

RICHARD WHITING.

The Story of the Life and Death of the Last Abbot of Glastonbury.

ROBBERY OF THE MONASTERIES.

"The Last Abbot of Glastonbury and His Companions" is the title of a work just issued by Francis Aidan Gasquet, of the Order of St. Benedict. How far the destruction of the monasteries was the result of religious enthusiasm, and how far of the covetousness of Henry and his minister, Cromwell, appears from these pages, and the result of the calm, dispassionate recital must be to heap fresh obloquy upon the pseudo reformers. (Public Circulating Library, No. G. 2721.)

Little is known of the early life of Richard Whiting. From such information as appears it is supposed that that he was one of those "poor scholars," of which all the religious houses, more particularly those of Ireland, had their share. From Glastonbury he went to Cambridge, taking his M.A. degree in 1483. For fifteen years thereafter, at which time he was ordained to the priesthood, he assisted in the teaching.

Until many years after his ordination, little is known of him, so simple was the life of obedience he led. He held for a time the office of Chamberlain, and in the Cambridge records of 1505 it appears that he took his degree of doctor of theology.

In 1525 Abbot Bere died. This prelate had been distinguished through the island for his administrative ability, his great learning, and his ready tact. He found Glastonbury somewhat demoralized in the matter of discipline; he left it the foremost house in England. His knowledge and judgment in matters of scholarship was such that Erasmus, who had revised the Bible, thinking to improve on St. Jerome's Latin style, referred his labors to Abbot Bere, and, out of deference to him, refrained from publishing afterwards admitting that the Abbot was right and himself wrong. Henry VII came to Somerset to suppress the Perkin Warbeck rebellion. The Abbot housed him free of charge, a very pleasant thing to the avaricious King. For this act the abbey was spared the enormous fines imposed upon innocent or guilty who were supposed to be in sympathy with Warbeck, or appeared able to contribute, under pressure, to the royal purse.

After meditation and prayer, the choice of a new abbot was left to Cardinal Wolsey, who, to the surprise of everyone named Whiting. The chosen one, after much resistance, accepted the duties, the pursuance of which was to end in his martyrdom. He was then an old man, and had been observed and praised by Wolsey and others. His reputation in the monastery was of the best.

Within a few months of this appointment began Henry VIII.'s efforts to secure a divorce from Katherine of Aragon that he might marry Anne Boleyn.

Henry, who up to that time had been an able and at the same time apparently virtuous prince, now began to throw off all restraints. When Sir Thomas More retired from the office of Chancellor, he said rightly to the rising Cromwell, "Mark, Cromwell, you are now entered the service of a most noble, wise and liberal prince; if you will follow my poor advice, you shall in your counsel given to His Grace, ever tell him what he ought to do, but not what he is able to do. For if a lion but knew his strength, hard were it for any man to rule him."

When Henry promulgated his oath of Supremacy, there were very few who when called upon refused to subscribe to it. Thomas More and John Fisher, discerning from the first the full import of the act, were glorious exceptions. Concerning the doubtful submission to the King's demand Cardinal Manning said:

"It must not be forgotten that at this time the minds of men had been so distracted by the great western schism, by the frequent subtraction of obedience, by the doubtful election of popes, and the simultaneous existence of two or even three claimants to the Holy See, that the supreme pontifical authority had become a matter of academical discussion *hinc inde*. This throws much light on the singular fact attested by Sir Thomas More in speaking to the jury and the judge by whom he was condemned; 'I have by the grace of God, been always a Catholic, never out of communion with the Roman Pontiff, but I have heard it said at times that the authority of the Roman Pontiff was certainly lawful and to be respected, but still an authority derived from human law, and not standing upon a divine prescription. Then, when I observed that public affairs were so ordered that the sources of the power of the Roman Pontiff would necessarily be examined, I gave myself up to a most diligent examination of that subject for the space of seven years, and found that the authority of the Roman Pontiff, which you rashly—I will not use stronger language—have set aside, is not only lawful, to be respected, and necessary, but also grounded on the divine law and prescription. That is my opinion; that is the belief in which, by the grace of God, I shall die.'

The plunder of the abbeys having been determined upon, Cromwell let it be known that no person was to be held secured from his avarice by any attributes of sanctity or worth. He sent his agents to Glastonbury where, by prying and wheedling, they sought to incriminate the abbot as guilty of treason. They found a life of Thomas a Becket, and a discourse on the validity of Katherine's marriage. On this they sent Whiting off to London, and being rid of him plundered his abbey.

What happened at London is a short story. It may be made even shorter by quoting from Cromwell's own papers. "Item. Councillors to give evidence against the abbot of Glaston, Richard Pollard, Lewis Foratell, and Thomas Moyle. Item. To see that the evidence be well sorted and the indictment well drawn against the said abbots and their accomplices. Item. How the King's learned council shall be with me all this day, for the full conclusion of the indictments. Item. The abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and also executed there.

This was the star chamber method. Condemn first; try afterward.

The event was as Cromwell had indicated. Taken a long journey, worried through a trial while still tired out, he was taken at once to the hill overlooking his abbey and there hanged, beheaded and quartered.

Simple, devout, a true follower of Christ he received his fate praying for those who were so carried away by error and avarice.

A shaft into the bowels of the earth is proposed by M. Paschal Grousset as the sensation for the exposition of 1900. His plan is an inversion of the idea of the Eiffel tower. Elevators will carry the public down the shaft; at intervals there will be restaurants and concert-rooms, decorated so as to harmonize with the temperature, which will increase with the depth, as far as 2100 feet below the surface. Beyond that point, as the heat will be too great for comfort, a narrower shaft is to be driven for scientific purposes only to a depth greater than has ever yet been obtained, possibly 5000 feet.

Pilgrimage to St. Anne De Beaupre.

A pilgrimage is being organized by the Rev. M. J. Stanton, Smith's Falls, to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, which has received the official sanction of His Grace, the Archbishop of Kingston, and will be the only diocesan pilgrimage this year. The main purpose of this excursion is to encourage faith and piety among our people and to afford them an opportunity of seeing this miraculous shrine of St. Anne. If advantage be derived from it through the numbers who will take advantage of it from all over the diocese of Kingston, the alms will be devoted to purposes of religion which will be designated by the Archbishop. That the pilgrimage will be a success is guaranteed at the outset, since the management is entrusted to the able hands of Father Stanton, who already has gained a reputation for perfect organization of such enterprises. His pilgrimage last year is well remembered for its magnificent and detailed organizing, showing that when this zealous and practical clergyman undertakes a more extended effort, the same, and even greater success will be attained. It will be observed that the excursion this summer will be diocesan in its character; it will be the only one that the Archbishop will permit this season, and, therefore, we have every confidence that it will be worthy of the diocese and reflect new credit on the able management of the pastor of Smith's Falls. We understand that the Church in Tweed, which is encumbered with a large debt will receive a considerable share of the monetary benefits of this pilgrimage, and we bespeak for it, therefore, the patronage of our friends in Kingston and throughout the length and breadth of the diocese. Not only will those who avail themselves of its cheapness, see a beautiful section of the country and make a religious visit to the holy shrine, but they will have the additional gratification of feeling that they are helping a poor mission to pay its burdens undertaken for the glory of God. We hope our numerous readers will read this notice and keep a few dollars free to enable them to take in this pilgrimage. In a few days, the date will be fixed and the programme of all other arrangements made public. Once more reminding our patrons that the diocesan pilgrimage is all its details will be under the direction and management of Father Stanton, we are satisfied that there will be no regrets and no disappointments, and what other wise would be a tedious journey will be made comfortable and agreeable to all who will have the happiness of taking it in. Date of Pilgrimage is fixed for July 30th.—*Canadian Freeman*.

Personals.

Gladstone is polite to everybody. At his country home he knows every one in the vicinity, and has a kindly word for even the poorest farm laborer.

Sir John Lubbock has the smallest pets of any celebrity. All his spare time is devoted to his ants and bees, and he is more fond of his little friends than the ordinary individual is of his dog. He has one wasp that will eat sugar from the palm of his hand.

It is said that when the Pope writes his name his right hand trembles so much that he is obliged to hold his wrist with the left hand. The trembling he attributes not to old age, but to the effects of fever which attacked him while he was Bishop of Perugia.

The eminent Catholic actress, Signora Duse, who has been playing in Brussels was summoned, after the performance to the Royal Box by the command of the Queen of the Belgians, but she refused the invitation, having a distaste to the practice. At Stuttgart the Signora similarly repulsed the King of Wurtemberg.



Is there anything more beautiful, more completely pleasing than a womanly woman? Such a woman is even tempered, intelligent, strong and healthy. Health really tells the whole story. Health means strong nerves and strong body, and they go far toward bringing good looks and amiability.

A woman worn and wearied by the dragging weaknesses peculiar to her sex, cannot be expected to find rest in any duty or amusement. Life is all one dead monotonous gloom to her. On her face is written the story of weakness and pain. The wholesomeness of health is lacking. The cheeks lack fullness, the eyes lack sparkle, the hair lacks luster.

Doctors have learned to locate nine-tenths of womanly sickness in the organs that ought above all others to be strong and healthy.

Sensitive women shudder at the thought of consulting a physician on such matters. A natural feeling of modesty makes them dread the examination, and subsequent stereotyped treatment by "local applications" on which most doctors insist.

Much more often than not, this is unnecessary. It should not be submitted to except as a last resort.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured thousands of severe cases of "female weakness." It works in a natural, sensible way. It begins by subduing the inflammation that is always present. Then it strengthens and invigorates the whole body, particularly the organs distinctly feminine. It promotes regularity, cures inflammation and ulceration, and stops the debilitating drain caused by them. Of all dealers.

William Morris, the English poet, rejoices in the possession of a prodigious memory. Given a fair start on any sentence in Dickens' works, he can complete that sentence with very little deviation from textual accuracy. Were every copy of "Pickwick Papers" destroyed to-day, William Morris could, doubtless, write the book almost word for word as it now stands.

The following story about Edwin Booth is told in the Toledo Blade: "On the occasion of his brother's benefit he was standing behind the scenes when a character actor, who had been giving imitations of noted actors, was about to respond to an encore. 'Whom do you imitate next?' inquired Booth. 'Well,' was the reply, 'I was going to represent you in Hamlet's soliloquy, but if you look on I'm afraid I shall make a mess of it. 'Suppose I imitate myself?' remarked the tragedian, and hastily putting on the other actor's wig and buttoning up his coat he went on and delivered the well-known lines. Next morning the newspapers stated that the imitations ruined the performance, 'the performance of Edwin Booth being simply vile enough to make that actor shudder had he seen it.'

A train is speeding through a northern county and in the distance a Benedictine monastery is seen. This causes one of the occupants of a carriage to give vent to several anti-Papist aspirations, the poor Jesuits in particular coming in for more than a fair share. "What are Jesuits?" an amused listener asks. "They are the very scum of the Catholics. They are here, they are there, they are everywhere; there are millions (sic) of them in the world. There," pointing to the distant monastery, "is one of their most famous dens of iniquity." "Oh," said the questioner, "I thought that building belonged to the Benedictines." "So it does," said the unabashed abuser, and continued dropping his voice to an awesome but confidential whisper: "Beware of them, for they are the very worst of the Jesuits."

Mirth and cheerfulness are but the reward of innocence of life.

A prudent man is like a pin, his head prevents him from going too far.