.*
- \*JUMP, H. (1900), Capt.—*1st (Royal) Dragoons.*
- \*KANE, J. F. A. (1891), Capt.—*2nd Batt. Devonshire Regt., attached to Royal Flying Corps.*
- KANE, R. (1891).—*Public Schools Special Corps.*
- \*KEILY, C. (1892), Lieut.—*H.M.S. Philomel.*
- \*KEILY, F. P. C. (1884), Major.—*125th Napier Rifles.*
- KELLY, J. E. (1905).—*North Staffordshire Regt.*
- V.C. KENNA, P. A., D.S.O., A.D.C. (1879), Brig.-Gen. (Temporary).
- KENNEDY, E. R. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—*Indian Army.*
- KENNY, G. W. (1881), Major.—*1st Batt. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.*
- KENNY, P. W. (1899), Capt.—*Intelligence Department, War Office.*
- KERWICK, J. A. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A. (S.R.)*

- KIRBY, E. B. (1891), Capt.—3rd W. Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.
- \*KIRBY, L. H. (1890), Sub-Lieut.—H.M.S. *Cyclops*.
- LATHAM, O. W. (1910).—R.N. *Brigade*.
- \*LANGDALE, C. A. J. S. (1887), Capt.—2nd Batt. *West Riding Regt.*
- LANGDALE, P. (1873), Lieut.-Col.—E. *Riding of Yorkshire Yeomanry*.
- LANGTON, G. P. (1897), Lieut.—R.A.
- \*LAWRENCE, S. B. (1907).—H.A.C.
- LALOR, N. P. O'G. (1878), Major.—*Indian Medical Service*.
- LAVELLE, P. J. A. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. *Royal Scots Fusiliers*.
- LEAKE, E. L. W. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Lancashire Fusiliers*.
- LE BRASSEUR, J. H. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—R.F.A.
- LEICESTER, P. A. (1899), 2nd Lieut.—11th (Service) Batt. *Worcestershire Regt.*
- \*LESCHER, F. G. (1900), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- LEWIS, J. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—3rd E. Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.
- LEYLAND, G. F. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—10th (Service) Batt. *Cheshire Regt.*
- \*LIDDELL, C. H. (1905), Lieut.—15th Hussars.
- \*LIDDELL, J. A. (1900), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders*.
- \*LIVINGSTONE, H. B. (1907).—*Military Interpreter*.
- \*LOCHRANE, N. L. (1897), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- \*LUCIE-SMITH, E. W. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—R. War. R.
- LUCIE-SMITH, J. A. (1898), Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. *Royal Dublin Fusiliers*.
- LYNCH, H. J. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*.
- LYONS, J. D. (1887), Capt.—12th Reserve Regt. of *Cavalry*.
- MACAULAY, D. I. M. (1881), Major.—1st Bengal *Lancers*.
- MCCARTHY O'LEARY, H. W. D. (1897), Capt.—2nd Batt. *Royal Irish Fusiliers*.
- MCCARTHY O'LEARY, J. (1892), Capt.—1st Batt. *S. Lancashire Regt.*
- MCCARTHY O'LEARY, W. F. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Royal Munster Fusiliers*.
- MCCUSKER, H. J. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- MCCUSKER, J. (1899), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- McELIGOTT, G. L. M. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. *Royal Munster Fusiliers*.
- McGAHEY, M. J. (1912).—*Public Schools' Batt.*
- \*McGUIRE, C. A. (1898), Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- McGUIRE, E. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—11th (Service) Batt. *Highland Light Infantry*.
- McKAY, G. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*Royal Anglesey R.E.*
- \*MACGRATH, R. P. F. D. (1892), Lieut.—3rd Batt. *King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*
- MACKESY, J. P. (1883), Major.—R.E.
- MAKEPEACE, A. M. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. *Royal Warwickshire Regt.*
- MANNERS, C. M. S. (1895), Capt.—*Wellesley Rifles*
- MANNERS, R. H. (1893), Capt.—106th *Hazara Pioneers*.
- MANSFIELD, E. (1890), Capt.—7th (Service) Batt. *Northamptonshire Regt.*
- \*MANSFIELD, H. M. L. (1890), Capt.—112th Battery *R.F.A.*
- MARR, L. J. (1905).—*Lancashire (Fortress) Royal Engineers*.
- \*MARTIN, J. H. B., M.B., B.A. (1898), Surgeon.—H.M.S. *Inflexible*.
- MASSEY-LYNCH, T. S. (1905).—6th Batt. *King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- MATHER, R. (1899), Lieut.—5th Batt. *King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)*
- MAUDE, A. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—*Rifle Brigade*.
- MAUDE, R. H. E. (1902).—*London Div. Transport and Supply Column*.
- MAXWELL-SCOTT, H. F. J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—48th *Highlanders (Canadian)*.
- \*MAXWELL-SCOTT, W. J. (1885), Capt.—2nd Batt. *Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)*.
- MAXWELL-STUART, E. (1902).—R.E.
- MAXWELL-STUART, F. (1900).—*Warwickshire Yeomanry*.
- MAXWELL-STUART, W. J. P. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. *Royal Sussex Regt.*
- \*MAYNE, R. C. (1900), Capt.—A.S.C.
- MELDON, J. A. (1887), Major.—4th Batt. *Royal Dublin Fusiliers*.
- MELDON, P. A. (1887), Capt.—33rd *Brigade R.A.*

- MELDON, W. W. (1888), Capt.—2nd Batt. Durham Light Infantry.
- METCALFE, E. D. (1903), Lieut.—3rd Skinner's Horse, I.A.
- \*MON ROE, D. L. (1901), Capt.—159th Infantry, French Army.
- \*MONTAGU, A. C. (1901), Lieut.—H.M.S. Bulwark.
- \*MONTAGU, G. F. (1891), Lieut.-Commander.—H.M.S. Shannon.
- MONTEITH, H. J. J. L. (1889), Capt.—Lanarkshire Yeomanry.
- MONTEITH, J. B. L. (1890), Capt.—1st Batt. Gordon Highlanders.
- MONTEITH, J. F. (1903), 2nd Lieut.
- MOONEY, A. C. (1905).—Surgeon, R.N.
- \*MOSTYN, P. G. J. (1904), Lieut.—2nd Batt. Welsh Fusiliers.
- \*MULATIER, J. (1908).—French Army.
- MULHOLLAND, B.—9th Battery Canadian Expeditionary Force, R.F.A.
- MULHOLLAND, W. (1887).—Canadian Highlanders.
- \*MURRAY, T. D. (1901), Lieut.—1st Batt. Leinster Regt.
- NAUGHTON, L. (1907).—Public Schools' Special Corps.
- NELSON, H. H. (1898), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. Royal Welsh Fusiliers.
- NELSON, W. H. (1893), 2nd Lieut.—R.A.
- NEWDIGATE, B. H. (1878).—8th (Reserve) Batt. Royal Warwickshire Regt.
- \*NEWDIGATE, S. F. (1890), Lieut.—H.M.S. Victorian.
- NICHOLSON, E. M. F. (1903).—Bombay Volunteers.
- NOBLE, J. B. (1878), Major.—Royal Marines.
- \*NOLAN, R. P. D. (1900), Lieut.—3rd Batt. Black Watch (Royal Highlanders).
- O'BRIEN, K. R. (1907), Lieut.—17th Batt. London Regt.
- \*O'CONOR-MALLINS, J. C. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—2nd Batt. Connaught Rangers.
- O'CONNOR, T. J. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. Highland Light Infantry.
- ODDIE, W. P. (1911).—E. Surrey Regt.
- O'DUFFY, K. E. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—7th (Service) Batt. Munster Fusiliers.
- OGILVIE, C. S. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—Scottish Horse.
- O'HEA, J. J. (1897).—2nd King Edward's Horse.
- O'KELLY, E. DE P. (1871), Major.—12th Batt. Lancashire Fusiliers.
- \*O'KELLY, H. DE P. (1882), Capt.—18th Hussars.
- \*O'MALLEY, T. F. (1903), Lieut.—2nd Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers.
- \*O'MEARA, A. E. (1894), Lieut. (Manchester Regt.)—W. African Frontier Force.
- O'NEIL, B. D. (1909).—R.G.A. (Australian).
- \*O'REILLY, F. P. (1898), Lieut. in command of Torpedo Boat "II."
- \*PARKER, G. E. A. (1905), Lieut.—3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.
- PARKER, G. T. (1898).—Calcutta Light Horse.
- PARSONS, E. R. (1902), Corporal.—4th Public Schools' Batt. (Royal Fusiliers).
- PARSONS, E. V. (1903), Corporal.—4th Public Schools' Batt. (Royal Fusiliers).
- PEARSE, S. A. Major (O.C. Stonyhurst O.T.C. since 1909).—9th (Service) Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.
- \*PASTRÉ, G. (1910).—13th Dragoons, French Army.
- PERRAM, G. T. C. (1898), Capt.—R.G.A.
- PERRAM, H. C. (1898), Lieut.—84th Punjabis.
- PETRE, J. J. (1909).—Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.A.S.
- PIEHLER, P. H. (1901).—Public Schools' Special Corps.
- PINTO-LEITE, H. M. (1898), Lieut.—2nd London (C.O.L.) Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.
- PLACE, A. D. (1895), Lieut.—6th (Service) Batt. Royal Irish Regt.
- \*PLACE, E. B. (1893), Capt.—R.F.A. (East Africa).
- \*PLACE, H. L. (1904), Lieut.—2nd Batt. Munster Fusiliers.
- PLACE, N. D. (1893), Capt.—8th Rajputs.
- PLOWDEN, F. C. (1897), 2nd Lieut.—Montgomeryshire Yeomanry.
- POWELL, A. W. (1901).—8th (Service) Batt. Queen's (Royal W. Surrey Regt.)
- \*PURCELL, F. C. (1900).—R.A.M.C.
- QUIN, J. E. (1902).—5th Batt. Royal Highlanders of Canada.



- RADCLIFFE, J. H. F. (1881), Capt.—11th (*Service Batt. Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders*).
- RADCLIFFE, P. J. J. (1880), Lieut.-Col.—R.E.
- RADCLIFFE, P. V. A. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. *Yorkshire Regt.*
- RADCLIFFE, R. (1882).—*Officers' Instruction Camp*.
- RADLEY, H. P. (1903), Lieut.—72nd *Punjabis*.
- \*RATTON, J. H. (1893), Capt.—R.G.A. (*W. African Frontier Force*).
- \*RILEY, R. R. (1908), Lieut.—3rd Batt. *S. Staffordshire Regt.*
- \*ROCHE, H. J. Lieut.—*Royal Munster Fusiliers, attached to Royal Flying Corps*.
- \*ROCHE, H. J. A. (1876), Lieut.-Col.—6th *Jat Light Infantry*.
- ROCHE-KELLY, J. (1898), Lieut.—*S. Irish Horse*.
- ROCHE-KELLY, J. A. B. (1894), Capt.—59th *Brigade R.A.*
- RONAN, J. G. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. *Leinster Regt.*
- \*RONAN, W. J. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—R.A.M.C.
- \*ROOKE, C. D. W. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—1st Batt. *Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)*.
- ROTTMAN, J. (1909).—28th Batt. *London R. (Artists' Rifles)*.
- \*RUSSELL, F. X. (1901), Lieut.—1st Batt. *Royal Munster Fusiliers*.
- RUSSELL, W. R. (1898), Capt.—*Strathcona Horse (Royal Canadian Dragoons)*.
- RYAN, C. E. (1900), Lieut.—R.F.A. (*Indian Army*).
- RYAN, D. G. J. (1899), Capt.—6th *Gurkha Rifles*.
- RYAN, E. O. (1899).—8th Batt. 90th *Winnipeg Rifles*.
- RYAN, E. T. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—4th *Royal Irish Regt.*
- RYAN, K. V. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. *Royal Dublin Fusiliers*.
- \*RYAN, R. C. F. (1900), Lieut.—H.M.S. *Encounter*.
- RYAN, W. O. (1903), Lieut.—1st *South Midland (Gloucestershire) Brigade R.F.A.*
- \*SAUNDERS, J. A. (1902).—28th Batt. *London R. (Artists' Rifles)*.
- \*SAVORY, F. R. E. (1905), Lieut.—1st Batt. *King's (Shropshire Light Infantry)*.
- SOMERS, N. T. E. (1908).—*Commonwealth Forces*.
- \*SIDNEY, H. G. (1890), Capt.—*Northumberland Yeomanry*.
- SMAIL, J. D. (1905), Lieut.—2nd *London Brigade R.F.A.*
- SMITH, B. J. (1898), Lieut.—2nd *W. Lancashire Brigade R.F.A.*
- SPENCER, T. J. (1904).—*Prob. Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.A.S.*
- STANTON, J. (1897).—*Wireless Operator, R.N.R.*
- STANANOUGH, J. (1888).—*King's (Liverpool Regt.)*
- STAPLETON, F. (1889).—*Sportsman's Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.
- STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, E. (1900), Capt.—*Asst.-Superintendent Remount Service*.
- \*STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, F. B. J. (1892), Major (late *Lancashire Hussars*).—*Remount Service*.
- STAPLETON-BRETHERTON, V. F. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—2nd *W. Lancashire Field Co. R.E.*
- \*STEWART, W. P. (1896), Lieut.—1st Batt. *Highland Light Infantry*.
- STORY, N. E. O. (1902).—5th Batt. *Royal Highlanders of Canada*.
- SULLIVAN, M. B. (1906).—H.A.C.
- SWINDELLS, G. H. (1887), Lieut.-Col.—4th Batt. *Cheshire Regt.*
- SYNNOTT, P. (1897), Lieut.—*Royal Inniskilling Dragoons*.
- SYNNOTT, W. T. (1887), Capt.—R.G.A.
- TANKERVILLE-CHAMBERLAYNE, P. R. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—12th *Reserve Regt. of Cavalry*.
- \*TARLETON, G. W. B. (1911), 2nd Lieut.—2nd Batt. *Royal Dublin Fusiliers*.
- TAUNTON, C. A. P. (1904).—3rd *Public Schools' Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.
- \*TAUNTON, B. T. G. (1904), Lieut.—3rd Batt. *S. Staffordshire Regt.*
- TAYLOR, L. (1904).—6th Batt. *King's (Liverpool Regiment)*.
- TEMPEST, Æ. J. (1885).—*Canadian Contingent*.
- \*TEMPEST, R. S. (1893), Major.—2nd Batt. *Scott Guards*.
- THORNTON, G. P. (1907), 2nd Lieut.—4th Batt. *Scottish Rifles*.
- THORNTON, H. A. (1901).—3rd *Public Schools' Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.

\*THOMAS, G. G. (1904), 2nd Lieut.—*Military Interpreter*.

THEIRENS, V. T. (1910).—10th (Scottish) Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)

\*THWAYTES, L. L. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—*Indian Army*.

TOLHURST, J. B. (1908), 2nd Lieut.—11th (Service) Batt. W. Riding Regt.

TOPHAM, G. S. (1892), Lieut.—*Denbighshire Hussars*.

TOPHAM, R. (1895).—28th Batt. London R. (Artists' Rifles).

TRAPPES-LOMAX, C. N. (1889), 2nd Lieut.—*Lancashire Hussars*.

TRAPPES-LOMAX, E. (1886).—*British Colombia Horse*.

TRAPPES-LOMAX, R. (1879), Capt.—*Lancashire Hussars (Reserve Regt.)*

TRAPPES-LOMAX, T. B. (1905), 2nd Lieut.—3rd Batt. King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regt.)

\*TRIGONA, A. S. (1899), Capt.—2nd Batt. Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

\*TRISCOTT, C. (1899).—*Despatch Rider*.

TROUP, F. C. A. (1898), Lieut.—85th Company R.G.A.

\*VAN CUTSEM, E. C. L. (1883), Capt.—2nd Batt. King's Royal Rifle Corps.

VAUGHAN, C. J. (1892), Major.—*Royal Engineers (Monmouth)*.

WALMESLEY-COTHAM, J. (1892), Lieut.—5th Batt. Manchester Regt.

WALTON, J. C. (1883).—*Sportsman's Batt. (Royal Fusiliers)*.

WALTON, P. (1902), 2nd Lieut.—*R.F.A.*

\*WATERTON, C. R. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.

WATERTON, E. M. (1910), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.

WATERTON, J. C. (1906), 2nd Lieut.—5th Batt. Bedfordshire Regt.

WATTS, R. J. (1889), 2nd Lieut.—*Worcestershire Yeomanry*.

WELD, J. (1895).—6th Batt. King's (Liverpool Regt.)

\*WHITE, E. E. (1892), Capt.—1st Batt. Northamptonshire Regt.

WHITE, J. J. (1874), Capt. (*late Shropshire Light Infantry*).—*Remount Service*.

WHYTE, J. F. (1874), Lieut.-Col.—*Indian Army*.

WIGZELL, H. ( ).—1st Public Schools' Batt. (Royal Fusiliers).

WILLIAMS, G. A. S. (1885), Major.—4th Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.

WILDSMITH, L. C. (1909), 2nd Lieut.—12th (County of London) Batt. Queen Victoria's Rifles.

WILSON, L. S. (1908).—5th Batt. Royal Scots.

WITHALL, J. J. (1903).—9th (County of London) Batt. Queen Victoria's Rifles.

WOODROFFE, A. J. (1881), Major.—*R.E.*

\*WORSLEY, N. (1898).—*R.E.*

WORTHINGTON, B. (1905).—*Calcutta Light Horse*.

WORTHINGTON, P. I. (1903), 2nd Lieut.—

\*YONGE, W. H. N. (1895), Lieut.—*H.M.S. Zelandia*.

UDALL, W. (1899).—*King's (Liverpool Regt.)*

#### AT SANDHURST.

COOPER, H. T. B. (1913).

CUFFEY, M. E. (1908).

FFRENCH, A. E. (1912).

GETHIN, R. (1907).

GWYN, A. J. J. (1910).

GWYN, R. J. (1910).

HASKETT-SMITH, V. A. P. (1905).

KENNY, J. M. (1910).

O'DONOGHUE, G. C. (1912).

TUKE, R. J. (1912).

#### AT WOOLWICH.

TRAPPES-LOMAX, B. C. (1905).

#### MILITARY CHAPLAINS.

The Rev. M. KING, S.J. (1869), No. 12 General Hospital, France.

The Rev. W. FITZMAURICE, S.J. (1891), France.

The Rev. C. RAYMOND-BARKER, S.J. (1875) (Base Hospital, Abbeville).

## Stop Press Additions.

### IN THE SERVICES.

- \*CARUS, F. X. (1892), Capt.—*1st East Lancashire Brigade, R.F.A.*  
 \*CORBALLY, L. W. (1890), Capt.—*R.F.A.*  
 \*READER, N. (1896), Lieut.—*R.A.M.C.*  
 TEMPEST, W. J. (1900), 2nd Lieut.—*11th (Service) Batt. King's Own (Yorkshire L.I.)*  
 TRAPPES-LOMAX, R. J. (1891).—*Military Interpreter.*

## ROLL OF HONOUR.

### KILLED.

- LIEUT. A. C. MONTAGU, R.N.  
 CAPT. T. CREAN.  
 CAPT. E. E. WHITE.  
 LIEUT. M. J. DEASE, *V.C.*  
 LIEUT. E. J. CORMAC-WALSHE.  
 LIEUT. R. P. D. NOLAN.  
 LIEUT. D. T. F. FITZPATRICK.  
 2ND LIEUT. T. J. CLANCEY.  
 2ND LIEUT. C. J. O'CONOR-MALLINS.  
 W. J. BELLASIS.

### WOUNDED.

- MAJOR-GENERAL SIR E. S. BULFIN, *C.V.O.*, *C.B.*  
 SUB-LIEUT. T. Y. DOBSON, *R.N.R.*  
 CAPT. R. P. BUTLER.  
 CAPT. T. C. DE TRAFFORD. (Missing).  
 CAPT. C. A. J. S. LANGDALE.  
 CAPT. J. P. N. FORD.  
 CAPT. H. JUMP (Prisoner of War).  
 CAPT. H. G. SIDNEY.  
 CAPT. G. F. CALLAGHAN.  
 LIEUT. T. F. O'MALLEY (Prisoner of War).  
 LIEUT. C. B. GIBBONS.  
 LIEUT. J. H. C. COULSTON (Prisoner of War).  
 LIEUT. W. ST. J. COVENTRY (Missing).  
 LIEUT. G. ARCHER-SHEE (Missing).  
 2ND LIEUT. J. C. D'ARCY.  
 N. WORSLEY.  
 S. B. LAWRENCE.

### PRISONERS OF WAR.

- CAPT. O. DE TRAFFORD.  
 LIEUT. C. H. J. CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE.  
 LIEUT. R. R. RILEY.

## SOME O.S. PROMOTIONS.

We are pleased to notice in the *London Gazette* the promotions of the following O.S.'s published since our last issue :—

- Captain H. C. D. JARRETT to be Major, August 5th.  
 Captain C. H. B. JARRETT to be Major, August 19th.  
 Captain R. G. DAWSON to be Major and remain seconded, October 2nd.  
 Major A. L. BICKFORD, *C.I.E.*, to be Dep. Asst. Adjt.-General, August 14th.  
 2nd Lieut. G. E. A. PARKER to be Lieut., August 8th.  
 2nd Lieut. R. R. RILEY to be Lieut., August 8th.  
 Prob.-Flight Sub-Lieut. J. J. PETRE has been confirmed in the rank of Flight Sub-Lieut., with original seniority and appointed to the *Pembroke*, additional for the R.N. Flying School, East Church, to date October 23rd.  
 Brig.-General E. S. BULFIN to be Major-General, November 3rd.  
 Lieut. C. A. MCGUIRE is confirmed in his rank, November 4th.  
 Lieut. J. MCCUSKER is confirmed in his rank, November 4th.  
 R. P. F. D. MACGRATH, late 2nd Lieut. *Royal Lancaster Regt.*, to be Lieut., November 8th.  
 Captain R. S. TEMPEST to be Major, October 28th.  
 Lieut. J. H. RATTON to be Captain, July 23rd.  
 G. S. TOPHAM, late Lieut. *3rd Batt. E. Lancashire Regt.*, to be Lieut., October 20th.  
 2nd Lieut. K. R. O'BRIEN to be Lieut., August 26th.  
 Captain E. DE PENTHENY O'KELLY to be Major.  
 Lieut. O. J. BAMFORD to be Captain, September 14th.  
 Major-General E. S. BULFIN, *C.B.*, to be Colonel. (*Yorkshire Regt.*) in succession to the late Lieut.-General Sir W. E. Franklyn, *K.C.B.*, October 29th.  
 J. R. HAY (late 2nd Lieut. *2nd V.B. Gordon Highlanders*) to be Captain, October 29th.  
 Lieut. J. P. W. FORD to be Captain, October 30th.  
 Lieut. A. F. V. JARRETT to be Captain, October 30th.  
 Lieut. G. T. C. PERRAM to be Captain, October 31st.  
 Captain F. B. J. STAPLETON-BRETHERTON to be Staff Captain, November 16th.

## LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

Extract from a letter from a British officer in the trenches to a member of the Community, dated November 7th :

" . . . . The life in these 'ere 'oles is, of course, rather a narrow one (the trenches are only two feet wide), and altogether it is rather a singular existence. We are told practically nothing of the general situation. We are merely told to hang on here for all we are worth, and that we will be relieved when it is convenient.

Every village we passed through (in Belgium) had been shelled to shreds, and very few inhabitants remained, except old people and children. They were half starved for the most part, and I think we were very welcome. They dote on Thomas Atkins, who at once presents them with most of his rations, and would give them his clothes, too, if not ordered not to. In practically every house or farm you found the rooms just as they had been left, with all the household goods remaining, though, in many cases, these would be smashed out of spite by the enemy. The main feature of this place was a huge Convent and Church. The Germans shelled it incessantly for three days, and we had to squat by and see it gradually crumpling up. On the third day it caught fire, and is now a large stone ruin. When the fire died out the only thing remaining in the Church was a large crucifix. The cross was burnt to charcoal, but the figure (a painted wooden one) was absolutely unharmed, except for one small shell-splinter in the side. Rum, wasn't it?

~ We get precious little time to ourselves. The German infantry don't like attacking us by day, but shell us continually with shrapnel and their big Jack Johnsons. The latter are pretty awful things, and give you a horrid sinking feeling inside when you hear the shell coming. The infantry attack by night and repeat the dose several times, so that really the officer man gets no regular sleep, and he has to be on the look-out night and day, and can only snatch an hour or two when he's got the chance. I several times dozed off standing up, and so took an appalling toss into the slushy bottom of the trench, to the

huge merriment of the look-out men. It is eight days to-day since I've had the chance of even washing my hands. You can imagine that with our dirty-looking beards we are a somewhat unattractive crowd.

The other night one of our companies (my trench is at present about 80 yards from the blighters) did a bayonet charge, and it is quite true that the enemy don't like that. They made a feeble resistance and bolted like rabbits—but *all* the officers were killed except one, who was wounded. . . I wish you were out here ; I, as only R.C. officer, have had to bury all the dead—rather a new rôle for me. Au revoir. I haven't forgotten our engagements in town, but look forward to them immensely. We get plenty to eat here, but the menu doesn't vary—bully beef, biscuit (or bread sometimes) and jam. But we never get within an ass's roar of a decent drink."

The following are extracts from a letter of J. M. N. Jeffries (O.S. 1891), special war correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, to a member of the Community.

" In the earlier days of the war I had to stay on the fringe of things. I had a feeling as I chased about Belgium that I caused a military vacuum, and I called my car the 'olive-branch,' for she brought peace with her. I have vivid recollections of the roads about Charleroi, etc., where little mops of dust appeared on the horizon, and developed into motors travelling along in private cyclones ; out of them a whirlwind of waving arms protruded and waved you back ; then the thing whipped past and you were left alone with the sky-line and indecision, and a line of trees before you, and the dust shifting and settling on the road. You stopped and the chauffeur said, ' Wot abaht it ? ' and you looked about a bit and took comfort from the quiet, unperturbed trees (obstinately civilian things, trees, somehow), and said, ' go on a bit,' and you went on a bit and nothing happened except your bill for dinner.

Once I turned private and took letters of marque for Van Doren (the man who held the Germans back by calling up the Diest Fire Brigade), and his soldiers borrowed my car and two others and leapt

in and we went off at a sound pace after Uhlans. Knowing the ways of the 'Olive Branch,' I felt no perturbation, and though the Uhlans had been signalled with the utmost precision, none were discernible.

Before this, going to Liège, I had bought a chassis (excellent Delahaye !) and had an indifferent body—a sort of scented soap-box—clamped on to it. No mud-guards or frills ; no time but to get to Liège and out again before the Kaiserlike had it ringed in. Food bought *en route*, what I could get, fruit and various sweetnesses as a rule, or anything. When we were going at full speed, as we usually did, I had to hold on with both hands and bounce. In the end I got something of a seat, in the riding sense. The difficulty was at food-taking moments. I remember trying to eat a cherry-tart, a large open-faced one, much larger and flatter and liquider than a Stonyhurst '3d' tart. I told the chauffeur to slow a bit, and he went faster, and we jumped a 'caniveau.' I clutched on to the door, and something of the grip was imparted to my right hand holding the main fragment of tart, which immediately collapsed and spread its gummy fragments about the car. There are still traces in that car. The affair was alluded to as 'Jeffries's wound,' and brave souls who took a passage with me during the ensuing week would sigh and stand up and detach portions of my 'blood' from their burberries !

Liège was an absolute nightmare ; I was in no way accustomed to the thing then, I mean to war, and being out in the dark at the outposts with the 'enemy' about a kilometer off in the woods and no lights allowed, and the guns grumbling overhead was an extraordinary change from London, out of which I had been pitchforked four days before. I was arrested there as a spy, for the first time. How often since I can scarcely count, eight or ten times, at least, by Belgian, French, Dutch, and English. But on this last occasion (bombardment of Antwerp) nerves on the part of my captors accounted for it. They suspected their own shadows, for spying is the great industry in Antwerp, and the place swarmed with them. When a man from the Navy came in common sense reigned again, and I was free to go and look at the German shooting-stars, or submit

to the mosquitoes in the hotel lift, where I tried to sleep. The cellars were repugnant to me, and the noise made sleep impossible upstairs, so I closed an eye for a moment in the lift, which was stationary on the ground floor. I lost all my luggage there except my ties, which I crammed into pockets (self preservation being the first law of nature). The German 'jelloids' have left nothing but the walls of the hotel. It was a bad one, the—if it were not for the whiskered censor I'd say the *Europe*—but I wished I'd saved my kit-bag. If only they'd concentrated their fire on the menu ! I limped to the frontier with the refugees, offered 200 francs for a farm cart even ; impossible. My first car was in Holland, where I'd stored it before the fall of Brussels ; my second, which I used in France, was commandeered by the British—1913 Rolls Royce ! They sent it to Paris a week later ; the chauffeur had a 'confidence trick' played on him, and it was stolen his first day—£1,000 ! I saw and took part in the great flight from Paris—of course, not comparable with the flight from Antwerp, which was by far the most stirring and moving thing I have ever seen, and the exodus of a people, an absolutely Biblical scene in composition and in import. The Paris flight—the Parisian flight hits it off better—was one of rich people in motors. The huge majority of the population of Paris didn't know the proximity of the enemy—a privileged few did, and they gave the hint. Result, an uninterrupted flow of cars, from Paris all the way to Bordeaux ; weather, violently hot ; and every 500 metres or so a car with burst tyres by the roadside. I saw cars with the women inside, smothered in heaps of curios, and the sons holding on outside. All along the road soldiers hissed the cars, and offered imaginary prizes for the Bordeaux Stakes, etc. Chartres, Tours, Blois, Orléans, Bordeaux were places where you could get nowhere to sleep and nothing to eat. I spent two days at B. ; don't want to see it again. Lights out 10 p.m., and practising for the job all the evening. . . .

Excellent effect Winston Churchill's presence had in Antwerp. Belgians most impressed. He was freely under shell fire and took no notice. I was very struck by the coolness of the Belgian military chaplains. I'd got a lift from an Artillery officer going



Lieut. RAYMOND NOLAN, 3rd Batt. The Black Watch.

Born 1883. O.S. 1900.

Killed in action at Ypres, October 27th, 1914.

down with food and shells to the trenches. He dropped me a kilometre from the river (Nethe); I trusted to getting back somehow. '*Vous savez,*' said he, '*c'est ici le champ de bataille*'—the most dull remark I ever heard in view of all the nasty hurtling things overhead and the fracas which made the distinguishing of any particular explosion difficult, if I'd been keen on such distinction. . . . I walked about over long empty roads with batteries blazing from the hedges, but none of the reply came my way (*gratias tibi ago*), and I was able to wend my way to a chosen spot. I should say it was some of the smartest wending ever done. I found one battery which had lost all its officers. I got on to the village, where one hen seemed to be the population till I came on three priests, in the usual soutane, with Belgian colours (chaplains' insignia) round their hats. They were strolling along talking quietly—it reminded me with a laugh of fugitive glimpses of padres I used to catch at recreation time from the playground. I walked on with them, and we turned a corner. There was a leafy screen on the left. Before I noticed it really a catastrophic noise made me wince—a good wince, you understand—it was an armoured train letting off at the Kaiserlike. These things which you don't expect firing at your elbow play Old Harry with your nerves.

I went back to Antwerp on that train—mainly manned by our sailors. They very cleverly covered it all with bushwood and small trees till it looked like a moving hedge. The German shrapnel burst high and wide. They look like an Italian general's plumes inverted—the discharge makes the osprey plume.

I've been leading a Le Queux-like existence on the frontier here, with German spies all about trying to overhear what I say and overhaul my papers, and I've had real spies of my own, train guards who wink at me, messages pressed into my hand and a secret reading-room in an ironmonger's shop. But the glamour of all this fades when you do it in the way of business and nothing to eat.

At — I managed to get, by preposterous blandishments and secret manœuvres, the remains of someone else's jellied eel. And then my gorge rose at it. Awkward, if I'd belonged to a Liberal paper, for as

a democrat I couldn't have had a gorge, logically. At the same time I had five days' sleep on the hard floor (none of your straw in barns, etc.) and wore the same shirt—couldn't even alter the position of the folds for (excisions here by Censor in interests of public morals—J.M.N.J.). Am now an outlaw for continuously endeavouring to make known to the British public that its troops are noble fellows. . . . I could say much more, but am horrified at the length of this discursive letter. I can get to Church here. It's the one place to be for a ten minutes in the midst of all this turmoil. I fancy many find it so."

---

Extract from a letter received from Lieut. J. H. C. Coulston (1900), of the King's Own Royal Lancaster Regt. on November 11th :—

"When you get this letter you may have seen my name in the papers as 'missing,' and will be anxious. I am wounded and a prisoner, and shall not be able to see you again until the end of the war. It is terrible to think of.

With regard to my wound, I was hit three inches from the fork of leg on bone of right leg; my leg is broken. I am not looking forward to the future. The doctor in hospital has kindly consented to post this to you. As it may go *via* Holland you may not receive it for some time. He also told me I shall receive your letters and parcels after they are first inspected.

I cannot give you any details of the last rough fortnight on account of my letters being inspected by the German officials. The German hospital staff are good and kind; the food is insufficient and one is not permitted luxuries of any kind, unless sent from home.

I was on the battlefield with my leg broken for two and a half days, with bullets and shells buzzing round me, and no food all the time. But this is all warfare. I'm bandaged up at present pretty tight and the doctor is going to put my leg in plaster of Paris instead of cutting it off. But I don't think I shall ever be able to play cricket again, etc. . . . Isn't it hard luck. We can't get English to read here, absolutely nothing, except "*Oliver Twist*," which I have read three times."



Letter from wounded O.S. officer, dated October 12th, 1914. (Coulans, France).

" . . . . This rest I am having has been rather nice and I cannot tell you how welcome it was, but thank heaven I am quite sound again, and to-morrow I am off again to the war. How I shall miss all the comforts I am having here, a bed to sleep in and a bath, etc. However, it is really wonderful what one can put up with and really not mind a bit. I have really had some nights which took the cake for sheer misery and discomfort, but never felt a bit the worse for it. I think the best was one last month, the 14th after our little battle. It began to rain about five o'clock and never stopped until next morning. We passed the night actually on the battlefield, the position we had captured during the day. I only had a very thin mackintosh, so you can imagine the cold, I think I slept perhaps an hour. We had plenty of companions, as perhaps not more than a couple of hundred yards off, if as much, were some hundreds of Germans killed and wounded. It was a terrible sight to witness before darkness came on. The wounded were terribly mutilated, as their wounds were caused by shrapnel from our artillery. The Germans do not bother a bit about their wounded. So all night long these wretched people were moaning and shouting for help. One almost felt sorry for them, cold, wet through as we were, but to go out to help them was not good enough, as these wretched swine would put a bullet through you without winking. Soon after three we stood to arms, but I don't think anyone had had much rest.

When it got light we advanced forward some way on to the ridge. There did not appear to be enemy in any great strength to our immediate front, so we lay down in a long line in this position. After about an hour we had a nasty shock, as suddenly from about a thousand yards from our right flank we heard the whizz of bullets over our heads. It was a Maxim gun. Of course we were absolutely exposed to fire from this flank and had no cover whatever. At first the bullets came well over us, but very soon they got the range, and as we were quite unable to return the fire in our present position, even if we could have seen the gun, which happened to be hidden, the

situation for us became most unpleasant. So back we all went, the whole battalion, at a pretty fair pace too, and reached a wood which gave us a little shelter from view. Still bullets came at intervals, as although we could not be seen they knew where we were. It was very nice when we actually reached a safe place. Still, although we must have made a very fine target, we suffered the minimum loss, which was lucky.

For nine days after this we never moved from our position, which was about 500 yards from the hill we had moved off that morning. These days were very trying as there was nothing to do. All the men dug big holes in the ground, and we lived like rabbits. The weather, which was hopeless, helped to make it still more unpleasant. During all this time we were shelled incessantly every day. Against shrapnel we were safe, but for a little variety the Germans gave us every now and again a few hundred of their 'coal boxes,' a nice little shell weighing 96 lbs., which bursts on concussion with terrific force. These were more terrifying than anything else, as unless they actually fell within 20 yards or so of one, they did no damage.

I left the battalion on the 23rd as my ankle I had hurt a day or so before got pretty bad, and I could not walk at all. I wondered after how much longer they remained where I had left them. This Aisne battle is a most extraordinary one, as neither side seems able to advance. I shall soon be with the Army again as I am off to-morrow. I hope to God we can come to some decision soon. I feel we shall win all right, but perhaps it will be a bit expensive."

---

Letter from an O.S. Cavalry Officer at the front :  
BELGIUM,  
November 4th, 1914.

" The last letter I wrote I did not finish but caught a mail motor on the road and slipped it in. Since then I have had enough excitement and horrors of war crammed into the last five days to last some time. My squadron was relieved from those trenches in front of the wood full of Germans at about 10 p.m., after I had buried poor Nicholson. I said a few lines I could remember of the Burial Service, and then



some French soldiers came up to make a night attack on the wood where the Germans were and drew their fire on us. We had to run for cover. However, we got the job done, and the regiment retired to billets. We got there about 12-30 and were shelled most of the time. No sooner did we off-saddle and make arrangements to sleep there than my squadron was ordered to be ready at 3 a.m. to relieve some infantry in the advanced trenches, so we left our horses there and marched about two miles to the trenches and took them over about 4 a.m.—our poor squadron of about 100 men relieved 300 infantry. There we were for two days and nights. It was hell ! We were shelled at all day by the Germans and for an hour we were also shelled by the French who mistook our trench for a German one. I have never heard anything like the rain of shrapnel that poured over our heads. The Germans were firing their enormous howitzers that throw a projectile of half-a-ton (the Tommies call them 'coal boxes.') We are all scared to death of them. You hear them coming for a long time and then they fall and make a noise like thunder, ploughing an enormous hole in the ground and spreading death over an area of about 80 yards. It is awful waiting for them to fall—wondering if they are going to hit your trench. If they do you are blown to bits. Well, we stopped in that trench for 48 hours and had no one hit. In the trench next to me one hit the trench and five men were blown to smithereens. Lots of them landed within a yard or so, but that does not matter, as the trench protects you from the flying bullets and bits of iron and fragments of shells. It is only if they hit the trench that you are done.

We were relieved at night and slept in a barn. At daybreak next morning our squadron was ordered to relieve a squadron of the 4th D.G.s, who were in a town named Messines. The top end of the town was in the hands of the enemy and our squadron with a squadron of the 4th D.G.s and a company of K.O.S.B.s occupied the other end. There were barricades between us and the enemy. We were told that the enemy were going to make a determined attempt to turn us out and occupy the whole place. Outside, supporting us, were the remnants of the ———,

who had been cut up holding some trenches near ours the night before, and had lost nearly all their officers (on their first day in the fighting line), some French gunners, one or two other small units and the remaining two squadrons of the 18th. Well, we took up our position in the main street of the town, posted the men in sections in the houses and in the barricades and awaited events. Presently they came in the shape of a terrific bombardment and a perfect hail of shrapnel and rifle fire from the Germans in the town. We were helpless. We could not see anything to fire at. An order was sent up to us to clear out the best way we could as the ——— were retiring and we were in a trap. So we collected the men and under a hail of bullets got them outside, only to receive a message that the ——— had rallied and that the situation was more favourable. So back we went to our cover in the houses. Then the awful thing began—the French batteries commanding the town seeing the retirement of the troops outside came to the conclusion that we had evacuated the town and that the Germans were in full possession. They opened fire on us and gave us hell. There were we with the enemy blazing at us behind and our own guns blazing at us in front ! Words cannot explain what it was like. The enormous 'coal boxes' were hitting the houses and knocking them to fragments ; the shrapnel was just like a hail storm. Our colonel came rushing up and told us to make our way out of the hell as well as we could. So we rallied the men—as also did the K.O.S.B.s and the 4th D.G.s—and made a very splendid retirement, troop by troop, taking up positions and returning the fire of the enemy. I cannot tell you how splendid the men were. We had Maxims, rifle fire and shrapnel concentrated on us. You will hardly credit it but we had only one man hit ! It was nothing short of a miracle. I do not know how the others got on. One of our squadrons who were in the trench lost three troops out of four, but some have turned up since.

Well, we retired about two miles and then took up a position and hastily entrenched ourselves. We heard the enemy cheering as they charged down the street before we cleared out. Well, we stopped where we had entrenched ourselves until dusk and then

we were ordered to go to the advanced trenches. So off we marched leaving our horses. We took over the trenches and stayed there for another two days and nights. We were shelled all day. The nights are fairly peaceful, as the enemy do not bombard at night. However, one has to be on the alert for night attacks. The day time is awful. People at home cannot realize what it is like—the hellish din of hundreds of guns, the thunder of the explosives and the screech of the shrapnel. I do not care a d—— as long as I am in the open moving about and looking after men, but sitting in the trenches, hearing the ‘coal boxes’ coming along and wondering whether your last moment has come, well——! I shall not go into any harrowing details, but since I joined the regiment has lost 100 men, 2 officers killed, and 9 wounded, so you can form some idea as to what it is like.

To continue my narrative, we were relieved from the trenches last night and to-day we are very comfortably billeted about two miles away from the firing line. The G.O.C. has ordered us a couple of days’ rest. French sent the Brigade—which consists of ourselves, the 4th D.G.’s and 9th Lancers—a telegram thanking us for our splendid work, which was up to the standard of the best traditions of the Army.

So here we are. You see we are holding a part of the line which the Germans are making a stupendous effort to break through in order to get to Calais. We are frightfully weak. All our regiments suffered severely. The poor old 9th Lancers and the 4th D.G.s have suffered even worse than we have. The cavalry are practically infantry now. They are certainly splendid. The hotter the time the cooler and cheerier they are. You must understand that we always billet. The country is so thickly populated that you always have a farm or an inn to sleep in, so that when not in the trenches you are fairly comfortable. The postal arrangements are perfect. We even get our letters and papers when in the trenches.

I cannot write any more, although I could fill pages with incidents that have happened to us and other regiments here. Thank God our little cavalry force is hanging on to its position like a limpet and covering itself with glory. Meanwhile they are

pouring reinforcements up to ease the pressure. I hope we shall get a few days’ rest, but I expect it will be trenches again to-morrow night. They say the Kaiser was here two days ago, and that he has ordered his army to have another go at smashing up the British—but I don’t think!”

Letter to one of the Stonyhurst community from  
LIEUT. R. R. RILEY (3rd Batt. S. Staffs. Regt.),  
British Prisoner of War :

HUSAREN KASERNE, CREFELD,

GERMANY,

October 29th, 1914.

You will see from the above address what has happened to me. I hope you and Stonyhurst will not think it is a disgrace. I was taken doing my duty and obeying orders.

We were told to hold our trenches at all costs. We stuck to them and were taken. There was no disgrace in that. I cannot tell you any more. I saw Archer-Shee the night before I was taken. He and I had been together from the beginning. (They may be seen seated side by side in our illustration from *The Tattler*, entitled, “Some British officers resting, etc.”—Ed.) We went through some very hot times. I had a bullet through my haversack. One day Shee and I were in a wood with a line of skirmishers and a shrapnel burst ten yards in front of us; it killed the two men on each side of us and injured some others but never touched us.

I expect we shall be here till the end of the war. They seem to treat us very well. de Trafford (Capt. Oswald de Trafford (1895) of the 1st Batt. S. Staffs.) has come in here to-day.

We are allowed to have anything sent us, books, cigarettes, tobacco, etc., as long as the parcel does not weigh more than 8 lbs.

Do please write and tell me all the news about the old College. What would I not give to have a day back there now. The day I came in here was the first time I could get a wash and shave for three weeks.

Please excuse the writing. I am still very shaky, as I have been under very heavy shell fire. When the



**Lieut. DUDLEY T. F. FITZPATRICK,**

3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regiment.

Born, 1893. O.S. 1909.

Killed in action at Ypres, October 27th, 1914.

war is over I will come up to Stonyhurst and give you a lecture on my experiences—that is if God spares me.

Please remember me to all—and send me a *Stonyhurst Magazine*.

Yours very sincerely,

R. RILEY.

N.B.—The *Stonyhurst Magazine* was sent to him, but it was returned to us from Berlin officially stamped with the words "NOT ADMISSIBLE."—[Editor, *S.M.*]

More letters from an O.S. Cavalry Officer at the front:—

November 21st, 1914.

"The Regiment that took over our trenches two nights ago lost three officers and 50 men. I must say we are very lucky. There is a talk of us going into winter quarters here and taking our turn in the trenches at M—, but one never knows from hour to hour.

"We simply get stacks of socks, shirts, woollen waistcoats, tobacco, etc., etc. I must say the people at home are doing their bit for us, but we want all we can get as the winter is going to be the devil, and I am afraid will crock up lots of men. I am just going to arrange for a sing-song for to-morrow night, to cheer the men up.

"There is a nice church here and a dear old Curé. I am rounding up all our Catholics and to-morrow (Sunday) I am taking them to Mass.

November 24th, 1914.

"I am writing from the same billet as last letter, but since I wrote we have had 24 hours in the trenches at K—. We went off at 2 o'clock. I was in command of the squadron as S— was ill, and we took over the trenches from the 3rd Hussars. They were nasty trenches to get to, as we were sniped at from all sides. Our men are splendid and don't care a — now for bullets. Of course, being in command I had to expose myself a lot going from trench to trench, as they were not all connected and it didn't do to think about the bullets.

They were whizzing about one's head pretty thick. I believe the more indifferent you are the less chance you have of being hit. Well, having got the men in, I had to reconnoitre in front and see that the barbed-wire entanglements were all right. I did it myself as it was very risky, and I didn't want to expose any men to danger; so I crept out. I may tell you that the enemy's trenches were just over the brow of an incline, about 200 yards away. We couldn't see them from our trenches. I got to the entanglements and saw they were all right and then I thought I'd creep up to the brow of the hill and reconnoitre their position, so I got out my revolver and wriggled up on my 'tummy' to the brow and peeped over. I may tell you it was moonlight and the snow on the ground made it easy to see. When I peeped over, hanged if I didn't see a bally German doing the same thing; *but I saw him first*, and had a shot at him at ten yards distance, but missed him, and, by Jove! didn't he leg it. Meanwhile, now I thought, I am in for it, and waited for the volley from their trench flat on my stomach, but whether they were afraid of hitting their own man, or for some other reason, it never came. I got back to the trench all right.

"We had a fairly quiet night, but had to be on the alert for an attack, but my word! it was cold, snow on the ground and freezing like the devil. I had a rug and waterproof and kept my body fairly warm, but my feet were like lumps of ice; no grub, except a ration biscuit and some bully beef.

"In the morning the fun commenced; you daren't show your nose above the trench: if you did, 'ping' came several bullets, as they had snipers, I believe, with telescopic sights, all round us. We got very little shelling, and thank God, no bombs, so we simply lay doggo all day, until dusk, when I had to run the gauntlet of the snipers to get to Regimental Headquarters, about half-a-mile away, to bring up the relieving regiment—the South Wales Borderers; they arrived about seven o'clock. I got our men relieved all right without a casualty, although the sniping was very hot, and we marched about five miles and there were 70 London motor omnibuses waiting to convey the Brigade to their billets. As my squadron was the leading squadron of the —th,

which was leading regiment, I got my men into the first three and away we came. You ought to have heard the men's jokes and joy at being in a London 'bus again.

"We got to our billets at 1 a.m. this morning and found that orders had arrived for leave to be granted to three officers at a time home to England for 72 hours, not counting the journey there and back, and as my Squadron Commander was one of them and went off this morning, I am in command of the Squadron. As soon as those three return three more go, but I don't expect I shall get leave; I have not been out long enough, and I don't think it worth while. The Government pay expenses as far as Folkestone, which is generous. I wonder what people will think of them in England. They left just as they were, with beards and their clothing still coated with the mud of the trenches, looking awful ruffians. I shave whenever I get the chance, and try and keep fairly respectable, but some of the chaps who have been out all the time have got awfully careless and rough it.

"The French have taken over the—— line from us, and our infantry have taken over this line M—— K——, and we cavalry, who have been holding them, are to have a rest. I expect we shall be leaving here to-morrow for a place named H——, for winter quarters. I hope so, but know nothing for certain."

---

#### CHINESE REPARTÉE.

---

American lady to newly engaged Chinese cook :  
"What's your name?"

C.C. : "My name Wang Chi-Tung."

A.L. : "Oh, I can't remember that; I'll call you John."

C.C. : "What b'long Missy name?"

A.L. : "My name is Mrs. William B. Farnsworth-Holcomb."

C.C. : "Oh, me no memblee that; me callee you Tommy."

*Home Life in China.* HEADLAM.

#### OLD ALUMNI.

---

In our frontispiece and on our first page we do honour to our gallant schoolfellow, Lieut. Maurice Dease, V.C., who was among the very first to win this the most coveted military distinction, and died, alas! in achieving it. His old School is indeed proud of him.

---

#### CAPT. P. BUTLER (1899).

"Thirty-two wounded officers arrived at Guy's Hospital, one of the number being Captain P. Butler, A.D.C. to General Capper, who in the course of the strenuous fighting round Ypres went forward on the previous Monday to rally a line that was breaking, the officers in charge being already killed. Captain Butler had his forehead grazed by a shell, had his horse killed under him, and finally was put out of action by a severe shrapnel wound in the knee, but not before he had accomplished the task with which he had been entrusted."—From *The Tablet*, November, 1914.

Capt. P. Butler, son of Gen. Sir William Butler, was the first cadet-officer of the Stonyhurst O.T.C. in the days when it was known as a "Cadet Corps." His photograph, as the head of the newly-raised corps is to be seen in the Playroom Gallery outside the door of the Gymnasium.

---

Major-General Edward S. Bulfin (1873), who was lately promoted from Brigadier-General for distinguished service in the field, was officially reported wounded early in November. The following appreciation of him is taken from *The Morning Post* for November 14th :

#### A WOUNDED GENERAL.

"Major-General Edward S. Bulfin is officially reported wounded. He has done exceedingly well in the war, and he was promoted a few days ago to the establishment of general officers in recognition of his distinguished service. His rise has been rapid, for he only became a temporary brigadier-general a year ago at Aldershot, when he succeeded Brigadier-General Morland. He had long been noted by Sir John French, and the pity is that he should have been wounded only a few days after receiving the signal honour of advancement on the field to major-general. Like many

another, he is a product of the Militia, and joined the 19th Foot in 1884 and got a brevet in South Africa. After the war he obtained his majority in the Manchester Regiment, and transferred to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. His brevet steps followed one another rapidly, and in 1908 he became a substantive Lieutenant-Colonel. He went on half-pay in 1910 on giving up his Staff appointment in Cape Colony, but in less than a year he was back in harness as the commander of the Essex Infantry Brigade of the Territorial Force. He was at one time assistant military secretary to Lieutenant-General Sir William Butler when the famous Irishman commanded in South Africa, and Bulfin was one of those who helped to draft the important despatches which preceded the war. He was on special service in the campaign, and was later a brigade-major, D.A.A.G., commanded a column, and was mentioned by Lord Methuen and Colonel Money."

The following is the official notice of his promotion:

WAR OFFICE,

*November 3rd.*

The King has been pleased to approve of the under-mentioned Colonel (temporary Brigadier-General) being promoted to the rank of Major-General for distinguished conduct in the field:—

EDWARD S. BULFIN, C.V.O., C.B.

**"I have more than once during this campaign brought forward the name of Major-General Bulfin to your lordship's notice. Up to the evening of the 2nd November, when he was somewhat severely wounded, his services continued to be of great value."**—

From despatch received by the Secretary of State for War from the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief British Forces in the Field—*November 20th, 1914.*

Lieut.-Col. H. J. A. Roche (1876) has been at the front in command of the 6th Jat Light Infantry, Indian Expeditionary Force, and has for some weeks been in the thick of the fighting. He is senior Colonel in his Brigade, and has seen 30 years' service, with medals for active service and in the Tirah Campaign.

At Sandhurst R. Gethin (1907) is "under-officer" of "A" Company, and M. E. Cuffey (1908) is Sergt. in "H" Company.

CAPT. EDMOND B. PLACE (1893) (East Africa) has charge of Transport and has about 1,200 natives under him. Early in October he was at Tsavo. He and the officers with him in that department have received a letter from the Governor of Uganda commending them for the expeditious and satisfactory way in which the porters were recruited, etc.

LIEUT. HUGH L. PLACE (1904).

In his last letter he told us of a miraculous escape that he had from a shell (shrapnel) that he saw coming. He had barely time to get under shelter when it "rained" down on the very spot he had been in a few seconds before. His men were billeted in a gymnasium, the walls of which were of brick and the roof of wood and glass. Inside there were some small brick-built enclosures. He and his men leaned up close to the walls. One after another three shells came round about them. A good portion of the roof came through. The men prayed, saying the Rosary together. They all firmly believe that it was this alone which saved them.

Lieut. G. T. C. Perram, R.A. (1898) is A.D.C. to Major-General Sir J. A. Bell, K.C.V.O., at Aden.

Lieut. F. R. E. Savory, 1st Batt. Shropshire Light Infantry (1906) "has been invalided home—knee trouble; he may have to undergo an operation; he had six bullets through his clothes on October 26th without being hurt."

Lieut. W. St. J. Coventry (1907), 1st Batt. Bedfordshire Regt., "reported missing on October 14th, was seriously wounded in a trench afterwards taken by the Germans. There is no further news of him."

Lewis M. Hastings (1892) "D" Squadron Imperial Light Horse, is on active service in German West Africa, and has been in action twice. Before he left Johannesburg, the Unionist Party Club (whose organ *The Clubman* he founded and edited till he volunteered for active service), presented him with a horse and equipment.

Fr. Michael King, S.J. (1869), is now at the front as Chaplain to the 12 General Hospital, British Expeditionary Force, "Somewhere in France."

Lionel Blake (1899), Deputy-Governor of Mountjoy Prison, writes to inform us that his brother Val (1899), a captain in the Irish Guards, is soon due at the front, and that his brother Arthur (1897) is a Lieut. in the R.A.M.C., attached to the Indian base Hospital at Brocklehurst.

Lieut. H. C. Coulston (1902), *Warwickshire Yeomanry*, is at present in hospital in England recovering from an injury to his knee.

Charles E. Jerningham (1870), a busy member of the Press Censors Committee, has found time in the midst of his multifarious labours and in spite of the pressure of Anno Domini—he was born in 1854—to bring out *The National War Almanac*, a most artistic production, with coloured designs by Hassell. It is "published with the gracious sanction of Her Majesty the Queen to benefit the National Relief Fund." Price, 1/-. The trade have already bought 100,000 copies. We recommend it heartily to our Stonyhurst readers in quest of their annual almanac.

E. A. O'Bryen (1878) has been unanimously re-elected Mayor of Hampstead, "the honour being intended primarily as a recognition of the enthusiasm and zeal he has brought to bear on the many questions in which he has recently had to take the lead, and of the gracious and practical support he has received from the Mayoress. He was the first Catholic to be elected to the position of Mayor of Hampstead. Mr. O'Bryen was educated at Stonyhurst and at the Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill. He spent some ten years in Upper Burma shortly after the annexation of that province as an officer in the Indian Forest Service, resigning that position in 1897 on his return to England. He married, in 1898, Miss Gertrude Purssell, the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Purssell."

Guy Pastré—Marquis de Meyronnet—(1911), has been serving at the front since Aug. 20th, as an officer of the 13th Dragoons, French Army. He took part in all the fighting round Nancy. While on patrol duty early in September he was the sole survivor of a section of his regiment, escaping on his wounded horse. During his absence on special duty his regiment was annihilated near Lille.

Leslie Wilson (1908), aged 15, is probably the youngest soldier now in the service. He is serving in the *5th Royal Scots*, commanded by his father, Lieut.-Col. J. T. R. Wilson, having enlisted last spring under the rule allowing one private per company under 18 years of age.

J. J. O'Hea (1897) who has recently joined *King Edward's Horse*, soon to go to the front, came home from Chile to enlist. He had an adventurous six weeks' voyage on the now famous *Ortega*, which was twice chased and fired upon by a German cruiser, and finally escaped through the heroism of her Captain, Douglas Reid Kinneir, who ran his ship successfully through the uncharted Nelson Strait (Straits of Magellan) whither the cruiser dared not follow. For this Capt. Kinneir received the thanks of the British Government and the French Foreign Office, the latter presenting him with a gold chronometer for saving the lives of 300 French Reservists who were on board.

Two O.S. sailed for India in the same boat on November 7th—Christopher Scott-Coward (1907), Indian Police, and Gerald Berkley (1908), who has gone to take an appointment in the G.I.P.

Father Alban Goodier, S.J. (1881), who has been so successful as the Founder and General Editor of the *Catholic Library* series, has been called away to Bombay to take up the post of Prefect of Studies at the Jesuit College there. In his absence he gives notice that the business of the publication of the *Catholic Library* will be seen to by Mr. Griffin, Manresa Press, Roehampton. Fr. Goodier will retain control of the series for the present.





*Photo by]*

*[Nissen, Pretoria.*

**CAPTAIN THEODORE CREAN,**  
**1st Batt. Northamptonshire Regt., attached to Royal Flying Corps.**  
**Born 1880, O.S., 1894. Killed in Action, October 26th, 1914.**



Dr. E. J. Blackett (1880) is medical officer in charge of H.R.H. Princess Louise's Hospital at Kensington Palace, and also M.O. in charge of The Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Beckett's Hospital, at 34, Grosvenor Street, London, W. Both hospitals are for wounded officers. He has been presented privately to the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, Princess Louise, and the Prince of Wales.

Capt. H. Jump (1900), 1st (Royal) Dragoons, was wounded in the leg during the defence of Ypres and is now under medical care in a farm house near the front.

A correspondent writes:—On a visit to Derby I met Charles Lochrane (1895) a very flourishing M.D. in the town. I also met lately Fred Dempsey (1904), he is carrying everything before him and just finishing his law finals after quite a brilliant career.

## ROLL OF HONOUR.

### IN MEMORIAM.

CAPT. THEODORE CREAN (1894) 1st Batt. Northants. Regiment.

The following notice from *The Times* for October 31st briefly announces the death of Capt. Crean and summarises his military career:—

"Captain Theodore Crean, 1st Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment, attached to the Royal Flying Corps, was killed in an aeroplane accident in France on October 26th. The only son of Mrs. Crean, of Chester, he had previously seen service in South Africa, for which he received the Queen's medal with five clasps. After serving in the Militia he became second lieutenant in the Lancashire Fusiliers in 1902, and while holding the rank of lieutenant he was employed with the West Africa Regiment. In 1908 he transferred to the Northamptonshire Regiment, in which he obtained his company in 1903. He went out again to West Africa in February, 1913, and was employed with the Frontier Force."

It will be seen from the letters from brother officers printed below that Capt. Crean's death was not due to an "aeroplane accident," but to the fire of the enemy directed against the aeroplane and its occupants.

IN THE FIELD,

November 7th, 1914.

"DEAR MRS. CREAN,

"I am writing to tell you how very sorry we all are about your son's death. Though he had not been with us a long time he had made himself universally liked and we all feel his loss very deeply. He was an observer in an aeroplane at the time and I was on the ground observing his signals when he was hit by a bullet and death must have been instantaneous. His pilot was also killed and we buried them together beside the machine. I am enclosing a tracing showing where they were buried, as I thought you would like to know. As there was no clergyman near we said the Lord's Prayer over the grave, and after burying them we made a cross out of some pieces of wood on which I cut their initials with a knife, and I wrote their names on a piece of paper which I put inside a bottle and placed it on top of the grave. What I wrote was—

*Royal Flying Corps.*



CAPTAIN CREAN, *Northamptonshire Regt.*

LIEUTENANT C. G. HOSKING, *R.F.A.*

Died 26th October, 1914.

R.I.P.

With deepest sympathy,

Yours sincerely,

K. P. ATKINSON, *Lieut. R.A.*"

"MY DEAR MRS. CREAN,

I write to offer you my most sincere sympathy in the loss of your son. We had only known him for the last few weeks since he has been attached to us, but in that time had all learned to admire and like him, and now miss him very much. He had done awfully good work with us and at the moment of his death was doing splendidly in observing our artillery fire and signalling to them from the air. They had to fly low owing to the clouds and the machine was under a heavy fire. It was seen to be suddenly enveloped in flames and it dived to the ground. Your son and the pilot, Lieut. C. G. Hosking, *R.F.A.*, were killed instantly. We buried them together the same afternoon near Gheluvelt, between Ypres and Menin.

"I am most awfully sorry for you, but hope it will be some consolation to know that he died doing his duty splendidly.

Yours sincerely,

G. H. RALEIGH, *MAJOR*

Comdng. No. 4 Squadron *R.F.C.*"

3/11/14.

Capt. Crean is the first Stonyhurst man of the Flying Corps to be killed in action in the war.

His gallantry in flying low under a heavy fire, the deed which exposed him to his death blow, was a fine achievement and evokes the warmest admiration of his old school, which unites in the expression of its sincerest sympathy to his mother on the loss of a son who certainly died "doing his duty splendidly."

We have also to thank her for the loan of the photograph of Capt. Crean reproduced with this notice.  
R.I.P.

LIEUT. RAYMUND NOLAN (1900), 3rd Batt. Black Watch.

Raymund Nolan was a Philosopher here in 1900, having previously passed through Beaumont. *The Times* notice of him runs as follows :

"Lieutenant Raymond, Philip Drummond Nolan, of Ballinderry, County Galway, got his first commission in the Black Watch in 1907, and was promoted to Lieutenant in the 3rd Battalion in 1910. He was the elder son of the late Mr. Philip Nolan, I.C.S., by his marriage with the daughter of the late Mr. F. Berkeley Drummond, I.C.S., and was born in 1883. He was educated at Beaumont, Stonyhurst, and New College, Oxford, and was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple in 1908. He succeeded his uncle, Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Nolan, M.P., in the Ballinderry estate in 1912, and in the following year married the eldest daughter of Mr. C. A. O'Connor, Master of the Rolls in Ireland."

A brother officer thus writes of him :

"I fear I cannot now recall the actual date of his death, but it was about the 4th or 5th of November, I think.

"Two companies of the Black Watch were ordered to counter-attack as the Germans had broken through on the right of the — Brigade, and had apparently occupied some houses in the village of Veldhoek, about three miles east of Ypres. The attack was eventually made by two platoons of "A" Company and "C" Company.

"They got within about 150 yards of the houses but could get no further owing to machine gun and rifle fire. The German advance was, however,

also stopped. In trying to make a further advance, the Captain of "C" Company, Capt. Amery, was hit in three places, and Lieut. Nolan in five places by machine gun fire.

"He was killed instantaneously. After dark he was brought in and buried near the dressing station, which was a farm on the road running N. and S. just west of the village of Veldhoek, and the spot is marked with a cross with his name upon it.

"His loss was deeply regretted by all of us, as he had proved himself a capable leader and we were all very fond of him."

The sympathy of all our readers will be sincerely offered to his young widow (he was married little more than a year ago) and his other relatives.

R.I.P.

CAPT. EDWARD ERSKINE WHITE (1892), 1st Batt. Northants. Regiment.

*Killed in action at the Battle of the Aisne, Sept. 14th.*

Our photograph of Capt. Erskine White, for which we are indebted to the kindness of his mother, was taken in Pretoria at the conclusion of the South African War, in which he took part in some hard fighting, as the five clasps on his war medal testify.

His military career is given as follows in *The Times* :

"Captain Edward Erskine White, Northamptonshire Regiment, was gazetted to the West India Regiment from the Imperial Yeomanry in 1902, and in 1907 joined the Bedfordshire Regiment, transferring a year later to the Northamptonshire Regiment, in which he obtained his company in 1910. He was with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, being severely wounded, and took part in the operations for the relief of Mafeking. He held the Queen's medal with five clasps."

He met his death in action during the fighting in September at the Battle of the Aisne.

"He was shot through the head and died immediately," is all that could be gleaned from a "Tommy" of his regiment lying wounded in hospital, who spoke very highly of him.

His Colonel wrote of him :—

"We have lost a very capable and gallant officer."

We hope to receive further information, but this is all we have to offer our readers at present. R.I.P.



**CAPT. EDWARD ERSKINE WHITE,**

1st Batt. Northamptonshire Regt., O.S. 1892.

Born 1877. Killed in action at the Battle of the Aisne, Sept., 1914.

Lieut. D. T. F. FITZPATRICK (1909), 3rd Batt.  
S. Stafford Regiment.

*Born 1893. Killed in Action in his first fight, Oct. 27.*

In Lieut. Fitzpatrick we lose another who was quite lately among the boys of this College. He was killed in action in October in the neighbourhood of Ypres.

Up to the date of writing the following extract from a letter of a brother officer and schoolfellow contains all we know of his gallant end :

"Fitzpatrick died as a Stonyhurst boy should. He wasn't up in the firing line 24 hours. He came up over night and went straight to his company, which, together with mine, took part in an attack on a very strongly concealed position—ruined farm and hidden trenches. One of his men who was wounded but managed to get back told me that he (Fitz.) was sent with a platoon to strengthen the firing line. He was hit before getting there, but got up and tried to go on ; he was hit a second time, but got up again and tried to go on, to be finally hit again and killed."

Copy of a letter from the Adjutant of the 2nd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt. :

"It is with the deepest grief that I have to write and tell you that we were never able to recover your poor brother's body. He was shot dead whilst gallantly leading an attack on an advanced post of the enemy's which was causing heavy casualties to the men of the Battalion. The position could not be held and very few of the gallant little party got back after dark, and could neither bury him or bring his body back. Eventually we had to retire from the position. I hope you will accept my deepest sympathy and that of all my brother officers. We all feel we have lost a good and gallant officer in him. The place where your brother was shot was about five miles east of Ypres."

R.I.P.

2nd LIEUT. CLAUDE J. O'CONOR-MALLINS (1902),  
2nd Batt. Connaught Rangers.

Many schoolfellows of Claude Mallins are still here, for he only left us of quite recent years, receiving his commission from Sandhurst as lately as August 14th last.

The photograph of him which we reproduce in this issue was taken the day before he sailed for France.

Unfortunately, so far no details have reached his relatives concerning his death in action at or near to Ypres, on Nov. 2nd, during the heavy fighting in that neighbourhood, in which his regiment, the Connaught Rangers, covered themselves with glory. His mother has kindly placed at our disposal the photograph which we have reproduced here, and promised to send us further information when it comes to hand.

We can all assure her and her family of our deep regret at their sad bereavement.

Since writing the above we have received the following additional information :—

*Paragraph from letter of Adjutant of 2nd Batt. Connaught Rangers, received Nov. 24th :—*

"He was with his Company in the trenches when the Germans attacked ; he was looking over the trench directing the fire of his platoon when he was shot in the head by a rifle bullet. I am told that he lived for ten minutes, but was unconscious. He was buried in a small garden with another officer in the village of "Molenaarelsthoeck." I need hardly tell you that we all sincerely sympathise with his relations in their loss. For the first three weeks he was in my Company, so I had ample opportunity of getting to know him, I can vouch for the fact that he was an *exceptionally* gallant young fellow, very cool, and thoroughly sound ; in fact we have lost a very valuable officer."

Yours sincerely,

E. G. HAMILTON, *Captain.*

*Adjt. 2nd Batt. Connaught Rangers.*

17/11/14.

"Molenaarelsthoeck" is a village between Beceleare and Paschendale.

R.I.P.

LIEUT. EDWARD J. CORMAC-WALSHE (1904), 2nd Batt.  
Leinster Regiment.

Lieut. E. Cormac-Walshe was badly wounded about nine miles from Lille. He had been previously for two weeks in the fighting line on the Aisne. In the action in which he was wounded his regiment were directed to hold some trenches at all costs against vastly superior numbers. On Oct. 21st a strong force of the enemy developed a surprise attack on the thin British line with the result that the Leinsters suffered heavily, two captains being killed and Lieut. Cormac-Walshe mortally wounded in the head.

He lingered for some days in hospital and was visited by his relatives, but scarcely regained consciousness enough to recognise them. He passed away on November 5th, aged 22 years.

He was very popular with his men, who would do anything for him.

Edward Cormac-Walshe is well remembered here at Stonyhurst, where he concluded his long school career as one of the heads of the Line, and a prominent member of the football and cricket elevens.

R.I.P.

---

W. J. BELLASIS (1894), Bowker's Horse.

*Killed in action, November 3rd, aged 29 years.*

We print below, from *The Times* for November 27th, the official report of the action fought in British East Africa in which William J. Bellasis was killed :

"On November 2nd, however, a small action was fought above Mzima, on the Tsavo River, and on November 4th news was received that a body of our troops had made an attack upon the enemy's position at Longido, on the German side of the frontier.

"The attack commenced at daybreak and continued until 7-30 in the evening. The German position was very strongly held, but our troops are reported to have behaved with the utmost gallantry under serious opposition, and the 29th Punjabis took three of the enemy's positions successively. The enemy's counter-attack was repulsed, and considerable ground was gained, but when night fell it was found impossible, owing to lack of water, to maintain the position which we held, and our troops withdrew in good order to their base. This creditable engagement resulted in heavy casualties to the enemy, who are reported on reliable authority to have lost 38 Europeans and 84 natives killed and wounded."

Bowker's Horse is otherwise known as the East African Mounted Infantry, a volunteer force raised in the Protectorate on the outbreak of the war. He had been for some years in East Africa, coffee planting, and when the war broke out volunteered immediately, enlisting in Bowker's Horse. In letters home he described his first fighting, an action with the Germans on the Great Lakes, and was full of enthusiasm for the war. His brother Richard (1894), and John Henry (1892) have enlisted in the Cape

Forces. No further information has reached us in time for publication. We offer our deepest sympathy to the members of his family. R.I.P.

---

2nd LIEUT. TREVOR J. CLANCEY (1909), 2nd Batt., The Border Regiment.

---

Lieut. Clancey was killed in action at the Battle of Ypres, on October 24th, not the 28th, as we have printed under his portrait. The latter date was supplied by the War Office, but his Colonel corrected it later to the 24th. It appears that his regiment formed part of the 7th Division entrusted with the task of turning the right of the German Armies, and on them fell the brunt of the fighting in the earlier stages of the Battle of Ypres. He was killed by shrapnel fire at a point some miles S.E. of Ypres. All our attempts to glean further details have been hitherto unavailing, so we must rest content with the above brief notice for the present. A few months before the war Lieut. Clancey had been to Stonyhurst on a visit, staying some days, and the portrait of him which we reproduce had been presented to us by him.

R.I.P.

---

LIEUT. ALEXANDER CYRIL MONTAGU, (1901), R.N.

*Born 1890.*

*Died 1914.*

---

*Killed in the explosion on H.M.S. Bulwark, on November 26th.*

The sixth son of Robert A. C. Montagu, Esq., of Cromore, co. Londonderry, Alexander came to Hodder in the early nineties and in due course joined the Navy Class at the College. From the first he was a model pupil—obedient, cheerful, attentive, and a hard worker. All branches of study came easy to him, and he was *facile princeps* among his companions. Although he did not shine so conspicuously as some of his class-mates at cricket and football, he held his own and was no laggard in the playing fields. In 1902 he passed into the first batch to begin work at the new Osborne College. At the end of the term he passed out among the twelve best



**FATHER EDWARD IGNATIUS PURBRICK, S.J.**

Born, June, 1830.

Died, July, 1914.

**Rector of Stonyhurst, September, 1869—May, 1879.**

**Builder of the "New College," Stonyhurst.**

Provincial of the English Jesuits, 1880-1888.

Provincial of the New York and Maryland Jesuits, 1897-1902.

R.I.P.



pupils at the College, and his portrait, with that of the others, appeared in the illustrated weeklies. After a brilliant career at Osborne he joined Dartmouth College, where his successes, term after term, were remarkable. His correspondence with me ceased when he became a cadet.

In concluding this short notice, I would tender to Mr. and Mrs. Montagu and family the heartiest expressions of sympathy (felt by the old tutors and class mates of their son), for the great blow that has fallen on them.

W.G.G.

NOTE.—We are very grateful to the members of the families of the fallen officers for the loan of the photos reproduced in this issue, and we can assure them of the heartfelt sympathy of Stonyhurst in their terrible bereavements.

---

#### IN MEMORIAM.

---

FATHER EDWARD IGNATIUS PURBRICK, S.J.

---

The name of Father Purbrick will be inseparably connected with Stonyhurst, which owes to him not only the grand scale on which the new College is built, but also in great measure the decision to undertake wholesale permanent buildings instead of patchwork additions. The story of how he triumphed over the shortsighted opposition to his plans and of the origin of the present structure is well told in a memoir of him which appears on another page under the title of "A Great Superior."

His gifts as a ruler are clearly evidenced from the list of important appointments held by him in almost unbroken succession, until the burden of advancing years warned him at the age of 72 that it was time to content himself with less onerous duties.

Fr. Purbrick was born at Birmingham on June 22nd, 1830, and educated at King Edward VI.'s Grammar School in that City, from which he went to take a studentship at Christ Church, Oxford.

On becoming a Catholic, in 1850, he was compelled to resign his studentship, and a year later he entered the Jesuit Noviciate, then situated at Hodder.

It was during his course of Philosophy at the Seminary that he first began his career on the teaching staff of the College with lectures to the London Matriculation Class at Stonyhurst. Later, in 1856, he was appointed Master of Rhetoric, and in 1859 Prefect of Studies. From 1867 to 1869 he held the office of Superior of the Seminary, Professor of Logic and Spiritual Father of the College. It was in September of the same year that he entered upon his long and able tenure of the office of Rector of Stonyhurst. The energy of the new Rector and his enlightened guidance soon made itself felt in every department. The improvements inaugurated by him in the studies and in the material development of the College effected a complete and probably much needed transformation. But the changes were introduced gradually and with all deference to the susceptibilities of conservative old Padres who were profane enough to think their little world was no better for Oxford culture. The new broom was wielded by the hand of one who was singularly gifted as a diplomatist. The motto *doucement* might be suggested as the exterior note of Fr. Purbrick's method of government.

If that "indefinable air of distinction" which accompanies the heroes of most novelists and biographers has any foundation in fact Fr. Purbrick certainly possessed something very like it. Even unimpressible Stonyhurst boys accustomed to all sorts of conditions of clergy could not help noticing it in their vague way.

As Provincial his addresses to the boys on Provincial's Days, prefaced by the salutation, "My dear *Byes*," never failed to secure a more than polite attention. Not that Fr. Purbrick was specially gifted as an orator. His sermons, delivered with great earnestness, few gestures and an intonation faintly reminiscent of the Anglican parson, were of the solid, dry, intellectual type, excellent to read, but not particularly arresting to the listener. But his active administrative labours probably left him little time to attend to the external trimmings of

oratory. His long life was that of a man of action, and in this department his prudence, firmness and shrewd judgment well qualified him to excel. He was, moreover, an admirable and voluminous letter writer.

His special excellences as a superior are dealt with elsewhere, but before passing on to our narrative of his career we may pause to note one of them, namely, his imperturbable affability to all his subjects, boys and community alike, however busy he might be when they called to see him.

When one reflects on the vast possibilities for self-expression at the command of a worried and busy Provincial, or Rector, interrupted continually at his work by a daily stream of callers; when one remembers the types it may produce—the peremptory, Prussian-official ecclesiastic, the impatient, irritable or Prickly Père, etc.—it is pleasant to recall the stately unruffled urbanity of Fr. Purbrick. A manner which in lesser men might have been resented as patronising, or stigmatised as “too—(expletive)—gracious,” sat naturally on one of Fr. Purbrick’s acknowledged eminence.

His rule was always characterised by a suavity and politeness, which, however, never detracted from the impression of firmness, for he was emphatically a strong ruler too. Perhaps his portrait which heads these lines may suggest some such impression. The firm mouth and outlines of the square jaw are softened for us by the genial expression which pervades the whole face. Wherever he went he was popular, because he was naturally kindly and withal possessed of a very acute knowledge of human nature. Young men, especially, turned to him quite naturally for advice, and his influence with them was very great and lasting.

His was not merely one of those strong natures on which weaker characters inevitably lean, but he possessed the rare gift of genuine and intelligent sympathy. Among his religious brethren, both old and young were always glad of his company and pleased with his bright talk, broad views, and keen interest in the doings of all.

The following reminiscences are communicated by an old friend of Fr. Purbrick who was a boy here

during his Rectorate and knew him well in later life :

Fr. Purbrick was Master of Rhetoric when I was in the Lower Line; he succeeded Fr. Hathaway. He then came back as Prefect of Studies. I knew him well during his Rectorship, for I was then much over at the College and often spent the night there. One night he brought down into the “Strangers Place” the first plans for the new buildings. They were in the Elizabethan style, with high-pitched roofs and with dormer windows for dormitories. I think the present new buildings were then begun. He told me, and I have a vivid recollection of it, how he had much wished to have had the new College built after that design, but he had been over-ruled by the older Fathers, who were determined to have it carried out in the style of the old West front—of course they didn’t do it after all, for the new front is much later Jacobean. He said that the Elizabethan style gave freedom of variation and you could put out a window where you liked and arrange rooms and passages without reference to those in another part. I thought at the time that his judgment was right and I didn’t think otherwise after the new buildings were finished. There was one thing very remarkable about his Rectorship and that was this: I have known many Rectors, and all of them have been personal friends of mine, and I owe them a lot for the kindness and hospitality they have always shown me, and therefore I don’t wish for a moment to suggest any comparison. But when you went to the College in Fr. Purbrick’s time he put himself out of his way to see you personally to your room and to make sure the soap and towels were there and the bed comfortable! Just as a host would do in ordinary life. I was struck with this, for Rectors are busy men and have little time to spare.

He was quite an ideal superior—a fact which was early appreciated at headquarters—and will account for the quite exceptional number and variety of his appointments.

From Rector of Stonyhurst he became Provincial of the English Jesuits from 1880—1888, after which he went on an official visitation to the Canadian Jesuit Mission. From 1888 to 1895 he was Instructor of Tertians at Manresa (a post equivalent to Professor of Ascetical and Pastoral Theology to the Jesuit priests who have just completed their theological studies).

In 1895 he became Superior of the New College of Wimbledon, an office which he vacated in 1897 to become Provincial of the New York and Maryland Province of the Jesuits.



The hearty welcome he received and the continued popularity he achieved in his transatlantic environment surely suggests the possession of very exceptional tact. A British Admiral hoisting his flag over a Yankee fleet—even though manned by “sky-pilots”—and winning their whole-hearted appreciation, too! Verily, this is a unique testimony, alike to the ability of the Rev. Admiral and to the discernment of the Rev. mariners.

During his term of office in America his building energy found an outlet in the erection of the magnificent new noviciate at Poughkeepsie, and he also turned Keyser Island on the Sound into a holiday resort for the Colleges of his Province.

In 1900 he had a slight stroke, and to the very sincere regret of his many American friends he was compelled to return to England, resigning his office as Provincial in 1902.

In 1903 he was Spiritual Father at Clongowes, and in 1904 at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, in the same capacity. But they wanted him back again in the States, and he returned thither as Instructor of Tertiaries in New York, an office which failing health compelled him to relinquish in a year's time.

His last years, from 1907 to his death, July 8th, 1914, were spent as Spiritual Father at the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester, where his advice was much sought after by the clergy and his spiritual direction highly valued by the members of the congregation. To the very end of his life he maintained the full control of his mental powers, was keenly interested in life and full of that cheery vivacity which was a conspicuous charm of his character.

In the words of an old friend and fellow religious, “Thus has passed from our midst one of the most distinguished members—in his prime, and indeed later in life the most distinguished member of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.”

On the walls of the college which he built there are three memorials of the builder:—his initials, E.I.P., inserted by the architect, in the vane of the weathercock, surmounting the west wing tower of the “New Buildings”: his portrait hanging in the Boy's Refectory and lastly a stained-glass window in the College Church. The window, which is on the gospel side of the Church contains, in the upper

portion, the figures of St. Edward, the Child Jesus and St. Ignatius and in the lower half (in commemoration of Fr. Purbrick's brother, Father James Purbrick, S.J.) are the figures of St. James the Greater, the Mater Dolorosa (the favourite picture of St. Ignatius) and St. James the Less. The inscription below the window runs as follows:—

R. PATRI EDUARDO IGNATIO PURBRICK OLIM  
RECTORI IN PIAM GRATI ANIMI MEMORIAM FAC.  
CURAV. ALUMNI.

Showing that the window was presented by the boys of Stonyhurst College. R.I.P.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

The Distribution of Prizes took place on Rhetoric Academy, November 3rd.

An account of the Academy appears on another page. The following is a list of some of the principal prizes given out at the Distribution:—

#### INTER-COLLEGIATE PRIZES.

(For Students under 18.)

To the best in Mathematics in the Higher Certificate Examination, provided that a Higher Certificate be gained and also Distinction in Mathematics.

Prize (£10) . . . . Robert Plissonneau, *Poetry*.

(For Students under 16.)

To the three obtaining the highest number of points in the Lower Certificate Examination.

Divd. Prize (£5): Leslie Unsworth, *Upr. Syntax*.

#### PHILOSOPHERS' PRIZES.

Religious Instruction.

Prize . . . . . Mr. T. Trappes-Lomax.

Political Economy.

Prize . . . . . Not Awarded.

Debating.

Stonyhurst Association Prize—Books to the value of £5 . . . . . Mr. T. Trappes-Lomax.

English Essay—Association Prize.

Books to the value of £5: Mr. T. Trappes-Lomax.

Philosophy Scholarship, 1914.

The Arundell (open) Scholarship, £60, tenable for two years among the Philosophers:

Mr. G. Williams.

**PRIZES OPEN TO ALL.****The Harry Keating Memorial Prize.**

For an Essay on some subject bearing on the influence  
of the Church on Public Life.

Prize (£10) .. .. Mr. T. Trappes-Lomax.

**Scholarship Classes, 1913-14.****Classics.**

Latin Authors. Cicero, *De Oratore*, Lib. I. Tacitus, *Annals*, Lib. I., 1-50. Livy, *Lib. II.*, 1-27. Catullus. Lucretius, *Lib. I.* Vergil, *Aeneid IV.*, V., VII., IX. Horace, *Epistles and Ars Poetica*.

Greek Authors. Homer, *Odyssey*, Lib. I.-IV. Sophocles, *Antigone*, *Ajax*, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, *Oedipus Coloneus*. Euripides, *Medea*. Thucydides *Lib. III.*

Latin and Greek Compositions, Prose and Verse.

Latin and Greek Unprepared.

Lomax Prize (£20) Mr. T. Trappes-Lomax, *Phil.*

Second Prize (£10) Philip Anderson, *Rhet.*

**Composition Prizes.**

Awarded on the Higher Certificate Distinction  
Papers.

Latin Prose Mr. Thomas Trappes-Lomax, *Phil.*

Latin Verse (Kelly Prize) £4 Robert Walker, *Poet.*

Greek Prose Mr. Thomas Trappes-Lomax, *Phil.*

Greek Verse .. .. Not Awarded.

Greek History (Special Prize for gaining a Distinction) Mr. Thomas Trappes-Lomax, *Phil.*

**Heathcote Gold Medal.**

Presented by Colonel Gilbert Heathcote, for English  
Composition and Literature :

Henry F. Slattery, *Rhet.*

**Beltzhoover Prizes.**

Presented by the Stonyhurst Association in America,  
for English Essays on American History :

First Prize (open to Philosophers and Higher Line)  
(\$20) .. Mr. Thomas Trappes-Lomax, *Phil.*

Second Prize (open to Grammar and Rudiments)  
(\$10) .. Richard Irwin, *Upp. Gram.*

Third Prize (open to Figures and Elements) :  
(\$5) .. John Radcliff, *Upp. Fig.*

**English Poem.**

Subject :—"The Vision of Caldey Island."

Prize .. .. Roy Gwyn, *Poet.*

**RHETORIC.**

First Emperor (Medal) .. Philip Anderson.

Second Emperor (Medal) .. Wilfrid Barrow.

**Macaulay Geography.**

(Philosophers and Rhetoric.)

Prize .. .. Mr. Vincent Eyre, *Phil.*

**POETRY.**

Roman Emperor (Medal) .. Robert Walker.

Carthaginian Emperor (Medal) Wilfred Allanson.

**Classical Honours.**

Lomax Prize (£15) .. .. Robert Walker.

Second Prize (£5) .. .. Michael Nolan.

Special Prize for gaining a Distinction in German  
in the Higher Certificate Examination :  
Denis Keegan.

**Macaulay Geography.**

(Poetry and Syntax.)

Prize .. .. Robert Plissonneau, *Poet.*

**SYNTAX.**

Roman Emperor (Medal) .. Charles Hamilton.

Carthaginian Emperor (Medal) Julian Kennedy.

Lynch prizes (given by Mr. Commissioner Lynch) :  
Gerard Allanson.

Edward Danson.

James Kelly.

**Classical Honours.**

Lomax Prize (£10) .. .. Charles Hamilton.

Second Prize (£5) .. .. Henry Westwood.

Latin Prose Prize .. .. Charles Hamilton.

Latin Verse (Kelly Prize, £2) Charles Hamilton.

**UPPER GRAMMAR.**

Roman Emperor (Medal) .. Edward Healy.

Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) Dermot Macsherry.

**LOWER GRAMMAR.**

Roman Emperor (Medal) .. Bernard Jackson.

Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) :

Michael de la Bédoyère.

**Macaulay Geography.**

(Grammar and Rudiments.)

Prize .. Michael de la Bédoyère, *Low. Gram.*



2ND-LIEUT. TREVOR J. CLANCEY.

*2nd Batt. The Border Regt.*

Born June, 1893. O.S. 1911.

Killed in action at Ypres, October 28th, 1914.

## UPPER RUDIMENTS.

Roman Emperor (Medal) .. Reginald Edgcome.  
 Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) John Bell.

## William Ryan Memorial Prize.

£2 in Books.

Prize .. .. . Reginald Edgcome.

## LOWER RUDIMENTS.

Roman Emperor (Medal) .. Edward Croucher.  
 Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) Charles O'Connor.

## UPPER FIGURES.

Roman Emperor (Medal) .. Laurence Vickers.  
 Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) Louis Robertson.

## LOWER FIGURES.

Roman Emperor (Medal) .. John Howitt.  
 Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) Basil John.

## Macaulay Geography.

(Figures and Elements.)

Prize .. .. . Owen Fox.

## UPPER ELEMENTS.

Roman Emperor (Prize) .. Owen Fogarty.  
 Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) Francis Magnier.

## LOWER ELEMENTS.

Roman Emperor (Prize) .. Douglas Forbes.  
 Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) Joseph Caron.

## UPPER ELEMENTS.—HODDER.

Roman Emperor (Prize) .. Philip Conron.  
 Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) Kenneth O'Bryen.

## LOWER ELEMENTS.—HODDER.

Roman Emperor (Prize) .. Paul Kennedy.  
 Carthaginian Emperor (Prize) Andrew Tully.

## PREPARATORY.—HODDER.

Prize I. .. .. . Vincent Waring.  
 Prize II. .. .. . Leo Buckley.

## MATHEMATICAL PRIZES.

## Mathematical Honours.

Two Years' Course (McCann Prize), £20 :  
 Robert Plissonneau.

## One Year's Course (Prize £5) :

Cyril Unsworth.

## Trigonometry Class.

Prize (£5) .. .. . John Smee.

## Algebra Classes.

First Algebra (Medal) .. Charles Hamilton.  
 (Prize) .. .. Benjamin Hannan.

## Second Algebra—First Division

Prize .. .. . Roland Price-Jones.

## Second Algebra—Second Division

Prize .. .. . Alan O'Bryen.

## First Arithmetical Class.

First Division (Prize) .. James Barker-Gorman.  
 Second Division (Prize) Robert Danson.

## Second Arithmetical Class.

First Division (Prize) .. Owen Fox.  
 Second Division (Prize) Roy Birmingham.  
 Third Division (Prize).. Ralph Corkery.

## Third Arithmetical Class.

First Division (Prize) .. Lachlan Macdonald.  
 Second Division (Prize) George Gillings.  
 Hodder Division (Prize) Kenneth O'Bryen.  
 Preparatory Class (Prize) Leo Buckley.

## Science Prizes.

Rhetoric, Poetry and Syntax : Higher Certificate.  
 Prize .. .. . Henry Slattery, *Rhet.*

Grammar : Elementary Mechanics, Physics and  
 Chemistry.

Prize .. .. . John Smee.

## Elocution.

First Division (Prize) .. Ferdinand van der Taelen  
 Next in Merit (Kirby Prize) .. Wilfrid Barrow.  
 Second Division (Prize) .. .. Richard Smith.  
 Third Division (Prize) .. .. Edgar Harrison.

## Drawing.

Rudiments (Prize) .. Silvio Gomes.  
 Figures (Prize) .. .. Frederick Bahr.  
 Mechanical Drawing  
 (Prize) Gerald Berkley.

## Singing Class.

Prize .. .. . Basil John.

## STONYHURST ASSOCIATION PRIZES.

## Debating.

- First Prize (Books to the value of £3):  
Francis Farrelly.  
Second Prize (Books to the value of £2):  
Robert Walker.  
Third Prize (Books to the value of £1):  
Gerald McElligott.

## Higher Line Essay.

- First Prize (Books to the value of £3):  
Gerald McElligott.

## Lower Line Essay.

- Prize (Books to the value of £2):  
Edwin de Hirsch-Davies.

## Sketching from Nature.

- First Prize (Books to the value of £1):  
John Quinlan.  
Second Prize .. .. Joseph Reynolds.

## MUSIC PRIZES.

The gaining of a Certificate in the School Examinations of the Associated Board R.A.M. and R.C.M. is a necessary condition for obtaining a prize.

## Higher Division.

- Prize .. .. George Mitchell (Organ).

## Lower Division.

- Prize .. .. Power O'Mara (Pianoforte).

## Elementary Division.

- Prize .. .. Neil Mahony (Pianoforte).

## Primary Division.

- Prize .. .. Antonio Barbedo (Pianoforte).

## COLLEGE ELEMENTS AND HODDER.

## Catechism.

- College Prize .. Javier Molina.  
Hodder Prize .. Leo Buckley.

## Spelling.

- College Prize .. John Chichester.  
Hodder Prize .. Paul Kennedy.

## Arithmetic.

- First Prize .. .. Andrew Tully (Hodder).  
Second Prize .. Paul Kennedy (Hodder).

## English Composition.

- First Prize .. .. Charles Rockliff (College).  
Second Prize .. William Awde (Hodder).

The Centenary of the Restoration of the Society of Jesus was celebrated at the College on Friday, November 6th, being the Feast of All the Saints of the Society. In preparation for this memorable event there was Benediction during the Triduum preceding it, and each night Father Bernard Vaughan preached a sermon and gave the Benediction. His discourses were listened to by all present with close attention. In the concluding one of the series he made a particularly forceful appeal. On the Feast itself there was High Mass, and in the afternoon, despite the wet, the senior division of the O.T.C. made a vigorous route-march, enlivened by the strains of "Tipperary."

On Sunday, November 8th, Mr. W. H. Garrison delivered an instructive lecture on the present European War. He introduced his subject by a survey of the resources of the Empire in men and money, and showed how in all respects the great conflict in which we are engaged dwarfs into insignificance even the greatest of all preceding international struggles. After a brief justification of England's entry into the list of combatants, he sketched with reference to the map an outline of Germany's schemes of territorial aggrandisement. Commenting on the probabilities of the future and mistakes of the past, he expressed the hope that Kiel might revert to Denmark and Heligoland once more be recovered by England. His photos of Belgium were accompanied by a fervent panegyric of the heroism of its King and people. The lecture concluded with a review of the armies of Great Britain, of her Colonies, and of her Allies. The lecture was packed with interesting statistics, and would make a valuable recruiting address. The audience were requested by the lecturer to reserve their applause that he might cover his somewhat lengthy programme; but they made up for it by giving him a rousing cheer at its termination.

Rhetoric Academy, on which the Distribution of Prizes took place, was held on November 3rd. Visitors were not invited, which was the more to be deplored, as the Rhetoricians are to be congratulated on their more than usually sprightly, not to say brilliant, performance.

Fr. Simpson left Stonyhurst in October to take up the duties of Prefect of Studies at Manresa. There is no one at the College who does not regret his departure, though we are all glad for his sake that he has been transferred to a climate more favourable than ours to recovery from the lameness which for the last three years has partially crippled him. Fr. Simpson has had a long connection with Stonyhurst. He first came as Assistant Prefect of Philosophers and Professor of Law in 1898, and with the exception of his four years' Theology and his year of Tertianship, he has been on the Philosophers' Staff ever since, having succeeded Fr. Besant as Prefect of Philosophers in 1909. We shall not easily forget the uncomplaining cheerfulness and good spirits with which he has for so long borne the wearisome, and often very painful, ailment which since the Christmas of 1911 has cut him off almost entirely from the activities of his former life.

The Choir Supper took place on November 24th, and they made night melodious for the denizens of the Quadrangle.

On Sunday, November 15th, by desire of His Lordship the Bishop, the feast day of the King of the Belgians, was celebrated by our having a special High Mass and sermon in honour of the occasion.

We take this opportunity to express to Mr. J. Snead-Cox (1866), the accomplished biographer of Cardinal Vaughan, and editor of *The Tablet*, our deepest sympathy in the cruel bereavement he has suffered in the loss in a single week of his two sons, killed in action at the front. This is indeed a heavy tribute of loyalty to King and country.

On Sunday, November 15th, Mr. W. Barnes Steveni, for over twenty years a resident in Russia, gave a lecture entitled "The Tragedy of the Volga." The lecturer is the author of several works on Russia, a popular one at present being his "The Russian Army from Within." Perhaps this latter subject would have arrested more attention just now than the one actually selected. The lecture was an historical and ethnographical tour down the great Russian river. It was illustrated by many folk-tales and occasional quotations from Russian literature, and by the somewhat original device of gramophone records.

An O.S. correspondent sends us a cutting from a contemporary :

St. Omer, the little French town where, it is said, Lord Roberts died, has many associations with England, and even to-day has quite a large proportion of English residents. Thomas à Beckett dwelt for a time in the Abbey of St. Bertin, and in 1592 the English Jesuits founded there a college especially designed for the education of the sons of English Roman Catholics. Many scions of our noble families, therefore, received their training at St. Omer, and one of the most famous of the city's pupils in recent times was Daniel O'Connell.

Probably this last statement requires confirmation. It is new to us.

We have been visited by several parties of Belgian wounded and refugees. The Catholic Club at the Jesuit Church in Clitheroe have consecrated their premises to the refugees, and the Manchester Co-operative Society have a large party in residence at Chaigley Hall, formerly the seat of Mr. Winstanley. Fr. van der Beek, a Belgian Redemptorist, was for some days a visitor at the College, and has interested himself in the spiritual welfare of his exiled countrymen in this neighbourhood. Among recent visitors to the College was the well-known Belgian painter, M. Janssens.

We would draw the attention of our readers to the very able article on "The Naval Situation," by our naval correspondent, Mr. Maurice Prendergast, a well-known writer on these subjects, who is also an old Stonyhurst boy.

## POPE BENEDICT XV.

As an expression of the loyalty of Stonyhurst to the Holy See we publish in this issue a portrait of our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., offering him our most sincere good wishes for a long and prosperous reign. The photograph of him, reproduced here, was sent to us from Rome by Mr. Robert Chadwick (1852).

### THE BELGIAN REFUGEES AT CHAIGLEY MANOR.

Fifty Belgian refugees arrived at Chaigley Manor on October 19th. They were Flemings, driven from their homes by the bombardment of their respective towns—Malines, Antwerp, and Ostend. They had come from the Alexandra Palace, London, to Manchester, where they were received as welcome guests by the Co-operative Wholesale Society. After a stay there of about eight days they were transferred to Chaigley Manor (which belongs to the C.W.S.) and abundantly provided by their hosts with food and clothing.

Stonyhurst has been able to give them some help, the Belgian scholastics at the Seminary soon finding out what their countrymen wanted. The poor Flemings first wanted somebody they could talk to. Two Flemish-speaking seminarians visit them three times a week. Then they wanted spiritual help, and the College provided them with rosaries, prayer-books, catechisms, etc. As it is practically impossible for many of the refugees to go every Sunday to Mass at Stonyhurst, or Clitheroe, Fr. Rector has arranged that the Holy Sacrifice should be offered at the Manor itself. News from Belgium was, of course, eagerly desired, so the refugees have been provided with two dozen copies of the Flemish weekly newspaper, *L'Echo de Belgique*, in which, also, advertisements are inserted for the benefit of those who have lost their relatives and friends. To give the refugees work was more difficult. But at all events they are receiving elementary lessons in English from the Seminarians.

We quote from *The Freeman's Journal* for October 17th the following high encomium on the address delivered by our Spiritual Father, Father James Nicholson, S.J., at the mass meeting of children held in the Mansion House, Dublin, under the presidency of Cardinal Logue, during the Catholic Truth Society's Annual Conference :—

The great event of the evening was an address by the Very Rev. James Nicholson, S.J., of Stonyhurst College, who, having spoken in the Round Room, also addressed an overflow meeting of the children held in the Supper Room.

#### FATHER NICHOLSON'S ADDRESS.

Father Nicholson delivered a delightful address suited to the years of his numerous audience, who followed it with deep interest, and gave evidence of their appreciation of the many humorous touches which he introduced, and of the interesting anecdotes which he related. They showed a quick intelligence in their replies to some of the questions which he addressed to them. The genial Jesuit Father showed himself as pleased with his youthful audience as they were with him. In the more serious part of his address he impressed upon them the necessity of saying their prayers, of avoiding even little faults, and of receiving Holy Communion frequently. He spoke of the manner in which the late Holy Father encouraged frequent Holy Communion and early Holy Communion among children. In one church alone in Dublin, he said, there were six thousand Holy Communions every week. If they lived in England as he did, when they came over to Ireland they could say their prayers better than they could across the water. There was something in the air in Ireland that enabled them to say their prayers better. It was the same in a Catholic country like Belgium. Father Nicholson asked the children not to forget, in their prayers, the poor soldiers and sailors who were dying to save the people of England and Ireland from the Germans coming over and treating them as they treated the people of Belgium. "If you really want to go to Heaven," he said in conclusion, "let nothing ever interfere with your prayers." (Applause).

#### THE CARDINAL'S ADDRESS.

His Eminence the Cardinal, addressing the children after the conclusion of Father Nicholson's address, said—My dear children, I am glad to see you here in such large numbers, and I know you will benefit by the remarks which Father Nicholson has made to you. He has made them in a manner suitable to children, but they were very serious remarks, and they were no less serious for the fact that he made them interesting to you.





DÉPOSÉ

FRATELLI ALINARI  
— — —  
FIRENZE

*Benedictus P. XV*



Fr. Plater has edited a very useful penny pamphlet on "How to help the Belgian Refugees," which should be widely circulated among relief committees and those who are anxious to assist the welcome guests of the nation. It gives a number of valuable hints on the provision of hospitality, recreation, instruction, and religious aid. Copies may be obtained (10d. a dozen, 6/- a hundred) from the Catholic Social Guild Office, 1, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

On Sunday, November 29th, our old friend, Canon Norgate, gave a lecture on the present state of the war. As he has traversed all the various theatres on which it is being enacted, and in addition has just returned from two months spent among the troops in France, he was more than qualified to do justice to his subject. The lecture was immensely appreciated by all.

Amongst the prayers offered for O.S. at the front are a mass said daily by some priest of the Community, rosaries and Holy Communion offered by the boys, and every Saturday Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction for the same intention.

In a very interesting article on the South African Crisis, our South African correspondent, Mr. F. E. Geoghegan, a journalist of note in his own country, brings to bear on the discussion of the Boer Rebellion the ripe judgment and intimate knowledge of his subject acquired in the course of a life-long residence in the land of which he writes.

Vespers have recently been conducted on a new principle. The choir remain in the organ loft, and the stalls on either side are filled by a selection of boys taken from the main body, who sing alternately with the choir. The experiment seems to be voted a great success, though there may be some conservative spirits who would still fain see the choir in the Gospel Stalls. We observe that the congregation has not renounced its share of the singing, although so many of its most voiceful representatives have been withdrawn to form a sacred band.

On Saturday, November 21st, Mr. Firth, of Preston, brought over a large party of wounded Belgian soldiers, including two officers. The O.T.C. mustered in force, and was marshalled with fixed bayonets along either side of the main approach to the College to give our heroic visitors a cordial and martial welcome. Many of the latter still bore visible traces of the cruel hardships they had undergone.

#### EXCHANGES.

*The Glasgow Herald, Yellow Dragon, Fordham Monthly, University Correspondent, Sphinx, Raven, Ignatian Record, Xaverian (Liverpool), Month, Wellingtonian, Radleian, Ampleforth Journal, Examiner, Lisbonian, Georgian, Beaumont Review, Mountaineer, Claysmorian, Baeda, Rossallian.*

#### HODDER NOTES.

We were lucky enough to have Fr. Simpson to give us our retreat on October 29th, 30th, and 31st. We all liked it very much and are very thankful to him.

Then Mrs. Ellsworth Turner has given us an interesting old document, the Commission issued by the Lords of the Admiralty to her great-grandfather, Captain J. R. Webb, appointing him Commander of Her Majesty's ship *Ocean*, in the year 1839. We are very thankful to both donors.

This term the carpenter's shop has been turned into a laboratory, all kinds of chemical and electrical experiments are done there. The chief workers are H. Barton, K. O'Bryen, A. Barron, T. Bahr, J. Barcenas, and F. Walsh.

John Barcenas's Cinema Pictures are as popular as ever, and fill up many an afternoon. Mr. Hill kindly works the instrument and is very clever in mending the films if they happen to snap.

Our Sergeant has gone to the War, so our drilling is now done by Mr. Miller. He knows all about Swedish drill and "form fours," and we are very thankful to him for the exercise he gives us.

We have had several lantern lectures from Fr. E. King, all of them most interesting, and we thank him very much for them.

The Football Eleven is quite good. E. Green is captain with G. Fletcher; the goal-keeper is W. Richardson; C. Eastwood is a good back, with a strong kick, and a good dribbler. The rest are: A. Barrow, H. Gormley, R. McQueen, E. Tarleton, H. Barton, C. Pyke, and T. Bahr. We have had two matches with the College, one against a Third Playroom Team, and another against the Philosophers. Hodder won just by one goal in each of the matches.

There are no more Museum things kept in the Refectory—the assegai and spears and Waterloo sword are all gone; they are now hanging on the walls at the end of the gallery and look quite well above the cases of curios and coins. Our latest present is a sea horse, two large sea shells, a fossilised bone, and a collection of clam shells, sea urchins, and other things from St. Lucia, all given by Willie E. Awde.

Two boys made their first communion on the Feast of All Saints—Colin Gormley and Edgar Porter.

The cupboard is full already of paintings and drawings and baskets made of a small palm leaf and mats and other works of art done this term by the boys for the great competition that comes off on December 8th. It is sure to be an exciting time settling the prizes that day.

---

IMITATION.

---

As the old cock craws the young cock lears (learns).  
*Scottish Proverb.*

## SOME REMINISCENCES OF A GREAT SUPERIOR.

---

Somewhere about the year 1845 there were three boys, bosom friends, at the Birmingham Grammar School. Their names were Edward Benson, Joseph Lightfoot, and Edward Purbrick. So fond they were of one another that when they undertook to see one another home, as they lived in three different houses, they would spend a great part of the evening in walking from house to house; they could not separate. They did separate, however; Benson became Archbishop of Canterbury, Lightfoot became Bishop of Durham and the foremost New Testament scholar in England, and Edward Purbrick, after a term or two kept at Christ Church, broke away, became a Catholic, went to try his vocation at Hodder Place (then the novitiate), and never left the house.

Of those three Grammar School boys, Purbrick was not the least gifted. Had not grace come in the way, he would have died (we may say it with confidence) the lordly occupant of some Anglican See; that is what he gave up, *Ecce nos reliquimus omnia*. Forty years afterwards, as Provincial of the Jesuits, he was sometimes Archbishop Benson's guest at Lambeth Palace. They tell how, about that time, the picture of Laud in the Lambeth Picture Gallery came down with a crash. *Post hoc, non propter hoc*.

My first definite memory of Mr. Purbrick is in connection with the drowning of the Master of Poetry, Mr. Woodward, in the Hodder, on St. Ignatius' Day, 1857, as the stone cross on the high bank above Black Wheel still testifies. Mr. Purbrick a capital swimmer, was in the water with him, caught him (I believe) once, and then lost him, the river being in high flood.

Not yet a priest, Mr. Purbrick was Prefect of Studies. His oral examinations were quite a treat; he quoted the English poets profusely to illustrate our classical authors as we went stumbling through them. His "Reports" were replete with flowers of rhetoric, which we greatly admired. Our youthful Prefect of Studies, tall, handsome, and genial,

made a great impression on me. His earnestness in prayer in the Chapel also struck me. I was indeed making my first approaches to a man who was destined to be the great benefactor and guide of my opening years, and friend for life. He had from first to last quite a wonderful power over young men, both in and beyond the Society, to form and guide their consciences.

Father Purbrick made part of his theological studies in Rome, was Professor of Philosophy and Superior of St. Mary's Hall in 1867—9, and was reckoned a coming professor of theology, when the premature death of Father Charles Henry, in the autumn of 1869, seated him, greatly to the surprise of many, in the Rector's Chair at Stonyhurst. The three building Rectors who made new Stonyhurst, Fathers Edward Purbrick, William Eyre, and Reginald Colley, now lie side by side hard by the College Church.

The new building, which was to have been Father Henry's work, immediately claimed the new Rector's attention. The first design—I wonder if the elevation is still to be seen anywhere—was for an estimate of £60,000. Early English style, with a high-pitched roof and dormer windows, rising high above the roof of the old Shireburn building. The Chapel was in the centre. This, I think, was always Father Purbrick's pet project, but old Stonyhurst men would not hear of it. The new building must be in the style of the old, and roof above roof was intolerable. To remedy the latter inconvenience, the old playground level had to be cut away, at heavy cost, greatly to the Rector's disgust. Father Richard Vaughan produced a plan, which was rather unkindly compared to the Wandsworth House of Correction. To it, however, are due the two towers in the western front. Upon this plan Dunne and Hansom set to work a second time, and produced what is now New Stonyhurst.

Looking at the design as it lay before him, Father Purbrick said in my hearing, "Well, this is much larger than anything I had contemplated, but we must trust to Providence." He built the west, or Community Wing, and then started in the far east, the Academy Room block—this, as he said, with a

view to compelling his successors to complete the whole.

One day he took some of the Community far into what was called the Seminary field, and there made a man with pegs peg out the position. That is now the east corner of the Higher Line playroom, close to the playground wall. Underneath is a vast foundation of concrete; the soil was found to be that of a filled-in pond, and it was necessary to dig very deep. A subterranean watercourse also threatened to swallow up much money, which the Rector's ingenuity saved.

It was not only Mother Earth that gave Father Purbrick trouble. His whole building scheme was opposed by able and holy men, now like him, gone to their rest. Only those who were alive at the time can tell what tact and energy on the part of the Rector was called forth in overcoming this opposition. But Father Beckx, the General of the Society, stood by him, and ordered a building that should stand *per sæcula*. So Father Purbrick, as Rector, completed the exterior both of the West Wing and of the Academy Room Wing. As Provincial, he watched over the erection of the rest.

So much did the new superextend the old that in his Rectorate there was no pulling down; old and new stood together. Indeed the pulling down process is not even yet complete. As Provincial, he also built the two wings to St. Mary's Hall, and the Chapel. He would have much liked to have transferred the Theologate from St. Beuno's to Stonyhurst, but found no support in this, as neither in another scheme, to clothe all English Jesuits in the Roman habit.

Before Father Purbrick's time, our Stonyhurst boys were by no means on easy terms of access to the Rector. Once a year a solemn visit was paid to the Rector's room to ask leave to go home for the vacation and be measured for new clothes accordingly. Otherwise the Rector was a sort of Dalai Lama. I really wondered what he had got to do. The Minister, Father Richard Vaughan, a tall, stately man, who stalked about in shaggy overcoat and clogs, with a foot-rule sticking out of his pocket, seemed to me the real master of the house. Father

Purbrick also introduced the custom of addressing priests in the vocative, as "Father," not "Sir," as previously.

It is rare praise for a Jesuit, and of very few can it be spoken, that he has in him a commander-in-chief's capacity, and would do for General of the whole Society. To some of us Father Edward Ignatius Purbrick seems to have merited this praise.

J.R.

---

### DE REBUS PHILOSOPHORUM.

---

On December 1st, in place of the usual Grammar Play, the Philosophers performed an adaptation of the farce "Maître Patelin," under the name of "Arcades Ambo," this phrase being adopted in the sense in which Byron (in Don Juan) uses it of Raucocanti and the Tenor—

"Arcades ambo," *id est*—blackguards both. The original, the authorship of which is unknown, but which certainly dates from no later than the early fifteenth century, has with some probability been attributed to Villon. Rabelais alludes to its most famous cliché "revenons à nos moutons" in his rioting description of the adolescence of Gargantua. . . "il se cachait en l'eau pour la pluie, disoit le pâtenostre des singes, retournoit à ses moutons . . ."

The play on December 8th was "Home, sweet home," a farcical comedy in three acts. This piece has been performed by the Philosophers once before—on the March Blandyke, 1909. We were only induced to break through our rule of not repeating ourselves by the necessity under which we lay of choosing a play with a small cast. Exigencies of time deprive us of the satisfaction of learning in this number what success we have had in pleasing our audience, but we confidently expect to find, when the Magazine next appears, that this has been commensurate with our efforts to do so.

On November 18th our second smoking concert took place, with no less success than the first. The concert began with a charming overture by Mr.

Gudgeon, who further deserves our thanks for his unwearying readiness to accompany all and any songs or instrumental music at a moment's notice. Mr. Dawson played three violin solos—amongst them Dvorák's exquisite Humoreske, No. 101—with the grace and finish to which he has long accustomed us. Mr. Chambers' two songs—one of them Schumann's stirring "Two Grenadiers," with its rousing Marseillaise finale—were received with the applause which his singing never fails to evoke amongst us. Fr. H. Irwin sang with great success a ballad entitled "The Low Land," whose haunting refrain delighted his audience. Fr. Cortie's singing of Elgar's majestic "Land of Hope and Glory," was received with immense applause, and as an encore he gave us the evergreen and everwelcome "Village Pump." Mr. Barrow, in his two songs, "My word!" and "Sister Susie's Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," more than repeated his success of last time. In the time-honoured phrase of the provincial journalist, he "literally" brought down the house. Mr. Montes distinguished himself again by playing two pleasing and catchy solos on the guitar.

Vincent Eyre (1912-14) has received a commission in the Buffs (East Kent Regiment), and Jack Eyre (Senr. Phil. 1908-9) a commission in the Grenadier Guards. John Rottmann (1909-11) and John Saunders (Senr. Phil. 1903), are with the United Arts Rifles now at the front.

New additions to our numbers are Mr. L. Daly and Mr. Ayulo.

The many friends of Henri Fabre Luce, who was in Philosophy during the years 1911-12, will be grieved to hear of his death, which took place on October 6th, at Trouville, after a short illness. He was distinguished by his quite remarkable knowledge of the English language and literature, in consequence of which he had little difficulty in winning the Keating Prize Essay in his first year. His very friendly and generous disposition made him deservedly popular among his contemporaries, by whom he will be deeply regretted.

R.I.P.

## RHETORIC ACADEMY.

November 3rd.

In these stirring days Rhetoric could not be expected to produce an Academy quite on the usual lines. The customary exhibition of peaceful culture would have seemed out of place. Consequently we were not surprised when, after a very tasteful rendering of "La Lyre d'Or" by the orchestra, the martial note was at once struck in the Prologue. We were told of sleeping Britain roused slowly but surely from her sloth, her sport and her frivolity, to the heavy task and the heroism of war. W. Allanson spoke with power and expression.

In spite of wars, however, it was quite necessary to the traditions of Rhetoric that the principle of "carry on," or "business as usual," should be represented. This was adequately accomplished by the actors of the extract from Aristophanes' "Frogs." R. Walker made an excellent Dionysus; from his boat by no means appreciating at their full value the harmonious and charming croaks of the "Frogs." H. Slattery modernized Charon into a stolid, may we say "Jacobean," bargee, quite intransigent to the claims of democracy as represented by Xanthias, with the bundle in the red handkerchief.

A second selection by the Orchestra concluded the first part of the programme.

The whole of "Pars Altera" was occupied by "A Page from the Red, White, and Blue Book." This "document" is printed *in extenso* elsewhere in the Magazine and should be read both by those acquainted with the drama unfolded in the British "White Paper," and by those who would have a knowledge of the same in lighter form, for beneath the wit and the exaggeration of the cartoon the truth is there step for step.

The loud hisses which greeted M. C. Nolan as he advanced with Imperial swagger to his table and telephone testified to the excellence of his get-up. His spiked helmet, which recently lay on a Belgian battlefield, contributed much to the effect. His rendering of a difficult part was most praiseworthy; the quick changes from blatant self-assertion to

hypocritical friendship and concern for his neighbours and then to open hatred, being very well done. He soon got to business with his leading Ally, whose admirably-fashioned whiskers—without the aid of the programme—proclaimed the unfortunate elderly Hapsburg Monarch.

The audience greeted with laughter the diplomacy of Berlin, flinging out challenges beneath an urbane politeness, until five nations were his foes; but not with laughter did we follow the second part of the act, wherein are described the destruction of Belgium and the slow awakening of England at the cry for help.

All the actors well understood the spirit of their speeches; even the Bavarian soldier, who seemed not to relish his job! The longer speeches of the second part one could have imagined dragging a little, notably those of Belgium (M. Sweny), and England (W. Allanson), but they were especially well done, and were followed in perfect silence by even the youngest and most distant part of the audience.

Altogether the Academy was well worthy of this very exceptional year.

## PROGRAMME.

OVERTURE ... .. "La Lyre d'Or" A. Hermann  
THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

*Pars Prior.*

Prologum pronuntiabit	... ..	W. ALLANSON.
Scenam ex Aristophanis	{	Dionysus R. WALKER.
RANIS agent	{	Xanthias G. TOBIN.
	{	Charon H. SLATTERY.

PRELUDE ... .. "Merchant of Venice" ... F. Rosse  
THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

*Pars Altera.*

Scenam agent,	{	England	... ..	W. ALLANSON.
"A Page from the	{	France	... ..	R. PLISSONNEAU.
Red, White, and	{	Belgium	... ..	M. SWENY.
Blue Book."—	{	Russia	... ..	B. WITHALL.
Pars 1a. "June 28	{	Cossack	... ..	H. SLATTERY.
Aug. 4, 1914."	{	Austria	... ..	R. WALKER.
Pars 2a.	{	Prussia	... ..	M. C. NOLAN.
August to — ?	{	Bavarian Soldier	J. HEALY.	

## THE PLAY ON DECEMBER 1st.

## ARCADES AMBO.

ADAPTED FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY FARCE,  
"MAÎTRE PATELIN."

The Philosophers must be highly congratulated upon the sporting spirit in which they came forward to fill the gap left by the collapse of the Grammar Play, traditionally performed on December 1st. So small is their number that we had been told to fear their own play would fall through, instead of which they are producing one more than usual, of which the second yet remains to be enjoyed.

The method of the piece, which to us seems old-fashioned, doubtless created a fashion in its own day. The Lawyer who wheedles the Haberdasher into letting him have a roll of cloth gratis, and then, by feigning delirium, frightens him into leaving his house when he calls for payment, all unpaid, only to be utterly defeated, in his turn, by the thieving shepherd whom he has taught to bluff his master and his judge, is a well-familiar type, but was once a new creation. If the first act went placidly, as it was meant to, the amusement became general in the second, when the unlucky Mr. Briggs was shouted and waltzed half into a heart-attack; and the applause was uproarious when in the court scene the Haberdasher wrestled with the confusion caused by the simultaneous presence of the barrister who had stolen the cloth and the shepherd who had slain the wether. Mr. Barrow made a most ingratiating Dobson, and his delirium scene was great fun. He has a power, unusual in an Englishman, of gesture and of facial expression which is responsible, at present, for some slight over emphasis and restlessness; experience will control and develop this very enviable gift, and there may be great triumphs in store for him. He generously, too, came forward before the play with two songs, a very amusing, quaint, and sibilant ditty called "Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers," and another entitled "I'm Jones, of the Lancers, Yes, rather!" Both songs went well—no small compliment to the

histrionic abilities of a singer who is not gifted with a powerful voice.

Mr. Sellier, as the haberdasher Briggs, was amusingly irascible, and his bewildered rage elicited great applause; after his pompous bullying of Mr. Villaurrutia, as the demure servant, one could scarcely regret his disaster.

A quite special praise ought to be given to Mr. Keegan's Moggridge, the man with a good 'art and a himpulsive nature, which, alas, led him, what with the moonlight and one thing and another, to kill a healthy sheep or two, and to persuade a thoughtful butcher to take them off his hands lest master, a 'ard 'arted man, should misunderstand. Mr. Keegan, whose make-up was admirable, passed from stolidity to aggrieved innocence, and from cunning appreciation to malicious glee, with great dramatic effect, and we imagine that the College corridors will ring for many days with the echo of his "Ba-a-a!"

Mr. Sidley made a very discreet domestic, and Mr. Bolton a highly proper clerk. Mr. Anderson was a stately judge whose *revenons à nos moutons* has become a part of the French language. We enjoyed, too, the entertaining policemen, and among the spectators in court we will only single out the realistic Mr. Montes to observe that she should certainly have been arrested.

Mr. Gudgeon prefaced the play with his humorous and dramatic arrangement of Patriotic Airs, and the Orchestra played with all its usual entrain, and more even than its usual accuracy and taste.

We reproduce the programme:—

*Dramatis Personae.*

SEPTIMUS DODSON, an out-at-	
elbows Lawyer	... .. Mr. W. BARROW.
THOMAS BRIGGS, a Tailor and	
Cloth Merchant	... .. Mr. C. SELLIER.
MOGGRIDGE, Briggs's Shepherd	Mr. D. KEEGAN.
WILLIAM, Dodson's Clerk	... .. Mr. M. SIDLEY.
JOHN, Briggs's Assistant	... .. Mr. F. DE VILLAU
	RRUTIA.
AENEAS FOGG, a County Court	
Judge	... .. Mr. P. ANDERSON.
CLERK OF THE COURT	... .. Mr. E. BOLTON.
Policemen, Spectators.	



Scene : A county town in the Midlands.

Time : The Present.

SCENE 1. The High Street.

SCENE 2. Septimus Dodson's Lodgings.

SCENE 3. The County Court.

The College Orchestra performed selections from the following :—

THE GIRL FROM UTAH ... *Jones and Rubens.*

INCIDENTAL MUSIC FROM THE MERCHANT

OF VENICE ... .. *F. Rosse*

### MUSIC NOTES.

On the 21st October a Requiem was sung for the Benefactors of the College from the new Vatican edition, but owing to the difficult nature of the gradual, a psalm tone was substituted for the Vatican version. The offertory piece was the "Pie Jesu," by Niedermeyer.

On the 1st of November, the Feast of All Saints, the Mass was Silas in C; on the whole it was not really a very good performance, but the offertory piece, Abt's "Ave Maria" was well rendered.

Another Requiem was sung on All Souls' Day, and, as on the 29th of the last month, the gradual of the new edition was omitted, and the offertory piece was again Niedermeyer's "Pie Jesu." The Requiem Masses and the Vespers this term have not been sung as in past years, but the whole six rows of the stalls are occupied by the Vesper Choir, with the Choir in the Choir Loft.

On November 6th the choir repeated the Mass of Silas in C, and the well-known and ever popular "Justorum Animæ," by Dr. Crookall, was rendered very spiritedly. The mass was a great improvement on the former attempt.

On the 12th of November there was another Requiem conducted in the manner of the preceding requiem, but this time a very good rendering of Cherubini's "Pie Jesu" was given as an offertory piece.

On the 15th a special High Mass was celebrated by order of the Bishop, for suffering Belgium, and

above all for her magnificent King Albert. The offertory piece, a new "Iste Confessor," was very well sung both by choir and congregation, as it was the feast of Blessed Albert. After the "Domine Salvum Fac" for our King, a special "Domine Salvum Fac" was sung for "Albertum Regem Belgarum." The mass sung was Gounod's "Messe du Sacré Cœur," and it was very well done, as though all present were imbued with feelings of sorrow and pride for our brave little Ally.

Another requiem concludes the musical events for the present issue of the Magazine, and the requiem was the same as that on the 12th of November.

On November 25th we had the term's "Choir Supper," which was, as usual, thoroughly enjoyed.

F. VAN DER TÆLEN.

### O.T.C. NOTES.

This term we were to have had two half field-days instead of the usual whole-day. The first took place on the 30th of October, and the second on the 20th of November. Before commencing operations on the latter day we lined the avenue and were inspected by some wounded Belgian officers, who afterwards looked on whilst we practised an attack.

The 6th of November, being a whole holiday, we were to have had a big field-day, but owing to the unfortunate condition of the weather it was decided at the last minute to abandon the idea. However, we had a voluntary route march, for which most of the Seniors turned out.

Owing to the number of N.C.O.'s hoping to join the Colours, an extra parade a week has been inaugurated. These parades are voluntary and consist of a series of lectures by the officers on fire control, signalling, map-reading, etc.

In future we are to have a field-day once a week, on Thursdays and Fridays alternately; we thus hope to be quite proficient in field work by the end of this term.

R. PLISSONNEAU, *Sergt.-Major.*



## THE NAVAL SITUATION.

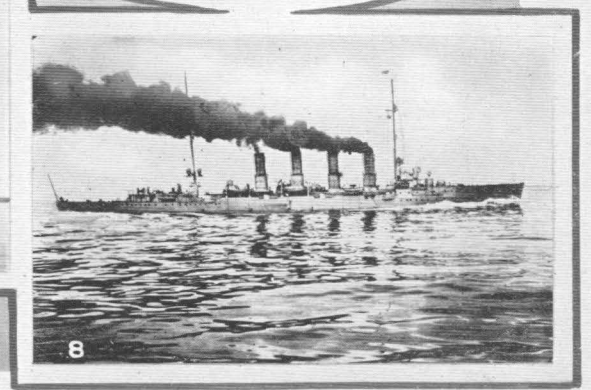
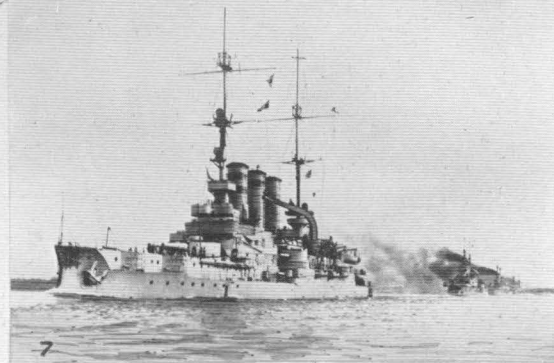
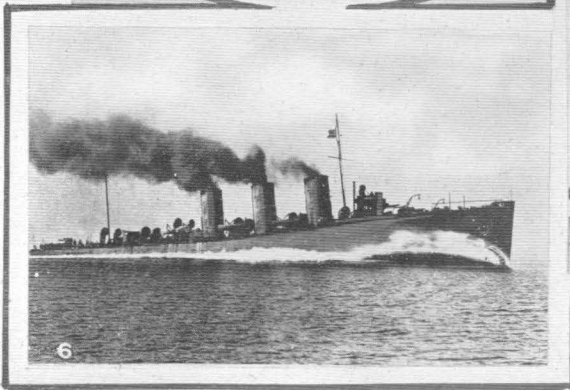
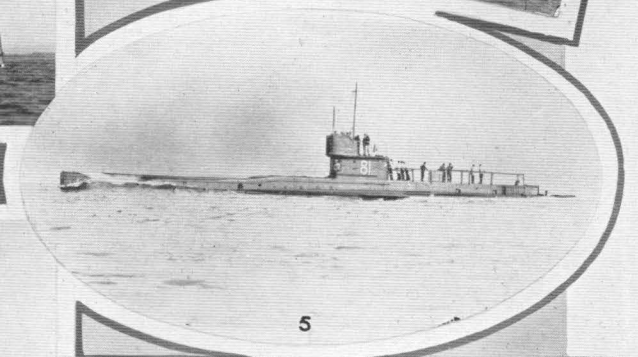
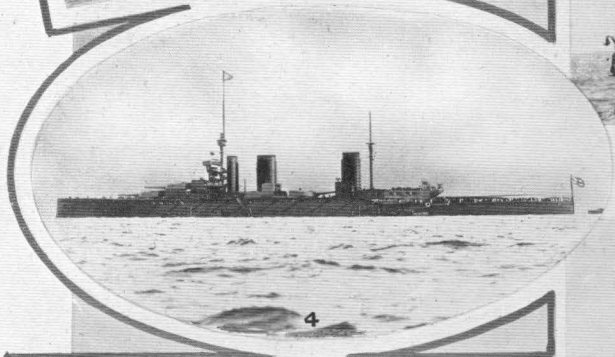
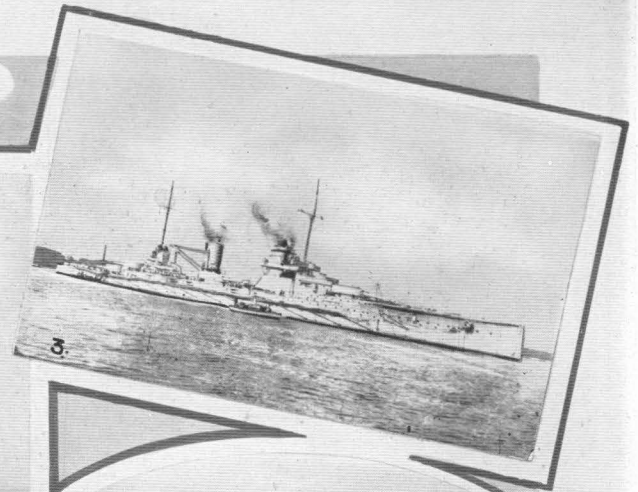
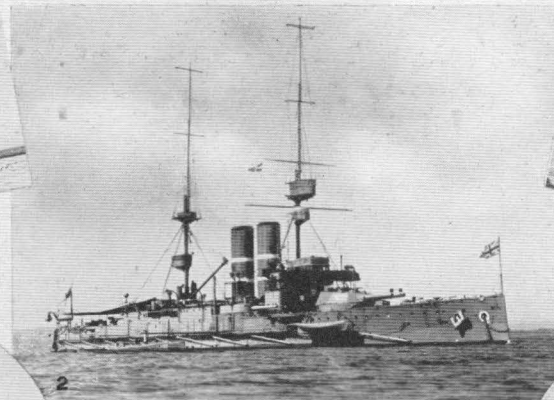
BY MAURICE PRENDERGAST (1901).

In making this brief review of the naval side of the great European War, attention must be drawn to the three general conditions under which it is being waged. In the first place, both the land and sea campaigns are broadly divided into two parts. The two divisions of the military operations are (a) the Eastern Campaign, extending from the Baltic to the Carpathians, and (b) the Western Campaign, stretching from the Belgian littoral to the Franco-Swiss frontier. The two corresponding divisions of the sea operations are (a) the Northern Area, containing the Baltic and North Sea, and (b) the Southern Area comprising the Mediterranean and Black Sea. Secondly, considering the great naval power of the combatants in these two areas, one is impressed by the fact that the naval war, both in its northern and southern divisions, is pelagic. In other words, the navies are acting in confined seas as opposed to oceanic movements on a large scale, such as would occur in a war with the United States. For this reason, the naval war may be marked by sudden and decisive developments, since the confined conditions under which the navies are fighting may exert an intensive influence on results when they come to be attained by major naval actions. This is the direct antithesis of the land campaign wherein the fighting is being conducted on so vast a scale that no generally decisive result has yet been reached. The third feature is the strong natural position of the Allied Nations. Great Britain commands Germany's oceanic communications not only by her own natural position, which locks Germany in the North Sea, but also by the possession of important strategic positions abroad. At the western extremity of the Northern area Germany is confronted by all the British naval bases, while at the eastern boundary Russia holds the great sea fortress of Kronstadt. Here Russia can preserve her fleet in security until the most favourable moment when it can be employed against Germany. The Southern Area is

also commanded at its western extremity by Gibraltar, and contains the British bases at Malta and Alexandria. Here, too, France contributes numerous important points in her southern naval arsenals and African Colonies, such as Toulon and Bizerta. Russia again hold a strong coastal position in another interior sea—Sebastopol, in the Black Sea—whilst her fleet in that sea is sufficiently strong to claim the undivided attention of the weak Turkish navy.

These strong strategic positions divide the German, Austrian, and Turkish navies from each other, so that it does not appear possible that any junction can be effected between these three navies for combined operations against any single fleet of the Allied navies. On the other hand, it is quite possible that a junction might be effected between the Japanese and the Franco-British navies. So firmly are our enemies' fleets held that they could not attempt to frustrate such a junction without first undergoing a major naval action of a decisive nature with numerically superior opponents.

Taking the Northern Area of naval operations, we find that the Peninsula of Denmark divides it into two parts, the Baltic and North Sea. In the North Sea, the German Navy is inferior to the British Fleet, while in the Baltic it has a superiority over the Russian Navy. Between these two seas Germany has a great strategic asset in the Kiel Canal, so that she can transfer her naval forces from one sea to the other without hindrance or risk. But so long as Russia has "a fleet in being," Germany cannot concentrate the whole of her naval forces against us; she must divert part of her naval power to "contain" the Russians. It is with the keenest satisfaction that we thus realise the utter falsification of the famous Preamble to the German Navy Law—"the Greatest Sea Power will not be able to concentrate the whole of its forces against us." Great Britain was, of course, "the Greatest Sea Power" referred to, but actual circumstances have shown that it is Germany, the author of these words, and not Great Britain who cannot concentrate the whole of her sea power against her chief maritime antagonist.



1. Engaged in operations against Turkey. The British Armoured Cruiser "DUKE OF EDINBURGH."—*Photo, Symonds.*

2. One of our finest pre-Dreadnought battleships, H.M.S. "HINDUSTAN."—*Photo, Symonds.*

3. An improved "Goeben." The new German Battle-

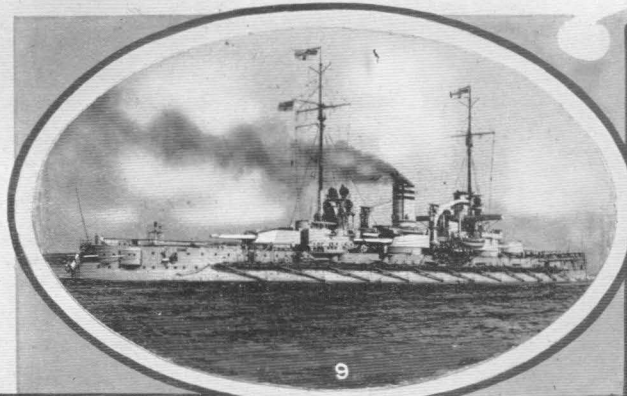
4. H.M.S. "LION," flag-ship of the First Battle-cruiser Squadron—in action August 28th off Heligoland. One of the fastest and finest warships in the world.—*Photo, Symonds.*

5. The British Submarine E1. The E class of submarine has done splendid work by scouting off the German

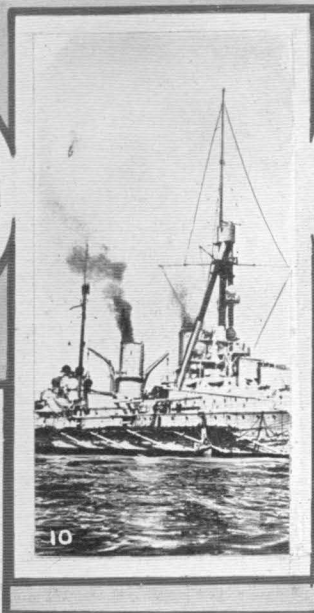
6. H.M.S. "SWIFT," at 38 knots. She is a "flotilla leader"—a specially large type of ocean-going destroyer used as a "flag-ship" for a division of destroyers.—*Photo, Symonds.*

7. 2nd Squadron of the German High-Sea Fleet. The "LOTHRINGEN," leading ship.

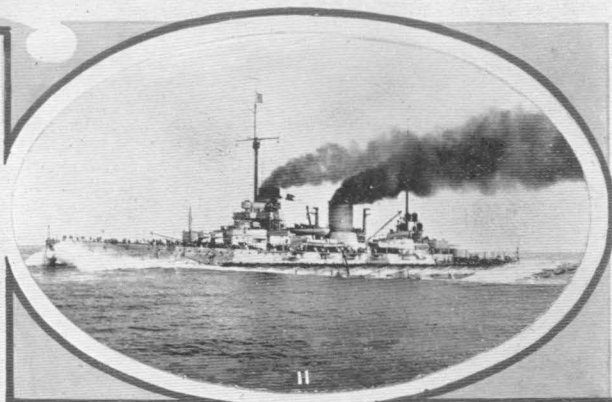
8. The German Light Cruiser "MAGDEBURG." She was wrecked in the Baltic last August and destroyed by the



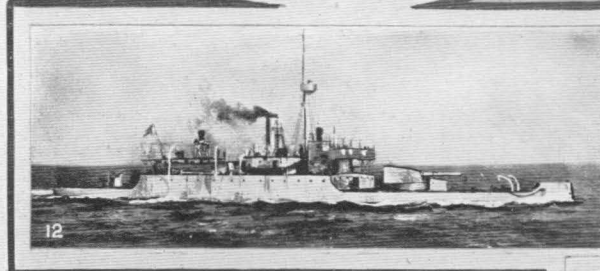
9



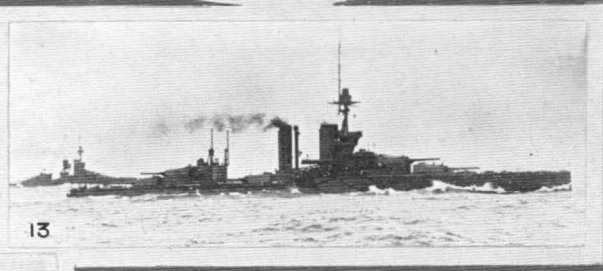
10



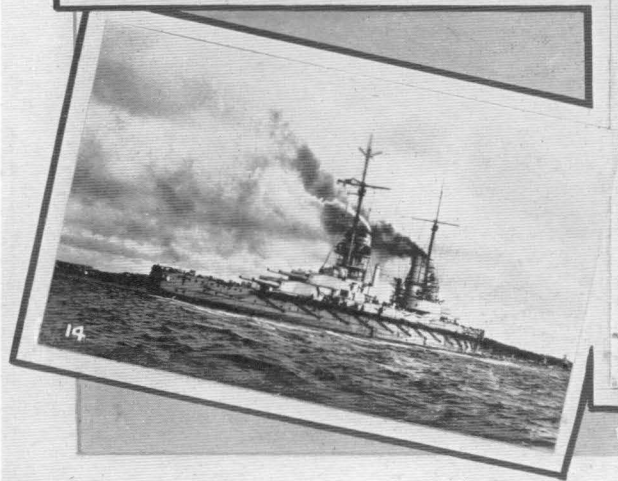
11



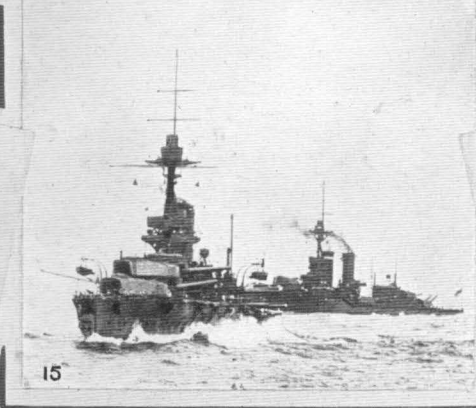
12



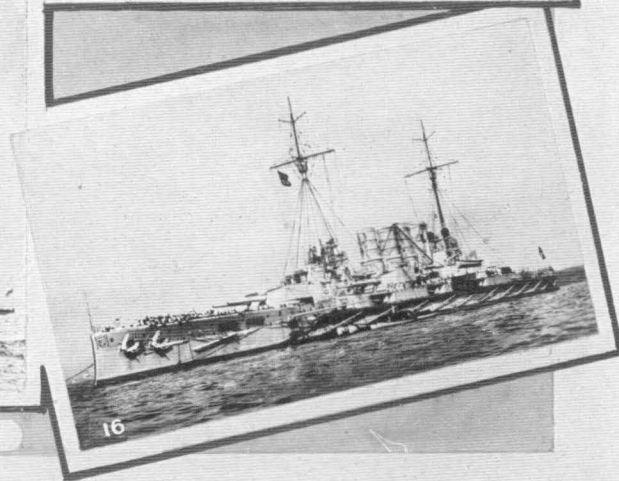
13



14



15



16

9. The first German Dreadnought type. S.M.S. "NASSAU."

10. The sincerest form of flattery. The German Cruiser "BLUCHER" with the new German tripod mast. Hitherto only British and Japanese warships have used tripod masts. This view was secured just before War was declared.

11. The German Battle-cruiser "MOLTKE" at full speed (28 knots). The "Goeben" is a sister ship to this cruiser, and both are the finest warships Germany has built.

12. One of the coastal monitors of the "Mersey" type. These boats were taken over by the British Navy at the beginning of the War, and did excellent work against the German army on the Belgian coast.

13. British Dreadnoughts at sea.—*Photo, Cribb.*

14. The third type of German Dreadnought. The new Battleship "PRINZ-REGENT LUITPOLD."

15. Battle practice by British Dreadnoughts.—*Photo, Cribb.*

16. Germany's second class of Dreadnoughts. The "THURINGEN"

The command of the Russian Fleet is said to be in the hands of Admiral von Essen. When the First Battle Cruiser Squadron visited Russia in June, our naval officers expressed their pride in meeting "Essen of the *Novik*." It was in that gallant little ship that the Russian Admiral so signally distinguished himself in the naval débacle of the war with Japan. Essen is a master of evasive tactics, and, backed up by the great fortress of Kronstadt, he should be capable of avoiding Germany's efforts to overwhelm him by superior numbers. In winter months, Kronstadt is ice-bound, but Russia has special ice-breakers, whilst the German Navy seems devoid of any such ships. It may eventually prove that Germany cannot use mines or submarines with success in the frozen parts of the Baltic. This is one of the important and interesting features of a Baltic naval campaign, and since the Russians are familiar with the peculiar climatic conditions, they may turn them to their own advantage against the Germans, to whom the situation will be strange.

There may be some tendency to judge the present state of the Russian navy by its unfortunate history in the Russo-Japanese War. This Russian Navy of to-day and ten years ago are two entirely different entities. The writer has heard during the past two years, from independent sources, that the Czar's Navy had made extraordinary progress towards a high level of efficiency. Under the skilful guidance of Admiral Grigorowitch—a man of the Fisher type—Russia was recovering her status as a great naval power. Great Britain generally leads in the world in the matter of battleship construction, but in the beginning of the present year, Russia had more ships building than this country. For actual size no Navy could rival the colossal Russian battle-cruisers of the *Kinburn* type. The renaissance of Russia as a naval power was a vital problem for Germany, since it would entail the weakening and division of the German High Seas Fleet between the North Sea and Baltic. Probably this was one of the main causes that impelled Germany to precipitate Europe into the present conflict. With an increased Army and a strengthened Navy, the Colossus of the North would have been a still more formidable antagonist

in a few years time than she has proved to Germany even in this war. Placed between the British and Russian Navies, Germany's position is unenviable—"how happy she could be with either, were t'other dear charmer away!"

The Mediterranean represents the greater part of the Southern Area, and here the main combatants are the French and Austrian Fleets. France, like Russia, has undergone naval regeneration. Five years ago, the evil influences of Socialism and sabotage had reduced the efficiency of the French Navy to a deplorable level. The instability of French Ministries had caused constant changes in the Ministry of Marine; naval policy constantly vacillated, and administration was subjected to the injudicious and ignorant efforts of civilian politicians. The mistake was also made of dividing the main Battle Fleet between the Atlantic and Mediterranean sea-boards. Under the *regimes* of M. Declassé and Admiral Boué de Lapeyrère at the Rue Royale, a happier state of affairs became manifest; a vigorous and unflinching series of reforms were carried out, while the Fleet was concentrated under a single command in the Mediterranean. By this stroke France was able to deal with the growing naval strength of the Austro-Italian Navies as members of the Triple Alliance. Italy, of course, has no desire to join forces with Austria, but the French policy of concentration was rational since Italy has entered into Africa, where France has large Colonial interests. The French Admiral Boué de Lapeyrère is a distinguished and capable officer, and such confidence is placed in his abilities that his term of command was specially extended early in this year. The French Navy has a high reputation for its scientific power, and it would be hard to name any other navy in which so much originality is displayed in the tactical handling of ships. British naval officers have always admired the élan and originality of the French officers of the torpedo and submarine branches.

The morale and standard of training of the Austrian Navy are said to be of a high order, and the Fleet of the Dual Monarchy enjoys a good traditional spirit. The name of Tegetthof is to the Austrian Navy what the name of Nelson is to our



Fleet. The men are said to be excellent material, and as artillerists the Austrians excel. The 12-inch 50 calibre Skoda gun mounted in Austrian battleships is the finest weapon of its type in the world. But Austrian naval power is concentrated in a few ships, and dissension is said to be growing between the Hungarian and Austrian elements in the Fleet. This is somewhat doubtful. The really modern and effective power of the Fleet centres round the four ships of the *Viribus Unitis* type, of which two or three are complete, and the three *Erzherzog Franz Ferdinand* battleships. The older Austrian ships are weak, and hampered by their abnormally low coal capacity. Austria can only add one new *Dreadnought* of the *Viribus Unitis* class to her Navy.

France, on the other hand, is being enriched by her strong ship-building programmes of the past few years. She should soon acquire three super-Dreadnoughts of the *Bretagne* class, while at a later date, the five magnificent battleships of the *Normandie* type will be gradually added to the Fleet. France has everything to gain by a dilatory and inactive Austrian naval campaign, and should a large naval battle be fought even before these new French ships become available, the command of the Mediterranean should still remain in French hands.

It is hard to give any impression of the Turkish Fleet, beyond the fact that it has always been the "Merry Andrew" of the seas. The Turkish sailor is a brave fighter, but his mental qualifications cannot cope with the intricacies of modern battleships. The incorrigible corruption of the naval administration is the main cause of Turkish inefficiency. Germany has so high an appreciation of the Ottoman sea forces that the original crews of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* have been retained; additional naval officers and ratings have also been sent to Constantinople from Germany for the other Turkish warships. But, though the Turkish Navy may be of a poor quality, there is no need to commit the old mistake of under-rating one's opponent. With a strong leaven of German sailors and the martinet rule of German officers, the Turkish fleet may prove of greater fighting power than might be assumed. The strength of the British and French

squadrons in the Mediterranean should deter Turkey from any large naval operations, and her fleet will probably confine itself to the Black Sea, where the Russians should be able to deal with it, even if the new *Dreadnoughts* of the *Imperatriza Maria* class still pursue their dilatory construction.

There was a boy once—he isn't in Figures I.—who was asked to define "sins of omission." He calmly replied that they were "the ones we forget to commit!" The omission of any detailed reference to the British and German Navies in this article is not due to any forgetfulness but of set purpose. These two navies have figured very prominently in the Press and in the cheap text-books on the war that abound. Consequently, it was deemed advisable that the other navies should be described in preference to the British and German Fleets. Nor has the Japanese Navy been forgotten. It has, however, not been engaged in purely naval operations in the reduction of Tsing-tao. The fleet of our gallant Eastern Ally has the great asset of recent war experience, splendid ships and men who are, in the words of Satori Kato, "slightly stronger than armour plates."

To sum up, the conditions under which the naval war is being waged are singularly fortunate for the Allied Navies, and give every promise of ultimate success. Though we may not be delighted by the news of great sea victories for many months, we must not forget that Germany is being subjected to a force that is all the more terrible because it is invisible—"the silent and relentless pressure of sea-power" that has denied to Germany the freedom of the high seas and deprived her of colonies, that has crushed her great mercantile navy out of existence, and which will bear with remorseless and ever increasing force upon Germany as each month elapses, so that she may finally be forced to send her navy forth to meet our armed might upon the seas.



## SPEED OF BRITISH AND GERMAN WARSHIPS.\*

Warship speed is rather like a watch—very simple from the outside, but extremely complicated when you come to examine “the works” that produce the final result. Speed is also the result of a mechanical combination, or “formula.” If one of the “terms” is varied the result is different. The factors are boilers, coal supplies and quality of fuel; engines and auxiliary machinery; propeller-efficiency, the shape of the ship’s hull and its dimensions (in which length is very important), and finally the cleanness of the submerged portion of the ship. The personal element in the engine-room staffs is also a large “factor.”

Text book figures are deceptive; they merely give maximum figures, but there is no certainty that one ship with a few knots superiority over another will be able to elude or overtake her slower opponent. A fast ship may have to relinquish a chase on account of depleted coal stores and the distance to her next coaling base. Wind, weather, and navigation conditions also take a part. A big battle-cruiser like the British *Lion* can run down a destroyer of 32 knots speed in a heavy sea, though she is nominally four knots slower. The destroyer cannot stand continuous driving against a heavy sea, as the “pounding” action will open her seams at high speed. Again, on passing over shallow water, a ship may lose three or four knots of her speed. Circumstances have such an effect on speed that mere text-book figures are no real guide—actual conditions are the things that matter. “Record” figures are rather a delusion. It was found in one British cruiser that she steamed faster when drawing more water by the stern than by the bows. So all the available men were mustered on the quarter-deck, weights shifted aft, and the cruiser put up a very fine “figure” on a special trial run over a mile! The Germans fake their trial runs for battle-cruisers atrociously. The Admiralty do not aim at “fancy stunts” on the measured mile. They prefer a *good steady average on a long sea run*, and, above all, *reliability*. We bought two Chilean battleships some

years ago; they can do 19 knots for short spurts, but in a really long run they are hopelessly behind the steadier speed of the 18-knot *King Edwards*, designed to the Admiralty standards.

Taking ships of *equal* date, there is nothing to choose between British and German warships, and I think that, on the whole, the heavier standards of weight for British engines are really better than the “weight-cutting” used in German ships. British ships hold their speed much longer in service, whereas German ships fall off very rapidly after some years’ service. German destroyers are really fast and durable, but the present war has already shown that slower but more heavily-gunned British type can deal with them.

After three or four years’ service it is hard to say what a ship’s *real* sea-speed is. She may pick up her speed after a good dockyard refit, but it is the engine-room staffs that tell in such cases, and their ability to keep the machinery in good condition.

Just two examples. The *Gloucester* was designed for 25 knots and the *Breslau* was nominally good for 27 knots when she ran with the *Goeben* from Messina. But the *Breslau* class vibrate so terrifically at high speed that any kind of accurate gunnery is impossible, and the maximum speed (27 knots) cannot be kept up for long spells without injury to the hull and engines from vibration. Weight is “cut” by aluminium fittings and special castings in this German type of light cruiser. The *Gloucester* seems to have had the speed gauge of the *Breslau* in the whole of the chase.

Again, the German *Scharnhorst* is supposed to do 22½ knots by the text books. But in 1909 she took the ground at full speed in the Baltic and ripped half of her bottom plates out and strained herself badly. Repairs took six months, and then the Germans said she was as “good as new.” Nevertheless, she spent about 75 per cent. of the next eighteen months in dockyard hands, and was finally shelved on the China station. Her best speed now is not above 19 knots by report.

These two instances show how far “text-book figures” can be misleading. The condition of the ship and the local circumstances make all the difference in the world.

M. P.

\*This note was written in response to the Editor’s invitation for an expression of opinion on the subject.

## A PAGE FROM THE RED. WHITE, AND BLUE BOOK.

In front are small tables "R" and "L" for Germany and Austria ; in the background, France, England, and Belgium are together "R," and Russia "L." The representative of each power has his telephone.\*

### I.

*Kaiser (striding to and fro, R. to C., consulting diary) :*

June 28th ! My programme for this afternoon ? First will I the Hymn (to myself), as Father of all the Germans, complete, to be sung instead of grace at meals by the children of the Fatherland. Then will I the statue of Myself unveil. I will present it to the United States, and they shall erect it in the New York harbour, gratefully removing the statue of Liberty for that purpose. I must also see that the British Government receive my stained glass windows for Westminster Abbey. They shall display Myself as Culture Kaiser, Bible Kaiser, and Peace Kaiser in angel costume, imposing upon Europe the Teuton Peace (*cresc.*) upon my own conditions, or (*with a roar*) Donner-und-Blitzen, I'll smash 'em. To-morrow I start for Rome, for the re-opening of St. Peter's as Temple of Truth. There I, flanked by the Pope and the King, will erase the barbaric Latin above the door, and Myself inscribe, "*Kaiser Conquers, Kaiser Creates, Kaiser Commands.*" Let me make a note of that. (*He writes.*)

*Enter Franz-Josef (At telephone, very depressed) :* Give me Potsdam, No. 666.

*K. :* Hullo ?

*F. J. :* Hullo ! is that my trusted Wilhelm ?

*K. :* Himself. Who has the honour of addressing Me ?

*F. J. :* Your afflicted Franz Josef. At Sarajevo the Servians have assassinated my heir and nephew, Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife.

*K. (half aside) :* Hurrah !

*F. J. :* I could not catch what you said . . . ?

\*It is particularly emphasised that the *Kaiser* here is to be regarded as the symbol of a certain philosophy of life, not as a person.

*K. (at telephone, plangent) :* Alas, my poor Franz Josef. . . (*Austere*) Forthwith you must an Ultimatum deliver.

*F. J. :* An Ultimatum ?

*K. (solemn) :* This is the God-intended occasion for you to absorb into your Empire the scorpion-Kingdom which dares to sting the heel which so graciously crushes it.

*F. J. :* But what in reason and honour can I ask which they will not, for liberty's sake, accept ? Honour and reason I dare not overstep. . . . Besides, if perchance they refused, and I forced them, Russia would fight.

*K. (restive) :* Reason ? Honour ? What are these ? My professors here are upon their definition not agreed. (*Contemptuous*) And then, Russia will not fight. "A colossus stuffed with clouts." As in 1909, when you mercifully annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, I shall terrorize her into silence. (*Conceding the point*). But I too venerate Reason and Honour, and they declare it to be my *duty* to stand loyal to my treaty to *you*. Who would dream of violating an all-sacred treaty ? Not Wilhelm Kaiser ; no !! (*Trumpeting.*) On then, high-souled Franz Josef ; extend your Empire as God-intended-Teuton-bulwark against Slavonic barbarism.

*F. J. (submissive) :* What shall I say for Ultimatum ?

*K. (proclaiming) :* That the Serbs must refrain from doing anything, or saying anything, even in their sleep, against the admiration, love and loyalty they owe to your Imperial and Royal Government. That they must not think, even when drunk (for they are drunken swine), anything contrary to your Imperial and Royal Government. That any officer convicted of dreaming any but the most to your Imperial and Royal Majesty devoted dreams, must be cashiered. That anyone who, if he had been present, would have been able, or who, within the space of the next ten years, might have become able, to assassinate the Archduke, must be arrested on suspicion. Enough ! (*sharp*) Give them 48 seconds in which to answer.

*F. J. (telephones aside).*

*K. (aside) :* The old dotard. Here now will be Teuton territory all but to the Dardanelles ; and because





(Reading from left to right.)

**Lieut. R. R. RILEY (1908) and Lieut. G. ARCHER-SHEE (1905).**

Both of the 3rd Batt. S. Staffordshire Regt.

Lieut. RILEY is a prisoner of war at Crefeld, Germany.

Lieut. ARCHER-SHEE has been "wounded and missing" since October 31st.

the Hapsburgs are finishing, the Hohenzollerns shall possess it, (*parenthetic*) helped, of course, by their old ally—er, God. But when we have the Dardanelles with the Kiel, Europe is Ours. (*Tel. bell.*) Hullo.

F. J. : Hullo ! Serbs answer : Will suppress Anti-Austrian propaganda by all legal means.

K. (*angry*) : Most evasive ! Most reserved ; Most unsatisfactory ! Declare war !

F. J. (*very tragically*) : Oh, not yet, not yet, I beg you ! I began my reign in blood, let me finish it in benediction. For the blood I spilt, with what blood of my own House have I not paid. No house of Atreus was cursed so utterly. Oh, murdered Emperor-brother, Maximilian ! Oh Rudi, my son, my only son, into what blood and darkness your star, too, descended. And you, Elizabeth, my wife, Empress of sorrows : what tears had not your wedding dress for diamonds ! Gone from France, our kindred ; gone from Italy. In Spain, the reckless melancholy boy with the Hapsburg face, he handed on the disaster, and the marriage veil of his English wife was soaked in murdered blood. The coffins of the Archdukes are piled high in the Capuchin vaults at Vienna. Mine, too, will soon be there. Oh, let me make that, my last journey, in an hour of reconciliation, nor summing up in my all-tragic self the tragedy-tradition of the Hapsburgs !

K. (*who has been listening to calls from R. and E.*) : They're all talking at once. Most confusing. Petersburg regards Ultimatum as challenge to herself. Says cannot remain indifferent to fate of Servia.—Edward Grey twice suggests we should meet him and discuss the situation. Ha, ha ! France and Italy accept this childish plan. I refuse. Britain arbitrate ? Ten thousand devils, no ! (*At 'phone*). Austria—Hullo ! the Emperor ? Declare the war. Nothing will happen. Russia will but roar. Italy is a pauper. France—her soldiers have no boots ; her politicians have embezzled the money meant for guns. England ? She trembles on the verge of civil war. Already it is proclaimed in Dublin. Then her Socialists will refuse to fight. And India will revolt—we shall put the Mohammedans to see to that. As for the

rest of her, she is either playing games, or playing shop-keeper. Pooh ! declare the war !

F. J. : Put me on to Belgrade. The Palace. Hullo ?  
I—I declare war on you. (*Sits, head in hands*).

K. (*chuckling*) : Now we've got going. To-day, Servia and the little States. In a year or two, no doubt, Russia. Then France, I expect. Certainly, after that, the accursed Englishmen. Deutschland über alles !

Russia : Give me Germany, please.

K. : Hullo ?

R. : Russia speaking. I begin to mobilize. But I accept discussion between the Powers.

K. (*coos*) : Dearest Nicholas ! Mobilize ? I simply can't believe it. Why should you ? Discuss ? Really, there's nothing to discuss *about*. We sit serene in profoundest peace. (*Rings off*.) Quick ; put me on to Austria.—Hullo !—Russia semi-mobilized. Refuse to discuss Servian question.

R. : Potsdam, quick !—Hullo.—*I have no quarrel with Germany. I wish peace.* Exclusively I will resist Austria if she attacks Servia. Even now, I will participate in the quadruple arbitration conference.

K. (*succulent*) : My sweetest Nicholas ! How nice of you to love me so. But really, there's nothing to arbitrate *about*. (*Rings off*). The hulking coward. He funks me right enough.—(*At telephone*.) Austria, devil take you, and be quick.—Hullo.—Bombard Belgrade.

R. : Potsdam, please !—Hullo.—I am mobilizing.

K. (*anxious*) : Can he really be serious ? Impossible ! —(*To Russia*)—I present an ultimatum ! Demobilize at once.—Paris, quick. Hullo. (*Colourless, but polite*). Russia has been mobilizing for weeks. What will you do if she makes war on us ?

France (*courteous*) : Be loyal, sir, to our alliance, and fight on her side.

K. (*very worried*) : Himmel, can she mean it ? France and Russia on me simultaneously ? Teufel ! we must keep England off—you never know. . . . (*Most ingratiatingly*) : England ! Hullo ? If we are forced to war with France, you will stay neutral, won't you, dearest England. Not one of your colonies will we injure.

*England (officially)* : Will you respect French colonies and Belgian neutrality ?

*K.* : Why, dearest cousin, that I could not promise, but—(is cut off). *Verfluchter Schweinkopf*, he's rung off.

*F.* : London, please, miss. Hullo ? Will you be on our side in *any* case, if Germany attacks us ?

*E.* : That I cannot promise. But I have just refused a disgraceful bribe to stand aside while you are being beaten. On your side, will you respect Belgian neutrality ?

*F.* : But of course !

*E.* : Good.—Potsdam, please. (*Sternly*). Will you respect Belgian neutrality, sir ?

*K.* : Dearest England, do not let us enter upon so painful a subject. (*Rings off*). No help for it. We've got to be in first.—Russia, please. Hello ! (*Tempestuous*) : You brutal barbarian ! You blood-thirsty Tsar ! I am cruelly forced to declare war upon you. (*Rings off*). (*Fanatical*) : Now, vorwärts ! We are already in Luxemburg. Neutral, of course ; but she's only a girl, and can't hurt me. I'll make her love me, even if she doesn't want to do it.—Put me on to Belgium. Hullo ! Admit my glorious and all-conquering armies through your beastly little country.

*Belgium* : Never, sir.

*E.* : France, please ! Hullo. Will defend your coasts if Germany attacks through North Sea.

*F.* : *Vive l'entente* !

*B.* : England, please, quickly !—Hullo ! Germany violates our neutrality. For God's sake, England, help us. Remember your word !

*E.* (*proudly*) : We have never forgotten it, your Majesty. (*Authoritative*) : Potsdam, please. You the Kaiser ? Definitely, will you respect Belgian neutrality ?

*K.* : My dear good England, what are you dreaming of ? The exigencies of our super-Empire demand that we should pass through Belgium. (*Aside*) To the south the forts are too strong. Besides, we are already there.

*E.* (*very stern*) : That is very grave. You own to the existence of the treaty in which you were a partner. It has been, with your consent, renewed, reiterated, reconsecrated. You have used it, when it suited

you. 'If you will not promise, by midnight, to proceed no further, I declare war. This is *my* Ultimatum.

*K.* (*frantic*) : You declare war, you horrible peace-destroyer ? Against me, the Peace-Kaiser of Europe ? And for what ? *just for a word—neutrality ? just for a scrap of paper ?* You bully, hitting me when I'm already most treacherously on two sides by vile assassins set upon ! (*Throws down 'phone. Stamps about.*) Very well ! so be it. Russia supports the little State of Servia. France is loyal to an Alliance. England prates of honour. Belgium goes raving mad and resists Me ! So be it ! War ! Myself versus the world, in the name of the German God, and of Myself. But as for England—and as for Belgium— !

*F. J.* (*despairing*) (*'phone*) : Russia, Russia, please ! Hullo ! I will discuss Servian question.

*R.* (*gravely*) : Too late. (*Rings off. Austria throws up hands in despair*).

## II.

*Belgium (standing to her flag)* : I call God to witness that I am standing here for Justice and Honour. I swore to what you swore, the Treaty wherein you Powers undertook not to violate my neutrality, and I undertook to resist whomso did violate it. Had France done so, her I should have resisted. You do so, you I resist—I so weak, you so strong.

*K.* (*at a table, with telephone*) : You brute beast Belgium, what can *you* know of Honour and High Political Necessity ? I owe it to Myself to traverse you. (It would be extremely awkward for Me if I did not). Vorwärts, in God's name.

*B.* : Liège shall resist you.

*K.* (*to soldiers*) : Take me Liège !

*Soldier (struggling for flag)* : Sire, our men are being slain by thousands by the Belgian guns.

*K.* : Oh, most atrocious ! Oh brute barbarian Belgians ! (*Turning*) After all, we can afford to chuck 'em away. What are they ? Bavarians and Poles. Pooh ! Fodder for cannon ! Besides, how delicious a joke to set a Bavarian to fight a King whose wife is a Bavarian.

*B.* : Liège is falling ! France ! Help !

*F.* (*a distant voice*) : I am on my way. (*Moves one step forward*).

B. (*back with flag*) : Come quicker !

K. : Take me Namur ! (*Struggle : B. on one knee*).

B. : But oh, where are the English ?

E. (*a voice shot with doubt*) : I, too, am on my way.  
My Expeditionary Force is in touch with the French.

B. (*In agony, yet trustful*) : Don't think I'm not grateful ! But more, England, more ! Your courage has been glorious ; (*fainting*) yet I perish.

E. : More ? Ah, yes ! When once we understand ! (*Shouting*) Recruits ! (*Listens*). Your King and Country need you. . . Yes—they are coming. Slowly. Ah, these summer holidays ! These cinemas—the seaside—the tennis tournaments ! (*Very tragic*). Oh, God ! DO WE UNDERSTAND ?

B. : Oh, Kaiser, Kaiser ! Look what they are doing ! Louvain ! Louvain ! My glorious churches in a blaze ! My ancient university, my Oxford, my priceless, priceless libraries in ashes !

K. (*standing*) : Blasphemous boors of Belgians ! Your churches ? God is on my side. Your university ? Do you suggest there can be culture out of Germany ? (*Aside*). Still, this is very awkward. (*Telephone*.) Give me America. Hullo ? President Wilson ? (*Very polite : deprecatory*) : Owing to the indescribable atrocities, multilations, treacheries and brutalities of the filthy Belgians, my merciful guns have been forced slightly to injure some unimportant buildings in the murderous and degraded hamlet of Louvain. . . . My poor heart bleeds for the slight annoyance this may have caused to a few persons, but God beholds my conscience. . . Shortly we shall educate these ruffians, having imposed Peace.

B. (*sombre*) : *Solitudinem faciunt et pacem appellant*.

K. (*sharp*) : Eh ? What's that ? No Flemish to be talked here. Translate !

B. : It was only a little Latin.

K. (*furious*) : Latin, you peasant ? What have you to do with Latin. Occupy Brussels. (*The flag is torn down and handed to K. He spits on it, and then blows his nose on it, and kicks it back to B.*)

B. : Oh, man of culture . . . But even yet I am not dead. (*He faints ; E. and F. lift him to his feet ; he*

*stands holding bare flag-staff. E. and F. pick up flag and hand it, on one knee, to B.*)

E. (*forward*) : Dead ? oh no ! One name you have given to the world, besides your own, which shall live imperishable—King Albert of Belgium—who, like the Lion of your shield, has proved indomitable ! Ah, now I understand ! Now I realize ! Oh, fool of a Kaiser. Every mistake of a deeper kind, every spiritual mistake, every mistake in judging of men's minds and hearts that could be made, you have made. You have set the world against you ! Now my recruits are coming ! From the towns ! from the farms ! from the schools—Eton ? [Here, Sir]. Harrow ? [Here, Sir !] Stonyhurst ? [HERE, SIR !] And from Ireland ? Redmond has made a speech which will live for ever, promising Ireland's loyalty. Ireland, what was your answer ? [" Tipperary " : *pp.*, then *crescendo to ff.*] Oh, Kaiser ! Oh, fool of a Kaiser, led by your doltish war lords and your study-bred philosophers ! Ireland revolt ? Why, Ireland has supplied the war song to which the whole of England and of France, to-day, are marching ! You—professor !

K. : You English swine-heads ! You dare— ? I will efface every vestige of your filthy language from my Empire. Begin with your fetish word, gentlemen. Prussia contains nothing whatsoever that corresponds with it.

R. (*solemn : almost chant*) : Kaiser ! do you hear us ? Do you hear the thunder of eight times a thousand times a thousand men, tramping, galloping from the East ? Do you see the black, black cloud on your horizon ? We Cossacks are the men who, huntsmen and farmers half our lives, are ready in a moment, when the messenger spurs headlong through our villages, lighting the crimson lamp, deploying the blood-red flag, to leave all things there behind us ; to leap, having kissed our holy ikons, on our sturdy little horses, and gallop a thousand miles of marsh and forest to hurl back your invading legions. Poland ! Lemberg ! then Cracow, Breslau, and Berlin !

K. : Quick, quick ! To Paris ! Push them back ! Leave Belgium ! Paris at all costs ! Smash France — she is divided ; then back to Russia. And as

for England—(*standing and shouting*)—It is my royal and imperial command that you concentrate your energies upon one single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valour of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English, and to walk over General French's contemptible little army.—The rest can wait.

*F.* : Kaiser, Kaiser ! you are right, and yet infinitely wrong. We have sinned ; we have laughed along the brink of many a volcano ; but *you*, you foolish Kaiser, are the man who has re-created us. Once there *were* two Frances—the clerical and the anti-clerical. There lay our weakness. It is you who have abolished the division, and have caused us to acknowledge that the lights in heaven which some of us once madly thought to be extinguished, are shining yet, and fighting on our side. We have seen the Irish regiments, bidden to charge, first falling on one knee, signing themselves with the Cross we laughed at, and then leap forward, heroes all of them, to death, to glory, and to God. We expelled our nuns. Now they are back again ; and I have seen one, herself eleven times wounded, with Christ's own love in her eyes, nursing her persecutors. And the priests ? Their Bishops bade them fight, and be the bravest among brave soldiers. That assuredly they are. They have fought in the ranks ; their Masses have been celebrated with cannon-roar for organ and for Sanctus-bell, with the flash of bursting shell for altar candles ; and the body of Christ has been reborn here in the trenches, and has found for cradle, this time, a machine-gun. Priests have been our officers ; and the same hand and voice that are raised to bid our men to charge are raised too, to give them Absolution when they fall ; and we laymen, by a mysterious inversion of our rôles, have had the duty of consoling their last moments, and lifting them up to heaven. Oh, Kaiser, reconciling Kaiser, Peace-Kaiser, in good truth you have made one peace at least, between ourselves and God.

*K. (frantically)* : Take me Paris ! Burn me Rheims ! Capture me Antwerp ! Annihilate me Belgium !

(*Soldier advances, but F. and E. hold out one hand and check him.*)

*Soldier (retreating slightly)* : Rheims is burning. Notre Dame is struck. Oh, Kaiser Wilhelm, I tremble when I see the stone crosses toppling from their steeples ; the wooden crosses stricken from their altars. What is this to which you force me ?

*K. (still standing : satanically)* : Madman ! Do you question Me ? I am your Lord. What to you are wooden crosses and stone crosses ? My Iron Cross shall be enough for you. Am I not Kaiser ?

*E. (to centre : brushing soldier into background : solemn)* : Yes ! and that is why, man of terrible power, take heed what you are doing. Realize that you and yours, who have in your day invented nothing for Europe but the strongest engines of destruction, the biggest guns, the most terrific shells, are forging a spiritual weapon, destructive as none other is.—HATE ; hate that scarcely twice a hundred years shall make an end of ; hate capable of bringing our whole European civilization to an anarchic end.

Yet it is true, that beside the Peace of which France has spoken, you have done two great things. You have created for all time the glorious name of Belgium. She was little known to us before—unknown to many of us, save for her Ostend and for her Congo ; not an English child now but knows her as the one nation of Europe who certainly and exclusively stood for Honour and the Right, and is suffering *martyrdom* for that.

(*Very clear and quiet*) : And ourselves, Kaiser, you are awakening, from our sleep of sloth, from our sleep of insobriety. Not boasting, not insolent, we go out to this war ; not frivolously, not passionately, we will continue it. We will not regret the amusements we must give up ; we will not shirk the hard training we must undertake. We shall suffer, even if victorious, terribly ; even when victorious, we shall not use victory for vengeance. Resolutely we set behind us the merely personal, our meanly selfish lusts. Now, when the war is perhaps but just beginning, it is in humility, simplicity, and chastened doggedness that we vow ourselves to fight, to fall, to arise, and not to fail.

SOME BRITISH OFFICERS RESTING AND EXAMINING MAPS AT . . . IN NORTHERN FRANCE.



LIEUT.  
G. ARCHER SHEE.

LIEUT.  
R. R. RILEY.

2ND LIEUT. H. J. BURKE.

*From THE TATLER for October 28th.*

*Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of THE TATLER, and also of  
NEWS ILLUSTRATIONS (4, Johnson's Court, London, E.C.), the owners of the copyright.*



## THE REBELLION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The rebellion in South Africa is perhaps one of the most unfortunate and disheartening events in the history of that country of surprises. One can understand the attitude of the Dutch towards England prior to the two great struggles that took place in the wars of 1880-1, and 1899-1902. It was inspired by a patriotism that could not but appeal to all who gave them credit for the honesty of their convictions, though they might not altogether agree with their conclusions as to their justification of resistance to English domination in the Transvaal. In these instances the Dutch were a united people, united at any rate in their stand against a common foe, for there always have been sections of the Dutch population among whom complete unanimity did not exist. This is evident from the history of the country when the Voortrekkers parted from their own people sooner than remain under English rule. But in the light of the peace concluded between England and the Boers after the last great war, and the magnanimity and generosity of the former, it is difficult to reconcile the conduct of the rebels with any justifiable patriotism. No foe was ever more generously treated than were the Dutch after the last Anglo-Boer War. It is not too much to say that they got more than they ever expected to get, and it is also true to say that they practically rule the country. The Prime Minister was their quondam leader in the war, while the Ministry is mainly composed of their own race, and all the best positions in the country are held by their adherents.

Under these conditions one would have thought the contingency of rebellion too remote for serious consideration. And indeed this would seem to have been the case, otherwise the Imperial troops at the suggestion of the Prime Minister would not have been withdrawn from the country so readily for service against the Germans in Europe. To what cause then, may we attribute the rebellion? Has it been brought about by internal dissensions among the various sections of the Dutch, or has outside influence, that is German influence, had a hand in it?

The correct answer, I think, is that both causes, more or less, are accountable for the rising.

As I have stated above, there are various shades of political opinion among the Dutch, but for all practical purposes they may be divided into three classes—Loyalists, Moderates, and Extremists. The loyalists would include men like General Botha, who have pledged their honour faithfully to uphold and defend South Africa as an integral portion of the British Empire, and of whose *bona fides* there can be no doubt, viewed in the light of past and present happenings. The Moderates are those who, while not prepared to parade their loyalty too conspicuously, are nevertheless firm in their resolve to accept their lot as sons of the Empire and to defend South Africa against any hostile nation. The Extremists are represented by men like General Hertzog, who, only through force of circumstances, have submitted to the sacrifice of their cherished republic on the altar of an Empire that practically assures them complete independence.

One therefore would hardly look for trouble from the Extremists, much less from so-called Loyalists, like General Beyers and Christian De Wet, whom we would class as Moderates. In the case of the former, he was the Commander-in-Chief of the South African Defence Force, and, as such, approved of General Botha's chivalrous offer to take on the defence of South Africa against German invasion so as to allow of the withdrawal of the Imperial troops for foreign service. His subsequent secession to the ranks of the rebels is very significant when this approval is borne in mind, as we shall presently see.

General De Wet, likewise, had held office under the Botha Government, and apparently had no cause for dissatisfaction on the score of not receiving a "fat" appointment under the new *regime*. Therefore, his rebellion was no less a surprise than that of Beyers, and to all South Africans, like myself, it has been a staggering blow. However, some are of opinion that even Beyers and De Wet may not have been satisfied with Botha's administration, and only awaited a favourable opportunity to show their hostility, knowing that they could rely on a certain



following who shared their views. Be this as it may, I am rather inclined to think that German machinations have been the immediate cause of the rebellion. The bait of a Dutch Republic, not merely in the Transvaal, and the Orange Free State, but embracing the whole of the sub-Continent, it may be assumed, was thrown out by Germany, who has always coveted the immense mineral wealth of South Africa, apart from its unique geographical position, and its suitability as a colonising ground for her surplus population. With Germany behind them and the Imperial troops withdrawn, the leaders of the rebels, knowing that they could also count on a certain number of the disloyal Dutch, evidently imagined that they had only to strike and the rest of the Dutch population would flock to their ranks. However, Gen. Botha's strong and prompt measures, and his exhortations to his fellow-countrymen to be true to the Empire, practically nipped the rebellion in the bud, and, judging by the latest news from South Africa, it would seem that it is gradually fizzling out.

My own impression is that De Wet, at any rate, will fight to the last, and will not allow himself to be taken alive. Had he succeeded in getting all the Free State Boers to join him he would have had a formidable force, and would probably have overrun the Cape Colony, where he knew he could count upon many followers in parts that are notorious for their hostility to anything savouring of British rule. Even when the rebellion is at an end its ill-effects on the country cannot be over-estimated. It will perpetuate that distrust of the Dutch always felt more or less by many South Africans, and which all true patriots hoped was dying out, never to be revived. This, in itself is an after effect that cannot be too much deplored.

F. E. GEOGHEGAN.

London,

27th Nov., 1914.

---

#### BAD COMPANY.

He that sleeps wi' dogs maun rise wi' fleas.  
*Scotch Proverb.*

### VARIA.

#### THE BRITISH ECLIPSE EXPEDITIONS.

The Greenwich observers of the total solar eclipse of August 21st were stationed at Minsk. On their return journey they visited the Imperial Observatory at Pulkovo, near Petrograd, and deposited their instruments there until the termination of the war. They were informed by the Director, Dr. Backlund, that he had, in spite of the two refusals received by the British Foreign Office, obtained permission for Father Cortie and Father O'Connor to observe the eclipse at Kiev. Fortunately, as events proved, this permission was never communicated to our two astronomers. The eclipsed sun was obscured by clouds at Kiev.

#### FATHER CORTIE'S LECTURES.

On November 11th Father Cortie lectured on his eclipse expedition to the members of the Preston Scientific Society, of which he is President. To mark their appreciation of the honour that two members of the Scientific Society formed part of the Government Eclipse Expedition the members presented both Father Cortie and Mr. Gibbs, who is Chairman of the Astronomical Section of the Society, with beautifully illuminated addresses.

Fr. Cortie has also lectured on the Expedition at Burnley and at Whalley, and on November 29th he lectured to a very large audience at Newcastle-on-Tyne on "Sun-spots."

#### DONATIONS.

##### TO THE LIBRARY :

Two magnificent volumes of the Edition de luxe of the Life and Miracles of Takla Hâymânot, entitled, "The Book of the Riches of Kings," two volumes, by E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., with 165 coloured plates in each volume and facsimile reproductions of Ethiopic texts from the MSS. in the British Museum. The work was dedicated by Lady Meux, at whose expense it was produced, to H. H. Râs

Makonnen, K.C.M.G., Governor of Harrar and the Dependencies of Ethiopia : *presented by Fr. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.* (1859).

The Laity's Directory for 1816, 1821, 1826, 1831, and 1839 : *presented by Captain Richard Trappes-Lomax* (1879).

#### TO THE MUSEUM :

Helmet of a German Dragoon : *presented by Mr. Philip Gibbs.*

A Japanese Kakemono, or Hanging Scroll, given to Fr. Bernard Vaughan by Prince Tokugawa, President of the Japanese Chamber of Peers, on the occasion of an address delivered to them by Fr. Vaughan at their special invitation : *presented by Fr. Bernard Vaughan.*

Oil painting of St. Ignatius Loyola, on copper, in antique frame, ascribed to the Spanish artist, Sanchez Coello : *presented by Father Bernard Vaughan.*

#### SODALITY NOTES.

Since the last publication of the Magazine the following Sodalists have been killed at the front : E. Cormac Walshe, C. Mallins, and T. Clancey.

R.I.P.

The following candidates have been accepted for Higher Line Sodality : J. Healy, R. Price-Jones, E. Healy, D. MacSherry, P. Bell, H. Broadbent, J. d'Abadie, E. de Hirsch Davies, L. Gradwell, R. Gurrin, W. Hull, B. Jackson, C. Laughton, E. Macadam, A. O'Bryen, B. Payne, B. Pimm, C. Powell, F. Purgold, R. Sellier, S. Slattery, R. Waters, E. Weld, L. Graham Lloyd, E. Hooper, V. M. del Rio, and E. Quin.

The admission ceremony will be held on December 8th, in the Sodality Chapel, during the boys' mass.

B. P. WITHALL (Prefect).

### AN ACCOUNT OF THE TAKING OF GUADALAJARA, AND OF THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

By ROGER CASTIELLO, O.S., 1903.

GUADALAJARA, July 3rd, 1914.

#### Friday.

The column Zozaya, commanded by the General of that name, composed of four thousand men, was the only force of any importance on which we counted to resist the attacks of the rebels, but the latter had lately cut off that column near the town, and the soldiers that had escaped were returning here wounded and exhausted.

We had not the slightest idea of how the fighting in the neighbouring towns was going on, for the governor of the place, General Mier, had given strict orders forbidding to let any news pass by telegraph or be published in the newspapers, fearing disorders in the town, but in spite of that we knew that the rebels were gaining victories every day ; for lately a great number of troops had gone out to detain the rapid advance of the rebels. There scarcely remained two thousand men to defend the town, too few for the purpose, for the radius of Guadalajara is very wide, being the largest city and the most important in the republic after the capital.

#### Saturday.

The Governor of the town having no more money to pay his soldiers, was compelled to ask a loan of 360,000 dollars—about £36,000—from the bank of the State (Banco de Jalisco).

We were still more certain than ever from this fact that it was quite impossible for the Government to stand this critical situation any longer.

We learnt that the rebels were now quite near the town.

#### Sunday.

In the morning there was nothing extraordinary, but in the afternoon about one thousand men, mounted infantry, crossed the streets of the town at full gallop ; they were going to encounter a party of rebels just outside the place. For many hours after-

wards until dark, we kept hearing the noise of the machine guns and the rapid firing on both sides.

#### *Monday.*

We learnt that it was not the main force of the rebels that had attacked the day before, but that it was a small party attacking us, to distract the attention of our forces.

In the morning and in the afternoon there were no more attacks. The Western Division commanded by General Alvaro Obregon was advancing towards Guadalajara with 30,000 men, and was very near the town. We understood, therefore, that all the efforts the Governor was making to avoid the taking of the place would be not only fruitless, but even very harmful, because in the towns which had made resistance the rebels after their victory had committed all sorts of depredations, and besides the garrison of the town consisted of only two thousand untrained men. On the other hand, to the places that had surrendered the rebels had given full guarantees.

Consequently, it was the general opinion that the forces of the Government were going to evacuate the place in order to avoid the destruction of the town, for the rebels always began by bombarding and then attacking so fiercely that it was almost impossible to resist them.

At 8 o'clock p.m. suddenly all the town was in complete darkness: the rebels had cut the electrical transmission from a water power tributary to Guadalajara. The streets became immediately deserted, and everybody retired to his home, feeling certain that the attack was going to take place that same night.

#### *Tuesday.*

In the morning, about six o'clock, a body of special police was made up in a hurry for the purpose of keeping order only, and not to defend the town, for the Governor, Gen. Mier, and all his troops had evacuated the night before, leaving the town without a single soldier!

About nine o'clock in the morning there was a great alarm on hearing some firing in the prison of the town; the prisoners had raised a rebellion,

knowing the troops had evacuated the place the night before, and that only few guards remained. A terrible struggle followed in which several people were killed.

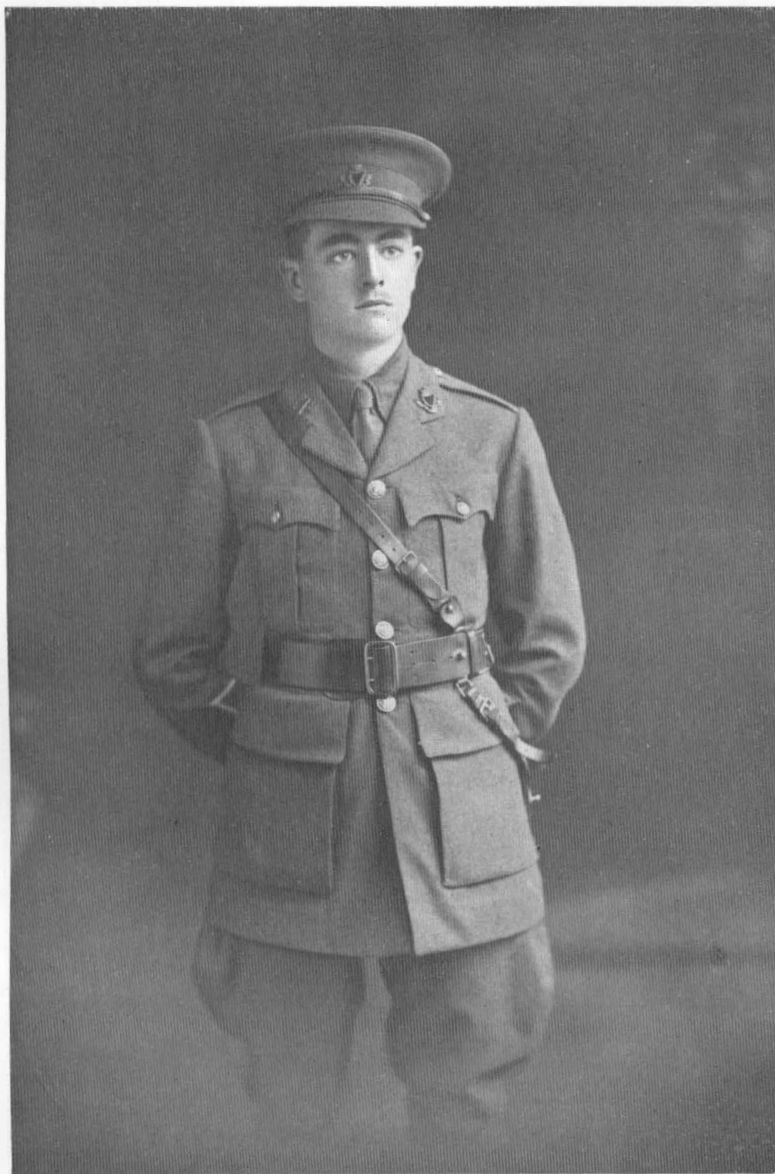
Whilst this was going on, a commission composed of the German Consul, Mr. Beckmann, the English Consul, Mr. Percy G. Holms, and some other representative persons went outside the town to speak to the rebels to make terms of peace. The latter agreed to enter quietly, and to give us full guarantees for keeping perfect order. At the beginning at least they showed that they had good intentions, for the first thing they did on entering was to go immediately to the prison to disarm the prisoners and keep them in order. This was of great service to us.

When the rebel forces of General Obregon entered into the town we thought ourselves saved, because they had entered in orderly fashion and they promised to give all sorts of assurances, but we little knew what was in store for us in the future.

On the first day of their arrival a new governor was appointed by General Obregon. This same day the forces of the Government, with General Mier at the head of them, who had evacuated Guadalajara, were completely destroyed by the rebels near the town, and the body of the ex-Governor, General Mier, was brought back here riddled with bullets. That was the end of the garrison of the town.

The new governor of Guadalajara published a decree announcing that any soldier or person found committing a robbery, or any disorder would be shot immediately according to the martial law. The first five days about 80 people were shot for disobeying that decree, consequently we had not the least disturbance in the town.

On the other hand, day by day we were feeling that these people were a terrible scourge, for they began by occupying the best houses of the persons who had gone away to the capital. Afterwards they disposed of all the horses, carriages, motor cars, and they used everything in the most natural way, just as if it belonged to them. They were even glad that all the rich people now had to go on foot, after their motor cars or carriages had been confiscated. The rôles had changed completely, and as there was no



LIEUT. CLAUDE O'CONOR MALLINS.

*2nd Batt. Connaught Rangers.*

Born October, 1894. O.S. 1902.

Killed in action at Ypres, November 2nd, 1914.

law, the wronged people could not complain of anything. After this, they began to impose loans, which they called "war contributions," from 5,000 dollars (£500) up to 150,000 dollars (about £15,000). From the clergy they demanded that amount, saying that having so much money it was quite just for them to give that sum. Many people who had no ready money had to pay up to 12 per cent. *a month* to have money lent to pay the imposed loans, for those who did not pay were threatened with having to pay double the amount if the sum was not covered in twenty days. Others had to sell most of their property to avoid having everything confiscated.

Many respectable people were put into prison only for the reason that they had signed a telegram welcoming the Government when President Madero had fallen. These had the option of giving 500 dollars (£50), or remaining in prison, but many preferred staying in prison to giving the money, for it was quite unjust.

Besides all this, worse calamities were awaiting us. One day the Governor sent word to the College of the religious of the Sacred Heart, which is very beautiful, saying that having not enough shelter for his soldiers and for his horses, it was a splendid edifice for that purpose. This college was under the care of the British Vice-Consul, Mr. Percy G. Holms, but although the latter did all that was in his power to defend this property, he could not manage it.

The religious were obliged to leave their beautiful college and to divide themselves in lots of six, and to go to some houses where they were welcomed. Amongst them there were an English and an Irish religious.

Not content with this, the Governor lately requisitioned the beautiful College of the Jesuits also for his soldiers. The members of the Society of Jesus, who had been warned that these men were making a fierce war on all the priests and religious communities, had dismissed the boys for their vacation before the accustomed time and had gone to private houses, leaving in the College only two Fathers, Father Rector (Rev. F. Decorme), and Father De Groot, and they stayed to look after the Church near the College which is in their care. When the soldiers

entered into the College, the first thing they did was to go to the rooms of the Fathers and take the clothes they found there, leaving the fathers with only the clothes they had on.

Some days after the rebels had taken possession of the College, two officials presented themselves to the two fathers who had stayed and told them they had orders to bring them to prison, giving no reasons for this proceeding, and that night the Fathers slept in prison. Not only the Jesuits, but also all the priests of the town were imprisoned that day on the score that they were guilty of treason in concealing arms and helping the Government. They all remained a week in prison, and naturally all the churches were closed, and it was a very sad thing to hear that many people died without confession and without sacraments for this reason.

The Jesuits, who are very popular, were visited by friends very often while they were in prison.

As it is easy to conceive, at the beginning everybody was astonished by all these happenings, and we all thought that it would not be so difficult to take all the priests and the Jesuits out of prison, employing good lawyers and powerful influences; but we found out that all this was entirely useless, for the rebels did not respect any law and only used brute force.

However, a week after, all the priests and the Jesuits were set at liberty on the condition that they reported themselves to the police every three days. Things did not remain there, however, for ten days later, all the foreign priests and the Jesuits received an order from the Governor to leave the town, and go by the first steamer from the port of Manzanillo.

It was a hard blow for them, and still harder for us, for their College here in Guadalajara is splendidly fitted, it has a very good library, a very large Church, where retreats were given every year, and more than 30,000 dollars (£3,000) had been spent on the physical and chemical laboratories alone, besides which the Jesuits have a fine observatory. All these things they were going to lose, but we were losing much more—the education they gave to the boys—an education which cannot be compared to any other—I do not say this because I was educated

by them, having always loved and bearing a very dear remembrance of my Alma Mater Stonyhurst—but because it is generally recognised by everybody here that the education given by the Jesuits is by far the best.

I will go back to my subject ; in the morning I learnt the news that the Jesuits were going away. I went immediately to the station to say good-bye to them. There I found such a crowd that it took me some time before I was able to enter. There was a great quantity of boys of the College, also many people of the best society, and a large group of middle class people ; to the latter the Jesuits had done very much good, for some of them devoted their whole time, and were dedicated to the Church, hearing confessions at all hours of the day and giving religious instruction, consequently all the working class were also very sorry for their departure.

I saw many boys and young men with tears in their eyes, as they said good-bye to the Jesuits. The latter were going to the town of Colima, a day's journey from Guadalajara, and from that town to the port of Manzanillo to take a steamer bound for San Francisco, Cal. They were accompanied by the English Vice-Consul at Colima. After the Jesuits had stayed in Colima about a week, the religious of the Sacred Heart joined them there ; they had also to leave Guadalajara, *en route* for San Francisco. In Colima both the fathers and the religious were very well received by the people, but in the port of Manzanillo they all suffered greatly on account of the climate, which is extremely hot, and through the want of many necessities of life, which could not be found there, for this place is very small, with only two or three wooden huts and nothing more. Consequently it had been even necessary for the people in Colima to send to the Jesuits and others religious provisions and water.

To give a slight idea of how they all suffered, I will only say this : the religious, who numbered forty-eight, spent several days in one of the small wooden houses, which consisted of one narrow corridor and two small rooms.

As for the Jesuits, they had the worst part of it, for them there was no shelter of any kind, and they had to sleep on the shore in the open air !

They all stayed several days there waiting the steamer that was to take them to San Francisco, for although there had been regular service of steamers touching Manzanillo several months before, when things were quite normal, it was not known when any steamer was going to touch at that port.

At last, after all their sufferings they had the satisfaction to go aboard a small steamer bound for San Francisco.

Some of the religious and of the Jesuits who were Mexican, and who had never gone out of their country, bade the last farewell to their land with their hearts full of grief, as we were told afterwards, not only because they thought it was very difficult for them to come back again, but also because they saw their country ruined, the religion of the people trampled by those savage rebels, helped in all their work of destruction by the American Government !

We all envied the Jesuits when they went away, because, after all, they have beautiful colleges all over the world, and they were going to San Francisco, where we knew afterwards they were very well received ; but we remained sad and mournful, knowing that besides the expulsion of the Jesuits other calamities were going to befall on us.

---

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### FERGUSON'S PERCENTAGE TRIGONOMETRY.

*To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.*

DEAR SIR,—I beg your leave to take exception to some of your reviewer's statements on my Percentage Trigonometry in your issue of October, otherwise his remarks may hinder the introduction of my Percentage Trigonometry as a class-book, in Catholic schools.

1. The title-page of my book shows definitely that it is intended as a class-book. In fact, the Press and numerous authorities have already recommended it for use, as a class-book, to the Board of Education, the Naval College, Technical Schools, and to Navigators and Surveyors generally.

2. "It does not cover all the ground of the excellent school trigonometries now in use."

It does not require so much ground. The Percentage Unit of Angular Measurement helps one to solve any



problem in plane trigonometry, direct from the angle numbers by simple arithmetic. The complicated method of measuring and expressing an angle in empirical circular units, known as degrees, which have afterwards to be reduced, with the aid of more or less difficult equations and books of tables ; in order to find the value of the straight sides of a triangle can now be done away with by using my percentage unit. Moreover, the length of all the trigonometrical lines of the circle can be found in terms of radius and their relationship to each other are made more clear than before, through the Percentage Angle Number ; this applies to any given angle required, including fractions of  $\frac{1}{10000}$  of a percentage unit. And all this can be done by simple arithmetic with my two rules, which are rigorously right. This being so, my Percentage Trigonometry book should be of value in teaching boys, for any boy with a knowledge of arithmetic should be able to master plane trigonometry in one tenth of the time he can now learn it through the degree method. The boy who had once mastered Percentage Trigonometry would find less difficulty in remembering it, and he could more readily apply his knowledge, which, after all, is the crux of education.

3. "There is no fixed unit in the ordinary sense of the word in the system at all."

Indeed ? My definition of a unit is : any definite known length or quantity, used over and over again, as a measure, to count with ; my unit of Angular Measurement is the Radius, the fractions of which are expressed in hundredths, or percentages of Radius.

As in plane trigonometry the boundaries of figures are straight lines : the most direct way to measure them is by straight lines—not by circular units. The most ancient and the direct way of measuring an angle, or determining the position of a point, by straight lines, is by measuring a perpendicular offset from a fixed line, with rectangular co-ordinates. This is actually what I do. The percentage number of an angle is established by dividing the perpendicular by the base, and the figures of the ratio thus found are the correct numbering of the percentage angle. In this way the measure of the angle is expressed by the height of the perpendicular, a straight line, in terms of a percentage of the radius, base or fixed line. A percentage circle used with an angular instrument is divided and numbered so that a definite known angle and a definite space can be laid out or measured by a straight line, at right angles to any fixed line, thus disclosing the value of both the angle and the two rectangular co-ordinate lines, providing the length of one of these lines is known. Whenever a percentage circle is attached to a surveying instrument and to a compass it will convert both of them into a simple and accurate range-finder. When using the percentage unit one can solve problems with-

out the aid of tables ; working with the degree, one cannot.

4. "Nothing else than the result of multiplying the tangent of the angle by 100."

Surely one cannot read the value of the natural tangent of an angle from a circle divided in degrees ; he can only get the natural tangent from a book of tables. When he has found it in this way what need can there be for multiplying it by 100 ?

I still prefer my own description of my Percentage Unit of Angular Measurement ; the fixed value of which is the Radius.

In conclusion, I cannot expect every mathematician should be able to master the use of my Percentage Unit at a glance, for simple as it is now, it took me my spare time for twenty-one years to calculate and publish my "Percentage Unit of Angular Measurement with Logarithms," and my Percentage Trigonometry. It is a fact that I have met Wranglers, who were puzzled, when I asked them for the number of a complement of a given percentage angle.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN C. FERGUSSON, M. Inst. C.E.

Birmingham,

Nov. 26th, 1914.

## FOOTBALL.

STONYHURST COLLEGE F.C. v. BLACKBURN ETRURIANS.

*November 5th.*

Etrurians winning the toss, Healy started for Stonyhurst, whose left was early prominent, but the ball was transferred to the other end, where Carrasco checked the visitors' left-wing. Good shots by Flinn and Fox just missed, but very soon afterwards Kelly took up a pass from Healy and scored with a fast, low shot. Etrurians next took their turn of attacking, but though their insides combined well at times, they found our defence too good for them. Then Kelly got through, but was fouled, and himself scored from the penalty-mark with a hard drive. Very few minutes' later good work by Danson and Plissonneau again gave Kelly his chance, and, in spite of vigorous appeals for offside, he brought the score to 3-0. From a dropping shot from one of the Blackburn forwards Caryll cleared well away to the right, whence Fox dropped in a good centre for Kelly to head into the net. Score at half-time :— *Stonyhurst, 4 ; Etrurians, 0.*



After the resumption Healy put in a good shot which was safely cleared, and the Etrurians' inside-right, taking the ball up himself, scored with a high shot. Our halves were plying the forwards with good passes, and from one of Hull's Kelly once again got through, was again fouled, and scored from the free-kick, this time just outside the area. Blackburn made several attempts to get through, and eventually their outside-right got clean away and scored with a splendid shot into the far corner of the net. Dawson tackled splendidly and got the ball out to Nolan, from whose centre withall just failed with a low shot, Healy also making a good attempt. Several fast runs by Nolan, followed by well-placed centres, gave our insides several chances, but it was not till Fox put in a high centre that Kelly scored the sixth goal. Flinn and Hull put in good shots after this, and Etrurians made vain attempts to reduce the lead, but time was called with Stonyhurst easy victors by 6—2.

#### LOWER LINE v. PRESTON COLLEGE.

*November 9th.*

Lower Line won the toss and took advantage of the strong wind, which was blowing towards the College. The home forwards set to work immediately, and a long pass by Chevers to Lawson allowed that player to give us the lead after five minutes' play. Soon after this Cuffey further increased the score with a shot at close range. Nothing of note happened within the next ten minutes, until Carrasco, having stopped a rush by Preston's centre-forward, passed to Agostini, who just managed to score from an awkward position. Shots from Lawson, Morrissy, and Agostini followed in quick succession without effect. Cuffey netted the ball again, but the whistle had already sounded for offside. A rush by their right-wing was stopped by O'Mara, when the former was just going to centre. Immediately afterwards Chevers scored Lower Line's fourth goal. Play was almost entirely in the Preston half, their side being sadly handicapped by an accident to their left-back. Agostini broke through, but the Preston goal-keeper saved magnificently. Again Agostini drove the ball just over the bar from outside the penalty area. Two shots followed by Morrissy, one hitting the side of the net, the other being only a few inches too high. Lawson then rushed through and scored with a shot well out of the goalkeepers reach.

The Preston forwards tried another rush, but Didcock relieved the spectators by kicking well down the wing to Morrissy, who forced a corner. The kick was well placed by Agostini, but Cuffey headed over. The interval soon came with the score standing—

*Lower Line, 5 ; Preston, 0.*

Preston having the wind in their favour pressed from the recommencement of play, the Lower Line goal having a narrow escape. A shot from the visitors' left-inside was cleared by Rockliff. A miskick by Carrasco let in their centre-forward, who looked like scoring, when Rockliff, rushing out, saved magnificently. The Visitors played a much better game this half. Didcock, being hard pressed, passed back to Rockliff, but, in doing so, he nearly scored against his side. The Lower Line forwards took the game into the visitors' half again. Two rushes by Lower Line allowed Cuffey to score two more goals for his side.

Their centre-half put in a magnificent shot from long range, but Rockliff saved the situation by punching the ball over. Chevers then rushed down the wing, and having rounded a full-back, scored with a superb low drive from about ten yards distance. The end came soon afterwards, leaving Lower Line victorious.

*Lower Line, 8 ; Preston, 0.*

Lower Line thoroughly deserved their victory. All the forwards played admirably. They seemed to be never at doubt as to whom they ought to pass. Morrissy, in particular, was very accurate in his centres, while Agostini distributed the ball with great judgment to both wings. The halves also played well, especially Johnstone, who saved the situation again and again. The backs laboured under a disadvantage, for Carrasco had an injured leg, and thus gave Didcock too much work. Rockliff kept goal efficiently, but hesitated once or twice.

J. G. D'ABADIE.

#### THIRD PLAYROOM v. PRESTON.

*November 9th.*

Third Playroom played the first of their out-matches on "Parkfield," curtailed by a few yards for the occasion, on November 9th. A strong wind was blowing towards the College. Preston won the toss and took advantage of the wind. From the start they pressed, but their forwards were well smothered by the defenders, Holmes doing especially good work. Third Playroom at length attacked, Neely sending a good pass to Cole, who ran down well, but was charged off inside the penalty area. Unhappily, Neely missed the penalty, the ball going wide. Preston came again, the right-wing taking the ball down and centring well. Booth ran out and attempted to kick away, but missed the ball, which was immediately placed in the net. In spite of this reverse, and of the wind, which had become a regular hurricane, Rockliff took the ball up, and both he and Neely put in good shots. Later Preston scored a second goal, after some good passing in the centre. Then our right-wing attacked, and Cole nearly got through. However, we

soon had a third goal registered against us by a high shot from about twenty yards. Immediately afterwards half-time sounded with the score—

*Preston, 3 ; Third Playroom, 0.*

With the second half Third Playroom had the wind behind them, and they were not slow to use their advantage. Not at all downhearted by the three goals against them, they at once attacked and gained a corner. This was beautifully placed by Malone; and Bloomfield rushed in and put the ball over the goal line. For a moment it seemed doubtful if a goal had been scored, but almost immediately the ball was reposing at the back of the net. Soon afterwards Corkery put in a splendid rising shot which the goal-keeper could not touch.

Third Playroom continued to press, but for a long time no further success came. At length Preston seemed to be getting away, but Holmes obtained the ball on the half-way line, and from that position took a mighty kick with his left foot ; the ball soared over the heads of the whole field, and, amidst great enthusiasm from the spectators (several of whom were hoarse for the next day or two) entered the goal just below the bar, making the score 3—3.

The pressure was continued without intermission, and the Preston goal-keeper stopped several good shots. Corkery finally obtained an opening and put his side in front with another beautiful shot from about twenty yards.

The excellent training of the Third Playroom now began to tell ; they were playing as fast a game as at the beginning, while the Prestonians were obviously tiring ; their defence began to give way, and frequent miskicks occurred ; fatal mistakes in a heavy wind with quick forwards ready to take full advantage of every opening.

Rockcliff scored with a low shot into the corner of the goal, the ball passing between several of the defenders. Then Neely had the ball almost through when he was tackled, but Cole, rushing up, put on the sixth goal. Bloomfield soon afterwards added a seventh, and close upon time Danson, with a long powerful shot from about thirty yards, hit the mark for the eighth time.

The game thus ended—

*Third Playroom, 8 ; Preston, 3.*

With the exception of the slip which led to the first goal, Booth made no mistakes, but during the second half he was not called upon to stop a single shot. Of the backs Holmes played a magnificent game ; his goal was the finest of the match, but the less spectacular work of defence which he accomplished in the first half was even better. Murray, too, did very good work ; he showed excellent judgment and tackled well. Of the halves Dawson was the best ; he was to be found

everywhere in the thick of things, and in the second half was especially successful in preventing the opposing forwards from developing counter-attacks. Malone showed good judgment and stuck well to his men, but he is a little slow. Jones was somewhat disappointing and did not quite fulfill the hopes of last year.

The forwards obtained six goals by really excellent shooting, Corkery's two efforts being exceptionally good. The combination, however, left something to be desired. Cole gave and received passes well, and in the first half was perhaps the best of the line, but afterwards the three inside men kept too close together, and Neely was somewhat hampered in his movements ; this, together with the fact that the opposing centre-half was a man of distinctly heavier metal, caused him not to shine as much as we expected. Both wing men played a sound game. Altogether the team well deserved their victory and did great credit to the careful training which they have received.

The eleven was as follows :—

*Goal :* J. Booth ; *Backs :* G. Holmes, W. Murray ; *Halves :* W. Jones, R. Danson, J. Malone ; *Right Wing :* F. Bloomfield, W. Cole ; *Centre :* J. Neely ; *Left Wing :* R. Corkery, C. Rockcliff.

## REVIEWS.

### SISTER MARY OF ST. FRANCIS, S.N.D.

Being the Life of HON. LAURA PETRE (*née* STAFFORD-JERNINGHAM).

Edited by DOM BEDE CAMM, O.S.B.

*Washbourne. 5/-*

Sister Mary of St. Francis was one of those chosen souls on whom God seems to have showered every gift and advantage both of nature and of grace. Her life was well worth writing. To quote the preface : " It may be doubted if the work that this laborious and humble religious did for the conversion of England has been surpassed by more than a very few of her contemporaries. Her record of achievement is indeed a marvellous one."

Brought up in the finest traditions of a noble English Catholic family, it is plainly evident that her love for the poor and for children, her love for the Blessed Sacrament, her fidelity to the Church, her love for Christ's Vicar, were but part of the goodly heritage which she received from those who had gone before her.

Very interesting, very admirable is the picture here drawn for us of her home life and early training, of the family ideals and traditions always so faithfully exemplified in Laura Stafford-Jerningham.

At thirty-seven years of age she lost her husband, to whom she had devoted nineteen of the best years of her life. She was now the sole mistress of a fairly large fortune, in the prime of life, and at the full development of her rare gifts of heart and intellect, a future was evidently before her. Her one wish was to place all at God's disposal in some religious order, but which was it to be? After many ups and downs she seems to have been providentially led to the congregation of Notre Dame, then struggling in great poverty in its first English foundation in an obscure corner of Cornwall. She seems to have been God's instrument in establishing them in this country. Henceforth her fortune, her rare powers of mind and heart, her very life were placed at their service, and to her is due the foundation of the great Notre Dame centre, at Mount Pleasant and elsewhere. From her quiet retreat at Namur she directed the business arrangements of these foundations and devoted herself for the Catholic cause in England. The details of her work are told in these pages, while we also get glimpses of "the secret motive-power of her generous and devoted activity, a burning love of Jesus and of the souls for whom He died."

The life is most interesting reading in every part of it, and can be heartily recommended to all classes of readers. It is well and simply written, and gives a most life-like picture of a very charming personality. There are a number of excellent illustrations, including portraits.

### THE PILGRIMS OF GRACE.

A Yorkshire Tale in the Time of Henry VIII.

By JOHN G. ROME.

*Washbourne.* 3/6.

The great central hero of this story is Robert Aske, that noble historical personage hitherto ignored by Catholic writers, who has been styled by even the ultra-protestant Froude "a brave, simple, noble-minded man."

The author has done well in attempting to rescue so great a name from oblivion. Around this the most stirring and eventful period of his career he has woven a lasting and well-written romance which thrills our hearts with admiration for the brave and enthusiastic "Pilgrims of Grace," and, above all, for their noble leader, so basely betrayed.

### ON A HILL.

A Romance of Sacrifice.

By F. M. CAPES.

*Washbourne.* 1/6.

The sacrifice made by the heroine, Diana Merton, a clever and attractive young artist, on behalf of her friend, Maud Sandford, is in all its circumstances, truly heroic, and our hearts go out to the generous girl, for as we read in the Epilogue, "the Mount of Sacrifice remains solitary, as far as human recognition goes." Yet Diana is, of course, never without Divine compensation, and as years roll on, she sees that even from a natural point of view, she has acted wisely, and decides that she was allowed to go through the experience that she might know herself and then have the call to sacrifice, which she grew to look upon as the two great graces of her life. It would not be fair to say more, but those who wish to know what the sacrifice was will do well to purchase this attractive story.

### AN INDEX TO THE WORKS OF JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J., B.Sc. (OXON.)

*Longmans,* 6/- net., 1914.

This is, of course, no mere glossary, or list of words to be found in Newman's writings, but a coherent and logical synopsis of the ideas which give direction to his work, in their developments and ramifications—such as *contradictions, controversy, conversion*. Not but what there are purely individual topics, too; *i.e., Constantine the Great: the Convocation of Canterbury*. Thus this is not merely a guide to, but a philosophical view of, Newman; no mere time-saving machine, but an illumination for the mind. May it serve to make a Great Prophet better known and honoured in his own country.

### CHINESE ADVICE TO A WIFE.

She should follow and be humble, that it ne'er  
be said by men  
That "the morning there is published by the  
crowing of the *hen*."

Chinese Classic, from *Home Life in China*.

HEADLAM.