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His Majesty King George V

EDITORIAL

ON several great occasions has THE VENERABLE had cause to offer its congratulations to Archbishop Hinsley, its founder and chief inspiration, and it has done so each time with an enthusiasm and warmth of expression like his own. But the elevation of His Grace to the See of Westminster, to the leadership of the Church in our country, truly surpasses all. The enthusiasm with which the great news was received by Venerabilini here and in England defies expression. Like His Grace, we had thought that when we had said goodbye to Africa's Apostolic Delegate in 1930, it was the end of all, and we would scarcely ever see him again. And yet now he has come back to us once more, come back too in a position of most exalted honour and dignity. Who could ever hope to express all that this means to the Venerabile? We could

not, even in the wildest of our dreams, have wished anything to please us more.

In the name of the College which owes him so much, we offer the new Archbishop of Westminster our most heartfelt congratulations, and tell him how glad we are to welcome him back to our midst once more. Already he has been received with great acclamation by his people, and is filling his high office with that rare distinction and energy which England has always known to expect from him. May he long continue the rule he has so happily begun, and in all the heavy toil and responsibilities of his difficult charge, find success and consolation.

ROFFENSIS

Gestabo solus? Solus opponam fidem
Si mille mortes millies jubeant mori.

(*St John Fisher, "Roffensis," Act III,
Scene 5, l. 38*).

"ROFFENSIS" or Rochester is the title of the third of a series of five plays written and performed in the College in the years 1612—13. Of the first, "Thomas Morus Tragoedia," we have already read in the last number of *THE VENERABLE*. The writer of that article had an actor's copy to help him to read the text, but the text of "Roffensis," which as manuscript is undoubtedly the most difficult of all five to decipher, has no such aid. Strange lettering and the fickle execution of the quill fills us with dismay; the eye, accustomed to perfect printing and elegant type, wanders from line to line, now searching for a syllable, now finding an entire word, and finally alighting on the real key-word which solves the mystery of the sentence. Patience is well rewarded, and we discover that those funny little twirls of the pen which were apparently useless, signify the letter *e*, and that there are not half so many *ms* and *ns* as we at first supposed. Gradually we forget that printed matter ever existed, and discarding the powerful magnifying-glass—that awkward necessity for all such work—we plunge with renewed enthusiasm into the manuscript.

And what a manuscript it is! The last stirring scenes of the life of the Martyr Bishop pass slowly and with great, simple power before our eyes. The author presents the facts with a simplicity full of grace: for him the facts themselves

are eloquent enough, and he cares little for rhetorical adornment. He has the happy faculty of latinizing without the loss of that courtly dignity of old English speech which is so full of charm to the modern ear. Consequently, in speech and in portraiture, his St John Fisher is exactly our St John Fisher—the gentle Bishop, gaunt and serious but wonderfully patient despite his many misfortunes, weakened by sickness and yet, despite the constant threats and persuasions of his enemies, kindly and forgiving, and firm as a rock in the Faith.

We may well believe that the author's great lesson throughout, as in "Thomas Morus, Tragoedia," is to show that audience of future martyrs the many lessons they could learn from those who had gone before them. He portrays to them the complete helplessness of Fisher in the hands of the unscrupulous ministers of the King—let them know that their helplessness will be greater still. He warns them in due time of the deceits of their enemies, giving in the fullest possible detail the attempt to coerce Fisher with all its mean trickery and legal quibbling. Above all, he shows them the end—the imprisonment, the shame and the death, and as these last scenes are enacted before their eyes, they see well their grim presage, and learn from the Martyr's triumph how it befits a true lover of Christ to suffer and to die.

The play opens in true classical fashion, *Furor solus* lamenting his many unsuccessful attempts on Catholic England, and deciding to invoke the assistance of some other Stygian spirit. A rapid survey of the caverns of Hades reveals a suitable helpmate in the person of Heresy, the inhabitant of its nethermost dwelling. Obedient to his call Heresy appears, eager to assist him in his twofold task of subverting Henry VIII, *Fidei Defensor*, and contriving the downfall of Fisher the sole support of the declining Church. They depart; Fury betakes himself to the palace to be henceforth the inseparable companion of the King, while Heresy busily assists the King's ministers Cromwell and Audley, and has an occasional word of evil counsel for the ear of Cranmer.

Act I opens with the arrival of a messenger from Rome, bringing the news that Pope Paul III has raised to the

cardinalate Bishop Fisher (who at present is confined in the Tower at the King's good pleasure). Bryant¹ fearing the disturbing effect of this news on the King, persuades the messenger to rest until the morrow. King Henry enters with his court; and despite the gaiety of this Merrie England holiday the King is not happy. *Roffensis, tanti numinis immemor*, prefers to languish in prison rather than sanction the King's marriage. At the mention of Fisher, Howard, Boleyn and Brand hastily reassure Henry that Fisher is but a single dissentient voice. Henry is not comforted:

Plus una pollet ista quam vox multiplex,
 Virtute lucet, litteris ingens videt,
 Prudens, honestus, integer, quem pia fides
 Vitaeque candor Angliae lumen dedit.

But appeals to the King's pride and offended majesty are not without effect, and Brand has the satisfaction of seeing him firmly denounce Fisher, order that Anne be proclaimed Queen of England, and threaten woe to all who refuse her this title.

The Second Act introduces us to Fisher. The three arch-villains of the piece, Cromwell, Cranmer and Audley, deplore the timidity and diffidence of their Sovereign, who, having proclaimed Anne as Queen, is prevented by his lingering affection for Fisher from taking active measures against him. Cromwell, therefore, resolves to employ his two latest discoveries—Fisher's elevation to the cardinalate and his corresponding with More during their imprisonment in the Tower. Fisher is summoned and appears in chains and most wretchedly dressed. (We know from his biographers that it was at this period that he wrote to Cromwell: "I have neither shirt nor sute, nor yet any other clothes that are necessary for me to wear but that be ragged so shamefully.")² This pitiful appearance serves only to inflame Audley, who scornfully salutes him:

Praeclarus ecce Praesul
 Dum solus hostis Regii nomen tenet
 Et unus obstat omnibus; quo devius

¹ Probably this is Sir Francis Bryan, the Ambassador to Paul III, and Master of the King's Henchmen. (Cf. Sanders, *Rise and Growth of the Anglican Schism*, p. 24.)

² *Life of Blessed John Fisher*, p. 291, by the Rev T. E. Bridgett.

Defluxit a recto animus ? infelix senex
Desipere sic contigit.

Fisher replies :

Felix ego,
Cui sapere tandem contigit, donet Deus
Hac mente perstem.

“ Thus to pray is of itself a crime,” shouts Cromwell. Brand, while displaying sympathy with Fisher, suggests to him that surely the King and all his people cannot be wrong and himself alone be right. Fisher answers that each person is ruled by his own conscience, and his does not allow him to obey the King and disobey God.

Cranmer, in a long and unctuous speech, distastefully flattering to the Bishop, gradually leads to the all-important question.

Si merita forte Praesul [the Pope] et fidus sibi
Tandem laboris pileo exornat rubro
Qua mente ferres ?

Fisher Parva sat merita Deus
Pensabit aequus.

This answer does not satisfy his interlocutors who question him again : “ Yet if it were to happen what would you do ? ” “ Seek to flee this honour, yet if it were for the glory of God and the good of His Church, I would accept it.” “ Your ambition has taken you too far,” says Boleyn ; “ inferior though your condition is, you wish to make the mitre equal to the crown.” Fisher rebuts the puerility with quiet dignity :

Quid semper animo gesserim, quid jam geram
Lincoliensis insula, Roffa me tenuit mea
Delicta multum, parva, sed et eo meis
Similior humeris viribus parvis onus.
Quos titulos fingitis ? quosnam inscius
Ambivi honores ? Meno quidem culpa vacat.

Cromwell then takes up the attack, accusing him of receiving letters from More. What crime is it, answers Fisher, to receive letters from More, whose wisdom and goodness were the salvation of this land ? Cranmer tries again : “ The latest enactment of the law requires that His Majesty be head of the Church

in England. Pray, worthy Bishop, what is your opinion?" "That law is unworthy of His Majesty," is the reply. Then the commission leave him and return to the King, who hearing that Fisher's sympathies are with the Pope, neatly jests :

*Si forte veniens pileum et caput ferat,
Gestare poterit, ego humeros seni
Truncumque linquam.*

The Third Act discovers King Henry once again weighing the pros and cons. He has sacrificed Fisher for the sake of Anne; dare he oppose the will of his people still further and condemn him to death? He thinks he will try persuasion—religious persuasion. Accordingly, Bishop Stokesley of London, Gardiner of Winchester and Tunstal of Durham are made to visit Fisher. They come, no doubt, unwillingly, moved by fear of the King's displeasure rather than by any conviction of the truth of his opinions. Approaching Fisher with unwonted kindness they assure him that Henry does not wish to usurp the tiara; his glory as King of England is sufficient. Fisher answers with a fable. An axe-head, entering a forest of mighty oaks and coming to one majestic tree, humbly asked for a slender branch to make himself a haft. Unmindful of his future ruin, the oak agreed, but the axe becoming proud of his new power, speedily hewed down the entire grove of trees. From the axe-head learn a parable :

*Securis illa Regis Henrici furor,
Vos capita sylvae, Ecclesia Catholica nemus.
Ut pia putentur vota versata prece
Fallax Religio pectus occultum tegit.
Haec ansa si esset modica, quia junctum tamen
Habet furorem, et Regiae fulmen manus
Subito insolescit et potestatis suae
Jugulet datorem.*

The worthy prelates are indignant at this outburst, but nevertheless endeavour to soothe him as best they can. Bishop Stokesley, however, begins to argue that Henry only wishes to be head of the Church in England. Fisher, seeing that his words have been lost on them, speaks with unusual vehemence, earnestly begging them to return to their allegiance before it is too late :

Henry's claim is useless for none can share the supreme power which belongs to the Roman Pontiff alone. For himself, his sole desire is to die for Christ. Then turning to the miserable time-servers before him he implores them in words of rare sublimity to abjure their error before it is too late.

Per Chryisma sacrum, per notam quam animis sacer
Impressit ordo, per sacrum illud hostiae
Pondus quod aliam pressit aliquando crucem,
Adjuro vos ne sedis Hesperiae caput
Violetis unquam, nec datam Romae fidem.

Nec timeatis moriri

Antiquo potius pectore infracto iuvat
Renovare bella, et sanguine effuso pios
Sacrare nimbros quos sinu laeto bibat
Ecclesia, unde semine feraci nova
Adolescat arbor messe quae plena queat
Redimere prima damna.

Let them think of the prayer of St Stephen at his martyrdom ; let them think of the wonderful effects of the death of St Thomas of Canterbury, *phoenix Angliae, decus mundi*, and follow his glorious example. Tears flow unchecked from the prelates' eyes, yet showing, alas ! only a passing repentance : fear of Henry immediately constrains Gardiner to say : "Peius est tempsisse Regem, quam sit preces Praesulis". And at that they leave him.

Howard and Cromwell now hatch another plot : they will approach Fisher with the news that More has acknowledged Henry's supremacy *in sacris* : then they will tell More that Fisher has capitulated, and beg him "sequere sapientem". Even Furor who is a witness of all this is astonished : "O scelus," he cries, "et ipso Tartaro dignum nefas." Fisher is unmoved by the news ; plainly, he is unwilling to trust even the oath of Cromwell. (Here, by the way, one is rather disappointed to find that the author contrives to make More receive and refute the news in exactly the same manner as Fisher.)

In the Fourth Act, Fury has taken full possession of the King, and he rages in most unkingly fashion against the Farnese Pope who has so sternly refused his requests. "Vengeance

is mine ; Fisher, the constant spur to my wrath, prefers long life in chains ; prison will not subdue his proud soul, therefore he must die condemned on any charge you can bring against him."

Acting on this wholesome advice, Audley summons Fisher to appear for trial. He enters preceded by two lictors, and, no doubt "with a huge number of halberts, bills and other weapons about him, and the axe of the Tower borne before him, with the edge from him as the manner is".¹ Audley has been appointed to judge him and he cleverly conceals with merciful mien the legal murder he is about to perform. "The King earnestly desires to give you, my Lord Bishop, respite from your many woes. Formerly, sovereigns were wont to punish with death such stubbornness as yours ; yet the sole desire of our Sovereign is to have mercy on you. But despite his tender love for you, he feels obliged to press this hard lot upon you, the influence which you have with his people preventing him from granting a free pardon. Therefore, good Bishop, give way to His Majesty, follow the example of the noblest in the land, and all that you have lost will be restored to you."

Fisher I thank the King for his solicitude and kindness, yet have you, methinks, overstated his mercy and goodwill. Ruin is mine whithersoever I turn : if I grant the King the title he so selfishly craves, I will stain my soul with sin ; if I refuse I must return to prison. The Tower is peace for me ; far better, then, to return there than to be a scandal to my people in my old age. Since I soon must die, let this be my answer. I prefer my God to my King, nor can I for the sake of a few short years of life risk the eternal shipwreck of my soul.

Audley Speak not in riddles and tell us openly whether you acknowledge Henry to be the supreme head of the Church in England.

Fisher With justice may I hold my peace in such a matter.

Audley Nay ! here 'tis a crime to refuse to answer.

¹ *Life of Blessed John Fisher*, p. 394, by the Rev T. E. Bridgett.

Fisher In a doubtful matter silence is no crime.

Audley You alone, then, are innocent, and all we are guilty?

Fisher I judge my own actions, others I do not condemn. But Cromwell can endure this no longer. "Why do we waste time? He is bandying words, and hoping for yet one more reprieve. His words prove him guilty—let him be sentenced." Audley turns to the advocate and bids him read the indictment. The advocate delivers his charge.

Te Proditorem laesa Majestas gravi
Suprema stringit crimine; infensi petunt
Regi rebellis quo Patria Regi dedit,
In sacra summi capitis et jus et decus.
Num vera refero? ac reusne?

Fisher I am not guilty. Four and twenty years have I loved and served my Sovereign, I his servant unto my old age. If my words do not prove my innocence, I pray that he who has informed against me may be forgiven. (This prayer for the traitor, Mr Rich,¹ is reminiscent—as no doubt the author intended it should be—of the prayer of St Stephen—recalled to the Bishops by Fisher.)

The indictment finished, Audley, without more ado, reads the sentence.

Roffensis ergo, sive tu Praesul cupis
Seu Cardinalis Praesbiter malis sacrae
Urbis vocari, quolibet titulo utere,
Hinc unde primo veneras, inde ad locum
Rapere notum supplicii, et ibi trahi
Dum vita corpus semianime prope deserat
Necteris, ater funis incerta cadet
Ruptus securi, tum ilia spiranti sua
E sede divellentur, evulsa acribus
Urenda flammis lictor ante oculos dabit

¹ Rich was the Solicitor General and the only witness for the Crown. He committed perjury at the trial of More. A secret messenger between the King and Fisher, he swore he had heard the prisoner say in plain words in the Tower of London: "That he believed in his conscience, and by his learning assuredly knew, that the King neither was, nor could be, supreme head of the Church in England".

Cervice caesa perfidum abscindat caput.
 Tum membra demum sanguinea trunco tenus
 Divisa Regis arbitrio gravis, gravis
 Monumenta sceleris arce pendebunt, suo
 Monitura viam scelere ut abstineant senes.
 Sic parcat animae coelitum Rector tuae.

After this horrible sentence of death with all its accompanying atrocities, the lieutenant is preparing to lead the condemned Bishop to the Tower, when he interrupts him with this beautiful prayer :

Agnosco voces, attigi optatum decus :
 O Christe carum pignus aeterni Patris
 Qui nudus olim corporis sacro tui
 Crucem premebas pondere, innocuo tibi
 Gaudens litabo capite ; quam vellem trucidis
 Subire flammis, et feris praeda fieri !
 Juvat immolare saepius, parum est semel
 Dedisse vitam, sed parum hoc offero tibi
 Benigne Jesu, quo rubeo lateris sacri
 Fluvio rependam sanguinis guttas mei.

Then he asks permission of the judge to say a few words to the court. Audley refuses, but Brand announces that Henry has ordered that Fisher is to be allowed to speak. "My Lords," he begins, "I am condemned of high treason against His Majesty. The justice of this condemnation I leave to God, the Searcher of Hearts, who alone is my Judge. Death I embrace gladly, and whatever else it may please my Lord Jesus to send me. Yet as the Judge has sentenced me to this cruel death, I am at liberty to speak plainly concerning this matter of the King's supremacy: Henry cannot assume any title or supremacy in the Church, for God gives to kings a temporal crown, but never power over His Church. Therefore, if this mad folly drives the King to strive to share the title which the whole world gives to the Pope, the wrath of God will fall speedily upon him and he will drag to ruin this realm and the souls committed to his care. I beseech you, my lords, return to your allegiance to Rome. I pray God that His Majesty may remember himself in time, and hearken to good counsel for his own saving,

for that of his realm and for the peace of all Christendom." He is then escorted to the Tower with the axe turned towards him.

The last Act begins in the Saint's cell on the morning of the execution, Monday, June 22nd, at the hour of nine. Sir Edmund Walsingham, Lieutenant of the Tower, and the courtiers Darcy and Musgrave, enter the cell. The Saint rises, eager to accompany them, but is so feeble with sickness and age that he falls back upon his bed. Then manfully rising again he says :

Eia virium effatos pedes,
Exiguum iter sine duce moliri decet,
Quin pergatis vocare quod superest viae.

Walsingham tells him not to say anything against the King on the scaffold.

Venerande Praesul, nuntius mihi modo
Regis tabellas tradidit, quibus cupit
Cautum, suprema tribuit ubi vitae mora
Tempus loquendi, ne quid in vulgi detur
Aures, sibi, regnove quod vertat malo.

Fisher smiles : " I will take good care, Master Lieutenant, that nought shall pass my lips which could rightly offend His Majesty." And opening his little book of the New Testament, he prays aloud : " As I open this book for the last time, grant O Lord, that Thy servant may find solace therein whereby I may glorify Thee when the axe shall end my life." He pauses for a moment and reads, then still smiling : " It is enough," he says gently, " the great consolation which those few words give me overcomes the delay my heart feels." From other sources we know what those words were : " This is eternal life that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent. I have glorified Thee on earth. I have finished the work that Thou gavest me to do."¹

The guards then lead him from his cell to the scaffold and we see him no more.

We are next shown the effect of the Saint's death upon the King. Henry is in his palace, fretting with rage that even now

¹ John, XVII, 3-5.

he is not rid of anxiety : he has lost his best friend and in his place has only false courtiers. At this moment, to his great discomfort, the Martyr's head is brought before him, having an appearance strangely at variance with death.

Vultus nitescit, flore primaevo viret,
Acies, serenum qualis adverso intuens
Oculo micantes excipit Phoebi jubar.

But Cromwell, every good feeling in him long since extinguished, glibly reassures him.

Nihil mirum, quamdiu vitam tulit,
Curis onustam, ac mille languentem malis
Oppressit atrox livor exosum jecur
Nunc morte victa cessit invidia suum
Natura fronte reddit ablatum decus.

Henry, however, is conscience-stricken and cannot bear the sight. But his qualms do not prevent him from commanding that the head be set up on London Bridge. Bryant suggests that it go first to Anne Boleyn.

Regina, princeps, Anna cernere percipit,
Toties quod in se virus effudit, caput
Verberibus olim jacta convitia scio
Crebris rependet.

Henry Siste Regina coram
Pontemque dein pete : nulla sit jussi mora.
Plebs proditorem plorat ?

“ My people have time enough for others' sorrows,” he sneers ; “ I will give them sorrows for themselves. Proclaim throughout the kingdom ‘Death to all who deny my supremacy in the Church.’ ” He glares suspiciously at the court, but they quickly respond : “ Spondemus omnes ”. Then he and they go out, and the play finishes as it began with Fury and Heresy alone on the stage. They talk happily together for a short time, and even embrace each other, so great is their joy (“ ruunt in alternos amplexus ”). Then they return to the nether regions, congratulating each other on the success of the work they had planned, and assured of the great host who are to follow them.

H. MARTINDALE

ROMANESQUES

21. — PAMPHILJ.

THE material object of these few pages is the Villa Doria-Pamphilj, but their formal object is Pam, and by Pam we mean the place as it enters into the world of a Venerabilino. As for our method, we shall just talk of one thing after another, because that is what is done in Pam, and there seems to be no reason why it should not be done about Pam also. But we shall not need to deal with objections, because there can be none against Pam that a rational man could regard as requiring an answer.

There are two ways of approaching our subject, one on foot and the other by tram to the Porta San Pancrazio. But this latter is reserved to the privileged wearer of the ferraiuola, and even then is somewhat despised as a sign of incipient middle age or almost senility, so it will be safer to say no more about it. The real way is to walk over the Ponte Sisto and up the hill, a route hallowed by countless more or less pious feet. A few may diverge to the Corsini Gallery, a few more

may turn into the Corsini Gardens even when the principal obstacle of those uncompromising steps has been surmounted, but the vast bulk of the desultory procession arrives safely at the gate of Pam.

Who greets them there now? No longer old Gannymede (or gamey-kneed) at any rate. With what beautiful dignity he used to rise from a



“ . . . old Gannymede . . . ”

chair three sizes too small for him and advance slowly, still in an apparently sitting posture, to open the gate, acknowledging sufficiently but not effusively the greetings of those who approached. He was a much more fitting guardian of the place than Tom Mix, whose cowboy appearance and perpetual insistence that the football pitch was either too wet or too dry for play were an unresolved contradiction to the amenities of Pam.

Football—for this brings us to the question of football; but we must beg to decline entering on it, for the present writer is not qualified to describe the activities of *quei semi-nudi di Villa-Pamphilj*, as some Monsignor Grundy is said to have described them. Let not this reluctance be put down to contempt, for no one should presume to despise a sport which has in its time held the amazed attention of so many *eminentissimi porporati*. Its cause is simply, as Dr Johnson said, “ignorance, Madam, ignorance”.

Returning to safer ground, we must not forget to give an account of the stages in a man's attitude to Pam. When he first arrives in Rome, he is taken in tow by some second year philosopher of impressive experience and competence, and led on a first walk to Peter's and Pam. This, by the way, is a third method of approach, but it can be designated an extraordinary one, and so we will not revise our former categories. The new man sees Pam for the first time, compares it mentally with the surroundings of Ushaw or Upholland or Wonersh or what not, and politely hides his lack of appreciation. Then usually, for the rest of his first year, or at any rate till the weather becomes inconveniently warm, he turns to art, archaeology, or piety for the *raison d'être* of his excursions. It is when the hot weather comes and the examinations impend that he begins to discover Pam again. Sometimes, indeed, the next November sees him returning to his former pursuits, but only a few almost morbidly independent souls can pass seven years without becoming all-season Pamites.

There is a certain freemasonry about Pamites. Knowing each other they have no reason to ask one another where they are going on Thursday or Sunday afternoons, but move off

unhesitatingly together in the inevitable direction. The highest grade in the fraternity is that of the Pam-addict or everyday Pamite, who is pledged to visit the object of his worship at least every twenty-four hours. The true Pam-addict is ready to stride out every evening after schools for the sake of ten minutes in the enchanted garden. Only the Lenten stations may sometimes break his routine, but after the first few days of Lent are over, habit is wont to reassert itself. How many such Pam-addicts are there now? Once at any rate they were not few.

Some of the devotees of Pam are content if they but gain



" . . . the latest advance in the price of tobacco . . . "

entrance into the outer courts of the temple, and linger round about the arch. Some, especially in summer, like to recline in the meadows a little further on, or to sit on that wall that overlooks a little valley. But in winter one usually proceeds so far as the football field, whether it be to play or to watch or merely to gibe. Some indeed continue further, and walk round the lake or explore some of the more secret recesses of the place; but to do this often is perhaps a sign that the peace of Pam has not entered sufficiently deeply into the soul, and may lead to a taste for footslogging in the Valley of Hell and other curious places beloved of the *semi-fatui*. The same may

be said of those proselytes of the gate who do not enter the place itself but perseveringly circumambulate its outer walls.

What a quantity of talk has been spilt in Pam! Over there some earnest youth is holding forth on being as such, and here the subject of conversation is the latest advance in the price of tobacco. Theological discussions almost worthy of the early Fathers give place to personal criticisms almost equal to those of an early heretic in a tight corner. And on any subject your favourite views are as likely to be met with "Nego suppositum" as with "Shut up!" Pam is emphatically a place where man is a social animal. Only in June and July you may sometimes see a solitary jaded figure with a thesis sheet, painfully chasing the shadow of *materia prima* or endeavouring to distinguish the Pelagians from the semi-Pelagians. But the atmosphere of Pam silently rebukes him, and even the most determined of students finds himself in the end drawn to join some friendly group.



"... a solitary, jaded figure with a thesis sheet ..."

One thinks of Pam as belonging in some peculiar way to the Venerabile, though in fact it opens its gates to clerics of all sorts and conditions from cardinals downwards, not to speak of those battalions of schoolboys got up like amateur bus-conductors who occasionally gain entry there. But after all, local patriotism apart, and in spite of the noble efforts of Fra Pozzi to enhance its perspectives, the College garden is not very large, and hence, for fresh air and privacy combined, we have to look to Pam. So perhaps its owner would forgive us for regarding it as to some extent our own.

At all times necessary *ad bene esse*, Pam is in summertime necessary *ad esse*. Who does not know the feeling of relief which comes when one has dragged oneself up that unsavoury



flight of steps at the end of the Via Garibaldi under the Roman sun of June or July, has marched with increasing speed along the comparatively level stretch that follows, and is at last able to throw oneself down on the friendly grass? A lazy set these Romans must be, you will say, if you have spent your whole life in England. But if you know Rome in the summer, and especially if you know what it was to pass three or four hours of the day cramped in the old Palazzo Borromeo, you will realise that at a certain stage in the year basilicas

and temples lost all their charm and Pam was the only thing. Indeed, as Cardinal Wiseman ought to have said, the battles of the Gregorian were won on the playing fields of Pam.

The thought of Pam does not bring up many particular memories, for all the memories coalesce into a general atmosphere. One does not specially picture old So-and-So as being there, because one remembers everyone there. This discussion or that does not stand out, because at various times one has talked there *de omni scibili et aliquo alio*. From the conversion of England to the items for the next concert, from the comparative merits of Frascati and Monte Gennaro as objects of a gita to the controversy between the followers of Molina and those of Bañez—all things are passed in review amid the peace and quiet of Pam. And all these statements we have made about Pam are assuredly still true. Generations come and go and subtle changes take place, but the very fact that the significance of Pam comes back to the memory as something so universal and yet so concrete, is the best promise of its permanence. There can be no doubt that Venerabilini will always continue to kindle their customary incense in honour of the spirit of Pam.

D. J. B. HAWKINS

THE CANONIZATIONS

“WHERE shall I begin please your Majesty?” asked the White Rabbit of the King. “Begin at the beginning,” the King said gravely, “and go on till you come to the end, then stop.” Now in the long story which follows, we beg all men’s pardon if we know no wisdom but the wisdom of His Majesty. Let others who can comment on these epoch-making days; we will begin at the first thing we can remember and end at the last. And our consolation in so simple a chronicle will be that, as for Herodotus, the Father of our art, the facts themselves, if only we tell the truth about them, will be eloquent material enough.

It all began for us really in December last when the avalanche of letters which descended upon the Vatican asking for our two Martyrs’ canonization was left at the College, and the Vice-rector was asked to do what he could about it. It was certainly anything but clear what he could do about it, but apparently the Holy Father was determined on going through the letters personally, so something had to be done and done very quickly. Hence the Postulator’s scheme of burying the Vice-rector under the avalanche. The Vice-rector, completely equal to the occasion, commandeered all the typewriters in the House from their very willing owners, and by supper-time the following evening the minor *copisteria* set up in the common-room had finished its heroic labours.

When we read some of those letters to the Holy Father,

we were not surprised he was so deeply touched by them. All Catholic England was represented in them; the appeal was indeed, as the Holy Father said, a true plebiscite of the English Catholic nation. Particularly beautiful were the letters of the children, and we can well imagine the joy they gave to the Holy Father's heart. "I am a little cripple girl, and have been so all my life." "England ought to be ashamed with herself for having no saints canonized since the Reformation. Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More should be canonized first." "Although it is hundreds of years since they died," wrote one, "I have had my prayers answered twice. So, dear Father, if you made some of the martyrs saints, I think it would make a difference to the Catholic Church in England." Yorkshire minced no words: "Most Holy Father, I wish you to canonize Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More. I also ask you to pray for the Holy Souls, the World, Our Family, and myself." And then there was this little note from the west country: "Will you please let Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More be canonized as soon as possible, and don't wait for the two miracles to be worked? They died for Christ and the Church. My Father also would like them to be made saints, and my sister would write to you, but she is in a sanatorium."

A long list of all the petitions was drawn up, as is the custom, and the most important of them, such as those of the Hierarchy, the universities, the Catholic colleges and religious communities, were printed in a handsomely bound volume for the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

This was in December, and a quiet period followed until late January when the fateful meeting of the Congregation of Rites began to draw near. The Bishop of Southwark arrived at the College two days before it was due, having been invited to Rome by the Postulancy. We were all urged to pray hard, and in union with the churches of England we had Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the Sunday before the meeting. But the great day, Tuesday January 29th, came and went, and we heard nothing except that the Pope was present and came out "smiling radiantly". Then on Saturday evening the

great news came ; the Pope had received the Promoter of the Faith in audience and told him that the decision of the meeting had been entirely favourable. It is easy to imagine the excitement there was that evening in the College : survivors from 1929, eagerly consulted, gave us to understand that there would be no place in St Peter's inaccessible to the students of the Venerabile, you would only have to show your medal and entire regiments of Swiss and Noble Guards would flash swords and click heels in awed salute. But for a few of us the sober wisdom of an early artist of *Chi Lo Sa* ? would have been a truer guide ; wide is the gulf, the callow must learn, that in matter of papal functions lies between hope and realization.

One week afterwards, on Sunday February 10th, the public preliminaries to the Canonizations began, and we attended the reading of the decree *Super Dubio* in the Consistorial Hall at the Vatican. The hall was packed with English-speaking people, indeed, they were practically the entire audience. The Holy Father spoke at great length and showed unusual warmth in his manner of expression. We were prejudiced judges, perhaps, but most of us thought that we had seldom before heard His Holiness speak with such great eloquence and vigour. Walking about the city in the days that followed we saw the decree posted up outside all the Roman churches, and a great fillip it was to our ever increasing and very laudable national pride. A very fine leader in the *Times* took occasion from the decree to pay a glowing tribute to the two Martyrs ; but most of the big dailies reported practically nothing except the phrase "libido regis", "the lust of the king".

Three weeks later we attended the reading of the decree *Del Tuto*, after which Archbishop Hinsley read a spirited address of thanks to the Pope. We all know how vigorous His Grace can be on such occasions, but in this brilliant Italian address, every word of which was of his own composition, he truly surpassed himself. The Holy Father, in his reply, spoke with kindly courtesy of the pleasure he had received from the visit of the King and Queen in 1923, and said that Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More, so faithful to their

country during life, were coming down now from heaven, as it were, to add glory and lustre to His Majesty's Jubilee. A month later the private, public and semi-public consistories concluded the official preliminaries to the canonizations, and all was ready for the great day, Sunday May 19th.

The preliminary ritual of the formal decree of canonization was ready indeed, but what giant's work still remained to be done! And we were not without our share: the Vice-rector had a frantic three months writing the official life for the Congregation of Rites; the *Illustrazione Vaticana* and the *Osservatore Romano* were demanding long articles; a book explaining the ceremonies of canonization had to be translated into English; there was the problem of striking suitable medals and printing *santini*; most of the distribution of tickets was left to us, and then, of course, there was the spring cleaning of the College. And into the midst of all this activity came the news that we were going to act as guides to 2,000 pilgrims. It was startling at first to realise that 2,000 people were to be entirely in our charge, and that the success of their stay in Rome would depend to no little extent on what we could do for them. It was a situation, we felt, not without its gravity, but far graver situations have been rent asunder and torn to pieces in a public meeting, and the same remedy was requisitioned once more.

The council of war convened in the common-room a few days before the pilgrimage was due to arrive had no very clear information to work on, and like many of its predecessors was rich in tentative suggestions, and cautious amendments. But it cleared the air, and this much was sure and certain. Each man was to be assigned to a definite hotel by a committee of five, either as guide or general auxiliary, the number of both at each hotel to be in proportion to its number of pilgrims. At a rough estimate, therefore, each guide was to be in charge of about forty or fifty people.

Such a situation was not without its terrors: the last group-guiding done by the College was in 1929, and there were very few of us still surviving from that. When one thought of the numberless questions that an ordinary pilgrim would ask, and the infinitely greater number that an extraordinary pilgrim

would ask, then multiplied the lot by forty or fifty, the result was nervous prostration. We fled to Baedeker and Chandlery : pathetic appeals appeared in the common-room : " Will someone please return my Chandlery ? I do need it very badly." Old men who should have known better made their way up the Janiculum, guide-book in hand, and sitting silently under a tree, or resting on the wall that overlooks the picturesque valley of the deer, learned off the legends of mediaeval and Renaissance Rome. " What's that yarn about the gold in St Mary Major's ?" one would hear, and " How long am I to say the pen is in that evangelist's hand ?" " What is the name of the pope whose bones rattle in Santa Croce ?" Worse than all this, the freemasonry of the true Pamphilj addict, that sacred code of inviolable and immemorial dignity (hymned elsewhere in these pages) was trampled on and despised, and instead of the daily visit to the object of their worship, the fraternity basely made for the churches and shrines of the city, and there were seen by all.

At last, however, on Thursday evening, May 16th, in very unpromising weather, the pilgrims arrived ; we met them at the station, and each man, not without difficulty, accompanied his particular group to their hotel, and, having seen them safely ensconced, left them till the morrow.

The next morning work began in real earnest. The pilgrims attended a low Mass in St Peter's celebrated by Archbishop Hinsley, and then the whole 2,000 were conducted round the Basilica. Guiding 2,000 people round one church all at the same time is not without its difficulties, even when the church in question happens to be the biggest in the world. Fortunately, however, everything had been carefully planned out, and all went well... It was our first diffident effort at guiding, but we soon lost any concern we had—the people were so kind and appreciative that our danger soon became conceit rather than concern. Yet, alas ! for the man, however capable, who hoped to be able to answer all his pilgrims' questions. Only a complete tyro could harbour such a thought. For it is part of a pilgrim's great trust in his clerical guide that he never considers any question too much for him. You may be in

your Seventh Year and have studied your subject extensively, you may have haunted St Peter's ever since the day you first did "Peter's and Pam", but some pilgrim will surely descry a tiny mosaic or vague design adorning a high and distant entablature, and that will be the end of you.

Perhaps, that first morning at least, we were not quite sorry when the lecturing was done and the time came for us to move out of the great Basilica down towards the long line of coaches drawn up by the right colonnade. It was impressive even for the Romans, our great group; certainly they had never seen so big an English pilgrimage before. The morning was rounded off with a drive round Corsini Gardens, and, of course, all descended as usual by the Garibaldi monument to admire the view. And here came the first real onslaught of the postcard and cameo-sellers; from now on they followed us every day, "the old familiar faces," all over Rome, and would even cheerily ask where we were going next. You know the fraternity: "Wanna buy postcard, Father? Twelve for one bob."—"Hello, Father, where you go?" But they did not try us as much as the ice-cream sellers. We found them everywhere we went, especially when we were behind time, and, of course, the tealess and parched pilgrims bought from them while they could—meantime the poor guide chafed, and fretted, and all hope of completing the itinerary faded rapidly away.

The days of sight-seeing that followed were hard work enough, but very pleasant and undoubtedly a great experience. We arrived at the hotels at nine o'clock each morning, and did not leave the pilgrims until after seven o'clock in the evening. As for our guiding, we are not going to say Baedeker and Chandlery would have set their seal to all that was said, but slips after all were only occasional, and we were at least more reliable than many of the professionals in the city. The gentleman who pointed to the open space in the dome of the Pantheon and called upon his audience to admire one of the finest pieces of plate glass in the world, was, after all, a very recent arrival in the city, had not prepared to do any guiding, and was only called out in an emergency. But we must confess that each night as we sat (smoking English cigarettes) in the

common-room, there was many a story to be told against us. The green malachite of St Paul's, for example, brought many a haughty guide low. It was given, of course, by the Czar of Russia, but one man accorded the distinction to the Shah of Persia, and another to "a certain highly-placed Russian prince." "The Czar himself, in fact," murmured in his ear a priest who had written a little book on Rome. We are not quite convinced, however, that the Forum really did acquire a temple of Layton and Johnstone.

One of the places on the itinerary was, of course, the English College, and the pilgrims looked forward to the visit keenly. "When are we going to where you live, Father?" they would ask, showing not only their interest in the College, but their great kindness and friendliness towards ourselves. When they came here it was, we need scarcely say, our connection with the Martyrs which interested them most. They touched reverently the books the Martyrs had used, and looked with awe at their signatures in the *Liber Ruber*; and when we showed them the Martyrs' Picture in the College Chapel, they prayed before it with all that great fervour we have long known to expect from the English pilgrim.

The Rector had seen to it that the College should look at its best for their visit. The reception room opposite the Chapel, restored to the ancient beauty it no doubt once possessed, had its walls hung with gold damask and its furniture neatly upholstered in red. The drab yellow curtains in the main corridors had been removed, and new ones with a tasteful colour scheme put in their place. A beautiful carpet stretched along the whole length of the main corridor, and when the glass doors of the garden were thrown open, a neat new shrine of Our Lady was revealed, just beneath the perspectives of Brother Pozzi. The whole College was, therefore, in very neat trim for our visitors, and they appreciated the spectacle very much. Two things at least they enjoyed which were not in the official programme, Egbert the tortoise, and our diseased gold-fish.

Any time free from guiding spent in the hotels could scarcely have been more crammed with work than it was. Above all else, there was the overwhelming task of supplying

the pilgrims with objects of devotion and papal blessings. It was considered impossible that all should go to the shops and buy there, so samples were sent up, we took the orders, delivered them, and collected the money. The system is full of difficulties, and you were always liable to find that the coaches and all the pilgrims were waiting outside for you to start while you sat unconscionably on amid a welter of rosaries and medals. But whatever the difficulties, all turned out well and the pilgrims were very satisfied.

Sunday, May 19th, the long expected day, came at last, and all were up betimes and along at St Peter's well before 8 o'clock. During the ceremony some fifty of the students were to act as ushers and twelve were to walk in the procession carrying torches, six before the banner of St John and six before the banner of St Thomas. It was a wonderful moment when, as we entered the nave from the great door, the crowd caught sight of the banners and broke out into long and enthusiastic applause, while at the same time all the great chandeliers of the Basilica were suddenly lit up. The fifty ushers received tickets of "libera circolazione", and were decorated with a neat strip of red white and blue ribbon and a medal of the new Saints. "Libera circolazione" was for a few, we may say, so strictly interpreted that if you stood still anywhere you were told to move on. These ushers, said one Catholic paper, showed a laudable partiality in ensuring that whoever did not get *santini*, at least the English pilgrims did. Of the students nearly everybody had a really splendid view of the ceremony: it was for most of us the first we had seen though we had assisted at several. One could scarcely say, however, that the majority of the pilgrims saw much more than the Pope's entry and exit in the *Sedia Gestatoria*, though their tickets were certainly better than the ordinary ones; and many of them were very disappointed as a result. The offering of the candles, bread, water, wine and birds was made by Archbishop Hinsley, the Rector, Mgr Hallett, Padre Agostino, the Postulator, and the Vice-rector. The small birds (several canaries, and, if we remember rightly, a gold-finch or two) were all jumping

about very excitedly and chirping, and the Pope could not help smiling when he saw them coming. Many of the pilgrims thought it was customary to let the birds loose on the spot, and a wild pigeon they saw flying about in the Basilica strengthened them in their belief. The turtle doves offered, and two of the candles, were afterwards sent to the College: the doves were placed under the care of our nuns and accompanied us out to Palazzola for the *villeggiatura*.

The ceremony ended towards one o'clock, and the pilgrims gave the Holy Father an overwhelming ovation as he left the Basilica, especially when he turned round at the bottom of the nave and gave his final blessing. He was, after all, as everyone in Rome said, the Postulator General of the Cause. Illuminations at 9 P.M. closed the great day. We saw the pilgrims down to St Peter's, but it was too late to accompany them back afterwards, so they all had to manage for themselves, which somehow or other, despite the great crowds, they did.

The rest of the story of the pilgrimage is rapidly told. High Mass of thanksgiving was sung the following day in St Paul's by Archbishop Mostyn, and the same evening the pilgrimage had its audience of the Holy Father. It was held in the *Sala delle Benedizioni*, the biggest audience hall in the Vatican. The Holy Father was carried in in the *Sedia Gestatoria*, and smiled radiantly as our people clapped and waved and cheered in a frenzy of excitement at seeing him so near and in such state, smiling and waving happily to them. He spoke in Italian for over half-an-hour and though the people could not understand his words, indeed could not always hear them, if there was the slightest suspicion of applause from near the Holy Father's Throne, they caught it up most eagerly and applauded at great length, again and again. The Holy Father realized the situation and told them playfully they must be receiving special aid from the Holy Ghost. Everybody had brought great quantities of objects of devotion to be blessed, and just before the Holy Father left the hall he turned round and said in a loud voice: "All blessed, all blessed". It was a wonderful experience for the pilgrims and a most fitting conclusion to their Canonization celebrations.

The following day came the Canonization dinner—*festa nel coro, festa nel refettorio*. Archbishop Hinsley, Mgr Carinci, Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, and the Rector made happy little speeches: His Grace among other things praised the Bishop of Southwark for the great work he had done, but refrained, he said, from wishing him a speedy reward. The same evening the Hierarchy held a reception for the pilgrims in the Gregorian University. “Gli Eccellentissimi arcivescovi e vescovi,” says *Sint Unum*, “s’intrattenero affabilmente coi fedeli, che si mostrarono lietissimi di aver avuto una tanto bella quanto rara occasione di conoscere ed ossequiare i loro Pastori.” Early the next morning the pilgrims left for England; we meanwhile resumed our acquaintance with the scene of the previous evening’s reception.

It was a pity, perhaps, that the pilgrims were not able to stop until the Thursday, the last day of the truly magnificent triduum in honour of the new Saints at the Gesù. Cardinal Belmonte, the Cardinal Dean, sang the High Mass in the morning and Cardinal Marchetti gave the Benediction in the evening; we provided the *assistenza* on both occasions. There were very regal refreshments, and after the evening ceremony, since this was the great conclusion of all the celebrations, we drank the health of the Postulator of the Cause, Padre Agostino della Vergine, the genial Spanish Trinitarian, with whom we had all become so friendly in the past few months.

And that was the end of it all. The next day brought the daily round once more—and of course the thesis-sheet with the grim annual account of the same shortly to be rendered. But into the sudden quiet poured many a pilgrim’s letter. Things had been lost, still more blessings and rosaries were wanted, or gentle complaints were made of dilatory objects long in coming. One pilgrim, telling us how tired she was when she got home, gave us the acutest analysis of a pilgrimage we have yet heard: “I was so tired when I got back,” she wrote, “that I dreamt every night for a week I was jumping in and out of motor coaches and running into churches.” But more than anything else, the letters we received were to thank us for the little things we had been able to do for them.

Looking back on it all now, does not one feel that the pilgrims themselves are the pleasantest memory of that crowded five days? What faith they had, what cheerfulness and goodness of heart, and what appreciation for the slightest service rendered! They went away overwhelming us with thanks, repeatedly protesting that we had made their stay one of the greatest experiences of their lives. The kindness of good Catholic hearts magnified it all, we know well, but to be able to do anything for such people was truly an enviable privilege, and to have earned their thanks the greatest possible reward.

J.M.

E LOGICO

THE following tale is told of a certain not insignificant monsignore. One day in the Vatican a fussy English-speaking conductor of a group of pilgrims lost his compatriots, and not knowing where they had been directed, and wishing to air his Italian, addressed to the aforesaid monsignore the following question: "Dov'è il mio partito?" The eminent monsignore answered: "There they are in the next room," and turning to his companion said: "Vuol dire 'Where is my party?' ma per carità, non si dice il mio partito".

Italian has for the novice more pitfalls than are apparent, as the diplomatist discovered who, solicitously observing that the wife of an important official was seated in an uncomfortable chair, remarked: "Temo che il suo posto non sia conveniente. . .".

It has been said that the first phrase invariably learned by English people is "non mi piace", but this is plainly a calumny. Nor, in spite of the cynics, is the first phrase "quanto costa?"; it is undoubtedly and universally "grazie tante". But "pazienza", "avanti", "permesso", "pronto", and "coraggio" must run a close race for second place. Then come an occasional apposite "come?", "chi lo sa?", "che ne so io?", or a "basta!", "via!", "come si fa?", "che vuole?", and of course a ready "che bellezza" or a halting "è proprio grandioso, davvero". Growing ambition may inspire a "si, si, capito, capito", or "non mi seccare", "che

noia!" or "non è proprio nulla", and even rise to "senz'altro", or "senti signor. . .", "troppo gentile" or "sarebbe il caso di. . .", "una combinazione, insomma," or "dunque, siamo intesi"; nay, even to a disdainful "tutta quella roba", a hopeful "ci penso io", or a reassuring "ma non pensi a certe cose".

But we really must admit that we cannot say these things with their proper meaning: on our lips, they are indeed expressions grammatically, possibly even circumstantially, correct. But are they, so to speak, expressionally correct? Is there the tone, the emphasis, the air? Is there the shrug, the twirl, the droop, the pucker, the glance? Is there that finality of confidence, or despair, contempt or incredulity? Is there the deference without flattery or the conspiracy without plot? Is there, *insomma, la realtà*? Can we even really think we understand what we say or understand what we hear? Can we think we truly understand when we hear "non dubiti, non dubiti, ci penso io!"?

But these are small things. Who is there who will tell in English the meaning of such expressions as "magari"? Say not it means "if only it were so!" or "if it could only be!". It doesn't; and if you ask me what it does mean, I can only say I know if you don't ask me but if you ask me I don't know.

"Purtroppo!" How pale, stale, flat, and unprofitable is "alas!" by comparison. That cynical implication of there being too much of a good thing, that finality of excess—our poor English feelings do not rise to it, much less our language.

"Tutti quanti." One might indeed say this means "the whole lot of them", but then who could use such an expression to a bishop? And "non è conveniente", can one really think it is rightly translated by "it is not quite the thing", or "non mi è mai capitato una cosa simile" by a pale "such a thing never happened to me", "un pezzo grosso" by "a big pot", "un capriccio" by "a whim", "una schiocchezza" by "a trifle", "sicuro" by "certainly", "domani" by "tomorrow", or "sguilitrato" by "ill-balanced"? And who will translate even "subito"?

What, moreover, of “ uno slancio ”? What of “ geniale ”, of “ sconvolto ”, of “ s’immagini! ”, of “ una buona volta ”? Translate for me, please, “ mi dice una buona volta che cosa vuole lui. . . ”. Put into blunt Saxon “ vuol, Signor, compiacersi di favorirmi. . . ”, “ gradisci un bicchierino? ”, or even “ ma lasci andare. . . ”. And those words ending in *-ino*, *-one*, *-ggio*, *-ccio*, *-etto*, *-olo*, *-ello*, who will convey their colour and implication? *Braggadaccio*, *tesoruccio*, *vagabondaggio*, *zoticone*, *manino*, *ragazzino*, *bambolotto*, *bambinello*, *un buon figliuolo*?

To express in a syllable, a gesture, a caress, a whole attitude and manner: to be able to conjure up a sigh, a shudder, a swagger or a shrug with a mere penultimate—I fear it is beyond us, and we must resign ourselves to silent admiration. And those negatives—our ‘dis’ and ‘un’ fade by comparison: *sbalordimento*, *sdegno*, *staccare*, *sfrenato*, *stancato*, and the rest. It is the hiss that does it, and we simply haven’t got it. Similar, however, is the genius of any language, and all translators know it if they are honest.

But there is one utterly utter expression in Italian, beyond all possibilities. It sounds very simple, and there lies its difficulty—“ è logico ”! Of course one thinks at first it means “ it is logical ”, “ it is a correct conclusion ”, but disillusionment must come quickly to so simple a mistake. Of the oddest things it is said “ è logico ”—that women should be talkative, that police should be officious, that nuns should be devout, that taxi-drivers should cook a fare, that students should criticise professors, that a father should intrigue for his son, that we should go to the Campo Santo on All Souls Day—of all these things I have heard it said “ è logico ”, of course in suitable context. And so I conclude “ è logico ” means “ it is human nature ” or “ it is only natural ”. But I am never quite sure. If you call a man an “ imbecille ” you may expect boundless wrath; “ è logico,” I was told. I only meant he was an ass (which he was), not a deadly insult to my mind. But my logic is at fault.

The most devastating example occurred to me. It was told me that a man once went to strike a boy. The latter drew himself up and said: “ Non mi tocca mica, son fanciullo ”.

And of course the man shrunk back ashamed. This seemed a delightful example of the Italian attitude towards children, and I told the story to an Italian friend, hoping he would be pleased. On the contrary he was not impressed in the slightest, and dismissed the matter with an almost impatient shrug: "Eh, ma che vuole—è logico". That finished it for him. Perhaps he was right. *Affatto è logico.*

B. LEEMING

MORE OF PORZIO IN THE FIFTIES

The late Bishop Chrisholm of Aberdeen, in his early days as a priest, dropped in at dinner-time one day at the manse of a local minister and was pressed to stay for a meal. He did so, but unfortunately the food ran out. In no way disconcerted, his host told the servant to "bring in the Pope". Much amazed, Father Chrisholm saw the girl return immediately with a piece of cheese. Turning to him genially the minister said: "We give that name to cheese because it comes in useful on occasions like these, in the same way as we 'turn on' the Pope when we run short of something to say in our sermons".

Now George Johnson and his diary, you may think, could well be called the Pope of certain writers in these pages. For this is his sixth appearance within nine years, each time very much *in extenso*. Yet, whatever the outward seeming, you err if you would assign so lowly a role to George, our charming egoist and boy eternal. For his diary is one of those books into which you dip again and again and always recapture its first freshness and delight. But more than that: it is our only contemporary account of life at the Venerable in the fifties; the historian of Cornthwaite's rectorship, for example, found it his chief authority.¹ And not one tenth of it has yet been exhausted; indeed as far as tit-bits go, the best may well be said to be still to come. We need not make

¹ *The Venerable*, Vol. IV, p. 354.

any excuses therefore if we dip once again into these frank and amusingly direct pages.

The trouble with a diary is always, of course, where to begin. Diaries were simply made for browsing and this one is no exception—public executions, the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, Wiseman carving his name on the pillar, the consecration of St Paul's, practical jokes on the rector, and so on—thus may one browse. We, for the nonce, however, will be orderly and take but one subject, the history of George's days at Porzio not hitherto chronicled in these pages. We have read of his two summer *villeggiaturas*¹ (he only had two, being obliged to leave the College in 1856 on account of ill-health); and all that remains untold of his Porzio life is the month's stay (January 26th to February 23rd, 1854) which is the main subject of this article, and a week at Easter of the same year. On account of its brevity we will give his account of the Easter holiday first, though in strict chronological order it comes seven weeks after.

The previous Easter, i.e. Johnson's first year, there was no *villeggiatura* at Porzio; why, we are not told. This year however, the whole College went out from Easter Monday to Wednesday of the week following. The day before they went out (Easter Sunday) we have an account of Pius IX giving the blessing *urbi et orbi* from the balcony of St Peter's; he also tells us that two or three of the students left for Porzio to get things ready.

16th *Sunday*. "Easter Sunday. Went out after breakfast to this finest sight of the year. Got a good place in St Peter's and saw all the ceremony as usual. The Pope's noble old voice was heard all over that piazza as he gave his blessing to the assembled French troops and the populace. The soldiers as usual occupied the piazza with their generals on horseback in front who inclined to receive it, the soldiers all knelt. The people too as usual occupied the steps of St Peter's and all the balconies made inside and above the colonnades. Some French gentleman knocked in an Italian's hat who remained covered during the prayers preceding the

¹ *The Venerabile*, Vol. III, p. 270 et seq.

blessing. I did not go out after dinner. Two or three left for Monte Porzio, we are to follow on the morrow. Went out to the illumination of St Peter's. Viewed it from the lodge of Collegio Pio [Piazza Scossacavalli]. Very beautiful as usual."

17th *Monday*. "Got up at 3½. Hines said mass for us at 4 o'clock. Took a good breakfast after it, eggs, ham, butter etc. O'Brien, McCarten and myself started off at 5¼; Graham, Walsh and Johnson immediately after.¹ We called at the café in Frascati and took some beer, got to Porzio at 9¼ where we breakfasted again. Dinner at 13½. Began putting the string on the handle of the cricket bat. Had great fun in the dormitory at night. Had to get up to thrash McKenna which I did well."

18th *Tuesday*. "Finished cricket bat after breakfast, then went out with Graham and O'Brien to look round the Campagna for a good cricket ground, failed to find one. Went out for first game of cricket on Tusculum after dinner—Bennett, McCarten, O'Brien, Johnson, Hammond. Bad ground but good game. Boston after supper."

19th *Wednesday*. "Went out with George and Walsh in the morning all round Porzio hill. Killed five vipers which we found under the stones. Game at cricket in the mushroom-field over the Latin Vale after dinner—Windeyre, Walsh, Johnson, Hammond, McKenna. Boston after supper."

20th *Thursday*. "Got up at 5⅓. No mass or meditation for me. Went to Madonna del Tufo with Windeyre, McKenna and Bouquet. Frightened Hammond, George Browne and Clarkson by suddenly rushing on them as they passed that way. Went out after dinner with Bouquet and Johnson past Gasparoni's Pass. Arranged to go to Cavi on the morrow to see the sunrise. Drew one of my teeth. Heard of Mrs Laprimaudey's death; as also of Barnabò (Secretary of Propaganda) being asked to deliver his money and delivering the man into custody, after having held him for some time."

21st *Friday*. "Cloudy and windy—did not go in consequence to see the sunrise on Cavi as we had intended. Played

¹ Both Graham and this other Johnson later became bishops, Graham bishop of Plymouth and Johnson auxiliary to Cardinal Vaughan.

Boston and wrote part of a letter to Clark in Spain in Johnson's letter. FitzGerald and myself played our celebrated trick with cards in the play-room much to the amusement of Bishop Wilson and Monsignor Virtue. Caffè and rosolio." [Bishop Wilson is the well-known Benedictine bishop of Hobart Town who figures so largely in the early history of the Church in Australia.]

22nd *Saturday*. "Did not go out all day. Went to the triduo at the church. Rotten wet day. Fitz and myself performed our trick again in the play-room."

23rd *Sunday*. "Did not go to communion—two low masses. Monsignor Virtue, Neill and Knight left us. I had a long and interesting talk with the former. The ceremony of blessing the winds, one side from the garden. I took down every bed after supper with my shoes off, all the curtains etc. etc. in our big dormitory and piled them all on top of McKenna's bed. It was most ridiculous to hear them accusing others and saying how one could never have done all that, and how quietly too it had been done. The fact is that I had taken off my shoes and they could not hear me in the play-room below. Half of the dormitory slept all night on the floor for revenge, to my great amusement."

24th *Monday*. "Began writing a letter to Wyse. Went out after dinner with Mac and Walsh to smoke, skinned a serpent and brought it home with me. Some went to bed early and got up at 12½ to go to Genazzano."

25th *Tuesday*. "Fifteen started off at 12½ for Genazzano. They were in torrents of rain the whole time; they brought little bottles of oil back with them which had been burnt before the shrine. We had songs in the morning at home. Siesta; very wet day. Finished letter to Wyse."

The next day saw the end of the holiday. 26th *Wednesday*. "Packing up in the morning to return to Rome. Exceedingly wet. Went out in the morning and got plants for Mr Morris. Set out for Rome, on foot soon after the carriages, with Hammond, Cudden, Windeyre, Walsh, McCarten, O'Brien, Pippitt, W. Johnson, McKenna; got a tremendous ducking on the way home. Set my plants etc. Night prayers in private; arranged my room etc. etc."

And the next day, with the grim little entry "Seminary class", he is back to work once more.

The winter visit seven weeks earlier was of a very different nature. On Wednesday, January 25th, he suddenly informs us that the Rector, Dr Cornthwaite, asked him would he like to go to Monte Porzio. He does not say why but it is quite obvious that it was to recuperate after a serious illness he had had. He had received Extreme Unction some five weeks before, being laid low with what he calls Nervosa fever, which, he says, turned towards the end into ordinary Roman fever. He was twice bled, a glass-full each time, and Cardinal Wiseman, who was staying in the house, paid him two visits and, with characteristic kindness, when he was convalescent, lent him his carriage to ride out when he wished. His first walk after his illness was on January 15th; on January 11th he notes that he was unable to be present at the College function at S. Andrea della Valle at which Wiseman was celebrant and Manning preached.

He went to schools for a few days and then came his holiday, 25th *Wednesday*. "Schools. I did not go out. Cornthwaite asked me after supper if I had any objections to go to Monte Porzio, of course I had not. The managers pitched up the plays." This presumably, because he was one of their best actors and seems to have had a big hand in the running of them.

26th *Thursday*. "Got permission to go out *solus* to the Tittoria in the morning, told Talbot to take his music book to Porzio.¹ I then went to the Furzes, but they were not in. I took a walk round Pincio, met the Propagandists there. The Doctor [Cornthwaite] told me we should have to start at 7 o'clock on the morrow, I got permission of him to let me wear my secular clothes." The Tittoria was the Collegio Pio in Piazza Scossacavalli; the students there were known in the Venerabile as the Convertiti or Tits, hence Tittoria.

¹ The Neill Talbot he mentions, his companion for the first half of the stay at Porzio, came to the Venerabile a few months before him, but by this time had left *valetudinis causa* and, after an interval of six months, had returned as a student of the Collegio Pio. He successfully finished his course, and was ordained for the diocese of Plymouth. (College Register, Vol. I p. 180.)

27th *Friday*. "Got up at 5½. Dressed in secular clothes, no mass or meditation. Took breakfast with the Doctor. The carriage came at 7 o'clock. Neill Talbot was in. Doctor and myself joined him and off we went. We got to Frascati at 10¼. We called on Cardinal Wiseman there; Burke and Stonor were with him. All six of us then set off for Porzio, Doctor, Burke and myself called in the café and then walked on; the other three came in the carriage. The Cardinal was very free and merry all the day. We lunched immediately we got to Porzio, about an hour after which the Cardinal left with Stonor. We dined at 3 o'clock, and it was dark before we arose from table. We supped at 9½, and rose at 11 o'clock. Saw the process of making olive oil. Beautiful day."

28th *Saturday*. "Got up very late. Copied "Venite ad me omnes" from Talbot's book. Went out after dinner with Talbot to Tusculum. Curious conversation on the way. Fine day. The Doctor left for Rome after dinner."

29th *Sunday*. "Heard an early mass with Neill. Copied music the rest of the morning. Went out to the Campagna after dinner with Neill. He told me amongst other things that I had been the cause of getting him out. Beautiful day."

30th *Monday*. "Did not go out except to Cato after dinner, for crocus roots. Good sport with Neill. Copied music. Arranged to go to Cavi to see the sun-rise on the morrow." [He always spells *Cavo Cavi*.]

31st *Tuesday*. "Called at 5 o'clock. My torch went out just as I got to the bottom of the Porzian hill, and it was pitch dark. The consequence was, I had a desperate break-neck journey of it, it was only just light as I got to Rocca di Papa. I got there just as the sun was rising, and enjoyed the sight very much from the tower. The monks there kindly insisted on my taking a little coffee. I wrote my name in the bell of the tower. I got back for 9 o'clock. Did not go out after dinner, but copied music. Great fun with Neill. Went to bed very late. Beautiful hot day."

February 1st. *Wednesday*. "Did not go out all day. Eve of Talbot's birthday. Rather foggy. Old Santi [the College *vigniuolo*] thrashed a Neapolitan for blaspheming."

2nd *Thursday*. "Went out after dinner with Neill to Tusculum. Talbot's birthday, egg flips to commemorate it. Candlemas Day. I heard the 11½ mass at the village church. Heard the Cardinal was to sing high mass in St Peter's before the Pope. Beautiful day."

3rd *Friday*. "Splendid day. Copied music. Did not go out, though it was so fine. Stopped in Neill's room till 11 o'clock, star-gazing and smoking."

4th *Saturday*. "Took a long walk in the morning round the Porzio vineyards; found Dr English and Bodley there on my return, they were come to look out for a country-house. We took a stroll in consequence to examine some houses in the village. Dr English told Biaggio to provide us with the very best dinner he could. He left immediately after it, leaving Bodley with us at my request. I then went with Bodley to Monte Sylvestro where the monk told us to rove over the monastery by ourselves, and examine all we liked. It was a beautiful day."

5th *Sunday*. "Heard the 11½ mass at the village church with Bodley, ordered pancakes for dinner; Bodley left *solus* immediately after it. Fun with Neill all evening. I did not go out."

6th *Monday*. "We were shown over Marchese Guglielmo's house. Took dinner earlier as Neill wanted to take a letter to Frascati for Dr English; it rained a little on the way there. We met two Englishmen at the café there, one of whom on awaking (for he had been asleep at full length on the bench) came out with two curses the very first thing. [He retails both.] We delivered the letter and made the best of our way home through the dirty roads."

The next day but one Neill was recalled to Rome. On Thursday 9th "the tits went with our students from Rome to Magliano". He himself went to Tusculum and read *Dombey and Son* by the College Cross: "My inscription there of 1853 on the largest stone in the pile, and which I did with a crow-bar last September, was still very perfect". On his return he was surprised to find an old Douay friend in the house, the Rev E. Canty (possibly one of his old professors). Canty

stayed three days with him, and the pair of them enjoyed themselves greatly talking about old times. They went to Grotta Ferrata together and on the way Canty let out some choice secrets about the ins and outs of how a certain Alphonsus came to be dismissed from the old school. Another walk they had was to Monte Cavo to get snow off it, precisely what for is not clear. It began to snow however in the Latin Vale, so they abandoned the expedition. (Unless they were purposely taking a round-about route, what were they doing in the Latin Vale if they were going up Cavo?) He ends his account of Canty's visit with a little note about William Ward's lecture-ship at Old Hall, that famous cause of dissention between Errington and Wiseman. "He made a bit of a goose of himself by asserting that Ward's lectures at Old Hall were infinitely superior to any of Rome, or any other country. The old disease."

12th *Sunday*. "Heard the 11½ mass, with the explication of the Gospel. Took a short stroll after dinner."

13th *Monday*. "Went early after breakfast. Did not go out again after dinner though it was a fine day. Finished reading *Dombey and Son*."

14th *Tuesday*. "Made several leads for drawing after my new fashion. Neill Talbot's examination day for deacon. Did not go out all day."

15th *Wednesday*. "Went out in the morning round the Campagna, but did not go out after dinner though it was a beautiful day. The weather began to get colder than usual."

16th *Thursday*. "Did not go out in the morning as my shoes were quite worn out. I however put on Biaggio's to go out with after dinner. I went up Monte Cato intending to get crocus roots, but the ground was too hard. Wrote out extracts from a work reviewed in the *Dublin Review* on the language of flowers. Beautiful day."

17th *Friday*. "Went out in the morning over the Campagna, and after dinner I set off to Lake Gabii, now drained; a walk of about 7 miles, I walked right through the middle of it. Home before the 'Ave'. Beautiful sunset. Arranged to go to Tivoli on the morrow."

18th *Saturday*. “Called up at 7 o’clock, took a hasty breakfast and set off for Tivoli about 8 o’clock. It seemed as if it were going to come down in torrents every moment but I got there without a drop having fallen. I was of course in secular clothes as I had no others out, and wore my plaid trousers. I was saluted on the way by a body of about 30 workmen with ‘Portez-armes’ as well as I could make out, taking me I suppose for a French officer, I turned round and they said nothing more. I got there after very fast walking by 11 $\frac{1}{4}$, and immediately dined at Queen’s Hotel; I took a man from the Sybill for a guide, named Guayatano, he showed me all the fine torrents the highest of the falls being 250 feet—the Grotto of the Syrene, and Grotto of Neptune, the last deep fall, where an Englishman was drowned and of which I could not see the bottom; the ruins of the villa of Maglio Copisco, the Capuchin convent on the right, built on the ruins of the house of Tullius;—Monte Catullo facing the Temple of Vesta—the *cappella* of S. Antonio on the left, built on the ruins of Horace’s House—the aqueduct to the great falls of Gregory XVI. Afterwards in another part of the town, the monastery 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ages old; after seeing the latter, though it was then raining, I set off for Porzio hidden by dark clouds, and deluging the country round. I was soon in the midst of it—I was drenched to the skin before I got to the bottom of Tivoli hill, I plodded my way home for 20 miles through pelting rain, accompanied by thunder and lightning, over ploughed and drenched fields. I got some wine at a farm at the foot of Porzio hill. I got in before the ‘Ave’ and immediately ordered some hot wine, and after a good dinner went to bed. I had gone in my own worn-out shoes, relics of which I left behind at every step.”

19th *Sunday*. “Heard the 11 $\frac{1}{3}$ mass at the village church. Did not go out the rest of the day; it snowed all the morning and pretty deep.”

The following day comes a very characteristic entry: “Began setting lime twigs to catch my old feathered friends”. Few things interested him so much as bird-catching. The part of the diary which he used as a scrapbook is full of sketches of bird-traps with hints how to use them. He even tells us how

to feed young birds—they are to be given “kemp seed well chewed,” by whom is not stated. He also has a page and a half quotation on the clap-net from the pen of one D. H. Goldsmith, whose work he found in the “Students’ Library, Ampleforth College, near York”.

21st *Tuesday*. “Did not go out all day. Read a little of the *Dublin Review*. Feet still very sore from last Saturday’s expedition. Fine day.”

22nd *Wednesday*. “I got a parcel in the morning from Graham in which he sent me my new pair of shoes, and I got a letter in the evening from the same in which I was surprised to find 5 scudi enclosed. Went out after dinner for a short walk. Got Biaggio to change the note for me. Treated Santi, Biaggio and Giovanni to a two paul bottle of red rosolio. The guide’s brother at Tivoli came. Caught goldfinch and wren on lime twigs.”

And now at last, on the following morning, he receives notice to return to Rome.

23rd *Thursday*. “I went to low mass at the village church, where Don Giuseppe called me to the sacristy and gave me a letter from the Rector, directed the Reverend! It was to recall me to Rome. I immediately packed up all. Gave Biaggio 6 pauls *buona mano*, and one scudo I owed him, packed up some flowers. Took an early dinner and set off for Frascati. Giovanni took my carpet-bag on his horse and Biaggio accompanied me on foot. Saw little of the Carnival as we were driving through Rome, got home for 5½, set my plants etc. Gave the Rector the key, pulled off secular clothes and once more got in the long dress.”

And that was the end. The next day he is completely engrossed in boyish details of Roman life and has apparently forgotten there ever was such a place as “dear old Monte P.”.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE RENOVATED VILLA

THE Palazzola Ghost, if we are privileged enough to possess such a blue-blooded institution, must be wondering in a vague kind of way whether, like a certain well-known motor-spirit, he should adapt himself to a rapidly changing order of things, or, following in the ponderous footsteps of the brontosaurus of old, sink into merciful oblivion. For we are transformed : that well-worn stone flagging, that venerable crazy pavement for which the cortile corridors were once justly famous, has become a gleaming way of red tiles. The peaceful cells which front the Lake, and their fellows across the way, have been touched and tittivated into apartments worthy of the most stately ocean liner : there is a green and white *motif*, alabaster globes provide illumination, and the furniture is of walnut hue. Compact wall-cabinets assist the nautical atmosphere, though a limp golf-bag in a corner, its contents rich with Sforza loam, does much to destroy the illusion.

Ascending to this new world by a handsome spiral staircase, one pauses near the summit to admire the view from the large new window which looks out on the sweep of the lakeside towards Marino. This window is an inspiration ; from within and without it is dignified and in keeping with the rest of Palazzola, though, indeed, this may be said of all that has been renovated. For example, the pendant iron-work lanterns still shine at night, casting complex shadows on to the white



The Sforza

walls—admirable atmosphere for things that go bump in the night! We of the metamorphosed wing, however, go to sleep undisturbed. We are willing to risk the reappearance of our Franciscan predecessors without a single qualm in our ultra-modern surroundings—particularly now that we are free at last from the more material peril of the collapsible ceiling and lurking scorpion.

But we have lost another sign of our Franciscan precursors besides atmosphere—that large picture of Our Lady and (perhaps) SS. Francis and Anthony which adorned the east wall of the retrochoir, and has been the subject of so many interesting legends as to its creator. The Portuguese Consul asked for it early in July, availing himself of an old agreement between the monks and Signor Arnaldi. It appears that they granted him Palazzola lock, stock and barrel with three exceptions—the picture of Our Lady, the portrait of Cardinal Fonseca which used to hang in the common-room (this has also gone), and the “agnello mistico” in the garden. Unfortunately, the Consul did not remove the stucco frame together with the picture, and at the moment various meringue cherubim disport themselves chastely round some twenty feet of plaster. A window would be an excellent substitute, and we are given to understand that such a plan is likely to materialize before very long, as there are already the remains of an old window behind where the picture was.

Lastly there is a rather unpleasant change. The sound of the dynamite is heard in the land—this time a thing of amusement rather than alarm perhaps, though Signor de Cupis would be loath to second the statement. With an industry and keenness worthy of a better cause, a small squad of labourers are steadily blasting chunks of the living rock over our harassed neighbour's garden-wall—even the wall itself has been a prey to their zeal. And many a boulder has been hurled over into our Sforza too. The process is essential, apparently, for the success of the new Marino-Velletri road, now *in fieri*. From the recently enlarged window (above mentioned) at the stair-head of the Old Wing, one can see the dusty curve keeping the crest of the lakeside until it dips out of sight towards Marino. It is destined to

be no broad highway, apparently, and is only wide enough to satisfy the tastes of those who possess an artistic soul and a Balilla. Which is fortunate for us, for a wide road would mean trams, and trams trippers. At one time it was thought that the road, which was begun early this year, would be completed in September, but the most sanguine contractor would confess the impossibility of such a hope now and it is rumoured that the task has been found far more difficult and expensive than was at first imagined. The work apparently has been put into the hoary hands of the old and infirm, who struggle nobly, it is true, but so far have only succeeded in taking a slice from the Orchard and borrowing an occasional cigarette. At present they are perambulating trucks up and down behind the Sforza where once was that leafy *stradella*, now a long, dusty scar, skirted by mutilated tree-trunks and cavities that reek with explosive. The scene requires just a little mud and possibly a dead mule to make it worthy of the Imperial War Museum. However, the Italian labourer in the last few years is second to none, and if he is worthy of his road-building ancestors he will no doubt produce something more civilized before long, and fling it open to the roving motorist. How this will affect our "beata solitudo" remains to be seen.

OUR MARTYRS' RELICS (concluded)

BL. JOHN LOCKWOOD

The relics of this martyr are preserved in abundance at Downside. Among the most interesting are sixteen pieces of vertebrae threaded upon a narrow black and brown ribbon, a shoulder-blade, six large rib bones, which are preserved whole, and a piece of a seventh. In addition, there is a piece of vertebrae upon which a saw-cut is visible, two wrist bones preserved whole, and the last joint of one of his fingers. There is a flat piece of bone two inches long and one inch wide, one side of which is evenly cut down, and the beginnings of three other saw-cuts can be seen; one of these is an inch long. There is also an evenly shaped bone a little smaller than the above.

At Downside there is also a quantity of dried-up intestines wrapped in muslin which make a parcel about six inches by four and a half. At Hazlewood Church, Tadchester, in the possession of the Vavasour family, there are two stalls in a niche of the church believed to have been those of the Ven. J. Lockwood and Edmund Catherick, whose quarters were removed from York to Augsburg by Mrs Mary Poyntz, whence later they were taken to Downside. At Lanherne Convent there are some relics which came mostly from the Jesuits at Antwerp. Miss Mary Gifford brought to the convent the portraits of the martyrs which were painted by her father. At Roehampton are to be seen the bones of the two martyrs which were taken to Augsburg by Mary Ward or companions. Some were given to Father Morris and the rest have come to Downside since that time (MS. p. 9). At Taunton there is one primary relic (a piece of bone fairly large ?) inscribed "Fr Lockwood". At Ushaw there is a relic "particula minima" probably of some bone. The inscription reads "omnes ex thesauro monasterii"—(should "particulae" be inserted after "omnes"?).

VEN. JOHN LOWE

VEN. EDWARD MICO

VEN. ROBERT MIDDLETON

} We have no knowledge of
any existing relics.

VEN. EDWARD MORGAN

The English convent of the Order of St Augustine at Bruges possesses two primary relics, both of linen soaked in the martyr's blood. In the Carmelite Convent at Chichester are two primary relics—a lock of grey hair and a piece of blood-stained linen (cf. the valuable historical note MS. p. 125).

At Taunton there is a relic "ex pollice Edwardi Singleton" (i.e. Morgan). It is a whole thumb, at least four inches long, and the skin with a part of the nail is still visible on the last joint. There is also a part of his jaw-bone. Erdington possesses a part of the Taunton relic inscribed "ex maxilla". At Lanherne there are several bits of straw and a very small piece of linen which had been dipped in his blood. More blood-stained linen is to be seen at St Scholastica's Abbey, Teignmouth.

It was taken by Lady Hunbock who was fortunate enough to be present at his last Mass. Possibly the heart of Father Morgan is kept here (cf. long account MS. 40). At Ushaw there is a "particula minima" of the heart. A packet inscribed with the words "Dmm Morgan" is at Westminster. Perhaps this originally contained a relic of his bones. There is also a second paper containing several little pieces of blood-stained linen (MS. 5).

BL. HENRY MORSE

The Sacred Heart Convent, Brighton has relics "ex ossibus", and the Carmelite Convent at Chichester has a large piece of blood-stained linen together with a piece of white woollen knitting (MS., p. 126, 20). Amongst other particles of linen at Farm Street there is a large piece of blood-stained linen inscribed "For his noble friend Mr Francis Pella", which is kept in an unpolished oak reliquary. At Lanherne Convent there is a portrait of the martyr and a few little bits of straw. At Stonyhurst there are two pieces of cloth identified as having belonged to Morse and Campbell, and a piece of blood-stained linen (MS., p. 182, 27). Also in an oak frame may be seen pasted on old white paper the autographs of Morse, Walpole and Southwell.

BL. ROBERT MORTON }
BL. JOHN MUNDEN }

We have no knowledge
of any existing relics.¹

BL. EDWARD OLDCORNE

There are many primary and secondary relics. The English Convent of the Augustianesses at Bruges has several "ex carne", and at Farm Street are both primary and secondary relics which are hard to identify but some certainly seem to be of skin or bone. A relic "ex corpore" formerly in the possession of Hartwell D. Grossel Esq. of High Street, Oxford is now in the church of St Aloysius in that town. At Roehamp-

¹ For convenience sake, we may state here that we have no knowledge of existing relics of any of the following: BL. ROBERT MORTON, BL. JOHN MUNDEN, BL. OLIVER PALMER, VEN. THOMAS PORTMORE, BL. JOHN SHIRT, BL. RICHARD SMITH, VEN. JOHN THULES, VEN. THOMAS TICHBOURNE, BL. ROBERT WATKINSON
BL. EUSTACE WHITE.

ton is a fully authenticated relic sent to Father Morris about the year 1875 from the church of the Gesù in Rome. It is a particle of skin or flesh (MS., p. 205, 33). Stonyhurst possesses four primary relics among which are a small piece of the crown flesh, a piece of skin a third of an inch long, and a small piece of bone (MS., p. 181a & p. 184, 4-3).

BL. RALPH SHERWIN

At Stonyhurst there are one primary and two secondary relics; the primary relic is apparently a piece of knuckle-bone with some tender flesh attached. There are also five fibrous pieces of nerve or muscle which probably belonged to the martyr and a very small piece of cloth (MS., pp. 161-180). At Farm Street are five primary relics which have not yet been identified but are believed to be his.

BL. ROBERT SOUTHWELL

Relics "ex tela" and "ex ossibus" can be seen at the English Convent, Bruges. At East Bergholt are two relics in silver cases on one of which is the martyr's name; the other emits a sweet and clearly perceptible odour (MS., p. 23). In the church of St Aloysius, Oxford are relics "ex ossibus"; these are very small and come from Bishop Clifford and the English Convent, Bruges (MS., p. 95, 2). At Roehampton there are several pieces of napkins. Two of these bear a genuine authentication—one, in which his bones were wrapped for a long time, is authenticated July 29th, 1872. There is a primary relic "ex ossibus" also officially authenticated (MS., p. 202). It belonged once to the Rev. John Reeve and afterwards to the Rev Richard Hubbard. It was given to Provost Husenbeth (chaplain to the Catholic Lord Stafford at Costessy in the county of Norfolk) who later gave it to a Father Daniels S.J. (probably from Holywell) in 1837. An ancient paper testifies to the fact that the relic was originally found in a parcel of rubbish in a box containing a paper on which was written: "This is the relic of Mr Southwell, priest, who was martyred at London. John Reeve". Other small relics "ex carne" are kept at Stonyhurst and also an autograph pasted on old white paper.

VEN. EDWARD THWING

Mrs Herbert of Helmsley Hall, near York, possesses some vestments—stole, maniple, burses, palls, and chalice veils—which were probably used by this martyr. At Downside there is a piece of cloth dipped in his blood together with an inscription on very old paper: “This is the bloude of holy Mr Thwing”.

BL. ANTHONY TURNER

At Chichester there is hair from the crown of his head (MS., p. 126b) and linen soaked in his blood. At Farm Street and Lanherne Convent there are small relics “ex ossibus” (MS., p. 146). In St Lawrence’s chapel at Downside there is a piece of cloth (doubled over and hemmed with a minute stitch) dipped in his blood, with the inscription “This cloathe was deept in ye blood of Fr Whitbreed, Fr Harcott . . . Father Tourner”.

BL. JOHN WALL

The Carmelite Convent, Chichester possesses relics of hair (three strands) and blood-stained linen with the inscriptions “Vener. Dr Johnson pass. Warweciae in Anglia” (*i.e.* Wall) and “Ye blood of Mr Johnson and Mr Kemble” (MS., p. 126). At Darlington there is a large piece of linen steeped in his blood; at Clare Abbey a relic “ex cerebro”, and at Erdington (MS., p. 216) a large piece of the sedge mat he used in his hiding-place at Harrington Hall, near Kidderminster. Some blood-stained linen was given to Dom Bede Camm by Mrs Wilks of Uttoxeter in 1901 (MS., p. 220). At Roehampton there is blood-stained linen and a few hairs (MS., p. 190, 13), and at Farm Street there are two strands of the rope with which he was hanged and some linen soaked in his blood. Finally, there are relics “ex ossibus” at Taunton (MS., p. 149), “particulae minimae” of which are preserved at Ushaw.

BL. HENRY WALPOLE

At Bruges there is a relic “ex ligula subuculae (MS., p. 25). In the possession of Mr Darrel of Cale Hall, Kent, there is a reliquary said to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots in

which there are relics of Bl. Henry Walpole, Bl. Edmund Campion and Thomas Garnett (MS., p. 93). In the Carmelite Convent, Chichester, there is a relic "ex costa R. P. Walpole" and also a bone (MS., p. 127, 47); at Erdington a relic "ex subucula" given by Father Pollen; at Farm Street relics "ex corde", "ex subucula", and "ex pileo" (MS., p. 133), attached to which is a label in Father Morris' hand: "ex ligula qua tenebatur vestis in qua martyrium passus est" (MS., p. 147). At Oxford in the church of St Aloysius is a relic "ex corpore" (MS., p. 95, 8), and at Roehampton there is a small piece cut from the band which was used to tie up the martyr's clothes when he suffered. There are also several relics "ex ligulae subuculae". Stonyhurst possesses several fibrous fragments "ex corde" and a small fragment "ex lingua", as well as some very small relics "ex ossibus". At Taunton there are two relics of bone, particles of which are kept at Harrow and at Ushaw (MS., p. 15, 23).

VEN. JOHN WOODCOCK

At Erdington there is a small relic "ex brachio". At Taunton there is a leg bone broken at both ends "ex conventu FF. Min. Duaci"—particles of this relic are at Harrow and Ushaw. A very interesting relic given by the Rev Thomas Abbot to Dom Bede Camm in 1899 is the pall which the martyr is said to have used at his last Mass at Mr Burgess's house at Woodend (near Clayton-le-woods, Lancs). At Lancaster is an old missionary altar the property of the Burgess family, made by Mr Burgess in 1560;¹ upon this altar the martyr began his last Mass on the Feast of the Assumption, 1644. The vestments which were used at this Mass are still preserved with the altar. They are very worn and can be used for a red or white Mass, being adapted for use on alternate sides. The old alb is very handsome, made of cambric with old pontifical lace let in. There also are three chalice veils: several other old vestments had to be destroyed as they were badly moth-eaten.

¹ In 1581 Bl. Edmund Campion celebrated his Easter Mass on this altar, which was then at Denham Hall (three miles north of Chorley); Edmund Arrowsmith also said Mass on it in 1622 after his release from his first imprisonment under Charles I. It was then at Woodend whither the Burgess family had removed to escape persecution.

A CLERK AND HIS WIG

Here is an amusing titbit culled from no less grave a work than the *Decreta Authentica Congregationis Sacrorum Rituum*.¹

ROMANA

COLLEGII ANGLORUM

Beatissime Pater.

Thomas Grant Rector Collegii Anglorum ad pedes Sanctitatis Tuæ provolutus humiliter exponit quod suscitatum est dubium an Edmundo Pomer alumno eiusdem collegii valide fuerit collata prima clericalis Tonsura, eo quod capilli non capitis sed comæ fictitiæ, quam gestare solebat, ei fuerint detonsi; quare ad cautelam et quatenus opus sit, a Sanctitate Tua expostulat ut ritus Tonsuræ prædicto alumno iteretur.

Sanctissimus, referente subscripto Sacrorum Rituum Congregationis Secretario, attentis expositis super Tonsura peracta, benigne annuit pro sanatione, a quocumque defectu, adeo ut nihil sit ulterius innovandum. Contrariis non obstantibus quibuscumque.

Die 25 Septembris 1846.

The text calls the student in question Edmund Pomer, but this is certainly a misprint for Edmund Power. There is no Edmund Pomer in the College Register, but there is an Edmund Power, and his dates correspond exactly with the date of the decree. Moreover, as anyone with experience knows, Italian printers habitually murder English proper names; in this same volume the only other two English names we noticed were both spelt wrongly—Roskel for Roskell, the Bishop of Nottingham, and Vareing for Wareing, the Vicar Apostolic of the Lancashire district.

Edmund Power, then, was born in London in 1804, and entered the College as a convict in 1844 for the Lancashire District.² Thus he was forty when he came—some explanation no doubt of the wig episode. The College Register says he was confirmed the following year; apparently, therefore,

¹ Vol. II, p. 339, n. 2919 (5054).

² College Register, Vol. I, p. 151.

he was a convert. He was ordained priest in May, 1847, and left for the mission a month afterwards. And with his exit from the College, our knowledge of him ceases, for the only source of our information is the College Register, and in those days no record was kept of a student's career after he had left the College.

AN AUDIENCE WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI

A memorable episode of the canonization days, scarcely noticed even in the Catholic press, was an audience kindly granted by Signor Mussolini to the boys of the John Fisher School. We give here a little account of it from a student of the College who was present.

“An interesting item forced in between the more solemn functions was a visit to Signor Mussolini. Thanks to the kindness of its organiser, Father Byrne of the John Fisher School, two members of the College were able to be present.

“After passing through the magnificently furnished salons of the old papal palace, perhaps the most tasteful building in Rome, the party was welcomed by Il Duce in his marble-paved study—welcomed moreover by a Dictator wearing a broad grin. Il Duce was very happy—pleased with the address, with the cheers and with the lads. He spoke in English, returning their boyish banter—joking, rumpling their hair and giving the salute; obviously he thought it all great fun. In fact, everyone sobered down only before the ordeal of being photographed. This, with more cheers, ended the audience, and the boys went their way giving the famous salute to anyone who would take it. No doubt it had been quite different from anything they had expected. From the reports who would think Il Duce so charming?

“Those lads enjoyed him immensely and he enjoyed them; we can think of few greater compliments to a ruler than that.”

THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH
OF ST LAWRENCE-ON-SEA

The Church of St Lawrence-on-Sea, Vittoriosa, of which the Rector has recently been made an honorary canon, is of remarkable historical interest. It was built in 1090 by Roger of Normandy, during the pontificate of Blessed Urban II, and was made the first parish church of Malta. When Charles V ceded the island to the Order of St John, Grand Master Lisle-Adam took possession of the town and created St Lawrence's the Royal or Conventual Church. Subsequently, even after St John's Cathedral was built in 1600, St Lawrence's continued to enjoy the royal privileges by remaining (like Westminster Abbey) the Church for the Royal Investiture. The silver cross, on which was sworn the oath to defend the natives' rights, is still preserved. For two centuries the Church was also the seat of no less than sixty-two papal legates, among whom were numbered two popes (Alexander VII and Innocent XII) and thirty-two cardinals. As for the town itself, Cardinal Fabritius Xeberras, Bishop of Senegallia and the only Maltese Cardinal, Blessed Jacobo de Opertis and Giovanni Bosio (the Columbus of subterranean Rome) are found in the list of Vittoriosa's distinguished citizens, and if Hamilcar was really Governor of Malta, his son the mighty Hannibal must also have been a citizen of the town.

The Chapter of St Lawrence has the privilege of wearing the rochet and mozzetta of purple silk during the summer and the cappa magna with white ermine in winter, while a gold cross suspended on a gold cordon may be worn both at civil and ecclesiastical functions. The officiating canon at Vespers has a *Presbyter Assistens* in cappa magna, a train-bearer, and two canons with dalmatics over their rochets, during Solemn High Mass he has an additional deacon and subdeacon *pontificali modo*. And finally this privileged chapter has the right to be preceded by a mace-bearer during all civil and ecclesiastical functions.

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th. *Monday*. It is the morning after the Epiphany (you know all that threnodic stuff about the decorations?). That glistening, iridescent, vivifying holiday weather has gone, too, and it is Monday morning, and it is bleak, and it is raining, and we are all very, very happy. And lest such a day should lack its due tinge of the macabre, as we were crossing the Bridge of Sixtus in the evening a carabine obligingly fished from the river a sinister black bundle, which held, as the morbid ascertained, a dead infant. An all-star cast featured in our share of the cosmopolitan liturgy at S. Andrea della Valle.

8th. *Tuesday*. The passing of Christmas is admirably mirrored in the demeanour of the Chief Mime and his dignified first mate. Dining opposite them daily, we observe care's manifold corrubations being smoothed from their brows and their meals resuming a normal enormity.

9th. *Wednesday*. Her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk visited us to-day. The window of the café just beyond the Vicariate, on the left as you go to the University, has for some days displayed the thought-provoking legend "Gelati Invernali". Can it be that some alchemist of the kitchen has at last conjured into reality that comestible phoenix of music-hall wit—"Fried Ice-Cream"? But to Pilotta with these speculative puzzles. Gita to-morrow! At 21.15 we were herded to our couch. This Venerable House, with full knowledge and full consent, has revived a pre-war gita habit of sounding the reveille at 4.55 A.M. (It sounds dashed early if you write it like that—

10th. *Thursday*—and it is!) It may be an old custom but we for one failed to reverence its grey hairs when we awoke. Still, no doubt it was all right in its day before all this wireless and what-not spoiled the weather.

What an inspired beneficence it was that instituted this winter gita! It gives an entirely new group of experiences. It opens a new room in your gallery of Alban and Sabine memories. As we drove out

of the city towards Genazzano this morning, we looked out on the landscape and saw a dark unpainted canvas. And slowly, very gently a painter touched it with pale and luminous tints, pencilled in the soaring and falling line of many hills, and dotted these with stars, which were awakening lights of little old towns. Then, working ever more quickly, he filled in copses, farmsteads, towers, fences, and here and there quilted the grey velvet of hills with the samite of snow. (Sorry, but this sort of thing must out.)¹ As we came out from our Mass at the Shrine, the whole masterpiece was finished and had come to life ; and as we strode off across far stretching unblemished snow to Gasparoni's Pass, we saw Serrone and Sant' Arcangelo and the silver giants behind, rose-crowned and kissing the steel-blue sky. (We heard later that, wending his way about this hour to Monte Porzio, one who is rarely rhapsodical received a hasty and unheralded visit from Apollo, and observed incontinently that the air was like wine. The afflatus, we understand, stopped short of his accepting the substitute at dinner.)

It is nearly six hours later, and we are to be seen making a weary bee-line across the snow from Algidus fountain to the pines which front the Pink House. Bursting with pedestrian pride, we are in no mood to see excuses for the barbarians who are churning our beloved Nemi paths to mud to make way for more hooting and intolerable motor-cars. But we forgot our indignation ere we reached the Ponticello, and the Sforza and the Villa, and the perfect climax to stern physical effort—deck-chairs and delicious weariness, and roaring fires and much hot food, and the soothing, solicitous hovering of a familiar, soft-footed presence who is at once butler, incomparable cook, footman, valet, and guardian angel. No wonder we sang lustily as the headlamps blazed a way home through Ariccia's woods. Perhaps there is something to be said for cars . . . in a way.

11th. *Friday*. 'Morning! I perceive that your yesterday's soul, so tenderly minor-poetical, has stiffened with your joints, and you are nothing but a creaking, irascible bundle of excruciating muscles ; but it was worth it, wasn't it ? This morning someone suggestively placed our shoes in the waste-paper basket. A pleasant allegory of the refectory : Ivory Castles have toppled from the height, and there instead shall rise the Arches of the Years. "Hilary Law Sittings begin," animadverts Mr Charles Letts in my expensive diary. And he ought to know.

12th. *Saturday*. Let us see. Oh, yes!—there is the man who walked half-way down the University chapel this morning with his hat on. And in the evening he—but no ! One man, one day, one defamation. Besides, a sermon for to-morrow was surging within him, considering which no jury would convict.

13th. *Sunday*. We went to bed last night, a shivering zimarra-full of chill misery, wondering what time the snow would begin, and were awakened very soon by tremendous lightning and reverberations of

¹ It is customary after writing a purple passage of this sort thus humorously to deprecate it.

thunder. The Italian weather is so straightforward and reliable. In the evening His Excellency the Irish Minister to the Vatican spoke informatively on America.

14th. *Monday*. This new refectory book is hugely entertaining. To-night, its account of a Welsh revivalist meeting in Aberdeen gave us our best laugh since Pastor on the Council of Trent. Afterwards there were promiscuous and noisy "salvations" in the common-room.

15th. *Tuesday*. The mean time of high water at London bridge this morning is 10.05—though the publishers are not responsible for any inaccuracy. You didn't know that, did you? We can see Mr Charles Letts is going to be useful when things get really dull. To dinner Father Walsh of Liverpool.

16th. *Wednesday*. To dinner the Abbot of Downside and Dom Gregory Murray.

17th. *Thursday*. Having apparently determined with the (slightly) more famous R.L.S. once more to see before he die the palms and temples of the south, the Vice-rector looked in to supper.

18th. *Friday*. "One day to a page," it says on the front of my diary. And you should see the pages.

19th. *Saturday*. Book Auction. A seasoned wag occupied the hammer and bowler hat, and the sales were brisk, the sallies brilliant.

20th. *Sunday*. High Mass was preceded by a charming sermon. Hardened clerks were palpably affected. In the afternoon flocks of us—many stimulated by patriotism to a fleeting musicality—invaded the Augusteo to bestow a loyally indiscriminate applause on Sir Henry Wood. (An Ancient of Westminster was seen to brush away a furtive nostalgic tear during Vaughan Williams' life-like *London Symphony*.)

21st. *Monday*. A two-minute tragedy. At 8.02 A.M. snow was observed falling; tiny, sparse flakes—frail, like far-travelled star-dust, which vanished at the uncouth touch of cobble or brick—but incontrovertibly snow. At 8.03 the ever-ready and infallible traditionalists (or should one call them antiquarians?) had with profound logic and many figures given themselves a holiday and even planned their day. At 8.04 (still A.M.) the sun blazed through clearest air upon earth as unspotted of snow as the Corso in August.

Born to fade and die

When hope was high—ah, woe is me!

(*Gondoliers*, in case you think we made it up). The sages pensively packed their text books. To supper lots of matadors, picadors, bulls, blood and sand, homerically mixed by the author of *Arches of the Years*.

22nd. *Tuesday*. This morning there was no illusion. It fell, and fallen lay. Snow, robust and not to be thwarted, which quickly cast pallor over red roofs and green plots. There was—need we say?—already a holiday, for the (University) Rector's birthday.

23rd. *Wednesday*. No snow today (notice, we manfully resisted the temptation). But great news. The Chief Quack is in bed, being poisoned with his own quinine and turned to silt with his own hot milk. The pleasure of dropping in on him (with permission) and observing "Yah!" is acute.

24th. *Thursday*. Riots in the infirmary. C.Q. still in bed, and joined by two other notoriously impermeable "he-men". This Influenza woman is at last showing a sense of humour.

25th. *Friday*. Ex-Infirmarian (very 'ex'), whose interest in medicine had become purely literary, dramatically came back and stepped into the breach—but not for long.

26th. *Saturday*. Nothing to report but a few more colds. We hab wod ourselves. This evening, as we stretched our frozen limbs above the city (no, not a congealed Colossus—we mean we were taking a walk on Monte Mario) we gazed through rheumy eyes at a brilliant rainbow. Chill grey mist, frosty air, and a rainbow! Why won't this Romish weather keep the rules?

27th. *Sunday*. Discovered—His Lordship of Southwark and the necessarily concomitant Canon Sprankling (as invigorating as ever) here to stay with us. The longer the better. We join today in the Exposition being held throughout England to pray for the happy outcome of next Tuesday's deliberations on the cause of BB. Fisher and More. The Rector preached at St George and the English Saints—for twenty-five minutes. We heard great reports. Mr McDonald discoursed after supper on sibyls and milleniums.

29th. *Tuesday*. Some heavy vivisection work by a biology professor—not entirely confined to frogs. We gleaned no news of this morning's meeting on Fisher and More.

FEBRUARY 2nd. *Saturday*. After the distribution of candles our organist so immersed his soul in a moving voluntary that no amount of button pressing or whistle tooting could induce him to intone the *Introit*. While choir-master and sacristans mutually raved, while ministers markedly paused and nonentities suppressed grins, he serenely worked out his theme, until (we presume) struck violently from behind. We quote the following from the College Diary for December 31st, 1928. It is again applicable to-night except for the superlative. "A very hilarious evening with *La Zia di Carlo*—though the sub-titles do not go well into Italian." We remember laughing in 1928 (our first year); we must be getting old or talkie-minded. We heard very confidentially the glad news that our two great martyrs are to be canonized on May 19th,

3rd. *Sunday*, and this was confirmed by the *Catholic Times* which arrived this morning. To dinner, Archbishops Hinsley and McGuigan, Monsignor Clapperton and Father Hughes. At Vespers, the thurifer, with commendable respect but disputable orthodoxy, genuflected to the Rector. After supper the Blessing of Throats was spiritedly admin-

istered by the Diarist, and then Sir Charles Wingfield gave us an excellently informed, dryly humorous and manifestly much appreciated talk on Japan.

5th. *Tuesday*. If you enter the Martyrs Chapel at some quiet moment these days, you will hear ghostly hammerings and mysterious shuffling of heavy objects which you may eventually trace to the room above the sacristy. The Great Handy Man, if interrogated by mere you, will be similarly mysterious and ghostly; but we—"tut, we are in his bosom;" we will reveal all later.

7th. *Thursday*. The Rector took one of those jolly little weekly dissipation parties to the Villa; sterner men made their way by devious tram-routes to a field without the city and watched fifteen extremely stern men rolling the Roman Rugby Club in their own mud. A hearty, earthy, wet and magnificent struggle, with the unequalled satisfaction of just winning against good opponents.

8th. *Friday*. Disquieting intelligence from the country concerning the disappearance (temporary, we trust) of the dog Phœbus.

9th. *Saturday*. We have parted regretfully from the *Arches of the Years* and are eating our meals with *Fish on Friday*, a queer collection of bizarre epigrams and tortuous wisdom by a sort of diluted Chesterton of the Middle West. ("Not a bad description of this diary," did you say?) Father Walsh returned from Naples to tea. (If you see what we mean.)

10th. *Sunday*. In the Consistorial Hall we attended the reading of the decree *Super Dubio* concerning our martyrs shortly to be canonized. The Pope described eloquently the beauty of Fisher's death, and seemed almost unable to find words to convey his fascination at More's personality. Many agreed that they had rarely heard the Pope speak with such vigour. It was interesting to hear His Holiness striving to express in Italian the notion and significance of More's humour, which had obviously impressed him profoundly. This evening the distinguished author of *Time and Causality* mercifully dragged off our Syriac Skinner to some cold spot (very cold, we hope) in the Simbruini.

11th. *Monday*. A holiday—and so is to-morrow. It is blowing a fearful *tramontana*, a blast of which has shattered irreparably that huge panorama of Rome which hung opposite the glass doors of the balcony. No longer is it lawful to estimate the whole of Rome therefrom—but there is another on the next floor.

12th. *Tuesday*. Padre Agostino to dinner—which was aggrandized and then embellished with coffee and liqueurs by the laudable Canon Sprankling. We drank the Holy Father's health with musical honours. The "Excelsior!" expedition returned to earth this evening. It is astounding the things you can invent in two days.

13th. *Wednesday*. Regrettable departure of our guests. (We mean, of course, regrettable in substance, not in mode.) Refectory books

have been coming and going lately like French Cabinets : the latest is the Highly Introspective Autobiography of a Great Dane, by Johannes Jørgenson. (We hope the printers can manage a diæresis.)

14th. *Thursday*. To dinner—just the Family. Very cosy.

15th. *Friday*. Eggs, Mom!

16th. *Saturday*. We hear joyful tidings at the home-coming of the dog Phœbus. The Oriental expert has been in bed since his return from the mountains. It is said that while dozing at the 'Biblical' (or 'Toot') he damaged his larynx in trying to decline the Coptic for "skis".

17th. *Sunday*. To dinner Commander Cole-Hamilton and Mr Chick. At a Literary Society meeting Mr Montgomery spoke in his best manner on Germany, and was excellently supported in the answering of questions by Mr Walker, Secretary to the Legation at Athens. The whole was immeasurably enhanced by the vote of thanks (entrusted to an orator of established skill) which had to be heard to be believed.

18th. *Monday*. Since nothing happened to-day we will quote John Evelyn's Diary for this day 1645. (We are widely noted for our resource.) "In the afternoon we visited the English Jesuites, with whose Superior, P. Stafford I was well acquainted; who received us courteously. They call their Church and College 'St. Thomasso de gli Inglesi' and is a Seminarie. Amongst other trifles they show the relic of Beckett, their reputed Martyr. Of Paintings there is one of Durante, and many representing the sufferings of several of their Society executed in England, especialy F. Champion."

20th. *Wednesday*. One hears great things of the Grant Society these days. A movement is afoot to make it More Consonant With the Intelligence of This House. The effect on the European situation may be incalculable.

21st. *Thursday*. The machinations alluded to under February 5th were explained this morning when the Rector celebrated the inaugural Mass in the new Chapel-above-the-Martyrs-Sacristy: (that's the best name we can find for it at present—it is not yet christened. Many refer to it as the Memorial Chapel of the versatile clerk who fitted it up.) Messrs Montgomery and Walker spoke to us again to-night—this time with Mr Walker in the principal part. He gave us an excellently clear résumé of developments in Russia since the Revolution.

22nd. *Friday*. It is remarkable what a vacuous day Friday usually contrives to be. If you glance back at the Fridays in this Diary, you will see that most of the entries under them are nothing but the fruit of our indomitable chattiness.

23rd. *Saturday*. With tenacious magnanimity the reciter of night prayers insisted for the third time this week that he "forgives all whom he has injured". We take this opportunity of helping to promulgate the amnesty.

24th. *Sunday*. Archbishop Hinsley was at lunch with his successor in Africa, Archbishop Riberi.

25th. *Monday*. Before supper the chair-men changed sides in the refectory—the benchers remaining ‘as you were’. Gone, all are gone the old familiar physiognomies, and you can amuse yourself debating inwardly whether the new ones are even more regrettable. There was no change on the top table. . . .

26th. *Tuesday*. The refectory book continues to declaim indefinitely with Bunthorne :

As I remarked before
Anyone convinced would be,
That some Transcendental Law
Is monopolizing me. . . .

We provided the ceremonies at the annual Requiem Mass for Cardinal Merry del Val—sung in S. Prassede in the presence of Cardinal Rossi.

27th. *Wednesday*. A lapse in punctuation led the reader to assert that some holy man in the British Martyrology “expired gently at the feet”.

28th. *Thursday*. There is an indecent atmosphere of strained industry about the place. It is these New Studies. In a Roman spring a young man’s fancy does not lightly turn to thoughts of examinations, yet they (like us) are in the air, and the air (like us) is thick with them. Moreover, there is a sirocco, and it has rained all afternoon. Ibsen has something to the point, but we forget it for the moment.

MARCH 1st. *Friday*. *St David*. The Welshmen let us down this year; there was no host of golden daffodils.

3rd. *Sunday*. The *Del Tuto* decree for BB. John Fisher and Thomas More was read this morning, after which Archbishop Hinsley read a truly magnificent Italian address to the Pope. He stressed the Romanness of the two martyrs’ faith and loyalty—how it was centred in the person of the Pope, and how it has been inherited by English Catholics today. Afterwards the Holy Father spoke very beautifully of England and the visit he received from the King and Queen in 1923. If the bathos is not too tremendous, we had to-night the film *Dick Turpin*, in which Tom Mix gave some diverting cowboy interpretations of 18th century English courtliness.

4th. *Monday*. Gita day. Were we saying something recently about examinations and sirocco? It must have been a nightmare. This is a day for poetry.

O’er the Campagna it is dim, warm weather
The spring comes with a full heart, silently,
And many thoughts; a faint flash of the sea
Divides two mists; straight falls the falling feather.
With wild spring meanings hill and plain together

Grow pale or flush with a dust of flowers.
Rome in the ages, dimmed with all her towers
Floats in the mist, a little cloud at tether.

That was written on such a day as this. A day for great gita stories, and they were not wanting after supper. Stern conquering of hills and mountains, archaeology at Ostia, fruitless searchings for victuals at Veii, and a touching little scene at Nemi. . . .

5th. *Tuesday*. As if to prove that it consciously consults our interests the weather again broke after dinner into a sharp storm, which again passed off in time for us to squeeze in a game of football. Seventh Year, with the traditional valedictory jingle, introduced a concert conceived in the best manner—compact of the serious, well-executed and ludicrous on a shattering scale. The Vice-rector's clever setting of Masefield's lines was given full expression, but *Mistress Mine* was surpassed in its encore—a Strauss song. A violin solo, difficult because of its familiarity, was courageously and accurately done, and in the *Sergeant Major on Parade*, an old favourite, creditably disguised as a fireman, encompassed merely another triumph in a *genre* of which he is an established master. The whole was appropriately capped by the quartette, which can only be described as tremendous. The sketch was weak in its *dénouement*, but clever dressing and playing fully brought out its pleasing flavour of the sixties.

1. Seventh Year Song.
2. Song *O Mistress Mine* . . . Mr Doyle
3. Song *When the Sergeant Major's*
on Parade . . . Mr Leahy
4. Violin Solo *Intermezzo* . . . Mr Mitchell
5. Song *Cargoes* (Music : Vice-rector) Mr Gallagher
6. Quartette *Berceuse* Messrs Weldon,
Grady, Fee and
Wilcock

7. Sketch MY TURN NEXT

Characters :

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------|
| <i>Taraxicum Twitters</i> | Mr Jackson |
| <i>Tim Bolus</i> | Mr Elcock |
| <i>Tom Trap</i> | Mr Wilcock |
| <i>Farmer Wheatear</i> | Mr Dawson |
| <i>Lydia</i> | Mr Lescher |
| <i>Cicely</i> | Mr G. Malone |
| <i>Peggy</i> | Mr Gallagher |

Scene : Twitter's shop-parlour.

6th. *Wednesday*. A few of us who had visited the Station in the morning opened the cricket season after dinner. We found the fast bowling somewhat invisible, but still, the whole thing was a balm to the soul. There was also a game of Cat—probably the first ever in Pamphij. Unfortunately there were no natives there to be astonished.

8th. *Friday*. There were few dry eyes as the Senior Student left the chair he has filled so well. (You can make this joke about almost any S.S. They have a way of running to obesity.) In the refectory our wanderings on the borderland of literature have brought us back, as usual, to the solid security of Pastor.

10th. *Sunday*. We were honoured by the presence at dinner of Cardinal McRory, with Monsignor Curran.

12th. *Tuesday*. *S. Gregor'*—but what a heart-rending travesty of the past greeted us in the untidy old church on the Coelian! No Venerable *schola* warbled its homely and inaccurate harmonies from the cramped choir-loft, but instead there was a coldly efficient and foreign plainsong choir, with a callous organist who at the Offertory actually extorted Bach from the aged and defenceless instrument. Its agonized groans filled up our misery, and there was no Abbot to uplift us with baroque oratory. The College did its best to console us with an excellent lunch, at which Archbishop Hinsley (who had pontificated) was present.

13th. *Wednesday*. We have fallen. We, who set out with such fervour to record in sensitive detail the light and shade, the laughter and sighs of each day, are making this entry a week late; and not all our libations to Mneme can bring back more than that it was an Ember Day.

14th. *Thursday*. We received the sad news of Bishop Vaughan's death. May he rest in peace!

16th. *Saturday*. The March of Events seems to sympathize with Four Times days by calling a halt. The last forty-eight hours leave nothing but a vague impression of eggs and fish alternating on a background of potatoes.

17th. *Sunday*. *St Patrick's Day*. Liturgically overshadowed by a Lenten Sunday, but in every other way its traditional self. At the Irish National Church we saw a fresh side of an old friend—Father Keeler preaching a magnificent sermon on St Patrick. On the whole, the concert in our opinion fell a little short of the standard set at Shrove. Nevertheless, the interlude, though halting in action, successfully pilloried some well-known figures, and the sketch—which was something of a change from the usual type—seemed to be generally appreciated. Mr Cassidy, to our great pleasure, spent the evening with us.

- 1. Octette . . . *Little Tommy Went A-fishing*
- 2. Song . . . *The Dawning of the Day* . Mr McKenna
- 3. Interlude . . . ALL A FROST

Characters :

- Mr Jensen* Mr McCurdy
- Mrs Jensen* Mr Carlile
- Mr Walsh* Mr Coonan
- Mr Dawson* Mr Grady

Mr Elcock Mr Abbing
Stefano (a servant) Mr Duggan

Scene : A hut in the Abruzzi

4. 'Cello Solo . . . *Slumber Song* Mr Stanley
 5. Duet *The Crafty Crocodile* Messrs Roberts and Gasrar
 6. Sketch RUSSIAN SALAD

Characters :

George Mr Leahy
Jane Mr Henshaw
Bennett Mr Storey
The Man Mr Boers
Snitz the Terrible Mr Purdy
Red Ruin Mr Pitt

Scene : Suburban villa, 8 p.m.

18th. *Monday*. Bank holiday in Ireland and public disputations at the Gregorian. Mr Connolly argued—with great plausibility, we have no doubt.

19th. *Tuesday*. It is alleged that eighteen *bigne* were consumed by one youthful philosopher at lunch ; yet we saw him later, on the Rugby field, giving a specious imitation of the spring lamb—though coffee and liqueurs had filled the interval. “Spring is green, tra-la . . .”. Mr Arnold Lunn addressed the Literary Society.

20th. *Wednesday*. A large hole is being dug in one of the grass plots in the garden. There is the usual deep interest in the operation, and a prolixity of widely-differing suggestions as to whom it is intended to accommodate.

21st. *Thursday*. Vernal Equinox. A few saw it from the Janiculum.

22nd. *Friday*. To-day occurred the Episode of the Bulbs. As far as we can gather from a series of by no means critical accounts, a merchant called and offered new lamps for old on a scale which would have raised even Aladdin's eyebrows. Apparently it was asserted that they used no current—but the electricians, incautiously testing them, were shocked to find that they did. We hear the man even claimed that if you plant them afterwards they will grow. Perhaps that's the explanation of the hole in the garden.

23rd. *Saturday*. We rejoiced to see Mr Cassidy back with us for good.

25th. *Monday*. *The Annunciation*. A diarist's duty (as we trust we have not said before) is to record the passing thoughts, events and emotions of the meandering College year. It is no part of his ephemeral mission to delve into the deeply permanent and essential. Hence it were unbecoming in us to speak of what the appointment of the new

Archbishop of Westminster means to the Venerable, to the Church in England, or of other such high and momentous things. We must simply speak of the sudden effect of the news as it was imparted to us—most fittingly, on the feast of glad tidings, over a glass of excellent rich wine. Now, we have spoken before of Venerable noise and how its nature may not readily be conveyed by words. But this noise we will describe. The acclamation which followed the Rector's simple announcement was strong enough to shake the very stars and rend the vaulted empyrean. There was in it something of what inspired one of poetry's finest lines :

A loud low sound no other sound can tame

—something of the souging of a great wind through an endless pine-forest or the ceaseless roaring fall of a mighty river into some unsounded abyss. Abbot Hunter-Blair (who on this the Diamond Jubilee of his reception into the Church honoured us with an account of his Roman experiences in 1867—70), cannot, even in his long life, have received greater tribute than this—that he held our attention and interest while that news was yet just born in our minds and that cheer yet echoed in our ears.

28th. *Thursday*. A full day. We won another Rugby match, against a Fascist team with an irreproducibly long name. It was terribly hot ; the spectators all slept soundly, then woke up at the end and said (quite rightly) that it was a dull game to watch. After tea we sat back on our laurels and enjoyed a violin recital by Father Lynch of the Beda. The programme was excellently chosen and executed, and the accompaniment, by Mr Wyman, F.R.C.O. (on the 'Baby'), was beyond our unintelligent praise.

29th. *Friday*. During lunch Pastor was at his hilarious best on the antics of Giordano Bruno. The life of this harebrained heretic should be written by Richmal Crompton. The 'Baby' gives a powerfully plutocratic air to the common-room and invests the old wreck by the wall with all the pathos of a Poor Relation. But you and I have made some rollicking rows around that old wreck, haven't we ? And it's not dead yet.

31st. *Sunday*. Our mid-Lent dissipation took the form of a breathless film of aerial warfare, *The Dawn Patrol*, lightened with cornet solos played by some strong-winded youth on the old wireless loud-speaker.

APRIL 1st. *Monday*. The Four Crowned Martyrs' is surely the Station Church by excellence. It is cosily cramped, airless and Roman, and there more than anywhere you may

. . . feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
Good, strong, thick, stupifying incense-smoke.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Archbishop Hinsley received the pallium from the Holy Father this morning. Station at S. Lorenzo in Damaso. The gusty wind which seems to make a habit of attending this function was too much for the "Archconfrater" who carried the large striped

marquee at the head of the procession, and his capers were most destructive of devotion. THE VENERABLE (the one before this) appeared to-night. It does so nowadays unobtrusively, from the Secretary's room, and no longer converts the common-room into a library for the evening. Moreover, one can read one's article through twice immediately without self-consciousness.

4th. *Thursday*. We have a lot to offer you to-day. A Public Con-sistory and a football match against the Americans which we won by 4—0. Fathers Dunstan, O.S.F.C., and Marsh addressed the Literary Society.

5th. *Friday*. The Rector has acquired a French horn, and we are told that if you go the right way about it you can get a private recital. The Vice is expected to retaliate at any moment with a sax-ophone.

7th. *Sunday*. The Rector departed to Fiesole for a retreat—thus missing a good thing, to wit, Mr Tickle on the Benedictines. ("To wit" is the right phrase.) Some say that he (the Rector) has really gone to play *Danny Boy* on the hills above Florence.

8th. *Monday*. A young man, having got wind of the Rector's French horn, has come back strongly with a bassoon, and there is no reason to suppose that the thing will stop there. There is much wild surmise about trombones, bombardoons, oboes, robots and I know not what.

10th. *Wednesday*. Clement VIII's gout has at last cut off Vol. XXII of Pastor and we are to be stimulated for a while by *The Thing*.

11th. *Thursday*. There is a "brighter College" movement busily afoot. The reception room is undergoing beauty treatment (it looks surprisingly poky without its mirrors); the more important doors are being painted, and one whose name we need hardly mention is carrying out a radical reform of the curtain system on the Vatican model.

12th. *Friday*. Father Fish addressed the Literary Society. He had no subject; he spoke of most things—delightfully.

13th. *Saturday*. It looks as if the blow we have side-stepped for two years has at last fallen. When we left the University this afternoon there was no sign of the eagerly-awaited notice saying that the Easter Week lectures were after all only a playful threat. The Rector is back from his retreat, looking fit and ready for another two days of it.

14th. *Sunday*. A pleasant innovation in this morning's function were the harmonized 'tracts', in which our virile basses enjoyed themselves. It rained sharply after tea, preventing that long walk which is such an excellent preliminary to retreat. This began at 7.15, and was preceded by the usual fifteen minutes of hasty and desperate hilarity.

17th. *Wednesday*. It was of course the usual symphony of gold-fish and giggles. Bishop Ward's *Priestly Vocation* should prove a god-send to *Chi Lo Sa?* (whose editor, a new and fervid broom, may be

seen prowling observantly and laughing with ostentation at likely incidents).

18th. *Thursday*. We did, amongst other things, the Seven Churches and were interrupted by heavy rain. We intend shortly to murder the man with the bassoon.

19th. *Friday*. We have pleasure in welcoming a new consignment of common-room chairs of the best sort—the sort you, my dear Father, used to bag before supper. A new and popular resort for Tenebrae is the Benedictine Abbey of S. Girolamo, on the Via Aurelia Antica beyond Pamphilj. There, though the singing is thin, you have supereminently the atmosphere—austere church, birds joining in from the trees without, sun slanting mystically through alabaster windows, and all the other adjuncts of religious experience.

20th. *Saturday*. We congratulate Second Year Theology on safely acquiring the second two Minor Orders. *Chi Lo Sa?* appeared this evening. The sub-editor threw it to the wolves with the smugness of a man marking a new epoch. Amid the customary uproar we noticed the shaking heads of ex- (and notoriously unpunctual) editors.

21st. *Easter Sunday*. The Holy Father sang Mass in St Peter's. The acclamation which greeted his entrance was entirely dominated by the "Heil!" of the 2,000 German youths who are spending Easter in Rome. Personally we left half-way through, having certain business in the pleasant land of Umbria. We are not responsible for anything contained herein until Saturday next. Should you detect the thread of bitterness running through our wonted cheery periods, know that it is the alien hand of one who has spent his Easter in the P.U.G. (All right—I'm coming! Have you got that tea-pot?) Ta-ta! Theologians rushed off after Benediction for brief long gitas. Dinner at 7.15 p.m. The guests were the Archbishop of Westminster and Fr. Engelbert. His Grace took informal leave of us—he is going to England in a day or two.

22nd. *Monday*. The Rector with a small suite went to our menial nursery, Colleparado, for a couple of days. Another crowd of comedians is camping at Palazzola, outside the Wiggery. The diminished family had a day gita, and of the virile company who purposed to 'walk' to Campagnano three-quarters missed the electric train, watered down their ambition and finished up at dear old Monte P. Cards after supper and night prayers at ten.

23rd. *Tuesday*. We stayed in bed for an extra half-hour—very willingly. The day was quiet, and in the evening the gita parties returned—the more masculine wearing the inevitable Abruzzi face in spite of their short absence. (We believe you can get the thing painted on at a barber's shop in Aquila.)

24th. *Wednesday*. With a cold shock we were plunged into the full stream of summer term—somnolent Rosary, lectures after tea and all that goes with feverish study. (We suspect that to-day the fever was of a very mild order.)

25th. *Thursday*. Another gita-day. The motoring party who visited the new Fascist town of Littorio found it celebrating spacioously the feast of its patron Saint Mark. There were many Masses, a procession, bands, bunting, fireworks—in fact everything that the co-operation of Church and State could devise to make the place noisily happy for the day.

26th. *Friday*. Our Kind Mother has put up a notice to-day which announces, with an insufferable air of beneficence, that there will be no lectures to-morrow (Saturday). It is like presenting a man with a hair brush after you have scalped him.

27th. *Saturday*. (Enter, with excessive cheerfulness, the genuine diarist. Slaps deputy—who is pale and seems to be suffering from night starvation—on back.) “That will do nicely, thank you old man. Yes, splendid time—glad to be back, though.” (This last with objectionable righteousness.) “I can carry on nicely from here—thanks awfully!” (Exit, followed closely by deputy’s paper weight.) There are astonishing stories (not perhaps overtrue) of the Expedition to Collepardo—stories of sumptuous apartments, of banquetings amid oriental magnificence and of imposing religious functions. As a matter of fact we could tell you a good story ourselves about a man at Assisi. . . .

28th. *Sunday*. The morning was filled by the Fiocchi procession. Father Lawrence Doherty came to dinner. After supper a dreary cow-boy film, *The King of the Far West*.

29th. *Monday*. The Solemnity of Saint George. The Cardinal Protector gave us a long talk and was afterwards present at dinner, together with His Excellency the Minister to the Vatican, the Bishop of Gozo, Dom Philip Langdon and Dr Charlier. The concert proper was postponed until Wednesday, May 8th, and as a foreground for wine and biscuits the committee hashed up a few old and trusted favourites. The Orchestra wound up the affair very well with a most creditable performance of Mozart’s *Eine kleine Nacht-musik*.

30th. *Tuesday*. “Easter Law Sittings begin,” says Charles Letts. And they’re not the only sittings that begin to-day. At lunch the reader solemnly commenced the Pastor cycle with the Introduction to Vol. I. One wonders where one will be by the time he is round again to Clement VIII’s gout. In the *Obit Book* possibly.

MAY 1st. *Wednesday*. The reception room is now open to inspection in its new and slightly disturbing glory of gold and scarlet damasks. Why will they not put its mirrors back? It is dungeon-like without them.

2nd. *Thursday*. The annual High Mass at the Catacombs—surely the least changeable of traditional functions. Hoarse plainsong, illegible cyclostyled papers, *Decora Lux*, *Faith of Our Fathers*, and subsequent crowded photograph—all minutely the same as it was in our The Salesians have erected a very up-to-date shop for pious objects on the spot where we used to stand for the photograph.

3rd. *Friday*. The first flight of stairs received a brand new strip of carpet; the old one had contracted a large and ugly stain which smelt like a laboratory. Some diagnosed ammonia, others tea. Anyway, it was something that a servant was carrying upstairs on a tray.

4th. *Saturday*. *English Martyrs*. High Mass was sung by Dr Charlier. To dinner His Majesty's Ambassador to the Quirinal, Father McCormick, S.J., Father Welsby and Dr Charlier. The Philosophers received their annual drubbing at cricket in Pamphilj—at least virtually, for age and experience required seven runs to win with nine wickets to fall. A couple of modern martyrs, Messrs Doyle and Gannon, spent their morning arguing at the University. (In a public and formal manner we mean, of course.)

5th. *Sunday*. We provided the ceremonies at S. Silvestro for the High Mass of Thanksgiving. The singing was entrusted to the Scots and the Beda College did the ushering. Our own church is being swept and garnished against the morrow, under the usual master-hand, of course. He failed to find time even for his supper to-night.

6th. *Monday*. His Majesty the King's Silver Jubilee Day. The College was signally honoured by the presence at High Mass of His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State. There were also present His Excellency the Ambassador with Lady Drummond, His Excellency the Minister to the Vatican, Archbishop Pizzardo, Bishop Ross of Gaspé, and a large congregation of English residents and visitors. From Propaganda we had a representative of every British Colony. The choir rose to the occasion and struck mid-season form, and the entire function showed a distinction befitting the occasion. A telegram from the College was sent to their Majesties, and their health was drunk with musical honours. Finally, after a high tea, we celebrated the Jubilee in our own way by making a lot of not-over-harmonious noise, with the aid of a pianist more patriotic than proficient. After supper there were two free and gloriously ridiculous films, with chocolate also "on the house". Altogether a very happy day, even though we didn't manage a bonfire. (Lest in the general Jubilee excitement another important anniversary should be overlooked, it was just as well to establish that to-day is also the Diarist's birthday. The King received us as a nice little First Anniversary present.)

7th. *Tuesday*. These lengthy bouts of official dissipation play the deuce with our anti-ignorance campaign. We can tell you now (9 A.M.) that nothing is going to happen to-day except a lot of Aquinas. Go away—we're busy.

8th. *Wednesday*. The belated St George's Concert sinned in being too unrelievedly serious, and did not atone by sustaining the pitch of interest at which laughter can be dispensed with. Yet at some points it achieved distinction. The Rector gave a particularly pleasing and restrained rendering of Masfield's fine song, and the violin soloist,

after a shaky start, showed a mastery of some difficult passages which was obviously the result of assiduous practice. The single humorous item (the almost extempore work of a couple of notorious mimics) covered a multitude of dullness.

1. Orchestra . . . *Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 in D Major*
(1st Movement).
2. Song *Sea Fever* The Rector
3. Violin Solo . . *Hejre Kati (Hubay)* Mr Pitt
4. Song *When I set out for Lyonesse* . Mr Loftus
(Music : Vice-rector)
5. Sketch

SEND HER VICTORIOUS

Characters :

<i>Edward Tracey</i>	Mr Curran
<i>Jane</i>	Mr McKenna
<i>Esta Cardew</i>	Mr Cashman
<i>George Cardew</i>	Mr Roberts
<i>Marion Tracey</i>	Mr Wells

Scene : Sitting-room in the Tracey's House, Hamsptead.

9th. *Thursday*. There is one diarist's device we have not yet copied, and since this seems to be the only quiet moment we shall have for some weeks, we may as well try it here. We will call it the Whimsical Fusion. You know it well. You begin an entry on, say, the 9th, carry it on through the—

10th. *Friday*, and finish up on the—

11th. *Saturday*, thus. An amiable conceit, but better perhaps if you have something to say. To dinner Fathers Leeming and Gurrin, S.J. After supper the Vice-rector took the chair and advanced a few futuribles about the Canonization; the gathering diffused a pleasant aura of anticipation. It is patent that we shall have a very busy but very memorable five days.

13th. *Monday*. A Committee of Five has been formed to deal with the Pilgrimage. Apparently they will sit with firm jaws controlling the seemingly amorphous activities of 2,000 panic-stricken pilgrims and 70 vague Venerable men. No wonder they are already looking distractedly official. Was ever a diarist who had to record so many great historical matters? Our stock of well-chiselled compliments is dying of exhaustion, but of all men Monsignore the Vice will be most satisfied if we just say "Jolly good!". We imagine that the fruit at supper was an entirely original combination—strawberries and walnuts.

14th. *Tuesday*. These are no ordinary days. The way to Pam is deserted, and you may see the black-winged fauns of Stag Valley setting out for the Forum with a strange light in their eyes, the unaccustomed Baedeker clutched firmly to their breasts.

16th. *Thursday*. The place breathes the atmosphere of the later chapters of a Russian novel. A tension, as of men bracing themselves against an ineluctable cataclysm. Nature is in sympathy; the skies perspire, and all is grey and humid. (The 2,000 descended on us in three train-loads this evening.) "You go to the front and I'll round them up here—there's Mrs X—no! five lire is too much—where's that—hello, Joe! how's old Bill?—no, fourth to the left—seen the Bishop?—that's my hat—wanna buy a postcard?" The whole College had a nightmare last night.

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

It would need a Paul Claudel to describe such chaotic comings and goings.

17th. *Friday*. This morning after Mass in St. Peter's the entire throng was parcelled out and conducted in various directions round the Basilica, to whose history were added many charming apocryphal touches.

18th. *Saturday*.

Oh for a draught of vintage that hath been

Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth!

This gathering bricks in May is thirsty work enow. It is no use retailing all the stories that flock in, but we must mention that to-day the Forum acquired a Temple of Layton and Johnstone. After supper a council of war at which we were decorated with ribboned medals and given a green ticket which is supposed to be a genuine master-key for tomorrow. There were old-timers' tales in plenty to-night. Fathers Grimshaw, Goodear, H. R. Kelly, Atkinson, Restieaux and Atkins were with us, and Monsignor Hall, his smile as all-embracing as ever.

19th. *Sunday*. If the man who called us at half-past-four this morning expected us to leap for the wash-basin shouting "Hurrah! the great day!" he was disappointed. Still it was a great day—much too great to describe here. We have no intention of committing ourselves to an account. Like Inez, you have all the illustrated papers—and there is a long article on it elsewhere in these pages. (One general observation: those who had seen many canonizations were convinced that this had an outstanding largeness and efficiency which did credit to England.) As we strolled home after the Illuminations (praying that our pilgrims would safely do the same) we were filled in spite of our exhaustion with that exaltation, that vicarious nobility, which comes of taking a part, however tiny, in some truly historic happening.

20th. *Monday*. When our faithful knocker-up arrived at 6 A.M. we earnestly and soberly advised him to go away and fling himself carefully from the Dome of St Peter's. It would be all right, we said; people would just take the remains for one of the Illuminations men. However, we arrived, our usual urbane selves, at St Paul's for the High Mass, which obviously appealed to the English pilgrims' orderly notions

of worship. They were induced by an energetic conductor to sing—very well, too. After that the day was quiet until the audience in the evening, which took place in the long, narrow, rather depressing *Sala delle Benedizioni*. The Pope spoke at great length and was translated by the Archbishop of Westminster; but the loudspeakers were as useless as ever and nothing was intelligible in the rear half of the hall. Yet most of these splendid pilgrims are honoured even by inconvenience, and having cheered the Holy Father till the walls shook, they went off in the highest spirits still singing fragments of hymns. Certainly, not all the English are phlegmatic.

21st. *Tuesday*. The last morning of conducted tours. Ice-cream barrows have a tremendous attraction for all the pilgrims. As someone said to us:

If you're press-ganged to guide in a hurry
And don't know your Forum, why worry?
 Involve your whole party
 In buying *gelati*,
Then look up occultly your 'Murray'.

All the English bishops present in Rome, the Archbishop of Edinburgh and the Bishops of Cork and Dromore, together with Monsignore Carinci, Secretary of the Congregation of Rites, Padre Agostino the Postulator, Monsignor Respighi and Hallett, the President of Ushaw Monsignor Corbishley, and Monsignor Heard, Fr T. L. Parker (representing the Bishop of Salford) and Fr Antonelli, O.F.M., Cav. Valorani, together with a few old Venerabilini who would blush to be particularized in such company, were present at a monumental dinner. Were the occasion less solemn we could mention the *dolce*, which was probably the most remarkable ever seen in the refectory. It reminded us personally of a passage we read in Keats yesterday, but which we cannot now recall.

22nd. *Wednesday*. The Pilgrimage noisily departed at various times this morning, but its repercussions are still being felt. Belated orders for blessings, medals or family heirlooms mislaid in the Colosseum are still streaming in from hotels at Naples, Genoa and Milan. Still, "the weariness, the fever and the fret" are past and we can resume the noiseless tenour of our way to lectures—those calm and spacious halls

. . . where no storms come
Where the green swell is in the heavens dumb
And out of the swing of the sea

—in a manner of speaking.

23rd. *Thursday*. The last day of the thanksgiving triduum at the Gesù. Cardinal Belmonte sang the Mass, assisted by the Rector and Monsignor Duchemin. We were present in the sanctuary in a peculiar half-dressed splendour—the most unlikely people wearing dalmatics without albs, and deriving acute satisfaction from being incensed separately by the Rector. Monsignor Salotti preached at night

to a vast congregation, and there followed a Benediction which few of us will ever forget. It was the grand climax of this week, the best that Roman baroque magnificence could offer—a true and splendid apotheosis. Oh, why were not those English people kept here for this one night—thrust into that soaring, gilded nave beneath those myriad lights to hear the rich, fugal din of those five-frankers—the pulsating confusion of all chill and pseudo-gothic narrow-mindedness? That is how we felt as afterwards we quaffed the muscatel plentifully provided by the Postulation. To a not particularly necessary supper, Dr Grimley, Mr Walsh and Mr Dixey.

24th. *Friday*. Another of those Fridays—a most appropriate day for the rude awakening. Archbishop Downey left us to-day.

25th. *Saturday*. First Vespers of St Philip Neri at the Chiesa Nuova. To-night the hall-mark of summer was put upon the house—the first triumphant trills (now a shade scratchy) of Galli Curci burst forth on the balcony, the cigarette-ends glowed, and the Plough glimmered in the dark velvet of the sky directly overhead—in the same place as last year. Some youth was distinctly heard to remark that it is suggestive. (And he was not a first-year man.)

26th. *Sunday*. More Roman holidays at the Chiesa Nuova. Their colossal polyphonic vespers—“those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished, sigh on sigh,” must make the austere and anonymous contributors to the *Liber Usualis* turn rhythmically in their cloistered graves.

29th. *Wednesday*. Our autographed portrait of the King arrived to-day. It is the latest (Jubilee) photograph, in a tasteful silver-gilt frame surmounted by a neat little crown and cushion. Steps, we gather, are being taken to install it effectively in the common-room—no easy task in a place so plastered with pictures.

30th. *Thursday*. *Ascension Day*. Signor Bartoli took a party for a fascinating tour of the Palatine. It is a unique privilege to have the benefit of his great yet lightly-born erudition. He is a revelation of how unnecessary are dullness and pomposity to learning.

JUNE 1st. *Saturday*. Bishop Berkeley (with whom no doubt you had a nodding acquaintance in Philosophy) visited Pamphilj on January 15th, 1717, and all he could find to say was that “It stands to the west of the town, in a very delightful situation. The gardens are neat, spacious and kept in good order, adorned with statues, fountains, etc., but the prospect, with the variety of risings and vales, makes the greatest part of the beauty.” We wonder would he have conjured up something more lyrical had he come there on foot from the Piazza Pilotta on a June afternoon, following an hour’s lecture on his own works from an Italian Jesuit?

2nd. *Sunday*. An incredibly morbid young man bought a thermometer the other day.

3rd. *Monday*. Just when we thought Pastor was taking root he has been replaced by the bulky volume of *Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins* (not the deathless associate of Uncle Tom Cobley, but the convert judge) which appears to be a bracing jumble of good stories.

4th. *Tuesday*. The Vice-rector sang a Mass in honour of St John Fisher at S. Vitale.

5th. *Wednesday*. Written examinations. The chocolate was revived this year—splendidly revived, for it was a generous bar of superior stuff in yellow and red wrapper. The temperature rose eight degrees to-day, and no thermometer was required to detect the fact.

6th. *Thursday*. “Pedoni, Pedoni, Pedoni, Pedoni.” This legend has been painted in enormous white letters at every pedestrian crossing. The streets now look more than ever like motor-racing tracks. To dinner and supper Mr Boulton and Dr O’Reilly respectively.

7th. *Friday*. “Easter Law Sittings End.” It was getting far too hot for them, anyway.

8th. *Saturday*. Third Year Theology, with a unanimously chastened air, went off to broil and contemplate for a week at the Casa.

9th. *Whit Sunday*. To dinner Monsignor Moss, Dr O’Reilly and Fathers Fitzgerald and Cody. Iced *zabaioni*. High Mass at the Little Sisters. If there are any more great events we shall close down and write our own memoirs instead. Not in all our history, we suppose, has so great a voice rung through the common-room as that of Count McCormack, yet the privilege was no greater than that of contact with his merry and utterly unaffected personality.

10th. *Monday*. Surely the hottest Whit gita for years. Only the large crowd who went to Palazzola to assist at the apotheosis of a great caterer escaped the ardent advances of the sun; those who were temerarious enough to seek the sea, or even Bracciano, caused considerable distraction in church after supper with their antics in search of painless genuflection. At dead of night Dr Park sneaked off into the eternal snows of Monte Rosa, followed by our jealous sighs.

11th. *Tuesday*. The Infirmary is full of brands being saved from the burning. They are all First Year. Ha! Ha!

12th. *Wednesday*. No lectures. The Vice-rector is giving his first retreat at a convent—very impressively, we’ll be bound.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled. . . .

13th. *Thursday*. Another “Day Not”—but what boots it, since they have emptied the tank? If you look at the entry under January 22nd you will see some remarks in our most vivid style about snow. They are soothing.

14th. *Friday*. My good sir, this is the hottest spell since your first year or my first year or anybody else's first year—with the highly doubtful exception of Blessed Ralph Sherwin's. They do say that to-day the Vice's conference after siesta was on Hell.

15th. *Saturday*. Congratulations to the nine, nice, fresh subdeacons who came back looking rosily self-satisfied this morning.

16th. *Trinity Sunday*. An interesting point was raised at breakfast—whether you can refer to the Trinity as the secondary patron of the College church. At the last High Mass of the Year the choirmaster waved a farewell paw, while his brother made his ministerial bow with an epistle in the more solemn tone. There arrived some Maltese newspapers which prove clearly that the Rector is “going down big” in that island.

17th. *Monday*. It was about one degree cooler this morning, so the inevitable two or three eccentrics appeared at breakfast in zimarras.

18th. *Tuesday*. Most members of the Leper Colony (a heartless designation of the sun victims) are up and about again now.

19th. *Wednesday*. There was some spectacular life-saving in the tank this morning, we hear. It is strange that we have not had more of it. A large section of First Year, unable to swim, seems to find better diversion in flinging itself furiously into the water on its stomach. The nickname for this strenuous amusement is diving.

20th. *Thursday*. Fathers Leeming, Charles and Fitzgerald, S.J., and Father Rogers were our guests at a cold lunch which must long be remembered as a tribute to the Vice's originality. Ham, veal tongue, and a salad which for imaginative variety would have turned Macbeth's three palsied hags green with envy. (Green is the right word.)

22nd. *Saturday*. “The Longest Day,” says Mr Letts; but then he probably doesn't go to confession and white choir. We believe lectures finished to-day. (We thought that would shock you; but it's quite in order—all the best people finished at Easter.)

23rd. *Sunday*. Return of the Rector, looking bronzed and fit, as they say. An imposing procession at Tor di Specchi, followed, at home, by more of these historical landmarks; to-night, chiefly through the kindness of our invaluable friend Brother Celsus, the common-room saw its first talkie—*David Copperfield*, a lengthy and most absorbing entertainment. Speaking as a purely artistic critic (our favourite capacity), what there was of Dickens in the thing—and there was quite a lot—was well done enough, but what there was of Hollywood—in accent, mannerism and sentiment—was of course disturbing. Again, too many of those minor incidents which are vital and rich wine to the true Dickens man were—no doubt necessarily—left out. Still, the reproducing of scenes and costumes was distinctly sympathetic and successful; and anyway, three speeches of Wilkins Micawber Esq. are a satisfying evening's pleasure for any reasonable man. (And an excellent Micawber was this, who stifled his East Side intonation heroically—it

only real rebellion being when he tried to say *nil desperandum*.) Altogether, we devoutly hope there will be more of these things; and we are very grateful to all concerned.

24th. *Monday*. These days, if you desire to travel cheaply, there is no simple, homely, G.U.F. reduction. You must needs join an imposing body called the *Confédération Internationale des Etudiant* (cleverly shortened to C.I.E.) which has an elaborate initiation ritual. You fill in (with typewriter) a form containing everything from the colour of your whiskers to your grandfather's maiden name, attach two charming snapshots of yourself, throw the whole into the Fascist hive and wait twenty days* for it to hatch. (Is that metaphor mixed?) A notable bereavement—the departure for England of the Great Handy Man, some of whose achievements are recorded in these pages.

25th. *Tuesday*. Our representative at the “Toot” (or Biblical Institute) takes examinations like Cod Liver Oil—every four hours; usually after meals, too. We are informed he has forty of them—or it may be four hundred.

26th. *Wednesday*. Mr Rickaby left us today. The Rector also popped off again—this time to England. There are nasty rumours of typhus germs prowling around the city, and we are to be careful what we drink. (We always were of course.)

27th. *Thursday*. Another old war-horse, Mr Johnston, departed for the pastures new of Middlesbrough in a *carrozza*.

29th. *Saturday*. Some, in desperate search of breath, took their coffee and liqueur to the billiard-room. But the heat seemed only to increase the crowd at the Tomb of the Apostles.

30th. *Sunday*. That noblest of ceremonies, the *Tor di Quinto* procession, took place in a lowering grey heat which seemed to affect even the vernacular singing of the local faithful. The effect on our Gregorian hymns must be judged by others, and no doubt was.

JULY 1st. *Monday*. The first of the days enclosed in that long and sinister bracket in the Gregorian Calendar. The first victims attracted the usual keen interest as they came in late for dinner.

2nd. *Tuesday*. What meteorological masterpieces would not John B. Tabb pour forth were he in Rome today!

3rd. *Wednesday*. We have just spent several precious minutes at our desk, and can think of no gossip, quip, crank, conceit, couplet, comforting reflection or uplifting axiom either for today or—

4th. *Thursday*—the next day, so we are going off to write out a thesis, and you can all wait.

5th. *Friday*. A storm gathered tonight, with much pomp and circumstance, but when it burst it was by no means sufficient to unburden the atmosphere.

6th. *Saturday*. There was more rain today, and now the relief is noticeable. Mr Weldon, the laurel perched rakishly over his ear, departed at dead of night, having given a farewell execution of his unforgettable *West's Awake*—accompanied by self.

7th. *Sunday*. "Shooting the moon" is becoming very popular among those going to England; quite a majority leave on the midnight train.

9th. *Tuesday*. This morning the youngsters in the Campo were amusing themselves by trying who could keep his head longest in the basin of the fountain. One leather-lunged mite kept it up for forty-four seconds.

10th. *Wednesday*. We sang Mr Boers on his way tonight. He too is for the Vineyard.

11th. *Thursday*. There is no more poignant document in the world's archives than that last diary of Scott's, which trailed off into a scrawl as the life froze out of him. Though nothing is freezing here at the moment, yet we feel as he must have felt. This is our Last Message. Tomorrow the pen will be snatched gaily from our hand by some youth, eager to chronicle with careless brilliance the delicious daily nothings of the Villa; and we must pass out into the Great Unknown, where none may penetrate but the curt writer of the Personal Column—and the Obituary. True, our doom will be delayed; Nemesis (our local taxi) is not yet positively at the door; we, too, shall take the old brown tram and live a few days in Arcady; but in sooth 'twill be a bitter and mocking bliss; Cerberus' bark and the splash of Charon's oars must sound the harsher through those pleasant groves. Yet his boat shall take only our bodies, for our spirits cannot be snatched hence. . . . [Enter with tact and a slight cough, the next diarist. We picture him—probably quite unjustly—as young, yet having a self-conscious dignity, cheerful yet earnest, rich in phrase, yet of a proud purity of style and sentiment. He leans over our shoulder with some embarrassment—]. Yes, old chap—we think you've done awfully well on the whole, but really—this last paragraph—after all, one does so easily slip into the maudlin; this heat is a strain. . . . Ourselves. [In the manner of Pitt's last speech]. I understand from the staff that your duties commence on Friday the 12th inst. You have mistaken the date. Meanwhile, keep your insupportable nose out of this splendid piece of writing. [Exit next diarist—crestfallen, as they say.] Still, he is right. It is no use dragging it out any further. Let us end with what threadbare bravado we can summon.

All is over and done,
Let the bell be tolled. . . .

(Afterthought. There was no news to-day.)

W. A. PURDY.

PERSONAL

To the VICE-RECTOR, our new monsignore, we offer our most sincere congratulations on his great honour. The good news was announced during supper one evening just before the Canonizations, and we were able to drink his health and offer him most unrestrained applause on the spot and with the traditional musical honours.

The Vice-rector is not alone among the Superiors in glory, and we hasten to offer MONSIGNOR CANON GODFREY of *Bene Merenti* Medal fame our most cordial congratulations. The honorary canonry of the chapter of St Lawrence-on-Sea is a most rare distinction, the only other holder of it being Mgr Gonzi, Bishop of Gozo.

We are very glad indeed to be able to note here the complete recovery of BISHOP COWGILL from his recent illness. When we wrote of his progress in this column last April, he was greatly improving, but his condition was still very serious, and it is a source of intense gratification to all of us that this loyal and distinguished son of the College should now have so completely overcome this long and serious illness.

Amid his arduous labours in the United States, MGR CICOGNANI does not forget us here in the Venerabile. "It is needless to assure you all of my continued interest in the Venerabile and everything concerning it," he writes in a very kind letter to the Editor. "I rejoice with you all over the recent appointment of Archbishop Hinsley and the canonization of Blessed John Fisher and Thomas More. It would give me great pleasure to be in Rome with you in these days but I must content myself with following these happy events from afar. Please extend my thanks to the Senior Student and all the lads for their kind greetings."

SIR CHARLES WINGFIELD, British Minister to the Holy See, whom we had come to know so well during his short stay in Rome, has left us to become British Ambassador to Portugal. His Excellency was often our guest in the College and once did us the kindness of reading a paper

to the Literary Society on Japan. We are very sorry indeed to lose him so soon and we offer him our most sincere good wishes for his work in Portugal.

Another friend too of our Roman circle has left us. MGR BURKE, Rector of the American College since 1925, has been obliged to retire from his position on account of ill-health, and has returned to his native diocese of New York. We are very sorry to lose him and hope that he will very soon recover his health in his native country.

As we had hoped, we had the pleasure during the canonization period of meeting a very great number of old Venerabilini. MGR HALL (1893-1896 and 1930-1933), REVS H. CALNAN (1907-1912), J. TURNER (1916-1921), C. RESTIEAUX (1926-1933), F. GRIMSHAW (1919-1926), and H. R. KELLY (1919-1926) stayed at the College; and on various evenings after supper—our only meeting time in those busy days—we met REVS J. CAHALAN (1921-1928), B. GRIMLEY (1915-1922), J. GOODEAR (1919-1926), J. McNALLY (1910-1916), E. ATKINSON (1919-1927), A. ATKINS (1921-1928), J. RUDDERHAM (1923-1927), and G. WINHAM (1919-1925). Others were able to pay flying visits in what little time there was during the day.

Informal gatherings of Venerabilini in England are becoming of very happy frequency and we always receive from them the traditional round-robin postcard. One such gathering met for Archbishop Hinsley's enthronement, and His Grace must have been most gratified to find that some of his old students had come even from the North to pay him homage. A little dinner was also held last Christmas in Manchester, and another, as you will read elsewhere in these pages, is to be held in the same place this Christmas.

Those who were here in 1900 will be interested to hear that MR JOSEPH JEFFRIES has written a very fine book on his experiences as a journalist. We have not seen it, but a very enthusiastic review in *The Tablet* for June 15th tells us that he mentions the year he spent at the Venerabile and pays a very kind tribute to his old College.

In this column last April we made a mistake about an appointment which fortunately its victim found very amusing. Misled by a newspaper error, we stated that the REV J. GOODEAR had been appointed parish priest of Our Lady's, Birkenhead. This, says Dr Goodear, was indeed a touching honour for one receiving his first parish: "Our Lady's, Birkenhead, is a large, very beautiful and cathedral-like structure, and its destinies are presided over by a member of the Cathedral Chapter who is ably assisted by no less than three curates". The true appointment of our esteemed predecessor in the editorial chair was to Holy Name, Oxton, Birkenhead.

Very hearty congratulations to MGR PROVOST JOSEPH TYNAN (1881-1885), parish priest of St Mary's, Burnley, who celebrated his golden jubilee on May 30th last, and REV H. E. CALNAN (1907-1912),

who will celebrate his silver jubilee on November 1st. Father Calnan, by the way, founded the Literary Society in the College.

Another jubilee of interest to the College is that of MOTHER FRANCIS XAVIER, our old friend of the Tor di Quinto Convent, who has recently celebrated the golden jubilee of her religious profession. We appreciate very much the kind welcome we receive from Mother Francis and the other Sisters every year, and we very gladly offer her our most sincere congratulations.

REV W. KELLY (1926-1933), who had spent some eighteen months with us as College archivist, left us in March and has taken up work at St John's, New Ferry, Birkenhead. We offer him our best wishes for success in his new work, and hope that he will always be as eminently successful in it as he was in his great work with us here.

Prosit our two new parish priests, REV G. WORSLEY (1920-1927) and REV G. HIGGINS (1921-1928). FATHER WORSLEY goes to St Winefride's, Neston, and FATHER HIGGINS to St Edward's, Runcorn.

Our guests at the Villa so far have been our old friend MR HUGH MONTGOMERY of the British Legation to the Holy See, and REV R. GOWLAND (1923-1930) who brought with him REV S. DICKINSON and REV M. THORP, both old friends of the Ushaw colony.

MR E. WELDON, who stayed on to take his doctorate last year, passed with distinction and has left us to teach philosophy at St Edmund's, Ware. *Prosit* and *auguri*! MR JONES, who has been studying Scripture at the Biblical Institute, is leaving us for the Beda College. *Arrivederci*!

Of the late Seventh Year MR RICKABY goes to St Philomena's, Middlesbrough, MR TICKLE to St Joseph's, Sale, and MR LYONS to Our Lady's, Seacombe. MR GRADY, MR ELLISON, and MR V. MARSH are returning to the College for the doctorate, and MR MCNEILL is returning to study canon law. MR JOHNSTON, MR PURDY, MR FLEMING and MR BOERS, at the moment of writing, have not yet received their appointments. We offer them all our best wishes for success in their work in England, and we hope they will often be able to come back and renew acquaintance with their Alma Mater, rural and urban.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Mullin

Secretary : Mr Nesbitt

Sub-editor : Mr Swinburne

Under-secretary : Mr Foley

Fifth Member : Mr Pitt

The portrait of His Majesty the King which we publish as our frontispiece this number is a reproduction of the autographed photograph which His Majesty graciously deigned to present to the College in May last. The autograph itself, of course, does not form part of our reproduction, as this is contrary to court regulations.

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges : *The Cottonian*, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Oscotian*, *Pax*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Trident*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Womersley Magazine*.

We gratefully received *The Scrip* and *The Chesterian* with copies of music from Messrs Chester.

OUR NEEDS IN ROME

Now that the house at Palazzola is in good order, apart from various improvements which are not immediately necessary, our thoughts go back to things needed in the Via Monserrato. Among these, foremost are two which appeal insistently to the mind of the Rector.

The first is the rearrangement of the baths. For this we have thought of using the space in the little cortile near the kitchens. Here might be constructed baths and lavatories with a plentiful number of shower-baths such as we have now at the Villa. This scheme would also include the enlargement of the sacristies and we think the whole

might be done next summer if funds are forthcoming. The generosity of our friends in the past five years has filled us with confidence for the future.

The second great need in Rome is a large terrace. With our numbers now reaching near to eighty, the question of outdoor accommodation becomes acute. The small garden where we used to sit so comfortably on coffee and rosolio days, under the pergola, looks very small indeed when we all take exercise there, as we do, for example, during the short Holy Week Retreat. Ways and means of constructing a terrace have yet to be carefully studied, but the architect has already been consulted and is examining the project. If the terrace were partially covered in, we might take the air there even on the rainiest of Roman winter days, and it is hard to describe to anyone with no experience of the hot months in Rome, how great a boon a spacious terrace would be during the after-supper recreation when the heats of the city are upon us.

Some time in the future the cortile on the Monserrato and Montoro side may be wholly used by the College, and then we should gain another place of privacy in the open air. At present it is partly used by our tenants, and with the increasing variety in modern noises, it may easily become a matter of self-defence for the College to reclaim all this property for its own uses, and safeguard itself from the noises broadcast by the tenants long after our *Salve* has been sung and we have retired to rest.

These may be a Rector's dreams which might be described as unattainable *in facto esse*, but he refuses to believe it, and has every hope that the first two suggested improvements are things of the near future. What we really need is a substantial gift here and now for any of these purposes, and if any admirer of the Venerable or any devout client of its martyred sons wishes to lend a helping hand to the old College in Rome, let him come forward, "et eleemosynas illius ennarabit omnis ecclesia sanctorum".

W.G.

TO READERS IN ENGLAND

We are asked to announce that an informal Roman dinner will be held in Manchester on Monday, December 30th, at 1.30 p.m., at Manchester Ltd., The Royal Exchange, Cross St, not far from Exchange and Victoria Stations. Those wishing to attend should send a postcard to Rev P. McGee, St Edward's, Rusholme, Manchester, not later than December 24th.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

For the first time the number of students at the University has passed the 2,000 mark. This is a real landmark in the history of the University. A booklet containing statistics of the years 1885—1935 has accordingly been published and a copy was presented to the Holy Father by the Rector Magnificus when he made his annual report on July 30th.

In the course of those years the numbers have fluctuated considerably, as one would expect; an international university must follow the fortunes of the times. After the sad days of 1870, when there were only about 700 students, the numbers dwindled until in 1880 there were only 400. But from that date until 1913 they gradually crept up again to 1,110, only to fall back to little more than 300 during the War. At present the exact number is 2,050, of whom the theological faculty claims 1,450. There are just over a hundred professors and they are drawn from twenty nationalities. One is not surprised that a well-known journalist has written that he could imagine no more depressing experience for an ardent Protestant than to stand in the Piazza della Pilotta at 8 A.M. and watch the polyglot throng file by.

On the Friday evening before the Canonizations the Vice-rector lectured on Saints John Fisher and Thomas More in the Aula Magna to an audience of over a thousand pilgrims and a large representation of the English colony in Rome. A few days later the University authorities again kindly allowed the use of the spacious Aula Maxima for the reception of the pilgrims by the Hierarchy.

It is interesting to note that one of the new *laureati*, a Spaniard, successfully defended a thesis on the writings of St John Fisher. A list of those who had fulfilled all the conditions for the new doctorate was published at the end of May in the *Sint Unum*, and among the four names in the theological faculty was that of Rev R. P. Redmond, while Rev J. Halsall is one of the six to be proclaimed doctors of canon law. Indeed the *Sint Unum* contains so much that is ours as to be almost a Venerabile number. There is a full page portrait of Archbishop Hinsley, an account of the King's Jubilee celebrations at the College, and all the news we have given above about the Vice-rector's lecture in the University and the reception by the English bishops, together with an enthusiastic account of the Canonizations.

On February 5th, Brother Vincenzo Cruciani who has been in charge of the *Deposito Libri* for forty-eight years, celebrated the golden jubilee of his entry into religion. He received among many others messages of congratulation from the Holy Father and the Cardinal Vicar. Old Venerabilini will remember him well, for, as the editor of *Sint Unum* remarks: "il caro Fratello fa parte integrante, se si può dire, della nostra Università, ne è quasi una istituzione".

Father Vermeersch left Rome in May for Belgium where he will continue to revise and republish his numerous books. Father Jaramillo-Ristreppo, who lectured on fundamental theology, has gone back to South America and has been succeeded by Father Tromp; Father Hertling has taken the place of Father Leiber in church history for First and Second Year Theology, and in philosophy Father Renard lectured on psychology in place of Father Siwek.

Shortly after the beginning of the summer vacation, the University suffered a great loss by the sudden death of Father Cesare Bulla, professor of metaphysics. Ordained in 1921, he succeeded Father Dezza as

professor of metaphysics in 1932. The Requiem Mass was sung in the chapel of the University, and at the beginning of the scholastic year the professors and students will assist at a Solemn Requiem for him in S. Ignazio.

The year was fittingly terminated by the unveiling of an imposing statue of the *Divin Redentore* in the Aula Maxima. It is the gift of Mgr Locatelli of Bergamo, a city which has given the Gregorian some of its most distinguished professors and students. The statue stands under the apse at the end of the hall, and underneath it are the words : "Euntes ergo docete omnes gentes". Although the examinations were almost upon us, the ceremony of inauguration was very well attended. Cardinals Bisletti and Pacelli, both former students of the University, were present, and Mgr Locatelli, the donor, spoke.

J. WALSH

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society still holds first place over any other Society in giving the House the most popular and interesting evenings. A Rip Van Winkle might, it is true, enquire pertinently enough why we still keep the particular qualification to the name of the Society. It may be tradition ; anyway, it serves as a good inducement to attract interesting visitors across the threshold of the common-room to talk on any subject and face a barrage of questions and smoke. But even nowadays the name is not out of place.

The Rector drew the members' attention out of the maze of European politics, which formed their main fare this year, by a paper on the American priest-poet, "John Bannister Tabb".

Then Mr Wells gave a good critical paper on "Adrian IV", and Mr MacDonald sharpened the ideas most of us had on Sibyls with "Sibyls and the Golden Age".

But the dominating theme of the Society was the present state of Europe and America. Mr Munro, Rome correspondent to the *Morning Post* and a writer already well-known to us by his excellent book *Through Fascism to World Power*, gave us a résumé of the political state of Europe at the time when people were still talking of the Four Power Pact.

After Christmas, Mr Macauley, the Irish Free State Minister to the Holy See, took our attention over to a much neglected country, the United States, and soon afterwards we crossed to Japan under the scholarly guidance of Sir Charles Wingfield, the British Minister to the Holy See.

An old friend followed—Mr Montgomery, also of the British Ministry to the Holy See. He spoke on "Post-war Developments in Germany," and supporting his answers to questions was a colleague from the Legation

at Athens, Mr Alan Walker. The latter came soon afterwards to tell us some of his experiences in Russia.

The evening on which the Right Rev Abbot Hunter-Blair, O.S.B., came to address the Society was the historic evening when we received the news of Archbishop Hinsley's appointment to the See of Westminster. But in spite of all our excitement, the lecturer held our attention all the time. We were thrilled to hear that the Lord Abbot, with some American College students, was "doing his bit" at the walls of Rome in 1870; and our archivists were provoked to a new line of investigation when the Vice-rector declared that the Rector of the English College had put all his students in the cellars while the walls of Rome were falling!

What impressed many as being the wittiest and liveliest address heard here for many years was Mr Arnold Lunn's on "Controversy". And ours was only one of the three addresses he gave on the same day.

A Lenten preacher in Rome, Father Dunstan O.S.F.C., of Greyfriars, Oxford, gave us an account of his experiences in the United States and at Oxford.

On "Monasticism, chiefly Benedictine, chiefly English", Mr Tickle gave us a well-written and much appreciated address.

We sympathised with Father Fish of Salford for having to miss his homework to address the Society. He was having a week's intensive study in Rome and he left his homework on Assyrian cuneiforms to tell us of his experiences as priest and professor at an English University.

There were thirteen meetings of the Society—a splendid session, thanks to the efforts of the President and Secretary, Mr Lyons and Mr Swinburne.

D. J. LEAHY, *President*

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

The Roman season opened auspiciously with a record membership. A few intransigents excepted, the whole House had hastened to be enrolled in the society; but before many weeks had passed the suspicion forced itself upon one that this unexpected docility was to be explained rather by the persuasive powers of the committee than by any enthusiasm for debating; many of our latest recruits concluded their term of active membership on the day they allowed their names to be inscribed on the membership roll. Nevertheless, the persuasive words of the committee were not wholly without effect, and our annual figures show an appreciable increase over previous years in the attendance at debates.

One of the most satisfactory features of the debates was the number of speeches. No debate came to a premature end owing to lack of

speakers ; on more than one occasion there were as many as fifteen or twenty of them. In fact, members were often only too eager to anticipate the President's invitation to speak, and that official had need to exercise all his tact to settle the claims of precedence between rival speakers. It is a matter of congratulation that after so many years the conviction is finally gaining ground that one joins a debating society in order to debate, and not merely to join in the applause at the end of speeches.

The halcyon days of earnest debaters are long past. No longer does one see the library filled with studious members drawing up tables of statistics from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* for the next debate. We must move with the changing times, and select for debates those controverted themes on which everybody holds decided and preferably conflicting views. Acting on these principles we began, logically enough, by examining our constitution and decided that our present happy-go-lucky life was much to be preferred to the joys, real or apparent, of dictatorship. Having set our own house in order, we turned our attention to our neighbours, and notwithstanding the protests of the Test Match supporters, we discountenanced international sport as pernicious in its effects. The new year opened in a spirit of goodwill to all men, and we took the opportunity of gracefully acknowledging our debt to the Established Church in the conversion of England, while a fortnight later our sober good sense refused credence to alarmist reports of future wars in the air, and, finally, descending to the political arena, exposed once and for all the folly of a Catholic party in England.

Mr Lescher has been elected President of the Society and Mr Hulme, Secretary. We take this opportunity of wishing them every success in the coming year.

E. WILCOCK, *President*

WISEMAN SOCIETY

The departure of an enthusiastic member is always a great loss to a society, but when the member has by his sagacious and ruminative expression lent a kind of solemn dignity to all the meetings for more than five years, one might well expect the foundations of any society to rock.

The Wiseman Society, indeed, suffered the loss of the last Secretary but one, but refused to do anything so undignified as to rock. Instead, as if to show the freshness and strength of its constitution, it was roused to heights of enthusiasm ; and for the first time since 1929 a Villa session was held. The first meeting was an undoubted success, and the paper, *Philip II*, read by Mr Pitt, provoked a lively discussion. Nothing

succeeds like success and a second paper was immediately forthcoming—*St Francis, Reformer*, read by Mr Ashworth. These meetings at Palazzola had the added advantage that the papers could be read and discussed on the same evening, thus avoiding the necessity of adjourning the meeting until the following day as we are compelled to do in Rome. Actually, however, the two meetings were adjourned to give time for further discussion—a sure proof of the popularity of these Villa papers.

The Roman session was opened by a paper from the philosophical pen of Doctor Park. In the *Philosophy of Humanism* he set out to show us that the apparent conflict between the best elements of humanism and the Christian ideal should not lead one to consider humanism as opposed to Christianity. The title of the next paper, *A Glance at Thalia*, puzzled us until we discovered that Thalia was the goddess of Humour. Mr Purdy made a comprehensive survey of the development of our present idea of humour with a few thoughts on its possible place in the Christian philosophy of life. Not to be outdone as far as the title went, Mr Neary read us a very interesting paper on *Lia and Rachel*. The Italian scholars had already informed us that Lia and Rachel are the active and the contemplative life as personified in Dante's *Purgatorio*. The surprise came in the application of the subject—the manifestation of the problem of the active and contemplative in outdoor sports, chiefly mountaineering.

The thanks of all the members are due to Mr Neary, the retiring Secretary, for the enthusiasm which he put into the society during the past year, and for the varied and interesting series of papers which he arranged.

JOHN P. ABBING, *Secretary*

ORCHESTRA

If beauty lies in the beholder then the criterion of musical excellence may very well be sought in the ear of the listener, and as a necessary consequence the duty of submitting our annual report would no longer fall to the director of the orchestra but would take the form of a symposium contributed by representative members of the audience—to the great advantage, be it said, of the same report. But the capacity of every audience to pass judgment on the music it hears is not readily to be conceded; it varies with the audience, it varies with their taste in music which in turn is influenced by the music they are accustomed to hear. To listen to the best music is, in the normal course, to beget a taste for the best music, and a taste for good music carries with it an awakening of the critical faculties which are no longer content to judge with the broad and easy tolerance accorded to the mediocre but demand higher and more exacting standards, so that, in drawing the bulk of

our programmes from the works of the older classical composers, we at once exercise a formative influence on the musical taste of our audience and invite judgment according to the high standard of criticism which such works demand.

The fact that, undeterred by such thoughts, we should continue now as in the past to seek our concert items among the compositions of Mozart, Schubert, Haydn, etc., is explained by the preference shown by the two-fold public for whom we must cater—the performers (for whom after all the orchestra exists) and the audience. Nor is the reason far to seek. The great composers owe their continued popularity to the fact that their music can be enjoyed by the average concert-goer, even though he has no claim to be considered exceptionally musical. But whereas so many composers, particularly modern ones, write for large orchestras with a wide range of instruments, particularly in the brass, and with a high standard of technique, the composers whose names we have mentioned have this in common, that a great part of their compositions were written for small orchestras, whose range of instruments differs little, if at all, from those possessed by the average college orchestra. It is possible, then, for an orchestra whose numbers are relatively few to perform these works in their integrity, without the need of adaptation, and the audience is able to hear them in the form intended by their composers.

The past year has seen a further strengthening of our position both in numbers and proficiency. We have had regretfully to change the traditional scene of our weekly labours: the music-room can no longer accommodate our increased numbers (we have seventeen players, nearly a quarter of the house); only the common-room is capable of containing us. But whereas previously our weekly rehearsal could only be heard by a few neighbours, now, thanks to the central position of the common-room, it can be enjoyed by the greater part of the House. The eloquent tributes which we receive from time to time bear witness to the truth of this statement.

Thanks to our larger number, we were able to present for the first time a Beethoven Symphony, and so far as we can judge our efforts were crowned with success. Nevertheless the performance of this Symphony showed that our weakness lies in the inadequate number of wind instruments, but this defect has been remedied in part by the purchase of an oboe and bassoon, and it is hoped that other wind instruments will be forthcoming in the course of the year.

We desire to express our thanks to the Rector for the oboe which he kindly presented to the orchestra.

E. WILCOCK

OBITUARY

FATHER JAMES ROWAN

The death of Father James Rowan on February 17th last has taken from the Venerabile one of the oldest and most devoted of her sons. He came to the Venerabile from Ushaw in 1884. His contemporary and friend was George Ambrose Burton, and they were both singularly brilliant men. A very distinguished scholastic career seemed promised to James Rowan when ill-health brought to a sudden end his stay in Rome. The Rector, Dr O'Callaghan, asked the Bishop to withdraw his sick man after he had been at the College only three years. It is of interest that in this crisis he visited Don Bosco while passing through Turin on his way home, and was assured by him that all would be well and that he would become a priest. He completed his studies at Louvain and at Bonn where he was attached as professor to Herbert Vaughan's commercial college of St Bede's on the Rhine. After his ordination in 1891 he was appointed a professor in St Bede's College, Manchester, and very shortly afterwards was appointed rector of the neighbouring mission of the English Martyrs. Immediately he undertook to erect a noble church in honour of the English Martyrs.

He spent the rest of his life in this congenial task and had the consolation of seeing his church consecrated by his old friend, Bishop Burton. He was a model priest, a man of firm character and of very high natural gifts. As far as we know he never revisited Rome, but he always retained his affection for it and the College. Twelve of the boys of his parish he guided to the priesthood; and two years before his death he had the consolation of seeing his first priest consecrated a bishop. God give rest to his soul!

W. O'LEARY

JOSEPH CANON O'LEARY

Joseph Francis O'Leary was born April 7th, 1875, and died May 3rd, 1935. He made his studies at Cotton, Ushaw and the Venerable. After obtaining his D.D. he was appointed to assist Canon O'Toole in the newly formed parish of St Joseph's, Birkenhead. Here he spent nine happy years, and the warm friendship that sprang up between rector and curate only ceased with Provost O'Toole's death in 1927. In 1910 he was given charge of Wellington, Salop, and in 1917 of St John's, New Ferry. This parish was very heavily burdened with debt, but by 1925 he had it all paid off, earning for himself very warm praise from the Bishop, who was by no means effusive.

When Provost O'Toole died in 1926, Canon (now Bishop) Moriarty was made Provost, and O'Leary took the vacancy in the Chapter. For many years he had suffered from attacks of phlebitis, but in 1930 he was laid up with a very severe attack which kept him in bed for four years. In spite of this severe handicap, he went on with his schemes for building a new church which was badly needed. In 1933 he felt he had enough money in hand to justify his building, and the new church was begun and opened in November 1934. He had very definite views about a church. Everyone in the church had to have a clear view of the high altar, and that was the kind of church he built. He had the happiness of being present at the laying of the foundation stone, although he had to be carried down to it; but he had the far greater happiness of being able to walk downstairs and take part in the ceremony at the opening. He had a faculty from the Bishop to say Mass two or three times a week in his sitting-room, but he improved so much in health that to his great joy he was soon able to say Mass occasionally in his new church, and even, last Christmas Day, to sing the Midnight Mass, to the great joy of his people, many of whom had not seen him for over four years.

He had many schemes for the future, but God judged that his work was done. While on a visit to a friend at the end of April, a clot of blood formed in his heart and he died. But he died as he had lived, efficiently. He had the Last Sacraments while he was still fully conscious, there were four priests round his bed at the end, saying the prayers for the dying, and as the last word of those prayers was said, he went to his reward. May God grant us all a similar death!

P. KEARNEY

WILLIAM CANON VAUGHAN

William Canon Vaughan, parish priest of St John's, Poulton-le-Fylde, was born in Kerry in 1863, and entered the Venerable for the diocese of Liverpool in 1885. He was for several years Vice-rector and Procurator of Upholland College, and in 1925, when the new diocese of Lancaster was formed, he was appointed one of its first canons.

The following notice to his memory is from an old friend, the Very Rev Canon Peacock of Ipswich.

“In the closing days of 1885 William Vaughan and myself were directed by our respective Ordinaries to proceed to the English College, Rome. We were given a day on which to meet at Victoria Station. Unfortunately, we each got a different date, so Mr Vaughan was looking for me on one day and I for him on another. However, I followed him and arrived at 45 Via di Monserrato forty-eight hours after him. Later I found there was an advantage in this, for Mr Vaughan, by order of the day, took charge of our team of four, and became responsible for many demands on time and patience. William Vaughan was just the man for this.

“He was a conscientious worker, steady, tactful, pleasingly methodical, and beneath an exterior of solemn demeanour had a delightful depth of humour. He was one of those gifted men who, to all appearance, imbibe scholastic niceties with easy composure. Our first experience of this was when our professor of philosophy, Father de Maria, after six weeks of lecturing to us, called out in a sonorous trombone of a voice: “Domine Vah-hoo-ghan.” The noise took time to interpret, so much so that the professor thought he should be more emphatic. We got a fuller description—“E Collegio Anglorum, Domine Vau-hoo-ghan!”. Lloyd and I dug our elbows into William Vaughan. Up he got; the professor was pleased with his own result and we students proud of the result William Vaughan had obtained in the beginnings of philosophy. In mathematics he was *facile princeps* and carried off with ease the coveted medal. On 24th July, 1889, he passed for Bachelor in Divinity. In the memorable Burtonian episodes he was an unexpected live wire. None of us looked for such spontaneous humour and interest from our apparently sedate Vaughan.

“Under 19th Jan. 1890 my diary records: ‘Vaughan remains in bed this morning’. Evidently this was unusual as he was always punctual. It was the beginning of a long illness from typhoid fever which ended in his having to leave Rome for England on May 31st, 1890. Sister Ignatius, who nursed him, told me that Mr Vaughan had gone through a very trying time crowded with anxieties, but that he would be a stronger man. We know it all now. He has proved a faithful priest, a devoted Father in Christ, a zealous worker, a builder of churches, and in a ripe old age gone quietly to his reward. *Finis coronat opus. Pie Jesu Domine, dona ei requiem!*”

FATHER PETER PAUL MACKEY, O.P., S.T.M.

The present generation of the Venerable would have often seen Father Peter Paul Mackey—an old Dominican doggedly making the Lenten Stations, scarcely able to walk, helped along by the attendant

he proudly introduced to you as "My Man"; might have spoken to him and listened to a few stuttering words; but would have known little of this very great Englishman who had spent fifty-four years of his life in Rome.

Just before being struck with paralysis he spent a *villeggiatura* with us at Palazzola in the summer of 1928. Rather he made the *villeggiatura* with us: our interests were his. He would attend all the Opera practices, sitting in the cortile in his cane chair, beating time and asking for an encore of the dances which it was hard to refuse. While the Golf-house was being built, he made Domenico drive him to Albano so that he might buy the best saw to be had for the head-carpenter. And more than any man I know he had the power of attracting a great circle around him on the *terrazza*, and day after day keeping his listeners spell-bound.

He could not read very much then. He spent six weeks on a chapter of the Apocalypse for his holiday reading; and by privilege he said the Mass of Our Lady each day. His sight was dim (he recognised me, his server, by "the little hole in the elbow of my cassock" which he begged me to leave unattended). He walked very slowly—a clamber up to the Sforza was an afternoon's expedition. With everyone he was humble and gentle. And yet what an impression of strength he conveyed! You did not have to be very clever to see that his infectious humour was part of his holiness. And what memories! He had walked over every battlefield in France where French and English had fought; he knew all Italy by having tramped it; the Roman Campagna was as familiar as a garden. In a discussion about Campagna archaeology I remember someone triumphantly quoting Dr Ashby as an opponent, and Father Peter Paul quietly remonstrating: "I showed Ashby's father round the Campagna". He had climbed much . . . but of the greater Alpine peaks "only Monte Rosa (only!) because the others were too dear". It was he who gave our generation an appetite for the Gran Sasso. He it was that was one of the promoters of the British School in Rome; who inspired the Roman Zoo. Such odd subjects as witchcraft in Europe he had made a speciality. He possessed a vast museum, which he had collected alone. He was known popularly as the Apostle of the Campagna for his catechising work there. And all this, of course, was apart from his main work which was the direction of the editing of the Leonine edition of St Thomas. His associations with the College went back, he said a hundred years ago—his father had been an art student in Rome and had made friends with the young Dr Wiseman, Rector of the Venerabile.

Those who were at Palazzola during that summer of 1928 will remember Father Peter Paul at their Masses. "You will won't you Father?" And perhaps someone with a better memory than mine

will put down some of his stories and reminiscences. If they are not preserved for us in *THE VENERABLE* they will perish. And they are the memories of a great Englishman and a great Roman.

G. PRITCHARD

MONSIGNOR CANON SPRANKLING

We were very sorry indeed to hear of the death of Monsignor Sprankling, and many prayers have been offered at the College for the repose of his soul. He was our guest here so recently as February last when he came on his annual visit with Bishop Amigo. A *Venerabilino* in all but name, he was a constant benefactor of the College and one of the most esteemed of all its friends. God give rest to his soul and reward him for all his kindness to us!

We commend to the prayers of our readers the souls of MISS ELIZABETH RANKIN, foundress of the Rankin burse in the College, MR BARRON BOSHELL, a student at the College from 1919-1920, and DR ALFRED SPURRIER of Zanzibar who was in Archbishop Hinsley's year here but had to leave on account of ill-health. Writing to ask our prayers for his old friend, Archbishop Hinsley says Dr Spurrier had acquired an altogether extraordinary prestige in Zanzibar and his funeral was made the occasion of a most remarkable demonstration of popular sympathy: "All Zanzibar turned out and lined the route of the procession 10-12 deep," the Vicar Apostolic of Zanzibar told His Grace, "and the Cathedral could not accommodate a quarter of the crowd that came to the funeral service. It is truly amazing how this man had won the affection of all, but especially, I would say, of the Arabs and Africans. God grant rest to his soul!"

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