

FROM DOUAI TO LISBON

(Editor's note: The English language used by Fr. Michael Sharratt in translation from the Latin has not been altered since it would detract from the appeal of the story. However certain paragraphs which deviate from the main account of the journey have been excluded in order to limit the length of the piece.)

Preface by Father Michael Sharratt:

In the archives of the English College, Lisbon (now housed at Ushaw) there are many indications that the College was very conscious of being a «daughter of Douai». But there is one manuscript which describes some of the events leading up to the opening of the College, including the journey made by the first students from Douai in 1628. This manuscript is entitled *Plantatio et Progressus Collegii Anglorum Cleri ex Duacena Missione Ulyssiponem in Portugalia Translati*. Although it seems to break off in mid-journey, it is in fact continued elsewhere. This casual use of odd bits of paper confirms what is clear from the writing itself: that this is a draft for a history of the early days of the College. There is no reason to think that a fair copy was ever made. I have not been able to discover who was the author of this draft, but he was certainly one of those who made the journey in 1628. Internal evidence makes it likely that he was writing in 1633.

I shall give a translation of virtually the whole of this manuscript. The translation is very free, since there seems no point

in trying to copy the clumsy and often incorrect Latin. Where the text is insufficiently clear I have used square brackets to enclose a translation of what I guess the Latin to be; occasionally I have silently supplied words which have obviously been omitted by a mere slip. I have added a few notes to clarify certain points. These will be found at the end of the paper.

DOUAI TO LISBON

In the year 1628 (1) after the birth of Christ a licence was obtained from His Holiness and confirmed by the seal of His Catholic Majesty of Spain, giving Pedro Coutinho full permission to build a College in Lisbon in Portugal or behalf of the English Clergy and to aid the rebuilding of the Catholic faith in England. Since matters were going well it was agreed between the aforesaid Pedro and William Newman, a priest who at that time was the agent at Lisbon for the English Clergy, that a member of the same English Clergy should be chosen in England to be present in person and put the finishing touches, as it were, to this enterprise. The response in England to this request was swift. The task was allotted at once to Joseph Heynes (alias Hervey).

(1) The '1628' at the very beginning of this account is misleading: it refers preleptically to the date of the journey from Douai. The background to the foundation may be summarised thus: Papal permission to found the College was given in 1622, following on permission granted by the Spanish King (at that time King of Portugal as well). Joseph Heynes (variously spelt), alias Harvey, who was to be the College's first President, was sent to Lisbon to come to a definitive arrangement with the Patron, Dom Pedro Coutinho. This was in 1626, as is clear from the entry on Heynes in the College Annales and from the Third Douai Diary: 'On June 12th (1627) the Revd Mr Joseph Haeynes, a priest and archdeacon in England, who last year was sent to Lisbon in the Kingdom of Portugal by the most Revd Lord Bishop of Chalcodon, Richard Smith, to the most illustrious Pedro de Coutinho to treat with him about erecting a College there for the English Clergy, came here to treat with the Rt Revd President about the same business.' (p. 252).

He crossed to Calais, went straight to Paris, and from there to Nantes and from there caught a boat and made his way to Portugal, arriving at Lisbon in eight days. They were not allowed to travel up the port as far as the city until the ship had crossed to the opposite bank and the health of those on board had been checked, since it was suspected at the time that some of the coastal ports of France might be affected by disease. When this formality was over, Joseph Heynes let William Newman know of his arrival. He was delighted at this good news and brought new clothes with him to the boat. Father Joseph put these on to be suitably dressed and the two of them entered the city together. While he was in Lisbon Joseph stayed with William Newman. On various occasions [they met] Pedro Coutinho and they discussed the matter together.

Coutinho put forward the conditions which at that time he intended to demand. Joseph promised and gave his word on behalf of the English Clergy. At length it was resolved that Joseph should return to England to make known to the Bishop and Clergy what had been agreed. From there he should come back to Lisbon via Flanders, bringing eight or ten students (they had not fixed on a definite number) with two Theology lecturers to lay the living foundation stone of the College.

I cannot, however, leave out mention of how Joseph, during his stay in Lisbon, formed a close friendship with Walter Yates, an English merchant. He was a dear friend of Father Newman and a fairly close acquaintance of Pedro Coutinho. For several years he had collaborated eagerly in this enterprise. Walter Yates' assiduous work on our behalf made such a deep impression on Father Joseph that he conceived a great affection for him. In fact, while we were talking once on the journey about this and other matters, he told us that he was confident that if the College should not be sufficiently provided for by the benefactions of Pedro Coutinho, then it would be adequately provided

for from other sources, hinting that Walter would see to everything that was necessary (2).

Father Joseph set off for England via Spain. As he was passing through Valladolid, he visited the College of the English who lived there under the care and supervision of the Society of Jesus (3). Leaving Valladolid he at last reached Douai where, after he had rested for a short while and taken four or five days off to get over the weariness caused by the long journey, he first informed the President and College Superiors of his plan and then hastened to England (4).

But at that time things were very difficult for the Catholics in England, for the Calvinists were in an ugly mood and since they were pretty powerful in the land they were scandalised by the flock before their eyes. So internally there was persecution and externally watch was kept on the ports of the realm and arrivals and departures were checked. It was under this inauspicious star that Joseph crossed the Channel. But he hardly saw Dover before seeing the Castle, for he was arrested and put in prison.

The pious reader will be able to imagine what great anxiety — and what sadness that something which had started so well

(2) For Pedro Coutinho had promised that before his (Joseph's) return the buildings would be adapted and made suitable for living in. Nor was it unlikely that the promise would be kept, because they had already been bought for that purpose, and the square which lay between the buildings and the garden on the hillside had been included within our boundaries by the public approval of the city.

(3) Heynes had entered that College as a student in 1604; he was ordained in 1609, see pp. 81-82 of the Registers.

(4) I have already noted that he arrived at Douai on June 12th, 1627; he left for England on June 29th. The Third Douai Diary (p. 253) mentions he had a servant with him. This is the John Flodd mentioned a little later in our narrative. When he left Douai Heynes intended to come back shortly; the diary and our manuscript explain why he did not return until the following year.

should be so unfortunately broken off—filled Joseph's mind. For he saw that by his imprisonment the whole enterprise was awry, for on his shoulders seemed to press the weight of as many [souls] as would it is just and pious to believe, inherit heaven if this College prospered. So he remained perplexed for some days and, since he was bereft of any hope of getting free at least as quickly as his return to Spain required, no better plan occurred to him than to trust in God and, like David, leap over the wall, using the convenient opportunity of darkness to give the guards the slip. But he thought this plan would call for a greater speed in flight than he was capable of, weak and weighed down by the burden of age as he was. So he hinted at this plan of his — whether by a letter or by messenger, I do not know — to his brother, a married man with a family, asking him to await his arrival with horses at a nearby place and at a set time, so that on horseback he would be able to travel more quickly and foil the hue and cry which is usual after jailers have discovered an escape.

But when his brother heard of this he came to Dover Castle (where we have said Joseph was imprisoned); having been let in as a visitor he, being afraid and suspecting that this ruse would turn out badly, exhorted his brother gravely to give up this plan and method of escape, since it was beset with difficulties and dangers and liable to all sorts of accident. For if by any bad luck his intention to escape should become known or if he should be brought back to prison after his escape, what could he expect except a closer guard and the end of any hope of being ransomed, except after a long time. Whereas, on the other hand, if he would wait quietly for a little longer, there was no doubt that his freedom could be obtained soon by the intervention of friends. These and other objections strongly urged by his brother in no way broke Joseph's earlier resolution to free his neck from this prison yoke as conveniently as he could. He successfully achieved this two or three days after his brother's departure. He did not dare to reveal his stratagem to a soul, with one exception, a Benedictine monk, whom he let into the secret as one

who was a companion in [imprisonment] and a colleague in the apostolic mission. He had also shut up with him in prison, John Flodd, who had accompanied him as his servant from England to Spain and from Spain to that place. Since this man was timid by nature and too inclined to fear the worst, Father Joseph thought him quite unable to take part in such a plan.

So with everything properly prepared for the escape, after the first watch which used to patrol the Castle, they cut the cross-rope which was attached to the sides of the bed and supported it. They fixed one end to the window frame with the other touching the ground, slipped down the rope and escaped unhurt to open ground. Having got over such an obstacle they ran for all that they were worth and they were not without physical pain on top of their anxiety about the uncertain outcome of things. It was necessary to hurry up their flight, lest daylight should betray them into the hands of pursuers when they were only a short distance from the Castle. This care and worry so spurred both on that, although one was old and the other was ill with fever, they struggled so much beyond their natural strength that before daylight they had covered ten miles. Meanwhile their breathless bodies were so tormented by thirst that they were forced to bend down and suck the morning dew from the grass. At length they entered an inn. The monk had an attack of pain, increased by his untimely exertions so that, despite the fact that the man was in such straits, Joseph had to leave his companion, in order that the safety of at least one of them should be provided for. So he left him, influenced by the importance of the matters which hung as it were by a single thread from his own success. But first he commended the sick man to the care and attention of the inn-people and left some of his own money to pay for food and other necessary expenses. Resuming his journey he reached London, where he hoped it would be easy to escape notice in the hubbub of such a great city.

With these difficulties successfully out of the way, God did not cease to test privately His servant whom he had snatched

from public dangers, testing him so that he should become, as it were, perfectly dressed and polished so as to fit truly into the future building. For his none too robust constitution was not able to absorb or neutralise his earlier sweats, with the result that they burst out on one leg into a sore that was so infected that, when poultices did not cure it, the doctors said a complete purge was necessary. Although this illness was serious enough in itself, its most frustrating and wearying consequence for Joseph was that it wasted his time.

But recovering at last by the help of God, he explained the whole business and the reason for his return to the Bishop of Chalcedon and the leaders of the Clergy. They entrusted him with the rectorship of the College and with full authority to act on behalf of the Bishop and English Clergy in signing, contracting, and in dealing with whatever else could arise in this matter under these or other heads. With this settled and after a last good-bye to his dearest friends, amidst their tears, he subdued nature itself and, though reluctant to go, tore himself from their embraces. Whatever reason or whatever sort of love could delay his departure or draw him back when he was gone seemed to be gathered together in Joseph in the highest degree and force, to let everyone see that he was a true imitator of Saint Peter and had profoundly understood the phrase: «Behold, we have left everything» — a disciple of Christ and an example to posterity. For his integrity, his gentle manner and his irreproachable conduct made his friends and acquaintances love him; from strangers and outsiders he was accustomed to meet with respect, because his physical appearance was impressive and because his face was a true guide to the mind behind it. We, moreover, recognised that he had other gifts, both natural and acquired, which made him worthy of high regard, although like the holy man he was he did not cultivate them.

When everything was prepared for the crossing to France, by happy chance the Earl of [Carlisle?] was due to cross by royal ship to Holland in order to carry out an embassy in Venice.

Joseph managed to secure his patronage and so spared himself the many difficulties which a private citizen usually meets at the point of embarkation. The ship reached Holland safely. The ambassador went straight to the Hague to pay his respects to Princess Elizabeth. Joseph went there too, since as yet there was no opportunity of making for Flanders. Thence he came to Antwerp, then Brussels and shortly after reached Douai (5).

Our eagerness to see such a great man was considerable; we welcomed him as one snatched from enormous dangers. We had long ago heard that he was in prison; now we rejoiced to see him free. For the first time our hopes of success grew; now we could see the first touch being put to this enterprise. Nor could there be any doubt that this affair would turn out well, since the exertions demanded at its beginnings had merited the favour of God at the end.

The matter now in hand was so important that a period of some weeks had to go past so that everything could be properly planned. Since the time of year was quite unsuitable for undertaking a journey, further delays followed; and since it had been decided that Joseph should take with him to Spain a mission drawn from the students of Douai College, some time was needed to choose those whose promise of virtue and holy zeal commended as the founders of such a great work. For it was incumbent on those whose task it was to make this selection to recognise — as they certainly did — that if one is erecting a building which is to last for centuries then the foundation stones need to be of more durable material than the other courses; since they rest on the ground they have to be hard enough to resist erosion by damp, lest the base on which the stability of the whole works rests should give and fail to support the load

(5) The Third Douai Diary records: 'June 8th (1628) the Revd Mr Heynes (alias Harvy) came to us from England via Holland with his nephew Peter Bennett, shortly to go on to Spain to found a College for the English Clergy in the University of Lisbon'.

it carries, so that the whole pile becomes a by-word to passers-by. I think that more or less similar considerations apply and that the comparison is by no means inapt. If one says that the first inhabitants of a spiritual house ought to be such as embody the idea of the designer. Everyone knows that this is the measure of how successful a builder is, although we also know from experience that the practical implementation of a design must always show shortcomings and cannot measure up to the plan completely.

Spurred by these and more lofty motives, the Superiors of Douai College carefully chose for this colony those whose studies, abilities and conduct they had observed, as the saying goes, with their own eyes for some years. Nor did gifts of character alone suffice, for they were forced to accommodate their judgment to another's views. For they took care lest obscure birth and poor pedigree should debase nobility of conduct. Not, of course, that they were unaware of the criteria by which true honour and worth ought to be and habitually are (assessed) by the wise, but they prudently took care even over this detail, lest they should seem to ignore the wishes of our Patron even on very small points: for he had a long line of ancestors and was happy to think that not even this distinction should be lacking in the pupils from whose seed the name of the infant College would be perpetuated. Since it was decided to lay the foundations of the College in the very heights of doctrine (sic), namely Theology (for though it is at the summit they did not wish to begin with a school), they chose for the first mission eight student scholars and two lecturers, one for either part of the day (6).

The morning lecturer was Henry Mailer, Doctor of Sacred Theology from the Sorbonne, who at that time was in the entourage of the natural brother of the King of France, the titular

(6) 'Eight' has been substituted in the manuscript for 'nine', which is crossed out; ten actually came.

Bishop of Remae (7). No one was more gifted than he. His sharpness of mind, his almost limitless knowledge and experience of affairs, the maturity of his advice and his fluent and grave eloquence showed that here was a man worthy of princely notice. But since mention of such a great man calls for it, it seems fitting to say a little about his character and appearance.

In his early years he was taken to Eastern Spain by his parents. Brought up there among people of a different race and language, he tempered with a becoming liveliness that shyness which is native to Englishmen (praiseworthy indeed in boys, but a vice in men). And he became so expert in Spanish that among Spaniards themselves his correctness and fluency let him pass for a true Spaniard. When he was ready for the study of higher literature he completed courses of Philosophy and Theology at the College of our nation run by the Fathers of the Society. Then he was ordained priest and went to England, where he was sentenced to imprisonment on suspicion of being a Roman priest. He gave his guards the slip at a suitable opportunity and crossed to France. Then he went to Paris and took the degree of doctor.

While he was still at the Paris schools it happened in the year 1623 that the Ambassadors of England and Spain (Count Gondamar and the Earl of Bristol) having faithfully fulfilled their duty, almost achieved something desired above all else by English Catholics. The matter progressed so far that the Prince of Wales, Charles the son of King James, with the consent and authority of his father, but unknown to the other members of the Council (which was then the voice of the people), privately left the Court and, crossing to France, arrived overland at Madrid. His purpose, of course, was to settle by his royal presence what

(7) I do not understand this description of Mailer's patron. The College Annales say that Mailer was in the service of the Prince of Metz; at this time the Prince-Bishop of Metz was Henri de Bourbon-Vernueil, the illegitimate son of Henri IV and so the natural brother of the reigning French monarch, Louis XIII.

had hitherto been a matter for bargaining between internuncios and to give his word and take the Infanta Maria to share his marriage bed. The departure of the Prince from the Kingdom of Britain was kept fairly secret, but after he had reached Spain safely what had happened was common knowledge. The world celebrated the fact, thinking it was a miracle worthy to be inserted in the annals of our age, since no one was afraid to hope for a happy outcome. The common people were excited by the prospect of novelty, while the pious hoped for the release of prisoners and a return to the faith.

When Doctor Mailer heard for certain that Prince Charles had arrived at Madrid, it occurred to him at once that he could be useful to his countrymen in their dealings with an unfamiliar people. But he undertook the journey to Spain principally in order to do what he could by his efforts and advice to press his country's cause, which was turning towards its old glory of [power?] and religion. Certainly he was quite well received by the leaders of both nations; the Prince was particularly friendly to him, despite the fact that he was a Catholic and a priest; he often consulted him about his affairs and was frequently kind enough to let him hold forth freely.

However, for what reason I know not, the agreements were broken off and the lights which had almost been lit for the marriage chamber were quite put out. The face of things changed and the long-clear sky clouded over. When they had all gone back to England Henry made his way back to France, having learned, as he used to tell us, in this school of the Spanish Treaty, how unequally justice itself and the desire to prevail control the hearts of princes and those at the helm of things.

When all the English had left Madrid Henry went to Paris where, after a year or two [in 1625], there came as envoy the Duke of Buckingham himself, who came to arrange the marriage between his lord, the King of England and [Henrietta] Maria, the younger sister of the King of France. Henry again presented himself to him and congratulated him on his arrival. He remained

in France and Joseph found him there on his way to Spain. Joseph recounted all the stages of the enterprise, the [permission] granted by His Holiness and the King, the agreement given by our Patron and the solid promise of the incipient work. Henry immediately offered himself as a helper, moved by I know not what divine impulse, though one may guess at a noble motive worthy of such great characters.

I think, therefore, the reason that Henry joined the College as a founder-member was principally his love of his country and his personal friendship with Joseph, for there was a bond between them.

With everything now organised, all that was needed for the journey to begin was a suitable season of the year. For since it was the month of June we held it necessary to wait until August, which is not excessively hot in those parts of the world. And since we had to pass through France we needed royal letters of permission for our journey, for further over cities were more closely guarded and harder to gain entry to, especially for people from our country. For everything was disturbed by war and the English were helping the rebels of La Rochelle (who were being besieged by the King's army) by sending in what supplies they could to the city. And at that time it was rumoured that a great fleet was being made ready in England which would use force to bring in supplies to the besieged. All this might understandably increase our fear of the French and their suspicion of us. So we entrusted the matter to the care of George Bradley, alias Laborne, who was residing in Paris to pursue his studies (having left Douai for this purpose on November 3rd, 1627) — a truly noble and good man; what our commonwealth owes to his good offices is fittingly remembered by us. He applied for permission for us to cross the country and soon obtained a pass, thanks to the kindness in pressing our cause of the famous Cardinal Berulle, the founder and promotor of the Brothers of the Congregation of the Oratory in France. The pass was written in the name of the King but was signed by the Queen Mother Marie

de Medici, a woman of manly character and turn of mind who ruled the Kingdom of France almost as she pleased. Laborne kept the pass in expectation of our arrival in Paris.

As the time of our departure drew near all of us «Spaniards» were called together in the hall in the evening to be welcomed to a specially prepared dinner. This was in accordance with the custom of that College of entertaining at a slightly more lavish farewell meal those alumni or members of the house whom it was sending out to England or further afield in the world. When everyone was seated at table the Rt Revd Doctor Kellison, the most worthy President of our College (if ever anyone was) and our common father, tasted the choice first course which he had cooked himself.

Se having called us together for dinner, he spoke to us, and what follows is mostly in his own words. «Dearly beloved, there is none of you whom we cannot rightly claim as our own from the number of years spent in training here. I do not blush to call you mine, for I have always loved you, cared for you, and embraced you as mine. For I call on you to witness from your own experience what sort of affection I have had for you: have I not provided for you like a father and loved you like a mother? So I am mother and father to you. Listen then as sons. And since the last words of parents lodge more firmly in their children's minds, behold I am dying. Children do not lose their father if he still lives, but you are not to have me as your parent any longer. So imagine that what I am saying is a written testament which the law requires you under penalty, and filial piety prompts you, to honour.

You have been set aside for a new work, new stones for the tower of David. Notice that this is a new kind of structure and a new way of building, for you are both the stones and the builders. The building is a spiritual one and if any one sees that he does not fit squarely in the position allotted him let him apply skill to put the fault right; if he is too small, let him take care that his size be increased; if too large, cut down to size.

Remember it is not the harvest but the sowing that you are called to. What sort of autumn we can look forward to depends on what kind of seed you sow; the planting you make will decide the quality of the vintage. Dearly beloved, rouse yourselves and if anyone has been asleep hitherto, let him now wake up. You see what a burden is being placed on your shoulders; bear it like men and act bravely. On you is based whatever future ages shall bring forth. Well begun is half done, according to the poet. Always keep before your eyes the fact that you are the first builders of a new work, the first alumni of a new College. The eyes of all, whether wellwishers or enemies, are turned towards you; hasten to give the former cause to rejoice and see to it that the latter are disappointed. To-day it is usual (I think because of the wickedness of the times) that things deteriorate by weakly falling away from their beginnings and after a lapse of a few years the zeal of founders grows cold in their successors. Reflect then and weigh carefully how important it is that those who are founder-members of this College should be firmly engrafted on to the tree of virtues, so that if it should be necessary their abundance may make up for the short supply of their successors, or at least shame laggards to strive after their virtues. You see how the start you make [belongs to (?)] your followers. So if you want to have high hopes, start well. And seeing you give a good account of yourselves I shall happily lay down my authority. But I shall not leave you orphans. I heartily commend to you as father in my place the Reverend Father Joseph here (for Mr Heynes was present). Pay him the honour you have shown me; obey him as you have obeyed me. And I beseech you (looking at Joseph) who succeed me in this position of authority that you will also be my successor in caring for and loving these men. Meanwhile I shall not cease my earnest prayers to ask sweet Jesus to look kindly on you and to grant you a happy journey and a prosperous future.»

After this speech Joseph accepted the group of students handed over to his care and briefly indicated how conscientiously

and assiduously he would carry out his task. The dinner was more sociable than usual, with everyone talking to each other, because now we were not being treated as members of the College, but as guests. Each of the students was allotted six pounds of English money by the Procurator of the house; the masters received twenty pounds each. Nor was it intended that such small amount ought to be sufficient for a journey of so many miles. For if one takes into account all the vagaries of fortune, the risk of illness, the [effect] of climate and the delays and hold-ups in schedules, which are certainly common enough evils for travellers, it was too small to cover the expenses. So Joseph brought with him a fuller wallet so that, when our supplies ran out, he could supplement them at his discretion. This money for the expenses of the journey was either contributed individually by English Catholics or allotted from a collection made among them. The College itself paid for the clothes. Despite the fact that, as always, it was struggling with its own financial difficulties, it was so generous in this matter that each of us was handsomely and respectably dressed in a cassock; the clothes were all new and made of wool or linen.

Thus prepared we commenced our journey on the 25th August in the year of the world's salvation 1628. We took a wagon with us as far as Paris to carry the parcels and cases, including a chest filled with a selection of books; the wagon would also serve to carry the President, seniors, and anyone who was not very well. Included in this number was Edward Martin (vere Martin Biddlecomb, also known as Edward Stanley and, possibly, Edward Coffyn) who had a bad leg.

The day had now arrived, though I do not know whether to call it a day of mourning or rejoicing. For we had looked forward to it and had wished it would come, but, when it actually dawned, we could have wished it postponed at least until the next day. But we were summoned to our journey. We embraced those whom, if I may put it thus, many muses and years of study had brought together and those whom affinity of character and

nature had made our friends. Nor were there wanting some who bewailed our departure as a tearing apart of the College and the amputation of a limb from the rest of the body. They called on God and the angels to accompany us on the way, to defend us in our wanderings and to support our efforts when we reached the goal of our journey. Many accompanied us out of the city as far as the third or fourth milestones, because they wanted to linger over their last embraces longer than was possible. Some even came as far as Arras, which was the end of that day's journey.

Next day those who had come from Douai went back, but Mr. Talbot (vere William Everard) the Afternoon Professor of Theology in the College at Douai continued with us, making for Paris and bringing with him as companion Mr. Danford (8). Of these, Mr. Danford had come ill-prepared, for he was wearing only a light cloak without anything to protect his chest properly. He caught the beginnings of a serious illness, for the French air round Paris is very thin indeed and very quickly penetrates a body which is not well protected. First the coldness of the air gave him a chest cough; then he fell into a very serious fever and was forced to go back to England in the hope of a cure; but he died there soon after.

We made Paris our first resting place, staying there for four days. Here we received the royal diploma of safe passage through France. We went to see with our own eyes the noteworthy things and places, with Peter Fitton (9) as our guide. He willingly let us join him in public because, as he said himself, we did not disgrace ourselves in the eyes of critical people by wearing

(8) Edward Damford (clearly Danford, vere Bernard Wrench) was ordained at Tournai (not Tours, as our manuscript has it) on September 26th 1627 and was sent to England on October 6th 1628; he died in London in March the following year.

(9) Fitton (vere Biddulph), had left Douai to go to Arras College in Paris for purposes of study on November 19th 1627.

shabby clothes, as a mission of the Society of Jesus from St. Omers bound for Spain had done a few days previously, passing that way in shabby attire. Father Joseph paid a call on His Eminence Cardinal Berulle to kiss his hand and express his gratitude for such a great favour to us (in obtaining a royal pass).

But lest everything should go smoothly like this even while we were having a rest from travel, Father Joseph received a letter in Paris from Doctor Mailer, sent from the camp at La Rochelle. In this he explained at considerable length that when the King of France heard that he had promised to go to Spain he would not allow him to fulfil this agreement and said that, if he tried to, he would forbid it by royal authority. The main reason for this was that he belonged to the entourage of the King's brother. Finally, at the bottom of the letter, he added in so many words that we should not wait for him in this work. In his florid style he exhorted us not to think of giving up what we had started, telling us to look on Him who can raise masters and doctors as well as sons of Abraham from stones. It would certainly be hard to express how such an unexpected occurrence upset us all; a chill feeling brought us up short and all our liveliness seemed temporarily stifled like stagnant water. For we had had great hopes that under such a lecturer the reputation of our classes would be increased and that we would depart more learned from his lectures.

After resting for a period of four days in Paris we resumed our journey on the fifth, taking along the same wagon as far as Orleans. We said good-bye to Mr. Talbot and Mr. Danford who were going back to Douai. From Orleans the Loire, perhaps the most famous river in France, flows down to Nantes. We sailed down it by boat and certainly our passage was most enjoyable and was more like recreation than travel. For the river bank is set off by lots of vines and fine houses. The river is also spanned by very many bridges with beautiful arches and, best of all, whether it is the result of planning or a matter of chance, travellers find at the distance of a comfortable day's journey from

each other well-equipped and beautiful turretted cities on the river bank.

When we reached Nantes we had to lodge in the suburbs, because night had overtaken us as we entered. But the place was so convenient and we experienced such a friendly welcome at that inn, which had all we needed, that we decided to stay there until our departure — which was delayed beyond what we had expected. Here we were indebted to our diploma for the first time, for our journey and our whole group had aroused suspicion, which our nocturnal arrival by boat could neither remove nor conceal. The rumour spread that a bishop had arrived with his clergy. Nor was this a silly guess for Joseph was made to inspire respect; the dignity of his features seemed to cry out to strangers that he could not be anything but a bishop. The rest of our group, each according to his age, corresponded perfectly to all the officials who usually accompany a bishop, so that a passer-by could amuse himself by pointing with his finger to each to indicate that his job was such and such.

On the next day, therefore, there came to the inn an official whom the mayor had sent. He brought a priest with him to interrogate us in Latin in case we did not know French. Among many other questions, we were asked what religion we professed; at first we paused, as though we were annoyed at such an imputation, then we replied that our attire would speak more eloquently for us in our hesitation. Smiling at this remark the priest retorted: «The habit does not make a monk»; nor did he add anything further. We brought out our diploma which declared who we were, whence we came and whither we were going, enjoining on officials of whatever kind of rank to see that in their jurisdiction we should have safe and undisturbed passage through France. However, two of our number went to greet the Mayor and to satisfy his curiosity by letting him see them. We also had an opportunity to visit the Bishop of Nantes (Philip Cospean, Bishop from 1621-36), for his brother, who was Canon of the Church of the Virgin Mary at Cambrai in Belgium, had sent a letter to

him by means of Father Joseph. We found him well disposed to us and receptive to our work.

Also in the suburbs and next to our inn there was a college of the Fathers of the Oratorian Order; we became quite friendly with them after a day or two. Those of us who were priests said Mass there each day, while the others were present to hear it. We confessed our sins, as the rite of the sacrament of penance requires, to a priest of the same community and we received communion. We were invited to eat with them once and our reception was friendly rather than lavish. (But all the time we were at Nantes our meals were certainly satisfactory). This favour was very opportune, as it relieved the tedium of that period with conversation and the community lightened our worries with advice.

All our efforts were now directed to obtaining a convenient sea passage, which was why we had gone out of our way to that part of France. After enquiry we eventually found a man who was an inhabitant of a Portuguese town (?); he had arrived there with a ship loaded with merchandise and was shortly to go back, once his business was transacted. At once we agreed with the captain on the price for our passage; all that remained to be fixed was the day of our departure, which he said would be soon. But then it happened that, while the goods themselves were being taxed and were therefore being weighted on the scales, there was a quarrel between the captain and the merchant; it seems the captain lost his temper and gave the other a blow. Afterwards he was afraid that he would have to answer in court for what he had done, so he hid himself in a house on the outskirts. This was the reason why we had to wait for a period of two weeks beyond the day which he had promised.

Delays and postponements on this scale were certainly annoying to us. Our expenses increased from day to day and, since our daily food was by no means free, each day we had less money. And since this instance brought home to us the insecurity of travel, we feared that our purse might not be able to

meet all the crises of this kind that might occur. We could think of only one remedy for this evil: we went to the Bishop, told him our position and said it was only the quarrels of the captain that caused us these difficulties. Moved by these complaints, the Bishop made the captain and the merchant appear before him and, when their disagreement was settled, he enjoined the captain to enable us to leave the port as soon as he could. On the second or third day after this the ship was gliding downstream towards the estuary and we followed soon after in a small boat, after the books and other things which were not needed for our immediate use had been put into two boxes and taken to the ship.

The Fathers of the Oratory had paid us every kind attention during the period of our delay; nor did they neglect us at our departure, for they accompanied us to the shore, praying for favourable winds and a safe arrival at our destination, while we thanked them for such great kindness. We spent the remaining part of the day on board and were carried seaward by the current. That night we dropped anchor and spent the night at the mouth of the river. The following day two of our number went with the captain to a village to buy enough to eat during the several days we would be at sea. When they landed, a woman railed at the captain at the top of her voice, accusing him of owing her money, scolding him as a thief and a rascal and declaiming other testimonies to his good character as they occurred to her. The woman's shouts attracted a crowd which surrounded the captain, and the woman pressed her case with such vehemence that he barely escaped being handed over to the officials and put in prison. This would surely have served him right, because it is likely that previously he had committed some outstanding misdemeanour there, for we ourselves found later that he was sly and not over honest. But we welcomed him back safe aboard along with our provisions for the voyage. Suddenly a great storm blew up and the water, whipped up from the depths and falling back again, threw the ship about pitifully. There were

few of us who were not sick in such angry waters. On the following day, at the advice of the captain, the ship was hauled ashore along a channel to await better weather, for the waters were wild and the winds seemed set against us. We disembarked and put up at a house on the shore.

This break had hardly lasted two or three days when a Dutch ship entered the harbour and brought us news that the English had fitted out a great fleet and were sailing on La Rochelle; they controlled the seas and were subduing or commandeering as allies all the ships they met. This rumour was easy to believe because we had heard earlier of this fleet while it was being made ready in England and was causing universal excitement about the outcome. This was certainly bad luck for us, especially as we had hardly got over our earlier difficulties. But God wished us to be healed by those who wounded us. We now saw that our delay at Nantes, the daily frustration and the expenses which almost exhausted our slender capital had been all for nothing. For from the beginning we had so planned our journey that we intended to sail from Nantes to Passajes and thence to Portugal, thinking that this was the most convenient and expeditious route.

For a time we were undecided which route we should take. There were only two possibilities, so we had to choose one: we could either return to Nantes and from there start out for St. Jean de Luz, a town situated on the far side of Gascony, or we could stick to what we had begun and make that voyage as best we could, despite the danger from the English. The captain himself encouraged us to adopt this latter course, praising the speed and adequacy of his ship. But in this matter he was not an impartial adviser, because he seemed to be arguing too much in his own interests. For he had to take that risk; moreover, if we took another route he would lose the price of our passage, which otherwise would be his. We decided to go overland and to be safe thanks to our own efforts rather than to expose our lives to such a risk for the sake of comfort. When the captain saw that we had made up our minds he paid us every attention,

as though he was concerned for our welfare. He very kindly offered to lend us ten pounds of silver to make things easier in case of unforeseen difficulties; we could give it back without interest when we arrived at St. Jean de Luz. This open-handedness of his — as we then took it to be — led us to be rather incautious in our dealings with him. We let him take two boxes full of books and a few other things to convey by sea to St. Jean.

Having arranged things in this way, we returned to Nantes on the incoming tide. Since the tide only comes in in the afternoon, night overtook us as we were still afloat, so we reached the Nantes shore in darkness. We deliberately landed at that port where the beach adjoined our former inn. We sent two ahead to announce our arrival. As soon as they heard we had arrived, the maid and the innkeeper's daughter hurried down with lighted torches. When we reached the house we were received not as wandering strangers but as well known friends. There was general rejoicing and congratulation and every care was taken in preparing the meal so that nothing that could be provided at that inconvenient hour of the night should be lacking. Nor was all this service given for no reason, because we had deserved very well of them when we had been there before; for our daily outlay had been of considerable use to them and, since we filled the house for four days, it had remained undisturbed, not being exposed to rougher guests. The maid who cleaned the rooms was so fond of us that she conspired with us against her mistress by buying more cheaply elsewhere those things which we needed, and which we had been in the habit of buying from her mistress. She also wept when she saw us off.

The following day we told the Fathers (of the Oratory) how our whole plan had been spoilt by bad luck. Their Principal sold us a horse to use on the journey at a lower price than normal and when Father Joseph handed over the amount in payment, he gave back one pistol as a gift to us. We also petitioned the Bishop of Nantes, who sent answer that we could expect his alms after a few days. But since it seemed that it

would help us little if we were to incur further expenses, which perhaps the Bishop's alms would hardly cover, on the third day we all set out on the overland journey, with the exception of Mr. Harrington who stayed behind, partly to await the Bishop's donation and partly to catch the public stage coach, since he was not up to the effort of walking without exhausting himself. Many people were amazed at seeing so many clerics travelling together. One man, who realised that we were English, kindly advised us not to travel in so many separate groups, because it would be safer to be all together if anything awkward should happen as a result of French hatred of everything English.

Now as we were leaving the place we were met by a horseman who, like the rest of his companions, was wearing clerical dress; he had come from the camp at La Rochelle. Seeing such an unusual group, he asked us who we were and where we came from. We did not conceal our country or nation for we trusted in our safe-conduct and we brought the paper out and handed it to him. He looked at the orders and sanctions it contained, checked the seal and signature of the Queen and said he accepted their authority and consequently wished us well in everything. Accordingly, if we intended to approach the camp, we should not think that our diploma would be sufficient to give us complete security and protection from the rougher soldiers. Rather we should return to the city magistrate; from him we could get a pass and a man wearing the royal arms to go before us into the camp, so that anyone who met us would know that we came there by official agreement and permission. Joseph answered gently (for the man had talked like a bishop while saying all this in lofty language) that we wished the French well and that we could have no cause for fear for, though we were styled and indeed were English, both we and the French were at war with the English, who treated and denounced us as enemies. The other seemed reluctant to be convinced by this remark and replied suspiciously that he could never be brought to believe that, if there were to be a battle between the French

and English in a suitable place, we would be enlisted to help the English, despite all our common faith and religion with the French; in fact we would go over to the English as readily as he would to his French countrymen. Accordingly, if the royal pass had not declared us immune he would have got the magistrate to prevent us from proceeding further. At length we parted and Father Joseph went to the Mayor as the priest had advised. All he got was a paper written in the Mayor's hand, since the Mayor protested that it would be quite sufficient to get us through to the camp.

With that business over, we went on to a hamlet near La Rochelle called Sheronne. As we were travelling we found waiting for us two monks from the monastery of St. Malo who were also making for the camp. One of them knew a little English since, as he told us, he had once studied with the English Benedictines at Douai. So these two and Father Joseph, who were all on horseback, went on ahead chatting to each other. But the rest of us followed on foot and that day's journey was perhaps the hardest and most troublesome of all, because we were passing through low-lying parts which were marshy on account of their nearness to the sea. Father Joseph and the monks were awaiting our arrival at the inn which they had reached some time earlier; but Father Joseph went out into the countryside to meet us, being very sorry for us on account of the wearisomeness of the journey, which he himself had found almost intolerable even though he was mounted.

Now this inn well deserves to be dwelt on a little by us because of its fame. This hamlet is not more than eight or ten miles away from La Rochelle. Since the King of France himself was personally laying siege to La Rochelle with his army, there was on all sides a great throng of nobles and ordinary soldiers; this hamlet lay in the path of the crowds approaching the city from the west. It was so packed with overnight guests that to sleep under cover at all could be counted comfort. But rooms were harder to get than food, and there seemed to be a

greater supply of food than of plates, for dinner was served in haste. We passed the whole of that evening quite sociably with the monks I have mentioned; we shared dinner and sleeping quarters with them; our beds were made of hay which was heaped up as horse fodder in a loft over the actual stable. And certainly we would have had a pleasant night if we had not been tormented continually by the shouts of the grooms quarrelling below.

The following day the monks continued their journey towards La Rochelle and Father Joseph was delighted to be able to have them as guides, for he ingenuously assessed everything by his own understanding of [religion?]. Here we parted: Father Joseph and the monks made for La Rochelle, while we branched off to ... [illegible, but it does not seem to be the name of a place]. And so that our leader should at length be restored to his flock, we agreed that Bordeaux, a city in Gascony, should give us sight of each other again; if we got there first we would await the arrival of Father Joseph and vice-versa.

Here I have to recount a two-fold narrative, but Father Joseph claims pride of place in my discourse such as it is. We shall accompany him, therefore, as far as La Rochelle. While travelling with the monks he was caught in a severe downpour and very inclement weather. They turned aside to a small house, having already covered half the distance to La Rochelle. They stabled the horses and lit a fire to restore themselves after the unpleasantness of the rains. Meanwhile each of them shook the dripping water from his clothes and dried them in front of the fire. But Father Joseph's legs and feet were not so well protected against such accidents as were the monks', for they wore leggings; so he had to take off his shoes and socks. While he was thus occupied and waiting a while until he could get dressed, the monks signalled to each other and dashed outside on the pretext of seeing to the horses; but in fact they mounted and hurried to La Rochelle. Joseph was left alone; he knew neither the way nor the language and he had been betrayed by the men whom he had hoped to use as guides in the confusion of

the camp. But at this stage he suspected nothing and was sitting innocently by the fire, arranging all his belonging with his customary care. At length he was surprised by his companions' great delay, so he rose and went to the stable; he did not find the monks or the horses (apart from his own). He inquired as best he could where they were, and he gathered that they had departed long before. Who cannot see the baseness of such behaviour? If it is considered exactly as it took place, even a person of low birth would blush to be branded with such a mark, I mean that of boorishness and rudeness. But let us discover the reason which made the monks act in this way.

It was simply this. In the course of our friendly conversation the night before they had gathered that we came from the College at Douai and that Father Joseph was going to La Rochelle in order, among other things, to visit Doctor Mailer. They immediately guessed, shrewdly enough, that Joseph's business with him was none other than to rouse him, as it were, from sleep to help with our work. Since they themselves had covered so much ground in order to entice him away from us by their pressure, they thought it would be an excellent idea to deceive us in whatever way they could. Certainly they were not stopped by respect for persons, by the dignity of the priesthood, or by the fear of God, or thought for their good name from choosing base means to achieve a base purpose. Lest it should seem that I have merely supposed this and groundlessly imputed it to those Benedictines, I may say that we heard from Mr. Mailer himself that they came to the camp to dissuade him personally from the Spanish journey and that they wanted to make use of the help of Mr. Holden (10), chaplain to a French noble and

(10) Holden was a Douai priest, ordained March 26th 1622. Later he was to be associated with Blacklow. Further on in this manuscript we are informed that Mailer had left the camp three days before the arrival of Father Joseph, so the Benedictines will not have managed to see him. The report of why the monks wished to see Mailer could, of course, still be quite reliable and may have come from Holden.

a great friend of Doctor Mailer. And whence came this struggle of ours with French monks about this College, if they had not been suborned by our Benedictines at Douai? Dear God, would that these politicians, certainly not theologians, of our times would relish and assimilate thoroughly the saying of Saint Paul: 'Charity envieth not, dealeth not perversely.' (11).

Let us return to our account. Father Joseph was now left to his own devices, but he was not downcast and he pushed on towards La Rochelle. When he came to the actual camp he was met by the jeers of the guards. He was mocked as a Spaniard — the French hate the Spaniards — but he was led by the better sort to the house of Cardinal Richelieu, who was General and Commander of the whole army. Joseph approached him because the Cardinal had had our Bishop of Chalcedon (Richard Smith) as part of his family when he (Richelieu) was at the very beginning of his career, thinking that he had obtained a suitable man to advise him and one in whose footsteps he could follow closely. Richelieu treated him with singular favour while he was in his household and when Smith was later raised to the episcopal dignity he loved him no less.

Joseph wanted to use this as a ground to elicit the kindness of the Cardinal towards us, but he was not admitted to his presence since His Eminence was taken up with more important matters. So Joseph sent a servant with a message to the Cardinal, saying where we came from and that we were going to Spain (sic) to found a College by order and authority of the Bishop of Chalcedon, that we had been overtaken on the way by unexpected difficulties and were short of money and so were asking

(11) It must be realised that there was considerable rivalry between seculars and regulars at this period of history. The College at Lisbon was under the control of the secular clergy but this happy position (it was felt) could be maintained only by unceasing vigilance (especially as regards the Jesuits). This particular «dirty trick» which sparks off the diatribe was performed by the Benedictines.

him in his piety to support us exiles and wanderers for that faith for which he too had done great things against the perfidious heretics. When he heard this the Cardinal sent back by the same servant ten French crowns. Here let us leave our account of Father Joseph and turn our pen to our own struggles in another area.

We were afflicted with the same downpour, as the other party for we were in the same region. At the time we were wandering lost in the swamps and had no cover or shelter; after we had spent the whole of the morning wandering around in the mud, we at length came to an inn. Since we were tired and all our clothes were wet through, we intended to stay there for the night, but the inn-keeper told us to find somewhere else to stay, so willy-nilly we started walking again. But we learned that not far away there was a town that we could reach before nightfall without too much effort and this restored our spirits greatly. As we made for it, however, our goal seemed to recede from us and it was certainly further away than we had been told. When we eventually arrived at the town the sun was setting and we found it was just an insignificant hamlet. And even if there had been somewhere to lodge, we should not have dared to stay there on account of the great number of heretics. Two miles away there was a quite impressive town. We needed to reach that town and quickly too, otherwise night would come down on us while we were still straggling in the marshes, for there was only a short period of light after sunset. This distance would present no great difficulty to a fit person, and we did not doubt that we could cover the ground in the time. But since some of us were completely worn out by earlier efforts, these were a cause for concern and anxiety. However, they chose to hurry across with the rest to the above-mentioned town, rather than entrust themselves to that village for the space of one night. And certainly the force of necessity greatly spurred them for, whereas previously they seemed to have lost heart, now their spirits revived, so that they would not let anyone outpace them.

We were scattered round various houses, because we could not find one that would take us all. By divine disposition this town compensated us handsomely for the miseries of the daytime; with the exception of Nantes, nowhere, throughout the whole journey, offered us more comfort or kindness. Next day we stopped at a city called St. Jen-d'Angely, which had once been surrounded by a wall; this had been pulled down by Louis XIII, at that time King of the French. He was a truly pious Christian who, among his other feats against the heretics, conquered this rebellious city and stripped it with his siege engines. But the greater part of the population is still heretical and has the legal right to frequent its own places of worship. When we came to the outskirts, a blind beggar lying by the road asked for a gift; he did not offer any reason why we should give him charity, except that he was poor. At this we asked him which was a really good inn. He mentioned a few, and we said: «But which of these is Catholic?» He immediately picked out one which in fact was Catholic and, guessing from our inquiry that we were Catholics, he changed his style of begging from then on, and, like a good Catholic, called on the help of the Blessed Virgin and all the saints that for their sake we might be pleased to give him alms.

That day was a Saturday and when we had reached the house which the pauper had described as Catholic, and after we had agreed on the price for an over-night stay, we warned the inn-keeper not to prepare any meat dish for us. He was rather indignant at this warning and retorted that if we fancied that sort of thing we would have to seek it elsewhere. Although it was expressed rudely, we acquiesced in this, but we pointed out that what he has said was not opposed to our view. This was the usual thing we met all over France, where the custom is to pay a certain amount per head for a fixed menu, chosen by the inn, to be brought to the table, whether it is dinner or lunch. We settled for dinner and breakfast and at both we ate heartily

and well. For the next day's journey Saintes was fixed as our destination.

Since it was a Sunday we went out before breakfast to hear Mass. Some went to the (parish?) church, some to the Benedictines. The heretics were flocking into their conventicle, which was at the end of the city towards Saintes. It happened that that day one of us left his cloak in the inn. He went back to fetch it and received it from the inn-keeper — it had been put away in a cupboard. He hurried to catch up with his companions, who had gone on a few minutes ahead. But he was stopped in the middle of the square by the Marshal, who was going up to the inn, accompanied by his officials. He was asked in French who he was and of what nationality. He replied clearly in French that he was English, for all he could say in French was that he did not know French. He was taken at once to the Marshal's house, because in the circumstances he could arouse grave suspicion. And since the Marshal had come from the camp at La Rochelle and was scouring that part of France on horseback to bring back straggling soldiers to the army, he inquired of foreigners what they were doing and made sure that nothing hostile was afoot: so this meeting seemed to him a bit of luck. What greatly increased the mystery and also the suspicion was the clerical dress with no tonsure of any sort to go with it and the Flemish style of our colleague's clothes.

A Flemish speaker was summoned and spoke to our man in that language, but he played the Fleming as little, as he had played the Frenchman before. At length he made clear as best he could that he spoke Latin. Someone was at once sent to the Benedictines to ask that a Latin interpreter should come. Meanwhile a layman who had been summoned from elsewhere came in; he spoke Latin fairly fluently. Our man told him that he was English and, using him as an interpreter, he revealed the purpose of this whole journey: we were in a group, but the rest had gone on ahead; they had in their keeping a royal document which promised us security and safe conduct in those lands.

The interpreter explained this in French to the Marshal. He at once ordered two of his men to mount their horses and bring back our group from the road which leads to Saintes. They hurried off to carry out the order and overtook the last group (for we had divided into two), making them come back in the name of the King. While this was going on outside, a crowd gathered at the rumour that an Englishman had been captured, and those who could not fit into the house were able to watch the show through the open windows.

Although our man gave a coherent account of himself, which was at no point unsatisfactory or inconsistent in detail, the interpreter still wanted to examine him with further questions, lest some trickery might still remain undetected. So he asked him many questions about the Catholic faith and at length got down to asking the following question: in what way precisely did the heretics of these times deviate in their explanation of the Sacrament of the Altar. Our man satisfied him completely on this topic, explaining all the positions and reasons for each of them. The interpreter was astonished to hear him disputing in this way and playing the theologian, since he had previously gathered from him that he had only recently left the philosophy school; being sympathetic to his plight, he conveyed to the bystanders that he could not find anything in him to arouse their suspicion.

The Benedictine Fathers now entered the room. Their superior began to exorcise our prisoner by making the sign of the cross over him but; to stop him continuing with those rather detailed ceremonies, he was informed about the whole matter. Meanwhile the mounted messengers who had gone to the gate of the city where, as we have said, the temple of the heretics was situated, brought back the rest of our group. The heretics themselves looked askance at our people as they passed by, and without doubt they were wishing that they would fall prey to those minions. Our group came as quickly as possible to what might be called the court house. One of them took out the

diploma and handed it to the Marshal. He first turned his eyes to the signature of the Queen and recognised it immediately; not once suspecting that the document might be forged or falsified, he handed it to his secretary to take a copy of it. This was done straight away and the diploma was given back to us again. Then we were allowed to go in peace to everyone's satisfaction after apologies and civil farewells.

On the third day after this we came to (blank in text) which is washed by the Garonne, a noted river which flows into the sea not many miles from there. From this place we went in a ferry boat up to Bordeaux, the Metropolis of Gascony, famous for its supreme senate which they call 'Parliament'. Right at the city gates it has quite an impressive anchorage for ships, and it is thronged with crowds of businessmen and merchants.

We had agreed with Father Joseph when we parted that, God willing, we should come together in that city of Bordeaux. This agreement made that city desirable to us, although we knew it only by name, and it was always in our minds until we greeted it when we first set eyes on its towers. For they, more than the other dwellings, seemed to convey personal joy to us and the promise that they would restore the leader to his soldiers, the head to the body, the shepherd to the flock and the father to his sons. For thus the human mind, led by nature itself, flatters itself by imagining that even inanimate objects are spectators of its triumphs and sorrows. We had no sooner reached the river bank at Bordeaux than a man, who seemed from his appearance and dress to be a merchant, stopped us as we were going up to the city and told us that during the morning of that day two of our number had arrived there with him; one of them was quite tall and elderly and they were awaiting our arrival in the city. We gave thanks for such joyful omens and, since on the very threshold fortune, or rather God had so happily looked more kindly on our wishes, we could not but hope that everything would turn out equally fortunately. Now the question was, in what part of the city we should find our President;

we went to the house where the Nantes courier usually lodged, confident that we would be able to find out from him about Mr. Harrington, who we knew had made use of his services for that journey. But we could not find that inn, so we went in to the Saint Francis and found that inside everything was more lavish than the outside suggested. We had rested there barely half an hour when Father Joseph and Mr. Harrington came in; with them was a scholastic doctor, an Irishman, who had stayed by their side. Since he was kindly in manner and since he knew the city, it seemed he would be willing and able to be of use to us.

At their entry we all ran to them and received the embraces and greetings we had yearned for, inquiring about each others' health and the whole progress of the journey. And though relief at seeing such dear ones abundantly filled our hearts, our previous joy was considerably increased by the unexpected assurance of a happiness of which we had long despaired. For Father Joseph told us that three days before his arrival in the camp at La Rochelle Doctor Henry Mailer had left there for Spain and, full of zeal had stopped his ears to the whispers and persuasions of the envious; conquering himself like a man he had, as it were, taken all titles and high dignities in his hand and controlled them, making a servant out of what would have been mastery. So he tore himself from the court, even risking the favour of his Prince, whom he had previously claimed to be in no way willing to let him go. Now a little earlier Master Nicholas Fortescue had spoken with him. In his zeal Nicholas was bold enough to put before him the reasons why he should not neglect this work, but rather than spur Henry on he in fact held him back, since Henry did not want to be moved by anyone except himself. But we firmly believed that the letters Father Joseph sent him by Master Fortescue did arouse his spirit. For Joseph subtly upbraided him in a friendly fashion for unworthily retracting his word and promise, saying, that it was quite unbecoming for a hero to be stuck in the muddy desires of this world.

But at first sight Henry did not seem to be influenced by this or to grant any of Nicholas Fortescue's prayers; on the contrary, his fixed determination seemed to be strengthened. So Nicholas left La Rochelle without achieving his aim — in fact quite despairing of it. But shortly afterwards Doctor Mailer followed, and since Nicholas had occasion to stay a while in Madrid they met there. We listened to this good news from Joseph at Bordeaux — we were all ears, as the saying goes. Our rejoicing and joy was no less than if an amputated limb had been restored to a body by special divine intervention.

Mr Harrington gave the equivalent of three pounds in English money to the common purse; this was a gift sent us by the Bishop of Nantes, who wished in this way to answer our request. And certainly the character of such a man is more impressive than his largesse — even if he had given more; but through his agent he apologised for the meagreness of his alms. His financial straits would not allow him to give more since, as a good shepherd and minister of God, he had used up nearly all his money in helping the poor and comforting the suffering.

Since now, by God's mercy, we had all come together again safe and sound in such a prosperous city, it was decided to make our third resting place here, so that after some days rest we could take up again with new heart the burden we had laid down. To do this conveniently we had to discover a place where food and other necessities could be bought at a reasonable price, for that was the only sort of place our depleted resources would cover. For this purpose we were led by the help of the Irish doctor to an out of the way inn where, it seemed, we would be able to live undisturbed avoiding both noise and rumours about who we were. But when market day came round the whole house was filled with porters and a crowd of country folk so that we had to make place for them and crowd closer together. Though our stay in that squalor was not lengthy (only five days, I think), it was long enough to make us sick of the badly cooked dishes and of the rooms which had no ventilation at all. When we

wanted to leave we received the bill for all our expenses from the inn-keeper, and certainly the prices charged would not have been higher if they had been of top quality. So our fate was almost that of Tantalus thirsting in the midst of water, since we lived so wretchedly in a city which was overflowing with supplies of everything.

Six days later, after travelling partly on foot, partly by stage, partly by river (that is, by ferry), we reached St. Jean-de-Luz. This haste was of set purpose, because at Bordeaux we had heard from reliable sources that four of those large and tall ships known as galleons were soon to leave the port of San Sebastian for Lisbon. We took this as a heaven-sent opportunity because it would enable us to avoid crossing the wild part of Spain, country which looked threatening and terrible to us coming from the pleasanter terrain of France. So we exerted all our efforts in order that we should not let ourselves down by missing this opportunity.

Now while we were nearing the town of St. Jean on the boundary of Biscay after several strenuous days, we heard from strangers at the entry to the city that Adam Shabon (the name of our captain at Nantes mentioned earlier) had already reached port safely from France, but that by some accident our box and container had got lost. This tale sounded highly ominous to us, since we feared that there was too much foundation to this vague rumour. For the crafty and cunning man could have spread this round, so that we would hear it first in rumours rather than from his own lips; thus our anger would work itself out before we met him. Soon we turned into the house of a French merchant to stay there. At night Adam came to us to congratulate us on our arrival; he wanted to greet us by night because, in my opinion, his guilty conscience could not bear daylight. We received him kindly though with sad looks, for we hoped that it was some great danger and no ordinary difficulty which had forced him to throw our things into the sea in order to escape. But he told us nothing of the king. He spun a yarn which was

neither likely nor plausible, for he declared he had been chased by an English ship — it was one of those going to La Rochelle in a huge fleet to bring help to the besieged. It was sailing fast and was right on his heels; then a boat full of armed men was launched and made for his ship. Since the unequal numbers told against fighting, it was decided to avoid the danger by flight, and to hasten their progress it was necessary to throw some luggage into the sea. Since our things were lying on top of the upper deck they were chosen before the rest because they came first, and they were the only things which went for fish food. Thanks to this they got away from the pursuing enemy.

It is quite clear from this that we were right not to credit this story at all, for how could things of such slight weight have helped the flight when only they, and nothing else, as far as we could gather, had been thrown out? And we knew the English were not people who would easily let a prize slip when it was almost caught; finally we knew that these assault boats were not used by our countrymen. He confirmed this fable with several oaths, but did not even bother to look suitably sorry for our misfortune. Nor could his protestations extort from us any acceptance of his story; we were of the fixed opinion that the man must be either a great liar or signally stupid since he had been capable, with no advantage to himself of recklessly jettisoning those books and paper and the note-books which represented the vigils and studies of some years — worth more to us than the whole of his ship's cargo.

This incident naturally upset us deeply, some more than others, according to the value of what each happened to have lost. Apart from expensive and outstanding books, each had lost his handwritten dictates whether of philosophy (and these from two years) or theology; commentaries which had been compiled by private effort increased the sorrow. Everyone knows that all such things are more cherished because they are like something you have planted with your own hands; they are preferred to everything else because they cannot be bought

for money at the printers', and no one wants to write them out again or would have the time if he wanted to. Among the rest of the jettisoned articles, the Collected Notes of Mr. Harrington on the first part of St. Thomas were completely lost. He had devoted a period of two years at Douai gathering these together, for since he had been free from teaching all that while, he deliberately spent his time on this study so that he would have the notes ready in writing when he should lecture on this treatise to his pupils at Lisbon.

After we had used threats of cajolery to get the captain to tell the truth as it had really happened, and had not been able to get anything out of him except what we have already said, we decided to continue the journey we had already started and to bear patiently the loss of what we could no longer rejoice to possess. We decided this, despite the fact that we had been advised by a merchant who knew our position that the law demanded that those whose goods had been jettisoned as a safety measure should come to some agreement about compensation for this loss. But we had neither the time nor the means to bring a suit about this against the captain.

So we pressed on towards San Sebastian with both our cares and our burdens lighter, for we could say with the ancient writer: 'We carry all our possessions with us.' We arrived at San Sebastian about midday and this was just the right time, for the ships were to sail from the port the following day. We lunched in the house of a merchant called Martino de Rascas. He welcomed us with such a modest meal that, when the table was cleared, it was difficult to say which was the greater, the sparseness of the food or the sharpness of our appetites; for, as I recall, we had nothing except a few sardines and bread. Wine was poured from a leather bottle. Fourteen of us sat down, since Peter Bennett (Heynes' nephew) was added to the company; at the top of the table was the head of the family himself. I am not complaining about the sparseness of the meal, nor have I any intention of branding our host as mean — God forbid.

He does not deserve a disgraceful thing like that, for he was a great benefactor of our countrymen: his house served for years as an inn for English missionaries travelling that way to Valladolid. Whatever he gave us he gave freely — may God repay him — saying repeatedly that it was Christ's inn. But I write this so that the actual events, no matter how insignificant, may be made known as they really happened. As we were sitting there Martin's wife came in and cried out that she seemed to see Christ and His disciples at the last supper, for there were twelve of us dressed like apostles and at the head of the table, as I have said, was her husband as one who ministers to the rest.

Meanwhile we learned that the commander of the ships which were destined for Portugal and were at anchor in the next anchorage about a mile from San Sebastian was a very close friend of our Martin. We thought it very important to get a letter of introduction to him from Martin and he wrote it willingly. So, having thanked him for his kindness to us, we said good-bye. As we went out the mistress of the house met us at the head of the stairs and we could not excuse ourselves from having our hands kissed as a sign of respect.

When we reached Passajes (that is the name of the port) we gave Martin's letter to the commander. He acceded all the more quickly to our request and, like a Spaniard, declared expansively that before he saw us short of transport he would carry us to Portugal on his own back. But he gave us more than words, for we found his deeds even better than his fine promises. Out of the four galleons, which were (built for?) war and were finely designed, he allotted us the flagship and gave us very good and spacious quarters in it. Father Joseph sold his little horse for the same price he had paid for it at Nantes, taking no more than this because it had been extremely useful on the journey for carrying luggage and his master.

After this Mr. Harrington went to San Sebastian to get something for the journey. Next morning a gun was fired as the signal for departure, the tackle was all taken in and the sails

unfurled a little. The ships began to glide away gradually from the port, nor did the wind allow them to move more quickly, since it blew only over the peaks of the mountains which enclosed the anchorage on both sides. It is a custom of that people that women ferry travellers from one side to the other in rowing boats. We hired them in order to catch the ships which were now starting to sail. Nor did we doubt that we would overtake them, since we could see they were moving fairly slowly for the reason I have mentioned. But, thanks to feminine weakness, we could not keep up with them even in the port. When they got past the rocks, which acted as a wind-break, and reached the open sea, they sailed faster, while we were left further and further behind. Nor was it safe to entrust ourselves in the open sea to those rowers whom we had relied on in the port. While we hesitated in these straits, fearing lest at this moment such a favourable opportunity of sailing was going to be lost, we saw some men rowing away from the ships towards the port in a fast boat. We hailed them and promised to pay them if they brought us to the galleon. Since they could see that we were in a tight corner they demanded more money for the task than was just, but it was not the place or time for haggling so we agreed to pay a whole gold pistol; we reached the ship in the twinkling of an eye, for those people excel at the art of rowing.

We were given a kindly reception by the sailors and by the commander himself, who had remained on deck until that moment, and we were led to the quarters set aside for our use. We had rested a short while when Mr. Harrington reached us, bringing with him the food which we needed, or rather which he had managed to get with great effort and the aid of Martino Rascas, for the town was wretchedly supplied. Now by God's mercy we were sailing with welcome breezes, and with the help of such favourable winds we would surely have completed the voyage quickly, had it not been for the fact that one of the ships under our commander's protection was fully loaded with iron and so slowed our progress. The other ships had to adjust their sails

and proceed almost at leisure, sometimes waiting for it to come up, at other times picking up a straggler again. In this way we reached Cape Finisterre, a promontory of Galicia. While we were trying to round the Cape in quite unfavourable winds, the weather turned stormy and we had to give up any hope of doing this in these adverse circumstances. So it was decided to turn back and enter the Galician port called El Ferrol — if it deserves to have a name at all. When this decision had been made known to the whole fleet, some of the sailors came to bring us good news. They thought they would cheer us up, since they felt we were thoroughly exhausted after being tossed around for days with poor food and little sleep. So, in the grandiloquent Spanish manner they promised us wonderful things and we gathered that the place had a wonderful reputation for its abundance of fish, so we were hoping we would lack for nothing.

At length we entered the port: it is certainly a safe and secure harbour, whether one thinks of winds or stormy seas, for it provides a shelter which is free from both those hazards. Apart from that, however, if sailors worn out by their labours at sea put in here, I do not know what comfort they would find over and above the calmness of the waters. Since we had been led to expect something better, the small houses looked wretched and the surrounding trees were so bare that they seemed to promise empty stomachs as well as nothing to look at. At length we came down from the ships to the land where we were surrounded by a crowd of women who were inspecting us rather than welcoming us. At last we were given somewhere to rest and we all came together at dinner time: after dinner we separated to various cottages to sleep.

We stayed here some days waiting for good weather, but all the time a steady north wind blew and the sailors could not make use of this to sail from the port. We grew weary of so many delays and there was no hope of breaking out, especially since the inhabitants said that in winter (and it was already Septem-

ber) the north wind often blew unremittingly in those parts for six months. Because of this the Ellis brothers, Master William and Master Humphry, and Master Anthony Morgan began an overland journey, thinking it well that some should get away and that not all should be shut up at the pleasure of the winds (12). What encouraged them more than the rest was, I think, their own extra money over and above the common travelling expenses. So under God's guidance they made for Compostella, passing through the borders of Galicia to get to Lisbon.

On the fourth day after their departure the wind blew from another quarter. The captain stood by and the good news was greeted like a miracle. A boat was launched immediately and men were sent to see whether these heaven-sent favourable winds looked like blowing steadily and constantly. They returned with the news that everything was favourable. Soon a signal was given to our companions and the anchor was raised. We said good-bye without tears to that village which had provided such [poor] lodgings for us; we thought we would have more comfortable and suitable sleeping quarters in the berths on our ship and that this was preferable to having those «Palaces» as our lodgings.

On this stage of the journey we had the advantage of following winds so that shortly we caught sight of the Lisbon shore from the sea. This was a welcome spectacle to us who had by now spent two months since we had set out from Douai, struggling through as far as this with varying fortune and against a variety of obstacles. We could not enter the port that same day because the tide was going out. So, to avoid wasting time, we devoted ourselves to smoothing out our cassocks (which were creased through having occasionally served as blankets)

(12) From the *Annales* it is clear that Richard Arundel or Charnock went with them. Later in this manuscript we hear of four arriving together in Lisbon.

and to trimming our hair and beards so that, for all our French clothes, we should still cut a good figure. On the following day (November 14th) we went up to the city. We were in high spirits and cast our eyes up and down the banks, examining everything we saw with avid curiosity. We were so taken by everything that we thought our earlier efforts on the journey, and all the delays, would have been worthwhile even if our aim had been merely to see this city. For I think there can scarcely be any city in the world which looks more magnificently impressive or better sited as you approach it. Father Joseph was jumping up and down for joy and had to answer all our questions about the building and other sights. We tried very hard to spot the place where our College was, so that we could have sight of it before actually crossing its threshold, but since it was as yet quite slight and of only moderate size we could not pick it out for certain, though the actual hill on which Father Joseph told us it was sited stood out as an obvious landmark.

Our entry was accompanied by a certain amount of ceremony for, since our galleons were in the service of the Portuguese crown, they were entitled to be led in by the port's pilot boat; so we made our entry accompanied by fanfares. When we got to the anchorage we jumped ashore and entered the church of St. Paul on the bank to thank God, through the advocacy of this saint who had experienced the difficulties of sea travel, for the successful outcome of the journey. Meanwhile an Irish priest called Thomas came up and congratulated us on our arrival; and went up to the College with us.

When we reached the College we found masons and builders working on all sides; the old was being changed into the new at least superficially and, as the proverb has it, squares were being rounded into circles. Hardly anything was being built up from scratch, since practically all their efforts and work were devoted to adapting for our use houses which had originally been built for lay people. In this, Father Newman's character and Walter Yates' diligence shone forth, for at that time they were the closest

of friends; together they used to climb that hill — every day, I think to spur on the workmen. In their own way they were responsible for the origin of the college and the nascent enterprise, for our Patron (13) had been called away to the royal court at Madrid. Thus he had made these two his attorneys to look after his affairs: Father Newman was to look after his house and Walter was to collect the rents and pay the workers their weekly wages. When they heard of our arrival they rushed to welcome us; for all the English residents of Lisbon they were the only ones we could claim as friends.

Certainly Father Newman (to whom we owe our present possessions and the hope of more to come) will live on in the dead stones of the College and, if we have a spark of ordinary human gratitude, he will never die out of living memory, for his glory will last. During twelve years and more he brought to completion a work beset with countless difficulties. He calmed and forestalled the over-suspicious and crafty nature of our Patron, for truth is stronger than lies. He had to carve this College out of the hardest stone. He laid its foundation in the concession and diploma of the Great King Artaxerxes, I mean the King of Spain, amidst the opposition of Sanaballat and Tobias, I mean those very powerful men, the Jesuits, who tried, now by threats, now by calumny, to put a stop to the work, so that he, like the Israelites, had to hold a sword in one hand while building walls with the other (14). Nor will Walter Yates be deprived of his praise and glory, for he was a very strenuous collaborator in these early days and proved faithful in many

(13) Dom Pedro Coutinho. He failed to live up to expectations.

(14) The meaning in this somewhat esoteric sentence is nevertheless clear i.e. the author believes the Jesuits attempted to stop the construction of the Inglesinhos. Whether true or not he has overreached himself in the wording. It should however stand as an indication of the intensity of feeling at that time amongst certain sectors of the Roman Catholic community (even teenagers) against the Jesuits.

ways, though there are a few things to his discredit, for he later abandoned his early charity.

Meanwhile we were looking all over the house to see what rooms there would be and what they would be like. Though small, they were pleasing enough, especially since we reflected that this was merely a stage on the way to a grander scale of living. After this we listened to many things Nicholas Fortescue had to tell us. He had arrived there about eight days before us (on November 7th, according to the Annals). Walter Yates acceded to the request of Father Newman and Father Joseph (for whom he showed a special love and close friendship) that he should receive us as lodgers in his house until the College was adapted for our use. We went down to the house at night lest we should be too noticeable in our foreign clothes. Walter Yates received us very kindly in his house: dinner was a modest affair, perhaps to avoid indigestion from a large meal on empty stomachs upset by sea travel. But during the following days we sampled the customary diet of the country; it was fairly filling, though not enough to satisfy a ravenous appetite; but it was healthy. Mattresses, pillows, blankets and other sleeping equipment were brought in from outside, for since Walter Yates was a bachelor he had no need of a large supply of such things and so did not have them ready to hand. Meanwhile several meetings and private conversations were held between... [Here there is a break in the manuscript, though the story is resumed on the same page].

On the 22nd of November [the day is taken from the Annals, as it is not clear in the manuscript] of the same year we welcomed our four companions who had left us at El Ferrol in Galicia in order to reach Lisbon more speedily overland. They had been ill-used by the Spanish officials, as is usual. They also carried with them Anthony Morgan who was in a fever; he was laid low by this illness for some days, but at last by God's favour got better. With his increase in the number of guests Walter's house could no longer hold us all, so Father Newman shared

the task with him. Father Joseph took six of us into our Patron's house which as I have said, Father Newman had charge of in his absence, while Mr. Harrington and three others stayed on at Walter's.

On the 2nd of December we said good-bye to our host, Walter Yates and went up to the College. The rooms were as yet poorly furnished. There were no tables for study, nor beds to put our bedding on, so we spread it on the floor and slept there. There was a shortage of everything except poverty. But the very nature of the situation seemed to demand patience, for it was the infancy of the College, its first beginnings and a time of hope for our work; all of which seemed to promise that our present modest state would be replaced by greatness in the future, for nature is so structured that small things lead to great.

Father Joseph had brought his patrimony with him, that is to say a sum of £200. We were fed and clothed at his expense for a period of almost two months until we became stipendiaries of our Patron, who arranged that the pension he allotted us should start at our first entry into the College. After Father Joseph's death the amount he had spent from his own money in the above-mentioned interval was given back to the College. In these early days our Chapel was not yet ready, so we went out here and there, wherever was convenient, to celebrate and hear Mass. But on January 18th 1629, by permission of the episcopal chapter, the chapel was consecrated. The preacher was Brother John Vazgonçales, the son of the Corregidor of this city and a noble man of impeccable reputation. The mass of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary was celebrated by the Royal Chaplain, a man worthy of respect for many reasons. They did this favour for us at the request — unless I am mistaken — of Walter Yates and Father Newman respectively.

On the 22nd of February of this year, 1629, Father Joseph passed away after a fever which lasted about two weeks. In the first week he nearly recovered, but in the second he suffered a relapse. On the day before his death he made an explicit

profession of faith in the presence of many of us, then for the rest of the day he was overcome by a profound lethargy and lay in a deep and troubled sleep. About midnight when he was breathing with great difficulty we opened his eyes and saw clearly that the life had gone out of them. So we stood by the dying man as is the church's custom and said the prayers for the dying; he shortly gave back his soul to the God who had given it to him. On the same day we buried him as fittingly as our poverty would allow. So he lies in our chapel just outside the altar rails with his face looking towards the altar; his grave is covered but has no stone. Ambition was far removed from the dying man, just as in life he never looked troubled.

One who has no stone has no epitaph, but the dead man seems to have announced the building of the new church and provided its corner stone, on which it would be built as a thoroughly solid foundation. Bereft at once of our Father and President we feared for the success of the College. For our cause had meant so much to him that we could not but think that the chain would snap once the main link had gone. Yet God made quite clear to us that He had preordained our destiny in His wisdom and has so cast each of us that persons and tasks, should fit together; for hitherto Father Joseph had played his part splendidly and in such a way that he alone and no one else seemed equal to it. For what had been done hitherto demanded of its very nature, zeal, fervour, diligence, love and good will from Catholics: all of these were to be found in an outstanding degree in Father Joseph. But now we had reached the stage where the hope of great things had to be scaled down and what was needed was patience in order to put up with the close-fistedness of our Patron, who could do much but in fact did little. Not that Father Joseph lacked patience — he excelled in it — but it would have been very hard for him to be the centre of contradictions. He himself had made us many cheering and heartening promises both when we were at Douai and while we were on the journey, for when he had been on his former

visit to Lisbon he had had similar promises from our Patron, who had given his word that if he had brought even as many as fourteen alumni from Douai they would not want for support. Since Father Joseph had no yardstick for many promises of this kind except his own nobility and openness of mind, he was too credulous. So if he had continued his span of life to the present time he would have suffered great mental agony at seeing promises turn out to be empty.

END OF THIS MANUSCRIPT ACCOUNT.