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by the past and present students
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CONTENTS

Editorial	page 3
Bishop Cowgill (MGR HAWKSWELL, V.G.)	4
Romanesques—23—"The Venerable" (G. PRITCHARD)	10
An Eighteenth Century Diary (S. WEETMAN)	18
Howl for Tiboo (From Bishop Burton's Diary)	28
The Press Exhibition (P. F. FIRTH)	30
Nova et Vetera	39
<i>The Blessed Ralph Sherwin Window</i>	39
<i>Wiseman on Gita</i>	40
<i>The New Reliquary</i>	44
<i>The Martyrs' Office</i>	45
Personal	57
College Diary (J. McDONALD)	60
College Notes	84
Obituary	92
Our Book Shelf	97



THE BLESSED RALPH SHERWIN WINDOW

EDITORIAL

IN THIS NUMBER we have attempted, to the best of our ability, to pay fitting tribute to the two great friends of the College whose loss has meant so much to us, our Cardinal Protector and Bishop Cowgill. Cardinal Lépicier watched over the interests of the College with the utmost devotion and self-forgetfulness, and in the long list of sons of the Venerable few surely can ever have been truer to her than Bishop Cowgill. Their memory will live long in the Venerable which they loved.

Our readers will find much in the following pages about our College Martyrs, and in particular our Protomartyr Ralph Sherwin. We are very happy indeed to publish the coloured reproduction of the new stained glass window of Blessed Ralph Sherwin, and take this opportunity of thanking the generous benefactor who defrayed the expense^s of reproduction. The same good friend—one of the most constant and helpful friends the Magazine has—also made it possible to reproduce the picture of the reliquary of Blessed Ralph Sherwin.

BISHOP COWGILL

JOSEPH ROBERT COWGILL was born at Broughton in Craven, Yorkshire, in the year 1860, of parents whose ancestors had held fast to the Faith during the long years of persecution. His years of childhood, therefore, were passed in a Catholic atmosphere, for Broughton Hall was the seat of the Tempest family which, like that of the Cowgills, had always been Catholic. Though he was not to spend many years there, his memory in later times often took him back to the Chapel attached to the Hall which he, with the people of the district, attended; to his companions and to the beautiful scenery of those parts from which he acquired a great love of the country and of the things of nature.

One who remembered his early school days at Broughton has told us that the alertness of his mind, his lively disposition and his evident piety soon attracted the attention of priest and teachers and marked him out as a suitable candidate for the priesthood. He went first to Douai (the old Douai in France) where he studied humanities, and from there passed in 1877 to the English College, Rome. Though his character, according to one of his contemporaries, inclined more towards things of a practical and useful nature than to abstruse studies, he was nevertheless at both these colleges an earnest student and wholeheartedly devoted to all that pertained to the preparation for the priesthood. During these years he laid the

foundations of solid friendships, and to the end of his life he retained an immense love for both of his Alma Maters, and one of his greatest joys was to meet a college companion and to recall with him the incidents of their college days.

Monsignor Warwick, formerly Rector of Lisbon College, who was in the same year as Bishop Cowgill at the Venerabile, writes of his days here: "My remembrance of Robert Cowgill is that of a quiet, steady and faithful servant of God and our Church. One saw and heard little of him till some undertaking of a practical and useful character came to the fore. Then he was ready with activity and initiative and public service. I do not believe that he ever missed or was late for any duty, whether in chapel, university attendance or camerata excursions. And in all these he took a natural interest, was an inspiration and an able manager. Personally I am indebted to him for a great service. During my second year at the English College my health broke down so completely that at first I was a hopeless invalid and then had to leave Rome for Lisbon. During that illness Cowgill gave me sympathy, assistance and companionship which I shall never forget. He was constantly in my room, whenever free from other duties, cheering me up, fending off depression, chatting and serving me in such a way that it was impossible to refuse his influence. I have made a lifelong prayer that God would reward him for his untiring goodness. And I was not the only one whom he thus benefited.

"There were three of us in the year; George Wrigglesworth who died a canon of Southwark in 1929, was the third. He was the archaeologist for whom Christian Rome had less interest than its pagan predecessor, I was supposed to be the student and Cowgill was the all-round handy man. It is interesting to note that Frederick Kolbe and Wilfrid Ward entered the College at the same time as the Bishop, and amongst his contemporaries were such well-known men as Whiteside, McIntyre, Scannell and Prior. Pius IX died his second year in Rome, and in his third year he was present on the historic occasion when Newman delivered in the College his 'biglietto' speech for the cardinalate."

At the early age of twenty-three he was ordained in the Basilica of St John Lateran, and on his return to England, was appointed secretary to the Bishop, Doctor Cornthwaite, and began that long connection with the work and organization of the diocese that was to fit him to become later on its ruler. He soon won a high place in the esteem of priests and people and also received from his superiors recognition of his qualities by being appointed in 1901 Privy Chamberlain to the Holy Father and later in the following year Canon of the Cathedral Chapter. When Doctor Gordon's health compelled him to ask for a coadjutor, it caused no surprise that Monsignor Cowgill, though only forty-five years old, was elected for the honour, and he was consecrated in St Anne's Cathedral, Leeds, on 30th November, 1905.

It was not long before the new Bishop was called upon to show the qualities he possessed. The Archbishop and Hierarchy of England had decided that a great National Congress of all Catholic Societies should be held periodically, and Leeds was chosen as the place of its first meeting. It was a new venture in the history of English Catholicity, and much depended on its success, for it would form a precedent for future congresses. To Doctor Cowgill fell the task of organisation and preparation which involved an immense amount of pioneer work. So thorough, however, was the foresight and so careful the planning of every detail that the congress met with a success that has seldom, if ever, been exceeded in subsequent congresses.

This was a typical example of his skill in enlisting helpers, whether from the clergy or the laity, in any work he had in hand, and affords an explanation of the brilliant success of his episcopate. Under his rule (he succeeded to the see in 1911) the number of Mass centres in the diocese was doubled, school accommodation was enormously increased, new religious orders were introduced, many charitable works were undertaken by bodies of the laity and the whole spiritual life was strengthened.

What was the magnetic power wielded by Bishop Cowgill, that enabled him to bring about such important results? He would have been the last person to claim for himself any outstanding power of intellect or the gift of eloquence or of literary

art. It was not these things. People were drawn to him by his lovable character, his spirit of optimism, his joyous disposition and his gift of transmitting joy to others. He was the most charitable of men, saw the best in everybody and was always ready to help to bear others' burdens. Between himself and his clergy there always existed the most cordial relations and perfect understanding. On the day of his consecration as bishop he told them that he relied on their loyalty and support. He was rarely disappointed. He knew them well and was ever ready to come to their assistance when they needed him. He delighted to be in their company, to take part with them on festive occasions and to encourage them in their undertakings. Rarely indeed had he a hard word for any, and even then it was tempered by the kindly way in which it was spoken.

With the laity, too, he was on the happiest terms. On occasion of his visitations of the churches he went out of his way to get to know them personally, and the affection in which he was universally held was shown by their constant prayers for him during his long illness and their grief at his death. The various Catholic lay societies were devoted to their bishop and felt honoured if they were called upon to help him in any undertaking. They were proud to have him at their meetings, whether their object was of a purely business or of a festive nature, and his presence never failed to bring life and zest. Nor was this deep affection for him confined to Catholics alone. During his illness he was prayed for in Nonconformist churches and several Anglican clergy and dignitaries wrote to Bishop's House making enquiries and promising to remember him in their prayers and services.

Being of a childlike nature himself, he had a deep sympathy towards little ones which was in turn reciprocated by them. They felt perfectly at home with him and loved him to visit them in their schools, where he would amuse them with stories or set them conundrums—often to the discomfiture of their teachers. It was no unusual thing to see flocks of them, with grimy hands and faces, fly from their homes or their games to kiss his ring as he passed down the street. He had a clear insight into the childish mind and he could place before the

children the truths of religion in a manner most attractive to them. Thus the addresses he gave to them at times of Confirmation or on Good Shepherd Sunday when they assembled at the Cathedral to hand to him their offerings for rescue work, and his annual letter to them before Lent, were full of beautiful thoughts and were models of simplicity.

The poor and neglected children, however, had a special claim on his care. From the early days of his priesthood he devoted his energies and whatever money he could collect to saving poor boys from the dangers and temptations of the street and from falling into the hands of non-Catholic societies. With great sacrifices he built up a Home for them and placed them under the care of devoted Sisters, interested himself in all their projects and gave up endless time to their welfare. For many years he said his daily Mass at this Home, though it meant a walk of over a mile every day, and he continued to do so until quite recently.

The Home became a real home to hundreds of boys, who regarded Bishop Cowgill as their father and friend. To the end of his life it was the object of his special affection and to no one else was the care of it entrusted.

Again, one of his first projects after he was appointed bishop, was to found a Home for unmarried mothers and for their oftentimes unwanted offspring. This work he entrusted to a committee of the Catholic Women's League assisted by a number of the clergy, but he always kept in close touch with all that was being done and himself retained the chairmanship. The untiring care and attention given to the Home by this devoted body was always a source of great consolation to him.

There is no wonder, therefore, that he became widely known as the "Children's Bishop".

But, although at home with everyone, even the lowliest, Doctor Cowgill ever upheld the dignity of the episcopacy. He loved the liturgy of the Church and found his supreme joy in its great functions, such as Pontifical High Mass, the consecration of a church or the solemnisation of an important feast. He gloried in these as though they represented some heavenly pageant.

Above all, he was a man of prayer. Was it not this that made him what he was, and gave him those qualities of mind and heart which were so attractive? This should be characteristic of every Christian and especially of every priest. But in the life of Doctor Cowgill it stood out in a remarkable degree. It appeared in his early years when he inaugurated the Apostleship of Prayer and the practice of the Holy Hour at St Anne's Cathedral. It was manifested later on the occasion of his visits to Lourdes that he delighted in so much, in his daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament and in his preparation for and thanksgiving after Mass. No matter how long and fatiguing might be the ceremony at which he had been celebrant, nothing was allowed to interfere with his prayers of thanksgiving. And as he lived, so he died, with prayer on his lips. When consciousness had almost left him he recited parts of the *Lauda Sion*, repeating over and over again the words "cibus viatorum".

W. HAWKSWELL

ROMANESQUES

23.—“ THE VENERABLE ”

I SUPPOSE most of us first met THE VENERABLE in the common-room. And you could not wish for a better place for your introduction to a Roman celebrity. We met first in some October or early November, that brave time of the year for resolutions and the most impressive in our first year. We had weathered the first retreat. We were beginning to expand in the pleasant warmth of a practical democracy ; we were getting sufficient confidence to come out with our impressions or even to pass on one or two of our best stories at a friendly table, where a giant ash-tray took its share of ash from Virgin and Macedonian. It was on some night long ago, when through chinks in the yellow curtains we caught glimpses of rain tenderly penetrating the vastness of the cortile, when our last Player had been politely accepted, and symptoms of a rough house had broken into nothing worse than a repetition of a favourite chorus from the Villa opera, as roar of conversation and song was reaching its climax, that a sudden silence told us that we were in the presence of the great.

We did not at once connect the appearance of a very ordinary looking student sitting behind a pile of dull gray magazines with the uncanny stillness that had descended on the room. But as we saw our companions part with their money almost willingly, and beheld the most sociable spot between Tiber and Thames turned so quickly to all appearances into the Oxford Union or a London club, we left our story unfinished (for want of an audience), handed over a piece of silver to the flinty gentleman calling himself the Under-secretary (he had seemed so pleasant as we came down from Pam that afternoon), took up the gray magazine, and met—THE VENERABLE.

Here was something new indeed, quite apart from the advertisements. They, of course, meant nothing to us. Some of them, indeed, are still a puzzle to men whose names are heavy with D.D., Ph.D., and B.C.L. If you don't believe me, explain "Crookes Telegic Punktal Zeiss Lenses" or say what is the difference between "Eye Glasses" and "Spectacles (bifocals, toric and spheric)". I suppose most of us old men have had our magazines bound, and have been foolish enough to have cut out the advertisement pages. What Roman days they might have called back! What memories, communal and personal! I see as I write that the dentist who gave me a gold tooth (drat her!) and promptly retired from business, has as an advertisement what I should have taken as a warning: "Crowning a speciality". But this by the way.

Something new, I said. A new world enshrined in this gray setting: a miniature of the new world into which we were introduced under an October sky. A world with a new background of history, cheerfully taken as read by our fellow citizens. New people: Cardinals, diplomats, shopkeepers, beggars, *monsignori*, *camerieri* and *professori* all jostling together. A world talking a new language: a mixture of our native tongue, slices of Latin, fragments of Italian, and a peppering of peculiar English slang, reminiscent of far off places on English moor or fylde. Titles in this little world could be as bewildering as the titles of the powers in the world it mirrored. It took time to learn the deeper significance of Bidello, Madre or Pam Porter. The name Ripetitore meant no more at first, say, than "The Piano Regolatore", the musical title to the article on which my eyes first alighted. That article, in particular, was not made much more intelligible by its illustration, for all the world like a ground plan of the *Queen Mary*. Archaeological Notes and Nova et Vetera would stand protectingly over such sub-titles as "The Hypogeum of the Aurelii" and "the Liber Ruber"—playthings, we were to find out later, of the Bricker and the Archivist.

New this little world was, because new to us; not new in the sense of straining after novelty. For during the fourteen years of existence of THE VENERABLE, "our junior contem-

porary" as *Chi Lo Sa?* pertly calls it, there has been a conservatism of policy which was settled in its early days. The changes that it has seen have only been minor ones. The name "The Venerable Magazine" quickly took on a simpler form, in conformity with the general custom of leaving pomposities outside the front door of number 45. The Editor once called his *ex cathedra* pronouncements 'Editorial Notes', and for three numbers at least said nothing at all. Perhaps like the humble man who prepared a small article for *Nova et Vetera*, he crossed out and crossed out till nothing was left. His successors since have made compensation by going into larger and larger type . . . a sure bait for the humorists of *Chi Lo Sa?* The Diary once tried arranging its matter in order of events instead of chronological sequence. Under one diarist this popular feature dwindled to a very brief though good summing up of the half year's activities; and then burst out again under his successor, who boldly put "nulla dies sine linea" at the top, and made certain of that by making a paragraph *per diem* (to the horror of the Secretary who insisted on the hundred page limit as an economic necessity).

There has been a change in the cover once. The first two numbers faced the world in papal colours. There has been a change of printers once, a change of type, and a change of paper. "The paper has been changed for the better," announces an Editor somewhere back in the twenties. Ironically it is that very number amongst my bound volumes that has shown the first signs of fading. But the form, the character and the spirit remain the same, because it caters for extreme conservatives in these matters.

Still new as THE VENERABLE was, with its new people, new subjects, new atmosphere, it needed only a man with very little brain to see that here was a friend very much of the place, a local product, a native. You would soon realize that all that had gone to produce that number was of College vintage; that it was, as it announced on the title page, conducted by the present and the past: the present—superior and student—all in their time roped in for something; the past yielding from some dilatory contributor, some article almost in time

for the next number. It was essentially a College magazine. It did not need to go beyond the walls of the Venerabile or the Villa, or not much further than the bounds of camerata or gita-party, for article upon article fit to inform and entertain. No need here for disquisition on Gothic chasubles, the essence of ubification or the rise and fall of the liturgical biretta. Poets and politicians, other than those of Alma Mater who fell to such stations, looked small beer here. Yet it could be learned, and occasionally lyrical. It took for instance the College Diary to make one of your prosaic companions write: "This is the best time in the villa—when the sea shines and the air is powdered gold, and the sickly sweet smell of summer hangs over the garden. The woods are dappled with sunshine . . ." and so on. The Beatification of our Martyrs could provoke another to four pages of blank verse, and the tolerant Editor found room for them all. Others might have a taste for the quaint and obscure, and this catholic periodical dutifully appears with lists of Martyrs' expenses or reports of minor athletic societies.

But as the sense of freshness and slight bewilderment quickly left us new men, and we found ourselves with nothing but the Tusculum cross to kiss to make us full-blooded Venerabilini, so too THE VENERABILE established itself promptly in our Roman lives. It found its place on the middle shelf of our nearly bare book-case. And as April melted into May, we were among those who pestered the men 'on the Committee' with enquiries about the next number.

And that brings us to the Committee or the staff of THE VENERABILE. Anything too fulsome would embarrass the proof-readers, might be modestly omitted by the Editor, or come under the censure of the powers in the Salone. But I feel that someone should take off his hat publicly to this little body of men, if only in a Romanesque. They are five in number. There were once six, I believe, but they preferred to keep their number odd. There is the Editor, with his minion ('socius' *alla Gregoriana*) the Sub-editor; the Secretary with his grub the Under-secretary; and the Fifth Member. It was not difficult to find work for the last poor creature. All that was

asked of him was a wet tongue for stamps, nimble fingers with pieces of string, and an enormous capacity for learning. For a time he was called "Without Portfolio".

There was no startling entrance to the ranks of the Committee, no Public Meeting convened, no firing off of *bombe*. One old Editor, I am told, was tapped on the shoulder as the avalanche poured down the stairs to night prayers. "You will go on the Magazine?" he heard a gruff voice say, and the Great Silence and a frown from the Vice-rector left only the opportunity for the consent that was wanted. A little notice on the common-room board, saying that so-and-so had been 'co-opted' announced that his term of hard labour had begun. Still it began pleasantly. After all the responsibility for a readable number lay with the Editor, the expenses and the get-up with the Secretary. At a first meeting of the Five he learnt something of the scheme for the next number. He heard, too, what venerable critics on the mission had thought of the last. He listened to the Secretary's eloquent appeal for a smaller number, the Editor's touching cry for a punctual publication. And when he made some tentative suggestion himself, he was probably given something to grub up in the Archives to keep him quiet.

It was during one's course as Fifth Member (or Without Portfolio) that the rest of the Committee decided your later destiny. You were shown discreetly a little of the Editor's cares, you went out with the Secretary and were impressed by his lordly way of managing advertisers and printers. If you showed capability for pulling strings, detecting split infinitives or polishing up an article without offending its author, you were booked for the editorial side. If you could put on a face as hard as a block of travertine, and showed signs of sometimes getting what you wanted at the price you could pay from crafty Romans, then you were doomed to be Secretary. In either case you would probably have the privilege of spending a gita day going from the Villa into a roasting City to visit the printers, only to be told, most likely by an apologetic ecclesiastic, that the head of the printing department had just gone away to make his retreat, so that the promised proofs

would not be ready till . . . well this day next week (your next gita day) . . . and would you like a *bicchierino di vino* ?

I don't know that life can be so interesting for these Committee men since the printing has been transferred to England. There is not, I suppose, the same excitement that spread from Editor and Secretary downwards, as weeks rolled by from the date when those two gentlemen had vowed and sworn that this number would appear. There cannot be the same adventures with the proofs. *Bozze* they called them, and behind that word what blood and tears ! How many times we had to go through those wretched things ! And yet in the published number a few mistakes would show their cheeky faces, proud to have escaped ten vigilant eyes. I remember once a rather important contributor, whose cassock now is piped with purple, asking the Fifth Member if he had yet read his article in the new number. And the Fifth Member smiled wanly and said " Yes " and proceeded to quote the first page of it word for word. He could have done that with them all.

In the early days when the printers housed in the Via Marsala, the letters were put into the press one by one by orphan boys. If there were a misprint—and, as boys were boys even under the gentle Brother Caligari, there were not a few—it meant taking out the offending letter and substituting the correct one. But later when the printers went grand and moved to the suburbs of the city in mid-Campagna (double tram fare for the Secretary) they bought a new printing machine. With that the whole line was typed out and cast in lead, so that a wrong letter meant having a new line. And a new line meant the risk of another wrong letter somewhere else. And if time were short you can understand the feelings of the others when one of the Committee battled for the admission of a comma.

Corpo was the name given to the type, and this too could behave distressingly. There was an adventure with a certain large type called Venezia 23. The Printer had run short of R's and C's in Venezia. He knew very little English, and in an emergency of this kind depended on inspiration. So it was that that unfortunate Rector of the College, Doctor Frederick Neve, glowered from his fierce illustration at the heading

of the article, large in Venezia 23, "COLLEGE PECTOPS". On another occasion when the Diarist had made a decorous reference to the presence of one of the great at our table, the printer's boy left out a trifling 'es', and included his reverence "amongst our guts".

The illustrations could keep you busy, too. You might get a dainty little sketch for a Romanesque produced like a shaggy Abruzzi bear bestriding the page; a promise of a photograph on delicate cream paper might mean no more than a dirty blur on a shocking yellow background. Once the Secretary, in a fit of generosity, ordered tissue paper to protect the coloured reproduction of Bishop Stanley's portrait. He regretted it when he found that all the pieces of tissue had been pasted in on the wrong side.

After the first Committee meeting there is a seeming lull. The Editor sends out his appeals, and his commands. The Secretary blows the dust off the Obit Books, and looks up his list of subscribers.

Then, here and there, can be seen a look of preoccupation on the faces of some; they have been approached by the Editor and are in process of 'doing something for the Magazine'. Follows a period when typewriters are clattering at all hours of the day. At the Villa I have seen them at it in the Earwig's Nest. Then the proof period. This is the time when the Editor hires the biga from Domenico and drives into Rocca to send a telegram or two. And at last it is finished. On your way to the Rector's room for permission for something, when the rest of the house were busy reading the publications of the P.U.G. "ad usum auditorum", you saw Domenico struggling up the stairs with great parcels. You heard Raniero smiling "Bolletino" at you as you passed out of chapel into supper. And then afterwards, watching it with your Carmignani pipe between your teeth, you have again the scene with which we began this article. But now you know what you are going to get. You look now on the secretarial couple as a pair of kindly genii, who accept your *lire* as a gesture of goodwill. You ignore the man who tries to assert himself by rattling chessmen or tinkling on the piano. You do not have to look far to see the Diarist of this number trying to look unconcerned as he glances superficially at the Obituary Notices. A complacent smile betrays the man who has succeeded in getting published his third instalment on a College Rector.



Photo: Felici

THE LATE CARDINAL PROTECTOR

One hears that where Venerabilini gather together in England in anything like numbers (presumably in the parlours of seminaries) scenes of wild delirium follow the arrival of the 'Bolletino'. Speaking as a solitary Roman far away from such places, I can testify (for one) that the very moment it comes, tools are downed, and this Roman tonic, as bracing as a day at Fregene, is sipped at leisure. The handsome griffin on the cover might well have been drawn as a symbol of the old Roman chuckling over the pages which, perhaps, more than anything else in England make him feel near to the dear old place again.

But there is another less pleasant side to this magazine "conducted by the Past and Present Students of the Venerable English College", at least for the Past.

You have had a tiring day perhaps in the middle of a hard week the fourth in a maddening month. The secretary and treasurer of one of your clubs have just handed in their resignations; the dispensation has not come; the mothers threaten to come and see you about that little affair last Sunday; and the most stolid of your instructees is on his way for a class. As you drop exhausted into your curatorial chair, with a glance at the calendar with its appalling list of things to be done, you notice a letter on your table. Ah, you had left it there from this morning, because its long blue stamp would mean news from Italy. Something to help you to forget the present; something to take you back, with tales perhaps of Palazzola, "sedes ubi fata quietas ostendunt", where "the woods are dappled with sunshine, etc.". And you open. And you read. There is a feverish look about the writing. You pass over the hollow courtesies, and come to it: "Perhaps you could do that article you promised us a long time ago. We (the Committee) think that you could manage a Romanesque. We have tried others, but they have refused". (Oh, indeed!) You pause, and listen to the voice of the housekeeper outside: "The phone, Father; and two gentlemen from the Casual Ward to see you". "There is very little time," the letter continues, "so you must send the article at once. The subject we (the Editor) suggest is 'Roman Street Calls'. We are having a wonderful *villeggiatura* . . ."

No need to glance at the name under all that. You know that it is he who, in a happier past, you yourself suggested would make the ideal man for an Editor of THE VENERABLE.

G. PRITCHARD.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DIARY

THE Venerabilino whose diary forms the subject of this article is not one of the College's more famous sons. His name was William Casemore—you will search for it in vain in the *Obit Book* or on the wall of the College Chapel—and had he not left the few sheets of mildewed paper that constitute his ill-written but interesting journal, we might never have known that he ever existed. Yet he was very much alive in the year 1771. The College stood then, of course, as it does now, in a Via di Monserrato little different from the present one (though the address was not number 45 in that historic thoroughfare, but merely "presso Palazzo Farnese"), and its inmates led a life in many ways like that of the present generation. But the latter can judge for itself after reading these pages.

This diary's interest lies, to a great extent, in the fact that we know so little of the history (and *a fortiori* of the domestic life) of the Venerabile during the last few years of the Jesuit régime. Casemore saw the suppression of the Society, and the occupation of the College by the Italian secular clergy, by whom he was eventually expelled—but of that a word in season! The diary deals with only five months (May 30th—October 31st, 1771), but an amazing amount of things seems to have happened during them. We would keep you no longer from an account of them, but the obscurity of our author calls first for some account of him—as far as his career can be followed.

The chief sources of our information concerning him have been the *Liber Ruber*, Kirk's diary, and the publications of the Catholic Record Society, together with a few of Casemore's own letters which are in the College Archives.¹

He was born of Catholic parents at Reading in 1751 and came to the Venerable in 1765. After having been here for ten years he was "*dismissus tamquam incorrigibilis*"² by the Italians who took over the government of the College on the suppression of the Jesuits. He had been imprisoned for a fortnight on bread and water for having dared, in defiance of his superiors, to communicate with one of the small boys (none other than the famous John Kirk), and on repeating his offence was summarily dismissed. There is a letter in the Archives written by Casemore to the Rector from Leghorn, telling him that he was stranded there without money. However, he got back to England eventually, but his bishop (Challoner, one presumes) refused to ordain him on account of his expulsion from Rome. So he went to Douay and joined the Franciscans. He seems to have been genuinely sorry for his misbehaviour, and to have become an exemplary friar. Returning to England he died at Plymouth in 1824.³

The diary opens on Corpus Christi day, May 30th, 1771, with a long and very characteristic entry which we will transcribe in full.

30th, *Thursday*. "Corpus Christi rising at 9 because the procession began an hour sooner than other years except last which was at the same hour as this : 9½ Mass by the Minister,⁴ after which we immediately breakfasted and went to the procession. About 10½ it began and finished about 12½. We came home at 13¼. Studies till dinner, not having a mind to ask for recreation in the morning as the custom has been hitherto. Dinner for which common soup, a stew of capretto with two slices of fried bacon. N.B. Strawberries are marked in the dispense book, but as yet the Minister said were too dear ;

¹ College Archives, *Scritture diverse*, n. 42. I am unable to give any reference for the diary itself as, owing to the change of site, it is not yet classified.

² *Liber Ruber*.

³ Catholic Record Society, *Miscellanea*, 1932, Vol. XXXII.

⁴ The Minister was the equivalent, under the Jesuits, of the Vice-rector.

roast lamb or rather boiled roast lamb, boiled beef exceeding bad, fruits, 2 good apples and cherries with parmisan cheese. Litanies and Benediction after them which last all the octave, which allthough they are something longer than ordinary, we get nevertheless no more sleep, but the bell not being rung till a quarter after the common end of sleep, we slept (those that had a mind) a quarter longer, after which beads as usual and an hour and a half recreation. 21½, walking to the ripa grande, coming from whence we met Signore Formini a cleaver Gentleman more of whom afterwards if necessary. By the Morte we saw part of a procession; home at 23½; 24, supper for which Sallat, cold roast lamb, very good tart but bad cheese as usual. A fine day but too hot."

"Rising at nine"; surely, you will think, there has been some mistake, or else discipline must have been very lax in those days. But no; there is nothing wrong. Remember that all through this diary, Casemore uses a system of chronometry quite different from our own, and now quite obsolete. The hours were reckoned from the evening 'Ave', so that "nine o'clock" is really about half past four (at the end of May). "Nine" was apparently the usual time for rising on school days, during this season. On Sundays, however, and most holidays, they got up at "ten o'clock"; and on some days rising was *ad libitum*, which means that one was expected to be up for the last Mass (at least) which was at half past seven or eight according to our reckoning.

The following day, Friday 31st, Casemore tells us there were repetitions for the "Metaphisicians alias Self-interested people". By this epithet he probably means that the Metaphisicians were not anti-Jesuit enough for him. Many examples of this prejudice against the Society will be encountered later. On this day there were "2 eggs in camiscia" for dinner ("or two eggs without their shell"). Then we come to a remark that points to the probability that Casemore's journal is only part of an unofficial College Diary, written in turn by various students. He says here: "Sleep [siesta] prolonged a quarter of an hour upon account of the Suffrages"—i.e. Litanies and Benediction because of the octave of Corpus Christi. Then:

“N.B. This is a standing custom if not a rule. Mr Underhill in his annals of 67 [the year 1767] says that upon these occasions we always sleep a quarter longer yet it being a rule or not I leave it to each one’s private judgement.” There are other references in the diary to the “annals” of different persons. It would be interesting to read some of these other diaries; let us hope that some day they will come to light.

June 1st, *Saturday*. A homely incident which introduces us to the Minister, Fr Allen (cordially disliked by Casmore) and the Rector, Fr Hothersall,¹ known to his lads as “Two-pence”. “Up at 9. Medit. a few minutes before the end of which the Minister got up to go in the Sacristy to dress himself for mass and saw Sam Sayles sitting on the bench at which he loockd very sower at him several times as he approached the door and informed the Rector of him afterwards; but what the Rector said to him I do not know. Some time the same day, Halsey,² going to the Rector as usual being infected as I imagine with a jesuitical fever as he’s wont was told by Rector of Sayle’s sitting in time of meditation; but this good boy toock Sayles’ part and told the Rector he supposed he was sick; at which the Rector said he had reason to do what he did and that this has always been the custom. But in my opinion a person that finds himself indisposed may absent himself from any publick duty whatsomever.”

Observe how he describes that day’s dinner: “buttered eggs without butter . . . with a Slice of bread under neath dipt in the soop to make it appear white like butter, intollerably nasty stuff”. With such pathetic devices did the impoverished Venerabile seek to eke out the house-keeping money. In those days as Cardinal Gasquet tells us in his History, the Rector of the College was a not infrequent visitor to the *Monte di Pietà*.

On Thursday, June 6th, the Rector refused to let the Higher Gallery go to see the “possession” of the Jesuits,

¹ At the time this diary was written, Fr Hothersall was forty-six years old. He was the last Jesuit Rector of the College. After the suppression he fared better than his General, for he received a pension and eventually died among friends in his native land (Cf. Kirk’s *Biographies of English Catholics*).

² Sayles and Halsey, natives of York and Hereford respectively, were born in 1752. Both eventually served on the mission. Halsey, who was a convert, has a place in Kirk’s *Biographies*, *q.v.*

“upon account they did not go”. But the beadles, Goodman¹ and Broomhead, went out without permission, and when they came back the Minister “was ready upon his guard to lay hands on them”. The procession in question, notes Casemore, “used to be in the morning, but being the Pope would not lend the jesuitical order the Sailes to cover the streets to keep out the Sun, they had it in the afternoon. Neither would he lend his Svizeri.”

We must pass over the diarist’s indignant remarks about not getting cabbage in the refectory, about the attempt to cut down the wine ration and the Minister’s frequent absence from meditation, and hasten on to the first recorded visit to Pamphilj. This historic event took place on Sunday, June 24th, 1771.² “. . . Walking to Pamfili and were caught in an horrible storm of hail in the willow where no shelter could be had but an old tree. [The Arch, of course, is less than a hundred years old.] I dare say never such a shower has fell this many years though in Rome there was little. We were wett from top to bottom.” Obviously Pamphilj was quite well-known to our predecessors of the eighteenth century, for his record of the actual visit consists merely of the three words “walking to Pamfili”: it might have been left unmentioned had it not been for the drenching that Casemore and his companions got. The allusion to “the willow” is apparently an indication that the expedition was a bird-nesting one. They had several of these; thus on July 10th permission was obtained to go out early to Pamphilj where “we got 7 young sparrows”, and on the 14th they “took a nest of sparrows with four young ones, and 12 crab-fish”.

As the end of the scholastic year drew near, the students’ thoughts began to turn towards their summer holiday, and some of the Lower Gallery suggested in the presence of the Repeater, Fr Porter, that they should make a pilgrimage to Loreto and not go to Monte Porzio at all. Fr Porter at once fell

¹ Although a beadle and prefect of the House, Goodman was expelled the following year, “disciplinæ impatiens” (*Liber Ruber*). For Broomhead, cf. Kirk’s *Biographies*—there is a portrait of him in his later years.

² This is eighty-one years before what has hitherto been considered the first recorded visit. Cf. article “Pamphilj”, *THE VENERABLE*, Vol. III, p. 122.

in with the suggestion and said he would go and tell the Rector, "who told him he was willing". Casemore, however, was most indignant at the whole affair (he devotes four full pages to it), and in a kind of public meeting the same day he attacked the proposed pilgrimage with all his eloquence and with success too, for "after I had finished my discourse I found most were inclined to my way of thinking, after which we made our appearance before the said Father [Porter] who proposed as above and moreover produced some rules which we were to comply with on this our pilgrimage: the principal were as follows: every morning on the road to make half an hour's med. and to terminate it with other prayers, and the same in the evening: to make our examen every night after which the litanies were to be said &c and this to be performed on our journey there and not to be so strict coming home again: we were to employ 6 days in our going and as many in our returning home again and were to stay 4 days there nempe at Loreto". After this "Cock and a Bull's story" was ended, Casemore renewed his objections before Fr Porter ("who seemed a little vex'd"), and the Jesuit answered in such a way as to regain the agreement of everyone save our historian and Goodman, "tho' Sayles said he would consider on it". A "memorial" was drawn up to present to Cardinal Lante, Protector of the College, to obtain his consent, but "see good Reader how Castels builded in the air will stand" for when the Ripetitore went in the evening to tell Fr Hothersall of what had taken place, the good Rector was much surprised, and said that when he had assented to the proposal in the morning "it was all out of joke"!

When one takes into consideration Fr Porter's rules for the projected "Peregrinatio Lauretana", one cannot wonder that Casemore objected to it, especially as it was to be instead of the *villeggiatura* at Monte Porzio. His objections are interesting. The following are the chief:—that "the Cardinal would never consent", that "they would need several pairs of socks", "that they could not walk it", that "some would fall sick on the road, and not being accustomed to laying in the bad air would die", and "how could we lay in those hos-

teries without catching the itch ? ” The diarist ends his account of the affair by mentioning another of Fr Porter’s rules that he had forgotten before, viz. “ that no one should bathe himself in the sea which is nigh Loreto ”.

JULY 1st. *Sunday*. “ Some people were reprimanded for having calld the jesuits [names] among whom the reader must know that I was one, but by chance ”—that “ by chance ” is good !—“ did not come neither to Med. nor to the Sermond. ” The same night saw the departure “ at four o’clock ” (about midnight) of Fr Allen, Casemore’s old enemy, who had “ taken leave ” of the Higher Gallery in the evening. The College, says Casemore, “ has never been in ease (I mean the Schollars) since he has been in it which is about 9 years, vide gradatim Underhill’s annals ”.

On Wednesday, 4th, one of the items on the menu was “ stewd feet ”. “ Fried feet ” have already been met with, and will occur again. Are pigs’ trotters referred to or is the term merely a coarse nick-name for some unpopular article of food ? Cherries and cheese are invariably the third and fourth course at supper during this season. “ Boild Cow’s tongue, ” “ stewd tench, ” and maccaroni also figure on the bill of fare in July.

One day (July 12th) Casemore did not go to a disputation at which “ an Hibernian Fryer perform’d ”, because he was writing a letter to England. This is the only time he mentions letter-writing, and almost the only time he refers to his native land. No doubt letters, both to and from home, were few and far between. In consequence of missing the dispute our diarist also missed the refreshments commonly given after such functions. We suggest that the reason why they used to attend so many disputations, apart from those at the Roman College, which they did not much care for, was because of the “ rinfreschi ”. He adds that on this occasion “ their wine was something better than usual. ”

Dinner on the 31st, the feast of St Ignatius consisted of

- “ moderate Soop,
- A lemon, 2 biscotti.,
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- “ moderate Soop,
- A lemon, 2 biscotti.,
- A glass of trevia,

ham and cabbage,
 roasted duck instead of the pye [What pie ?]
 half a pigeon
 roasted boild beef
 pears and melon
 parmisan ”.

Four meat courses, you notice, and no potatoes. Apparently they never had potatoes in those days; Casemore, so detailed in every respect, never once speaks of them.¹ With regard to the wines at this particular feast, doubtless the writer expects us to take them for granted, as he mentions no drink but “ a glass of trevia ”. Surely they had more than that !

The diary for August contains little of note with the exception of a great quarrel with the superiors—of which more shortly. They stayed in Rome all this month and even most of September, their only consolation being that there were no afternoon schools. Much time was spent in attending disputations and functions. There was a dispute at the German College on the 2nd, a function at the Minerva on the 4th, the feast of St Dominic (which Casemore says cost “ these religious 600 crowns, id est for the dinner, musick, &c ”); another function on the 7th; while on the 9th “ Burgess performd his dispute . . . and did the College much honour ”. Two blackbirds were taken in Pamphilj on the 7th, “ which are in a flourishing condition of becoming good singers ”. An election in the Sodality took place on Sunday 11th, “ and those that were chosen had beside the common portion a pye, 2 slices of Mortadello, parmisan but their fruits were worse than ours for they only had a slice of melon, ma piccolo, and 3 pears ”.

That afternoon came the unfortunate affair which we must now proceed to describe in detail. Only three of the students wanted to go out—Goodman, Halsey and Casemore. Three were not enough for a camerata; however, says Casemore, we “ toock french leave and went to St Maria in trasportina and Mazzanti sung; when we came home twopence enquired &c but remained discontented, vide crastinum diem ”.

¹ The fact that this diary records so exactly the menu of each meal makes one wonder whether this diary may not be the *Liber Victus*, of which, according to Kirk, Casemore was the author. I am inclined to think, however, that it was a separate work that has unfortunately been lost.

Videamus crastinum diem! At dinner (a simple meal consisting of soup, a stew, boiled beef and carrots and pears) "the fault was read" and the delinquents were ordered to kneel in the middle of the refectory. All three, however, refused to comply. After litanies the Rector delivered a long discourse to them and "allowed that the punishment was too great for the fault". The affair might now have blown over had not Fr Porter determined that it should not. "We went to the dispute of divinity at the R.C. [Roman College] being it was the last. And afterwards we went to the musick at S. Chiara and when we came home Porter told us to comply with all or else worse would follow but how you shall hear. When we went in the refectory we saw 3 plates &c at the little table for us but none chused to go there and Halsey tooke his plate from thence but Porter . . . took it from him saying is this the effects of your oath . . .

At supper we [fed] as well as we could on anything. The rest had Sallad, good stewd beef and pears".

The next day, Tuesday 13th, sees the three of them before no less a person than the General of the Jesuits.¹ It seems that they went to him of their own accord, seeking justice, for afterwards Halsey had to tell Fr Hothersall about the interview.

"Up at 9½. Med. Stud. High Mass for the dead; after which we obtained leave to go to the Roman College; we all went and visited the Church and the 3 condemned persons, *vide heri*, together with Broomhead went out of the little door and directed our course for the Gesù, where after a little stay the above mention'd persons presented themselves to his paternity having left Broomhead below in the Gallery; we accosted him as usual and enquired of him if he had any complaints of us. He replied *molti, moltissimi* and presently produced a sheet of paper full of laments. He interrogated Goodman thus: *lei come si chiama*, who told him *Giorgio Goodman*. *Si, sì Giorgio Goodman: di lei si dice che visita poche volte il Santissimo, manca spesso alla meditatione, ha istrumenti musici &c*—but his paternity seeing us very attent &c he said I'll mention no

¹ Fr Lorenzo Ricci, who was imprisoned in the English College when the Jesuits were suppressed.

one in particular but all in general and imagine to yourself O Reader what was not wrote in his paper for the author of it was Allen who told Burgess he had laid us all out before the General in the blackest characters he was able. We acquainted his paternity of our going out &c and he replied the Rector has done very well but we told him there was necessity. O dunque, said he, è un'altra cosa, ci parlerò io col Padre rettore, so we came our ways ”.

That evening Halsey told the Rector what they had done whereupon he “began to draw in his horns and told Halsey to tell us two to come tomorrow morning”. They duly presented themselves before him after schools the following morning and when he insisted once more that they should perform their penance Halsey immediately gave way. Casemore and Goodman said nothing but felt that Halsey had compromised them, and that they had better give way too—“but if it had not been for Halsey we should not have had this penance”. They underwent the ordeal “nel mezzo del refettorio”, at second grace that day (Casemore’s outraged dignity does not permit him to give any description of the scene) and so the whole affair ended. “Concessimus temporibus,” says our hero—“dinner, soop, craw fish, pretty large fried fish, melon and cucummerone.”

S. A. WEETMAN

(To be concluded)

HOWL FOR TIBOO

[Describes the unfortunate end of an inquisitive cat, being the only entry for Friday, May 27th, 1887, of Bishop Burton's Roman Diary].

Ye brindled cats, that dance upon each midden
Of Monserrato, when grim night hath hidden
All Rome in darkness, wailing shrill
And loud withal, until
Each slumbering wight upon his truckle-bed
Dreams that he hears the shrieking of the dead :—
Howl for Tiboo,
Now hid from the view
All under the orange tree !

Say, was he not a plump cat and a handsome,
Well skilled in martial feats ?—For if perchance some
Strange cur within the courtyard sniffed,
Tiboo came bounding swift
With tail erect, in aspect bellicose,
To cuff the mongrel's predatory nose !
Howl for Tiboo !

Aye, he was punctual, too ! Did he not stare at
His wonted window long, till Mr Whereat,
His frugal morning meal complete,
Let fall some scraps of meat ;
'Tis true, a paltry pittance and precarious,
The leavings of his " passer solitarius " ?
Howl for Tiboo !

But yet with this and with such other cheer,
 A mouse, a fishbone from the "osteria",
 Tiboo, contented, nothing lacked,
 Grew fleshy and compact,
 A prince of cats, now haunting purlieus dim,
 Now in the sun stretching his person prim.
 Howl for Tiboo!

And so for ought in your or in my knowledge
 He would have thriven round the English College,
 Its countless corners, holes, and dens,
 Had not his taste for wrens,
 A crime in cats that never met with pardon,
 Led him within the precincts of our garden.
 Howl for Tiboo!

Beneath the reeds he squatted close and thoughtful
 While students blithe pursued their antics sportful,
 Till one by hazard nigh him stepped,
 When swiftly out he leapt,
 And o'er the gravel skipped for life and limb,
 Twenty good brickbats whizzing after him.
 Howl for Tiboo!

Whose was the missile skilfully projected
 That thus so clean his spotted nose bisected?—
 'Twas thine, O Bede! thou didst for him,
 Rolling in ghastly trim,
 With claws that clutched at space spasmodically,
 And gasping hard and unmethodically.
 Howl for Tiboo!

Beneath an orange tree in nook sequestered,
 Where tortoises retire when sick or pestered,
 They delved a hollow, deep and sure,
 And there in premature
 Slumber, a warning to all cats encroaching,
 He rues the day he did a little poaching.
 Howl for Tiboo,
 Now hid from view
 All under the orange tree!

THE VATICAN PRESS EXHIBITION

THIS is the second of the great Vatican exhibitions which have taken place during the pontificate of Pius XI, and may indeed be regarded as the natural sequel to the Missionary Exhibition of the Holy Year, 1925. Then the Church was seen at her age-long task of extending Christ's Kingdom upon earth, and now it is seen at the consolidation and protection of what has been gained. For, though its essential service to missionary enterprise is demonstrated in a special section, it is clearly shown by the whole exhibition that the Catholic press of today is, next to the communion of faith and loyalty to the Holy See, the great binding force by which the unity of the Church is made and maintained. Made because the individual Catholic is stimulated through the press to interest himself in the affairs of the Church throughout the world; maintained because he is warned of the evils which surround him and taught to think and to live as a Catholic in the normal round of his daily life. Though it is this idea of unity which predominates, all four marks of the Church pervade this exhibition, and we find in it clearly epitomised the work of the Catholic Church at the present day.

Before attempting to describe the Exhibition, it may be as well to give some account of the way in which it came into being. As is so often the case in a great and important enterprise the actual beginning was almost fortuitous. There was

an international pilgrimage of Catholic journalists to Rome for the Holy Year of 1933, and while they were out here they decided to come to Rome again in 1936 to join in the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the *Osservatore Romano*. The directors of the *Osservatore* responded with the happy suggestion that not only journalists but their papers also should be represented, and proposed an exhibition to be dedicated in homage to Pope Pius XI, who had done so much to encourage and assist the Catholic press, especially by the Encyclical *Rerum Omnium* in which he had named St Francis de Sales to be its universal patron. This proposal was cordially received and promises of support poured in from all over the world. The Holy Father gave his blessing to the venture and himself soon settled that the exhibition must take place in the Vatican. "L'Esposizione è dedicata a me? La debbo dunque vedere anch'io. Tutti nella casa del Padre."

The various problems of ways and means were greatly simplified when in the summer of 1935 the International Union of the Catholic Press was constituted at Marseilles and immediately began to prepare for a congress of journalists to be held in Rome the following year, of which the proposed Vatican Exhibition should form an integral part. Preparations were made, difficulties overcome, nation after nation came to play its part, ideas became realities and on the 12th of May 1936, the World Exhibition of the Catholic Press was solemnly inaugurated by His Holiness the Pope.

The visitor to the Exhibition enters the Vatican City by the Porta Sant'Anna, answers the challenge of the Swiss Guard on sentry-go and proceeds up the Via del Belvedere to the ticket office, which is placed half way up the slope on the left hand side. The charge for admission is five lire, but there is a reduction for a party of thirty or more. Away to the right against the straight eastern wall of the Vatican galleries stands the outer building, which contains the entrance pavilion and certain special sections such as that of the French "Bonne Presse" organisation, with its chapel where Mass is said daily. This building has been very carefully designed on simple lines to harmonise with its surroundings, and the walls covered with

a kind of fibre sheeting which has the appearance of new travertine.

Immediately you enter the main door you see the famous Fountain of the Galleon, made by Carlo Maderna for Pope Paul V in 1614. After falling into decay it was restored in 1779 by Pius VI, who placed his coat of arms on the stern to commemorate his work. But it soon languished again to lie for over a century as an idle hulk of lead and bronze. Now once more in service with the arms of Pius XI at the mast-head, it floats at anchor in its basin, spouting jets of water from every cannon, mast and yard, while the little trumpeter on the poop gallantly blows his quota to the general stream.

From this entrance hall a brilliant staircase, each step made from a different brightly coloured marble, has been built leading up into the Cortile della Pigna, which has been entirely roofed in to house the exhibition.¹ There are no less than sixty-one rooms divided into five main sections—General, National, Missionary, Catholic Action and Religious Orders, and so disposed that a line drawn through each room in the correct order eventually returns to its starting point. Great skill has been used to avoid any danger of monotony by varying the shapes and sizes of these rooms, and as a result all sense of direction is soon completely lost. There is however, no difficulty about finding the way; it is clearly marked by an arrow on every corner and there is an army of attendants, smartly uniformed in light blue and grey with white facings, caps and belts, who point out somewhat importunately the right path to take and, after the manner of their kind, become quite disturbed at any attempt to take a short cut or go widdershins.

The first fifteen rooms (the General Section) are given up to the history and development of printing and newspaper-making, to the methods by which news is collected and to editorial technique, and the patriotic Briton may take legitimate pride in the prominence given to the Loch Ness Monster as a typical example of journalistic sensationalism. Statistics

¹ It is worthy of mention that the opportunity has been taken to move the statue of St Peter, which was put up to commemorate the Vatican Council, to a more commanding position in the gardens.

and diagrams show clearly the enormous and increasing influence which must be possessed by those who control the newspapers of the world, even when compared with such rivals as the wireless and the cinema. The most careless inspection of this section makes it impossible to doubt the vital need for a Catholic press which is capable of sustaining the burden of responsibility thus thrust upon it. The Holy Father, in his grave and memorable warning of the evil and danger of Communism at the inauguration, spoke of it as "proclaimed and invoked, then put into practice by means of a propaganda for which nothing is spared"; and Communism is only one of the many false gods of the present day. It is the purpose of this section to prove that the Catholic press is a true apostolate worthy of its proud motto "Arma Veritatis", and of the remainder of the Exhibition to show the present state of this apostolate throughout the world.

The National Section is grouped about the great Papal Throne Room to symbolise that unity of the Catholic world which is centred on the Holy See. The throne stands upon a wide dais formed by the Colonnade of the Nuovo Braccio Chiaramonti, which, cleaned and painted, thus forms the principal wall of the room. The effect of the line of tall white pillars with their gilded capitals, bright scarlet curtains behind the curious pyramidal white and gold throne, and the big angular papal coat of arms with the disproportionately large tiara and keys, is striking but unconventional, and perhaps not over-pleasing. In the centre of the room is a great plaster model of the proposed new approach to the Piazza of St Peter's, which is to be made by knocking down the great wedge of buildings between the Borgo Nuovo and the Borgo Vecchio.

It would be tedious and impossible to describe the rooms of the twenty-eight nations represented in the Exhibition. The path winds through a bewildering maze of compartments, ranging from large halls to the little row of cubicles occupied by the smaller South American Republics, and from the plain rectangles of Great Britain and the United States to Belgium's nine walls, three doors and semi-circular alcove. In an exhibition of this kind it is natural that the medium of expression

should be somewhat limited: maps, statistics, graphs and diagrams do not permit of much variation, and one newspaper or magazine is very much the same as another, whatever the language in which it is printed. As it is, the originality and skill displayed by those responsible for the arrangement of each room is little short of marvellous. Marvellous also is the activity and power shown to exist in the Catholic press of even small countries. In Holland, for example, there are no less than thirty-five Catholic daily papers, some of them with circulations covering the whole country, whilst the great *De Maasbode* and the ninety-one year old *De Tyd* appear in two editions daily. Besides a hundred and seventy religious and cultural periodicals there are a hundred and twenty-five concerning social subjects, which have a total circulation of 500,000. With such figures as these it is not surprising to find seventy-five magazines to prove the devotion of the Dutch people to the cause of the Foreign Missions. In Belgium, out of a total of 2,200,000 copies of daily papers the Catholic press produces 935,000 against the anti-Catholics' 700,000 and the 500,000 of the independents, and there are 316 Catholic weeklies against the 298 non-Catholic. The Belgian Section is notable for the portrait photographs of King Leopold and Queen Astrid, which hang against a velvet curtain surmounted by the royal arms with the pictures and arms of the Belgian Hierarchy on the wall beside them. (Over the Queen's picture there is a thin black veil.)

The Vatican City boasts the largest number of cars in proportion to its size of any country in the world, and the same must be true of the number of its periodicals. Great prominence is of course given to the *Osservatore Romano*, and its history is traced from the sixteenth century manuscript *Avvisi*, distributed to a privileged few, and the first printed sheet, the early eighteenth century *Diario Ordinario* of the brothers Cracas, which became in 1848 the official organ of the Holy See, until, as the *Giornale di Roma*, it finally disappeared in 1870 to make place for the *Osservatore Romano* which had been founded in 1861. There are also exhibited in the Vatican City section the *Annuario Pontificio*, the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, the widely circulated *Fides* and the sumptuous *Illustrazione Vaticana*.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all the national sections is that of Austria. Here the walls have been panelled with beech wood, upon which the figures are drawn by a special process which gives the effect of old carving and painting. There is a fascinating map of the country with toy trees, buildings and mountains and little people in appropriate national costume to mark the regions, whilst everywhere are dotted little cream coloured rhomboids to show the positions of the Catholic papers. Above the Tyrol sits a typical Austrian family; the crucifix is on the wall and Father is reading from his Catholic newspaper. The diagrams and graphs give their information clearly but in the same spirit of pleasant fantasy, and there are two splendid Tyrolese works of art to set off the whole scheme of decoration—a carved and painted wooden statue of St Paul and a stained glass window to St Francis de Sales.

By comparison with such as this it must be admitted that the British section is somewhat disappointing. The large amount of wall space is uneconomically used, and there is no attempt at decoration. The most striking thing on the walls, a large map on which is carefully marked the place of origin of the various types of periodicals, has been put just to the left of the entrance doorway and so loses much of its effect. The graph illustrating the growth of the Catholic press since 1825 is formed of dull black rectangles upon each of which is placed the same figure of an ugly grey printing machine. The plain panels of writing on the other walls do not make the show any the more inspiring. An obvious advantage of this method of exhibition, however, is that there is nothing to distract the eye from the actual display of printed works. Whatever be the opinion held as to the omissions and admissions in the list of writers of the XXth century—so much criticised by a writer in the *Tablet*—it should be pointed out that even at the end of July, when the Exhibition had already been open for two and a half months, there was still no reference to Mr Belloc or Mr Chesterton. The official catalogue speaks of “alcuni ritratti di moderni editori” on the same wall as the list of writers. These portraits, through no fault of the organisers, failed to arrive, but that the two most distinguished writers

and apologists which the Church in England can boast of at the present day should be completely left out, seems, to say the least of it, a pity. On ledges round the walls are ranged representative copies of all the Catholic publications, of which by far the largest number are the purely esoteric school and parish magazines. (THE VENERABLE, which unfortunately arrived two days late, is, of course, represented.) Various relics and autographs in show cases commemorate the centenary of the doyen of the English Catholic press, *The Dublin Review*.

From a comparison between our section and those of other nations, it is possible to realise vividly what Mr Belloc has said so often, that the great defect in the Catholic press of our country is the inevitable absence of any daily paper of general interest and Catholic opinion, in contrast to the happy condition of Ireland where the daily press is almost entirely Catholic in inspiration. Again, it can be seen that the high quality of printing, paper and general make-up which the English have come to demand, must place a heavy economic burden upon Catholic publishers, though it is pleasant to note how outstanding the British section is in these qualities. By a special authorisation, the Catholic Truth Society has been allowed a place in the exhibition, though strictly speaking its work is not that of the press. The C.T.S. box shows what has been done to solve this problem of expense, and cater for both rich and poor alike.¹

In the Missionary Section is again to be found what is said to have been so striking a feature of the 1925 Missionary Exhibition—the importance of the British Empire in the story of the foreign missions is everywhere apparent, and in each room it is the English language which predominates. The Asiatic hall is decorated by the young Indo-Chinese artist Le-Van-De, who was only baptised and received into the Church at the beginning of June. His beautiful Madonna and Child, the painting of which first led him towards the truth, is by its clear colouring in delicate contrast to the very appealing

¹ It is worthy of note here that the *Illustrazione Vaticana* for June contains a very interesting review of the last hundred years of the Catholic Press in England from the pen of Dr H. Kildany.

“Regina Missionum” of Aurelio Mistruzzi which is made of white plaster and stands in a special alcove.

The first room of the Catholic Action section is devoted to a study of the subject in general. From here a doorway, guarded by Donatello’s St George, leads into the hall of Catholic Action for Young Men. The “Gioventù Italiana di Azione Cattolica” proudly traces the development of its organisation under five popes by reference to outstanding dates in its history—amongst them a demonstration against the erection of the statue to Giordano Bruno in the Campo di Fiori in 1889. Upon another wall the gigantic figure of a young workman calls attention to the now famous J.O.C. (“Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne”) which has spread through various countries of Europe and America and can boast of a varied and most interesting illustrated press. The “Pax Romana” hall contains the press for the more intellectual type of young Catholic with reviews and periodicals of the various student organisations of many countries. Finally a large space is given up to Women’s Catholic Action; this is almost entirely filled with the work of the International Union of Women’s Catholic Associations which has its headquarters at Utrecht.

The fifth great department is the important section of the Religious Orders and Congregations. Only a very small amount of space has been allotted to them, and no less than thirty-three are exhibited on ground little larger in area than that allowed to one of the big rooms in the national section. Thus the Redemptorists, with ninety-six publications to their credit, have to be content with a tiny stall in a corner. The Benedictines and Dominicans have only very small rooms, and the Jesuits, Salesians, Friars Minor and Capuchins are forced to crowd together their wealth of printed works into a remarkably short space indeed. Nevertheless this last section is one of the best and most interesting, and well repays a careful inspection.

After leaving the main exhibition and returning to the entrance hall, a rest of some kind will almost certainly be necessary. Exhibitions are exhausting things and this is no exception to the general rule. It is a case of walking a very long way upon an uneven rubber floor, and, though the ventilation is

good, there is an all-pervading aroma of paint and creosote. However it is easy to obtain relief. An excellent bar, its prices in accordance with the due benignity of papal rule, stands in the cool space by the Fountain of the Galleon. There is also the beautiful cinema belonging to the great Dutch Catholic daily *De Maasbode*. This little cinema is certainly one of the gems of the whole exhibition, a symphony in silver, grey and black, with simple seats of metal and wood so miraculously comfortable as to make gross the expensive padded *fauteuilles* of the modern super picture palace. Besides these a small writing room is provided where the special stamps of the Exhibition are on sale.

As in every Exhibition the general feeling on leaving is one of bewilderment; the eyes have seen so much that it is possible to retain only a few salient impressions. Indeed, it is remarkable that a press exhibition has been made so interesting and so accessible, and the undeniable success of the undertaking must reflect the greatest credit on all those responsible and particularly upon the architect, Signor Gio. Ponti of Milan, who has made full use of that spirit of up-to-dateness, which the Pope himself has so highly praised and has called "sacra modernità". Though everything possible has been done to make a visit pleasant and to set everything out in a way both attractive and easily understood, there has been no pandering to the mere sight-seer by mechanical side-shows and other toys, but everywhere there is an austere demand for the undivided attention. This press exhibition is a school for those who are willing to learn, a school in which is taught a subject vital to the Church and to the good Catholic of today.

P. F. FIRTH

NOVA ET VETERA

THE BLESSED RALPH SHERWIN WINDOW

A LITTLE note on one or two details of the Blessed Ralph Sherwin window. The elliptical inset at the top—yellow stain in white glass—represents Blessed Ralph Sherwin kissing the Sacred Wounds of our Risen Lord in Heaven. This is a reference to a letter he wrote from the Tower: “Delay of our death doth somewhat dull me. . . . Truth it is, I had hoped ere this, casting off this body of death, to have kissed the precious glorified wounds of my sweet Saviour, sitting on the Throne of His Father’s own glory”. The inset at the bottom is Tyburn Tree, the place of the Martyr’s execution. The shield on the left shows the arms of the Venerable, and the shield on the right the arms of Exeter College, Oxford, where the Martyr studied before going to Douai and Rome. The oak tree suggests England and the red roses martyrdom. The sun peering over the oak tree recalls the Martyr’s words to Blessed Edmund Campion, two days before his death: “Ah, Father Campion, I shall soon be above yon fellow”. Finally, the rope in the outer border of the picture represents the noose that was cast about his neck, while the chains of the inner border represent his fetters of which he wrote: “I wear on my feet and legs some little bells, to keep me in mind who I am and whose I am. I never heard such sweet harmony before.”

The words "se potius hodie quam cras" are, of course, a reference to the Martyr's entry in the *Liber Ruber*. "Interrogatus a superioribus de sua voluntate," we read in the second nocturn of the new office, "respondit se paratum esse in Angliam redire et quidem potius hodie quam cras, ad animas Jesu Christo lucrandas."

The window was designed and executed by a Carmelite nun, and is to be placed on the stairway overlooking the nuns' cortile, just before the Library floor.

WISEMAN ON GITA

We give below a racy account from Wiseman of a somewhat peculiar gita he had in the Roman Campagna in March of the year 1826. He was doing special studies at the time and was in what would now be called fifth year theology. The account is contained in a letter addressed to his rector, Doctor Gradwell, and gives us one of those rare glimpses of Wiseman "off his pedestal"—a great relief, surely, from those turgid Victorian depths of his which we all know so well.¹

His companion on the gita, Joseph Dugdale, was a first year man who had been keeping bad health and had been sent on this jaunt to help him to pick up.²

Albano, March 17th, 1826

Dear Sir,

You will perhaps have been surprised to have heard no further accounts from us since our departure from Rome, but having been in constant motion till today we have not had any opportunity of writing. On our arrival at Fiumicino on Wednesday evening we found it a strange sort of place. With the exception of Pazziali's (whose house we found completely full) and one or two other *casini* there were no other habitations except a few sailors' *capanne*. They are however building two rows of elegant lodging houses and a church. The *arciprete*

¹ For a similar absence of the grand manner see the letter he wrote to his mother describing his journey out, THE VENERABILE, Vol. IV, p. 164.

² It does not seem to have done him much good as he had to leave six months after. He was eventually ordained for the Northern District and died in 1847 at Stockton (College Register, Vol. I, p. 73).

of Ostia, however, was there, and at his invitation we resolved to put up for our few days at Ostia. We crossed the Insula Sacra, ferried the Tiber, and after passing the ruins of the ancient city, the most remarkable of which is a ruined temple, we reached the Archiepiscopal See of Ostia consisting of about 7 or 8 houses and a *cinquantina* of inhabitants. We took possession of a pretty decent room considering the place, and after picking up some sort of a dinner (Dugdale by a tolerable soup and boiled meat intended for the family, myself by some uneatable macaroni and an omlet, and both by the only couple of apples in the village) we bent our steps towards the sea, which is about four miles off, and I am ashamed to say we were terrified back, when we had got halfway, by the menacing looks and attitudes of some wild buffaloes. We then went to take a view of the new salt-pits, which seem a blundering concern. They were opened last year by a company under the direction of a Frenchman whom we saw there, I believe his name is De Bayeux. The affair seems one much of the same clap as the Mexican mining companies. After having satisfied our curiosity viewing these sights, we began to plot our future operations, and being disappointed in our plan of being by the sea, I proposed to follow your other proposal of making a tour of the country. We enquired from different people and always received different answers as to distances, accommodations, etc. Thus one person told us that Ardea was 16, another 25 miles distant; however as no good was to be done at such a rotten borough as Ostia, we provided ourselves with a guide who seemed half fool and half rogue. We packed up our unnecessary luggage and consigned to the *arciprete* who undertook to forward it to young Ign. Pozzioli with a note from me requesting him to send it in the diligence to the College. We reserved only a change of linen and a few necessary articles. We went to bed, but partly in consequence of the novelty of the situation, partly on account of the unceasing and most obstreperous vociferations of the frogs, and with Mr Dugdale partly through the annoyance of fleas, we had a poor night of it.

Next morning (Thursday) I celebrated mass in the cathedral, and after breakfast we started with our guide for Ardea. We

crossed the Stagno di Ostia, and entered the immense forest of Chigi who has a large villa called Castel Fusano where he has lately been spending a few days. We now traversed for several miles nothing but pine forests and thickets, among which were herds of buffaloes, which always stood and gazed at us for some time but generally scampered off on our approaching them. Had it not been for the sang-froid of our escort, we should have certainly been rather frightened. After some time we began to meet the traces of the Via Severiana; and at length followed it pretty accurately till we came to a small stream by the site of Pliny's villa, over which we found it necessary to cast a bridge, or rather causeway, from the old pavement, and after traversing the Laurentine wood, we arrived at Laurentum, now Torre Paterno, at about eleven o'clock.

While our guide was refreshing himself we walked, after viewing the ruins, to the seashore, about a quarter of a mile off, where we found two or three fishermen's huts. We now proceeded on our way, still through *macchia*, and passed under Pratica by a *bevenuto* for cattle between it and the sea, which those who were there last year will remember. Our guide now found us a boy for his substitute, and he was going to take us a short road through the wilder buffaloes which he owned were always dangerous, though he said "speriamo that none of the worst will be near". We however made him take us a longer road to avoid them. On our arrival at Ardea how nobly were we disappointed upon finding, instead of a large village and good *osterie*, a miserable pile of hovels with two or three pigsties of *bettole*, the best of which was that of the blacksmith, where we put up. We got a room and a bed indeed, but such a room and such a bed! The room was immense and black with the smoke of the forge, with a door fastened by a wooden shovel, and a window with half a frame and hardly half a frame, a table three feet high and four long, two broken chairs; two hens sitting, which every five minutes announced the birth of a young chick, occupied one corner, nearly half the floor was torn up and the bricks heaped in one corner, masses of marble, *granturco*, and sundry pairs of velvet breeches decked the other parts of the room. But this was all luxury to the bed, in which our

host promised we should find plenty of fleas. Suffice it to say that we slept only two hours all night, and that Mr Dugdale was obliged to sit up all the rest of the night. This morning we were like two lepers, and on reaching Albano we shook out of our clothing into a basin about two hecatombs of prisoners. As for our dinner it consisted of an old hen killed for the occasion, in whose belly were found *seventeen* eggs, and which was boiled with all its penetralia unemptied in a painter's *pila*, on the blacksmith's forge. To say that it was tough would be to do it but little justice, it was literally unchewable.

We got up before day and hurried off for Albano, the Archpriest (quond. schoolmaster at Porzio) not having permitted me to say mass because my *pagella* was out. We are at the Pasta, tomorrow we ride to Cori, on Sunday we walk to Cività Lavigna and on Monday we ride to Porto d'Anzio. You will have us back on Tuesday or Wednesday. We are both excellently well, and not at all fatigued notwithstanding our perambulation of nearly forty miles. Mr Dugdale is fifty per cent better than on starting. I shall be obliged to you to show the few following lines to Mr Heptonstall, they contain a few commissions. Our best respects to all. Excuse haste and believe me sincerely yours,

N. WISEMAN

Dear George,

Be so good as to get a pair of black stockings out of Mr Dugdale's drawer, and another for me from Philip, and make a parcel of them directed to me Locanda della Posta, Albano. Send them by the *carrettella* immediately and make Clemente pay for them that there may be no imposition. Perhaps you would do well to put 3 or four crowns in the middle of the parcel, not that we are in want, but in case of any unexpected circumstance. We have got more than half our money. Yours
N.W.

Note.—Wiseman's reactions to the buffaloes may seem rather curious to the modern reader. Let him, however, read the following note of the ever colourful Augustus J. Hare, and he will see how justified were his terrors. "It is a charming

drive from hence [Nettuno] to Astura, but for pedestrians the walk is somewhat dangerous owing to the vast herds of buffaloes and *bovi* which come down every day through the forest, with the early morning, to the sea, and spend the day upon the shore. They are generally unattended by herdsmen, and lie in black battalions upon the white sand between the forest and the waves. Some of the bulls are most magnificent, with horns three feet long. . . . But far more to be feared are the savage red-eyed buffaloes, which when they pursue a man do not attempt to toss him, but knock him down, and tread upon him till they have beaten all the breath out of his body."

THE NEW RELIQUARY

It is well known that the Venerabile possesses only a very few relics of its Martyrs and any addition to this small collection is indeed a matter for great rejoicing. Stonyhurst has recently presented to us a relic *ex artubus* of Blessed Ralph Sherwin and with it a very beautiful silver reliquary which, as can be seen from the illustration, is well worthy of the treasure it contains. Beneath the base is the following inscription :

A.M.D.G.

The English Jesuit Fathers and Brothers
to the Venerable English College
in perpetual memory and in pledge
of the close friendship
begun in the mission of 1580
and gloriously sealed at Tyburn December 1st 1581
in the blood of their Protomartyrs
Ralph Sherwin and Edmund Campion

L.D.S.

The panels of the base are adorned with six shields representing the connection between the two Martyrs—a picture of Tyburn Tree with the date 1581 inscribed beneath ; the arms of the Venerabile and Stonyhurst ; the arms of St John's and



Photo: Sciamanna, Roma

THE NEW RELIQUARY

Exeter Colleges, Oxford (St John's being *Campion's College* and *Exeter Sherwin's*); and the arms of the Society of Jesus.

We thank the Fathers of the English Province and the Father Rector and Community of *Stonyhurst* most sincerely for their precious gift, and cordially reciprocate the kind sentiment which accompanied it.

THE MARTYRS' OFFICE

On July 8th last, the Rector received from the Sacred Congregation of Rites the new Mass and Office of our College Martyrs. We print below the text of the Mass and Office, together with a short commentary and the covering letter of the Sacred Congregation.

ROMANA

Hodiernus Rector Venerabilis Collegii Anglorum de Urbe, nomine quoque alumnorum Sanctissimum Dominum Nostrum Pium Papam XI suppliciter adprecatus est ut approbationem et concessionem indulgere dignaretur Officii Missae et Ellogii in Martyrologio Romano inserendi pro Beatis Martyribus *Rodulpho Sherwin* et Sociis in Anglia, in odium fidei interemptis, beatorum caelitem honoribus affectis partim per confirmationem cultus a Summo Pontifice *Leone XIII*, partim ab ipso Sanctissimo Domino feliciter regnante. Quapropter idem Rector schema Officii Missae et Ellogii rite concinnatum supremae Sanctioni eiusdem Sanctitatis Suae humillime subiecit. Exhibito ad iuris tramitem praedicto schemate in ordinariis Sacrorum Rituum Congregationis Comitibus subsignata die ad Vaticanum habitis, ab E.mo et Re.mo D. *Camillo Cardinali Laurenti* eiusdem Causae Ponente seu Relatore, E.mi ac Re.mi Patres sacris tuendis ritibus praepositi, re mature perpensa, auditoque R.P.D. *Salvatore Natucci Fidei Promotore Generali* rescribendum censuerunt: Pro gratia et ad E.mum Relatorem una cum Promotore Generali Fidei. Die 30 Iunii 1936.

Revisione demum rite peracta, hisque omnibus eidem Sanctissimo Domino Nostro per infrascriptum Cardinalem Sacrae Rituum Congregationi Praefectum relatis, Sanctitas Sua sen-

tentiam Sacri ipsius Consilii ratam habuit, et supradictum Officium, Missam et Ellogium approbare dignata est, indulgens insuper ut festum Beatorum Rodulphi et Sociorum, Romae quotannis recolatur apud Venerabile Collegium Anglorum die prima decembris sub ritu duplici maiori. Servatis Rubricis : contrariis non obstantibus quibuscumque. Die 8 Iulii 1936.

C. CARD. LAURENTI,
S.R.C. Praefectus
ALFONSUS CARINCI,
S.R.C. Secretarius

Die I Decembris

In festo Beatorum Martyrum Rodulphi Sherwin et Sociorum
Duplex Maius

IN I NOCTURNO

si sumendae sint de communi, lectiones Fratres Debitores, cum responsoriis ibi notatis.

IN II NOCTURNO

Persecutione in Anglia, quae saeculo XVI incepit, grassante, validissimum sane munimentum contra Ecclesiae hostes exstitit Venerabile Collegium Anglorum Sancti Thomae de Urbe quod, instante Gulielmo Cardinali Allen, Gregorius Papa decimus tertius in antiquo hospicio nationis Britannicae erexit, anno millesimo quingentesimo septuagesimo nono. Exstat in eodem Collegio diarium in quo scripta sunt nomina primorum alumnorum, beatorum Christi militum, quorum protomartyr fuit Beatus Rodolphus Sherwin, qui, uti ex eo documento novimus, interrogatus a superioribus de sua voluntate, respondit se paratum esse in Angliam redire et quidem potius hodie quam cras, ad animas Jesu Christo lucrandas. Sacerdotali igitur quo erat spiritu imbutus, in patriam reversus est, ubi die prima decembris, anno millesimo quingentesimo octogesimo primo, in patibulo apud Tyburn, Londinii, constans et invictus Christi athleta stolam suam lavit in sanguine Agni.

R7. Sancti tui, Domine, mirabile consecuti sunt iter, servientes praeceptis tuis, ut invenirentur illaesi in aquis validis.* Terra apparuit arida, et in Mare Rubro via sine impedimento.

Ÿ. Quoniam percussit petram, et fluxerunt aquae et torrentes inundaverunt. Terra.

LECTIO V

Antesignani adeo admirabilis exemplum secuti sunt numero plures, sanguinem pro Ecclesia Christi fundendo, ejusdem Venerabilis Collegii alumni: dum alii quamplurimi exilia, tormenta, carceres pro fide catholica et Romanae sedis juribus intrepide passi sunt. Strenuos hos alumnos, Romae in spem Ecclesiae succrescentes, paterna benevolentia prosequabatur Sanctus Philippus Neri, qui per Urbis vias ipsis occurrens, ut "Flores martyrum" eos salutabat. Et Baronius, in suo martyrologio, felicissimum suum saeculum proclamat, quia sanctissimos viderit sacerdotes, nobilissimos viros Anglicanos, quos idem Venerabile Collegium provexit ad coronas. Sanctus quoque Carolus Borromaeus pulchre dicit se jucundissimum habere hujusmodi nobilis causae defensores, iter ad patriam peragentes, Mediolani in domo sua hospitaliter excipere, mentemque suam laetus de hac re aperuit litteris ad Rectorem missis et hodie in Collegio reverenter conservatis.

R7. Verbera carnificum non timuerunt Sancti Dei, morientes pro Christi nomine. * Ut haeredes fierent in domo Domini.

Ÿ. Tradiderunt corpora sua propter Deum ad supplicia. Ut.

LECTIO VI

De spiritu servorum Christi Jesu praeclare edocemur litteris a beato Gulielmo Hart scriptis ad matrem e carcere in vigilia suae passionis, in quibus haec verba pulcherrima legimus: "Ego vitam pono, non propter crimina, sed pro fide et conscientia. Nonne gauderes tu, mater, videndo me episcopum, regem imperatorem? Quin etiam magis magisque gaudere debebis filium esse martyrem, sanctum, gloriosum, stellam in caelis fulgentem." Beatus pariter Lucas Kirby misericordiam a persecutoribus oblatam, si Romanum Pontificem negaret, fortiter respuit, dicens Papae auctoritatem denegare idem esse ac fidem destruere, et proinde ut corpus salvaret, nullatenus animam damnare se velle. Et Beatus David Lewis, Cambrensis,

sermone in ipso patibulo habito, exclamavit : “ Nec omnia bona hujus mundi me inducere possent ad negandum me esse catholicum Romanum, immo sacerdotem Romanum.” Quapropter animo exultante, laudes Deo tribuebat, qui ad tantum ministerium et ad fidei professionem eum vocasset. Quibus mira fortitudine dictis, hi tres et alii confratres multi, similia invicte profitentes, morte crudelissima cinxerunt tempora laureis. Romae autem consodales in Collegio, nuntio de fratrum passione excepto, in hymnum gratiarum actionis pie erumpebant. E quibus devotissimis Salvatoris Jesu servis, sex a Leone decimo tertio post confirmationem cultus beati appellati sunt, viginti autem duo a Pio Papa undecimo in beatorum album sunt relati, quorum omnium hodie memoria in nostro Collegio ejusdem Pii Papae decimi primi benigna concessione colitur.

Rγ. Tamquam aurum in fornace probavit electos Dominus, et quasi holocausti hostiam accepit illos ; et in tempore erit respectus illorum. * Quoniam donum et pax est electis Dei.

Ÿ. Qui confidunt in illum intelligent veritatem : et fideles in dilectione acquiescent illi. Quoniam. Gloria Patri. Quoniam.

IN III NOCTURNO

Lectio Sancti Evangelii secundum Lucam

Cap. XXI 9-19

In illo tempore : Dixit Jesus discipulis suis : Cum audieritis praelia et seditiones, nolite terri : oportet primum haec fieri sed nondum statim finis. Et reliqua.

Homilia Sancti Gregorii Papae (Homilia 35 in Evangelia)

Nolite terri, nolite pertimescere, vos ad certamen acceditis sed ego praelior : vos verba editis ; sed ego sum qui loquor. Sequitur : Trademini autem a parentibus et fratribus, et cognatis et amicis, et morte ex vobis afficient. Minorem dolorem mala ingerunt, quae ab extraneis inferuntur. Plus vero in nobis ea tormenta saeviunt quae ab illis patimur, de quorum mentibus praesumebamus : quia cum damno corporis, mala nos cruciant amissae charitatis. Hinc est enim quod de Juda traditore suo per Psalmistam Dominus dicit : Et quidem si inimicus meus

maledixisset mihi, supportassem utique : et si is qui oderat me, super me magna locutus fuisset ; abscondissem me utique ab eo. Tu vero homo unanimes, dux meus et notus meus, qui simul mecum dulces capiebas cibos, in domo Dei ambulavimus cum consensu. Et rursus : Homo pacis meae in quo sperabam, et qui edebat panes meos, ampliavit adversum me supplantationem. Ac si de traditore suo apertis vocibus dicat : Transgressionem ejus tanto gravius pertuli, quanto hanc ab eo qui meus esse videbatur, sensi.

R7. Propter testamentum Domini et leges paternas, Sancti Dei perstiterunt in amore fraternitatis. * Quia unus fuit semper spiritus in eis, et una fides.

Ÿ. Ecce, quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum ! Quia.

LECTIO VIII

Omnes ergo electi, quia summi capitis membra sunt, caput quoque suum in passione sequuntur, ut ipsos quoque adversarios in sua morte sentiant, de quorum vita praesumebant, et tanto eis crescat merces operis, quanto eis virtutis lucrum proficit ex alienae damno charitatis. Sed quia dura sunt, quae praedicuntur de afflictione mortis, protinus consolatio subditur de gaudio resurrectionis : cum dicitur : Capillus de capite vestro non peribit. Scimus, fratres, quia caro incisa dolet, capillus incisus non dolet. Ait ergo martyribus suis : Capillus de capite vestro non peribit, videlicet aperte dicens : Cur timetis, ne pereat quod incisum dolet, quando et illud perire non potest, quod incisum non dolet ? Sequitur : In patientia vestra possidebitis animas vestras. Idcirco possessio animae in virtute patientiae ponitur : quia radix omnium custosque virtutum patientia est. Per patientiam vero possidemus animas nostras : quia dum nobis ipsis dominari discimus, hoc ipsum incipimus possidere quod sumus.

R7. Sancti mei, qui in carne positi, certamen habuistis : * Mercedem laboris ego reddam vobis.

Ÿ. Venite, benedicti Patris mei, percipite regnum. Mercedem. Gloria Patri. Mercedem.

LECTIO IX

Duo quippe sunt martyrii genera, unum in mente, aliud in mente simul et actione. Itaque esse martyres possumus, etiam si nullo percutientium ferro trucidemur. Mori quippe a persequente, martyrium in aperto opere est : ferre vero contumelias, odientem diligere, martyrium est in occulta cogitatione. Nam quia duo sunt martyrii genera, unum in occulto opere, aliud in publico, testatur veritas, quae Zebedaei filios requirit dicens : Potestis bibere calicem, quem ego bibiturus sum ? Cui cum protinus responderent : Possumus, illico Dominus respondit, dicens : Calicem quidem meum bibetis. Quid enim per calicem, nisi dolorem passionis accipimus ? De quo alias dicit : Pater, si fieri potest transeat a me calix iste. Et Zebedaei filii, id est, Jacobus et Joannes, non uterque per martyrium occubuit : et tamen quod uterque calicem biberet, audivit. Joannes namque nequaquam per martyrium vitam finivit, sed tamen martyr exstitit : quia passionem quam non suscepit in corpore, servavit in mente. Et nos ergo hoc exemplo sine ferro esse possumus martyres, si patientiam veraciter in animo custodimus.

Te Deum.

AD MISSAM

Introitus Ps. CXVIII : 23, 86, & 23.

Sederunt principes et adversum me loquebantur : et iniqui persecuti sunt me : adjuva me, Domine Deus meus, quia servus tuus exercebatur in tuis justificationibus. Ps. *ibid.* 1. Beati immaculati in via, qui ambulant in lege Domini. V. Gloria Patri.

ORATIO

Deus, qui hanc familiam tuam beati Rodulphi et sociorum glorioso martyrio decorasti ; concede, propitius ; ut eorum vestigia prementes in terris, cum ipsis coronari mereamur in caelis. Per Dominum.

Lectio Epistolae Beati Pauli Apostoli ad Romanos
Rom. VIII, 35-39

Fratres : quis ergo nos separabit a charitate Christi ? tribulatio ? an angustia ? an fames ? an nuditas ? an periculum ? an persecutio ? an gladius ? Sicut scriptum est : Quia propter te mortificamur tota die, aestimati sumus sicut oves occisionis. Sed in his omnibus superamus propter eum qui dilexit nos. Certus sum enim quia neque mors neque vita, neque angeli, neque principatus, neque virtutes, neque instantia, neque futura, neque fortitudo, neque altitudo, neque profundum, neque creatura alia poterit nos separare a charitate Dei, quae est in Christo Jesu Domino nostro.

Graduale. Ps. LXXVIII : vv 1 & 3

Deus, venerunt gentes in haereditatem tuam : polluerunt templum sanctum tuum. Effuderunt sanguinem sanctorum tuorum tamquam aquam in circuitu Jerusalem. Alleluja, alleluja. *ibid.* 13. Nos autem populus tuus, et oves pascuae tuae, confitebimur tibi in saeculum. Alleluja.

Sequentia Sancti Evangelii secundum Lucam

Luc. XXI, 9-19

In illo tempore : Dixit Jesus discipulis suis : Cum audieritis praelia et seditiones, nolite terri : oportet primum haec fieri, sed nondum statim finis. Tunc dicebat illis : Surget gens contra gentem, et regnum adversus regnum. Et terraemotus magni erunt per loca, et pestilentiae, et fames, terroresque de caelo, et signa magna erunt. Sed ante haec omnia injicient vobis manus suas, et persequentur, trahentes in synagogas et custodias, trahentes ad reges et praesides propter nomen meum : continget autem vobis in testimonium. Ponite ergo in cordibus vestris non praemeditari quemadmodum respondeatis. Ego enim dabo vobis os, et sapientiam, cui non poterunt resistere, et contradicere omnes adversarii vestri. Trademini autem a parentibus, et fratribus, et cognatis, et amicis, et morte afficient ex vobis ; et eritis odio omnibus propter nomen meum : et capillus de capite vestro non peribit. In patientia vestra possidebitis animas vestras.

OFFERTORIUM

Luc. XII, 49

Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid volo nisi ut accendatur ?

SECRETA

Oblationibus nostris, quasumus Domine, placatus intende ; ut, martyrum tuorum interveniente suffragio, gratiae tuae nobis dona concilient. Per Dominum.

COMMUNIO

Matth. XX, 22

Potestis bibere calicem quem ego hibiturus sum ? Dicunt ei : Possumus.

POSTCOMMUNIO

Divini muneris largitate satiati, quaesumus, Domine Deus noster ; ut, intercedentibus beatis martyribus tuis, hujus semper participatione vivamus. Per Dominum.

ELOGIUM MARTYROLOGIO ROMANO INSERENDUM

Die prima Decembris

Londinii passio Beatorum Rodulphi Sherwin et Sociorum, Venerabilis Collegii Anglorum de Urbe Alumnorum, qui pro catholica fide tuenda diversis diebus martyrium consummarunt. Ex his fortibus Christi pugilibus sex Leo decimus tertius, viginti duo vero Pius undecimus beatorum catalogo adscripsit.

COMMENTARY

THE MASS

The Introit is not merely a neat summary of the history of the Reformation in England, stressing as it does the responsibility of the Crown in the religious changes of Tudor times, but it has a special significance since it is taken from the Mass of Saint Stephen, the day on which a student of the Venerable was privileged to preach before the Pope. Gregory XIII

started this practice, feeling that none so suitable as a student of the College of martyrs could be found to praise the memory of the first Christian martyr.

The Prayer makes the obvious, but none the less necessary, petition that we may not stop short at praising our Martyrs, but may rather be filled with their spirit of generous courage, to the sharing of their reward in Heaven.

The Epistle is taken from the common of many martyrs, but it can hardly ever have been more closely applicable in every particular to the lives and passions of the great hearted men it is here celebrating. Harried, as they were from the moment they set foot in England, hiding for long days in woods and uplands or crouched in the confined holes contrived for their safety in the houses of the faithful, stripped of all they possessed, following every call of the needy and the deserted, always with the fear of treachery to strain their nerves, and with the picture before their eyes of capture, torture and the gallows tree—what meaning does this history not bring to the simple words *tribulatio, angustia, fames, nuditas, periculum, persecutio* and *gladius*? Yet the love of Christ conquered every natural shrinking from such a life, strangely compounded of the power of the priesthood and the misery of the hunted beast. Only grace could work such a miracle—in *his omnibus superamus propter eum qui dilexit nos*.

The Gradual speaks of the spoliation worked by Edward VI and Elizabeth, of the sacrileges against the Blessed Sacrament, of the altars overthrown, the relics scattered, the roods hacked to pieces, the Mass and the Sacraments mocked and banished from the land. Yet for a century and a half some Englishmen always remained to confess the true Faith, though their blood be spilt like water, and among them none more gallant than those who came to Rome to prepare for the proscribed priesthood. No wonder the Gradual cries Alleluja.

The Gospel is again taken from the Common, and emphasises two points common to so many of our Martyrs: the first, that they should suffer from treachery within their own ranks—and so they did, welcoming to their midst, even in college, men who afterwards turned out to be spies, ready to

sell them to death : the second, that God would be with them when they had to answer for their Faith. Weak with prison and torture, deprived of all books, they yet made a brave show in controversy : the very arguments they underlined in their text books, some of which are preserved in the Library today, returned to their jaded memories when the need arose. And in the end, their opponents usually fell to abuse. *Ego enim dabo vobis os et sapientiam cui non poterunt resistere et contradicere omnes adversarii vestri.*

The Offertory is the key text of the apostolic spirit which fired our Martyrs above all men. But these few words are even more directly linked with the Venerable Martyrs, for they are the words of the old picture over the High Altar, before which the *Te Deum* was sung on hearing the news of another ex-student's victory at Tyburn, York, Lancaster—wherever it might happen to be. This is the Venerable motto, surely ; and it remained deeply engraved in Campion's memory after his visit to the College, for he took it as his text when he preached at Douai, on his coming thither, in the company of Sherwin, Kirby and Rishton.

The Prayer has spoken of the Martyrs' example ; now, with the oblation upon the Altar, the Secret reminds us of the power of the Martyrs' intercession, in that they share with Christ the merit of accepted oblation, having become clean holocausts in His sight and in the sight of the Eternal Father. We call upon them, therefore, to pour some of their overflowing treasure upon the heads of their successors, and we call in confidence through Christ, their Lord and ours.

The Communion is a proud tribute : here in the College they took the oath that they would return to England and labour for souls ; and they kept that oath to the shedding of their blood, throughout the long years which elapsed between Sherwin and David Lewis. This is a record which any College may recall with proud heart. Besides, these words serve to link the Mass and Office of the Feast together, since they are wonderfully commented on in the homily of Saint Gregory, chosen for the third nocturn.

The Postcommunion, returning to the intercession of the

Martyrs, links this with the source of all their strength, the Body and Blood of our Lord received in communion at the end of the Mass, a privilege we share with the Martyrs, and which we pray will unite us to Christ as it united them. We can only possess their spirit by participating in His, for that was their whole aim, to be like Him in all things and to give themselves for the flock when the shepherd had been struck and the sheep scattered.

THE OFFICE

The Office follows the normal plan of an historical second nocturn and is only remarkable for a proper set of lessons also in the third nocturn.

In the second nocturn the difficulty of giving any complete account of twenty-eight Beati in three lessons is too obvious to need development. No such attempt has been made in this case. The fourth lesson starts with the foundation of the Venerable to meet the need of priests in persecuted England, and passes immediately to the glorious example set by Blessed Ralph Sherwin, not only in his passion, but long before that, when still a member of the College. The annual report says of him that, far from being deterred by the stories of hideous torture which reached him from England, he longed with all his heart and soul to be sent to the Mission as soon as might be. His reply to the demand to take the oath only bears this out, and his bearing on the rack and at Tyburn shows that he never faltered.

The fifth lesson says something of the impression these young Englishmen made on all who met them: Saint Philip Neri, Baronius and Saint Charles Borromeo are cited. Others, Bellarmine, for instance, or Cornelius a Lapide, might have been mentioned had space permitted.

The sixth lesson epitomises the spirit of the Martyrs themselves, taking two Englishmen and a Welshman to witness to their gallantry of spirit and their scorning of all equivocation or diplomacy in their confessions. The tradition of the *Te Deum* is also mentioned to show how their Alma Mater, like the mother of the Machabees, rejoiced in their cruel deaths and exhorted

her sons to suffer all rather than disobey the law of God which had been handed down by their forefathers.

The extract from Saint Gregory in the third nocturn is perfectly clear, barring one small obscure comment on the passage : *Capillus de capite vestro non peribit*. The Pope speaks with deepest sympathy of the pain of treachery, and makes a magnificent homily on the dread which lay behind all our Martyrs' labours up and down England, that anyone they succoured might only prove to be a Judas.

It is peculiarly fitting that this tribute to the courage and devotion of Englishmen should be taken from the works of the Pope who sent Augustine to the North, a thousand years before : and if anyone deserved Gregory's compliment that they were angels rather than Angles, surely it was the heroic line of priests who kept the Faith alive which Gregory had planted.

And then the ninth lesson, commenting on the words of the Offertory, brings home to us what use we should make of the example of our predecessors in the Venerable, shows us how the spirit of martyrdom can always be ours, the spirit of readiness in God's hands, the spirit of patience with ourselves, with the disillusionment of the world, with the long suffering of God Himself. This is what Pius XI has called the daily martyrdom of the Christian, the summoning up of fresh force every day just to do the same things and meet the same difficulties. The victory cannot be won, once and for all, until we are on our death beds. *In patientia vestra possidebitis animas vestras.*

PERSONAL

ON THE feast of St Gregory, Mr Montgomery did us one of his last kindnesses by introducing to the College the new British Minister to the Holy See, MR D'ARCY OSBORNE. Since then we have had the pleasure of his company on several occasions, including a weekend at Palazzola. Palazzola gives Mr Osborne plenty of scope for his favourite hobby of painting, and his first morning out here found him at the end of the garden happily engaged upon a little study of the fountain and the cypresses.

Soon after Christmas we heard the bad news that our old friend MR MONTGOMERY, at the time *Chargé d'Affaires* of the British Legation to the Holy See, had been appointed to Baghdad and would be leaving us at Easter. It was hard indeed to part with him; his frequent visits to the common-room and those happy weekends at the Villa had made him so much a part of our world that it will be long before we can reconcile ourselves to his loss. How lucky are the *Baghdadesi*!

BISHOP McGRATH came to the College for the first time in May and was welcomed by the Vice-rector at coffee and rosolio on Trinity Sunday. His Lordship was very much at home in our common-room, and it was a real joy to have him in our midst. We have his own word that he will soon come back to us.

Needless to say, ARCHBISHOP CICOGNANI received a tremendous welcome when he came back to us after his three years absence in America. A special dinner was given in his honour and, of course, we exacted a long speech afterwards in the common-room. He told us that he is still an exemplary Venerabilino, and appealed in proof to the vital test of the old song that he still reads faithfully the 'magazzino'. He referred slyly to illuminated menu cards that come from Roman dinners, and promised faithfully to pay us a visit at Palazzola before he leaves again for the States.

We are very sorry that FATHER WELSBY has been keeping such poor health and sincerely hope that he will soon be completely recovered. Father General very wisely advised him to take a good holiday, and the result of this advice is that he is spending his *villeggiatura* with us at Palazzola. It has been a real delight to have his company, and we look forward with pleasure to many more happy weeks with him here before the Curia claims him from us once more.

Several of Father Welsby's friends have been paying him visits here at Palazzola. FATHER GENERAL came across from Rufinella one afternoon after tea, and Father Welsby very characteristically insisted on introducing to him everyone within reach. His Paternity said some very nice things about our Villa and thanked the Rector very warmly for his kind care of Father Welsby. CARDINAL BOETTO also paid a little visit. His Eminence was until recently Assistant for Italy, and thus has known Father Welsby intimately for many years.

Two old Venerabilini, we are very pleased to hear, have recently been made canons, REV T. G. HICKEY (1895-1902) of St Joseph's, Guernsey, and REV J. LEE (1919-1923) of Holy Cross, Plymouth. Father Lee was the first secretary of THE VENERABLE. We offer them both the sincere congratulations of their Alma Mater.

REV R. O'REILLY (1905-1912) of St Peter's, Birmingham, will celebrate the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood on November 1st. We offer him our very hearty congratulations. The Rector always makes a point of announcing the jubilees of old students and asking for our prayers.

Both of our friends at Mount St Bernard's Abbey, Coalville, have now been ordained; FATHER HUGH TALBOT (1926-1929) was ordained just before Christmas, and FATHER COLIN MORSON (1927-1929) early in the summer. Father Talbot, we hear, has been nominated Sub-prior—pleasant news which, of course, occasions no surprise.

Prosit REV R. MEAGHER (1915-1922) who has been appointed to the Vice-presidency of Ushaw. *Prosit*, also, REV C. RESTIEAUX (1926-1933) who, if our careful combing of the *Universe* and *Catholic Times* be not gone awry, is our only new parish-priest. Father Restieaux succeeds a Venerabilino, Father E. H. Atkinson, at Our Lady and St Joseph's, Matlock.

It has been a great pleasure to have REV R. GOWLAND (1923-1930) staying with us at the Villa. He does mighty things in Sforza cricket and on the golf course, and in spite of dust and heat, has been at pains to renew his acquaintance with various of the Castelli Romani.

Our Anglo-Roman circle has been narrowed by the loss of REV R. FOSTER and REV A. JONES (both 1930-1934). They have been studying at the Beda for the last two years, and needless to say, were very constant visitors to the College. We congratulate them on the licentiate of Scripture which they have obtained at the Biblical Institute, and wish them every success in their work in England. Father Jones is to teach at St Joseph's, Upholland, and Father Foster at St Mary's, Oscott.

MR WROE, having passed his doctorate with distinction, left us in February to teach philosophy at Womersley. He had remained at the College since July last to finish his thesis completely before returning to England. MR MARSH took his doctorate in July and departed for his native Liverpool, where, at the moment of writing, he is temporarily supplying before receiving a permanent appointment. MR ELLISON, who is going to Cambridge to study classics, will finish off his thesis in England, and MR GRADY, the late editor, will return for a week or two in December to finish off his thesis with a grim wrangle at the Gregorian.

It is with real regret that we chronicle the departure of the Seventh Year. MR MCCURDY, who left us early in May, has had rather poor health this year, and is still not fit for active work. We are happy to say, however, that the latest news from England is most reassuring. MR FEE has been appointed to St Peter's, Stalybridge, North Cheshire, MR WALSH (after being so fittingly noticed in the *Universe*) to St Joseph's, Neath, Glamorganshire, and MR NEARY to SS. Mary and Modwena, Burton-on-Trent. MR LEAHY and MR BIRLEY are returning to the College for another year, MR LEAHY for the doctorate and MR BIRLEY for the licentiate of Church History. MR WILCOCK, MR NESBITT, MR MALONE and MR PEARSE, at the moment of writing, have not yet received their appointments. To them all we send our sincerest good wishes—prospere procedant!

THE EDITOR WELCOMES ANY INFORMATION THAT
MAY BE SENT TO HIM FOR THIS COLUMN.

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th. *Tuesday*. We returned to our customary attitude at the University after the post-Christmas funeral breakfast. In the dreary common-room the dead holly decorations were, of course, a great help in giving the desired impression, and sanctions and a meatless Tuesday added what little was necessary to preserve the general Ash Wednesday atmosphere. It is the centenary of the Eastern functions at S. Andrea, and despite all rumours to the contrary the Ethiopian still occupies his place in the crib.

8th. *Wednesday*. The holly was buried with due solemnity. All the city was beflagged today for the Queen's birthday. To celebrate the event the guards have evolved a quite new way of presenting arms; it would turn Max Müller almost kaleidoscopic with envy if he could see them. We were sorry to part with Mr McCurdy, who has been in indifferent health for some time and has now been obliged to go to the German Sisters on Monte Mario for treatment.

9th. *Thursday*. A gita day that can be left to your imagination. The hills, Tivoli and Palazzola attracted most of us, but one unfortunate historian spent the day at the University. Car gitas have become popular in spite of the fact that petrol costs about five shillings a gallon. From the Villa comes the horrid news that the lakeside is almost bare of trees; the paths look like the bones of a skeleton, and there is not the slightest chance of a shady rest on the way round to Albano.

10th. *Friday*. A new Pustet missal on the high altar is counter-balanced by a new book in the refectory, *Front Everywhere*, by Mr J. M. N. Jeffries. The Vice-rector preached in S. Andrea to a crowd of mystified Italians (who were, however, ready for anything) and a large representation of the American College. It was in English, so very properly the British Minister to the Vatican was present.

11th. *Saturday*. The Opera is making shy attempts at being sung in the common-room after supper against the stiff bourdon of the usual toneless wrecking crew. We are reading the encyclical on the priesthood in the chapel.

12th. *Sunday*. The feast of the Holy Family and the annual High Mass at the Little Sisters of the Poor. To dinner Father O'Connor, P.S.M., and Mr Macauley the Irish Minister—who heard with joy that some Irish monks “were noted for their fighting in church”. He was almost disappointed when the reader corrected it to “singing”.

15th. *Wednesday*. We received the news of the death of Monsignor Kolbe. R.I.P. A languid tennis-meeting depleted the after-dinner recreation.

16th. *Thursday*. One of our rugby experts retired to the Santo Spirito to have his eye stitched; he looks quite piratical. Father Walsh, S.J., of the University, gave a very interesting lecture on the correct method of reading Dante. He recited and chanted such enormous extracts that it almost turned into a concert,

17th. *Friday*, and this morning not even a cold, wet Friday could damp the spirits of the ardent Dantists. No corner of the House is safe from the mystic crooning of some such snatch as “La bocca mi baciò tu-u-tto trema-a-ante”. The more sober of us listened to a steadying account of modern banking at a Social Guild meeting from our ex-banker. Innumerable army chaplains thronged the University today; they have come to Rome to have an audience with the Holy Father before going to the front.

18th. *Saturday*. Disputations in both faculties. In theology five Spaniards arguing with each other at once provided great amusement but Mr McDonald made things even by arguing *modo anglico*, and proved too much for the gravity of the non-nordics. Late in the evening came the news that the King is seriously ill.

19th. *Sunday*. Mr Wroe has finished his thesis at last, and is now settling down to drawing up a copious index. This afternoon the Abbé Cardijn gave a splendid talk on the J.O.C. in the Aula Maxima at the Gregorian. He spoke most eloquently on the necessity for such a movement and called earnestly for the help of priests—and, of course, future priests. A few of us just managed to scrape into the very packed hall.

20th. *Monday*. The annual function at S. Paolo alla Regola. News of the King tonight leaves very little hope for his recovery.

21st. *Tuesday*. At the Community Mass this morning the Rector announced the sad news of the death of the King. The College flag flew at half-mast along with those of all the public buildings and of many private houses. In spite of the present unhappy relations between Italy and England, the Italian press is full of most kind references and generous appreciations, particularly of his Majesty's visit in 1923.

22nd. *Wednesday*. Today was proclaimed the Accession to the Throne of his Majesty King Edward VIII. A literary paper revealed the horrors of the Inquisition, and gave great scope for a characteristic vote of thanks from Mr McNeill.

23rd. *Thursday*. One of those happy little Palazzola-on-Thursday parties confirms all the sad news about the devastation of Albano Lake. The Editor and suite, notebooks in hand, betook themselves to La Magliana in search of 'copy' for a forthcoming article. The streak colouring which is such a feature of all the pictures of the old farmhouse they found scarcely recognisable. Everything possible was decorated with washing; pigs, hens and geese wandered about the grounds and the adjoining road, and deafening peahens flew screaming overhead into the field beyond. It is curious how the present occupants will never let you into the old chapel where the litanies used to be sung. They always tell you the same story: the master is "fuori a Roma" and has taken the key with him. The Rector last year apparently had the same experience. From what our informants learned today, these people seem to be the second occupants since we left in 1917. A furious game of rugby in Pamphij attracted the attention of our ambassador to the Quirinal, which is some reward for the captain's explanatory speech on the game of some days ago.

24th. *Friday*. An imposing book parcel which arrived at the College proves to be the bound copies of Mr Wroe's thesis.

26th. *Sunday*. To dinner Monsignor Niccolò.

28th. *Tuesday*. Monsignor Heard conducted the service of propitiation for the late King at S. Silvestro; the *assistenza* was provided by the College and the music by Monsignor Casimiri's choir. Father Leeming, S.J., of the University preached the funeral panegyric.

29th. *Wednesday*. The burial of the late King in Westminster Abbey. At 2.35 p.m. the College observed the two minutes' silence in the chapel.

31st. *Friday*. The breviary of the moment is the Pustet 'Grande'; we can get a reduction of something like fifty per cent. and consequently huge consignments are on order.

FEBRUARY 1st. *Saturday*. The old name "Sabbato Inglese" has been changed for some time now to that of "Sabbato Fascista", but the result is the same—all the shops are forced to shut. There is this difference though, that they parade half the population in uniform and we have to make our way to schools through huge military crowds.

2nd. *Sunday*. *Candlemas Day*, for which we had the function at half past eight. To dinner and extra wine Mr Montgomery. During the coffee and rosolio the Rector made a speech on the accession of King Edward VIII, and we toasted his Majesty enthusiastically. After supper Mr Gallagher gave us the fruit of his research in the shape of a literary talk on the Arthurian Legend.

3rd. *Monday*. A lantern lecture from Mr Sweeney reduced the common-room to one circle which proudly maintained that England never, never, never would be red. The talk was on the Russian experiment, and received great praise. A formidable list of future examinations decorates the board at the University, and the licentiates-to-be have already received their thesis sheets. Is this a record? The letter, by the way, is D.

6th. *Thursday*. Another servant betook himself to the defence of the Fatherland in Abyssinia and was replaced by one Arrigo. He is, of course, a Collepardan, and a most obvious brother of an earlier Giacomo. An excellent literary talk on Ludovico Necchi from Father Gemelli, O.F.M., the founder and present rector of the Sacro Cuore University of Milan, gave us an insight into his spirit and activity.

7th. *Friday*. For once Friday gave us something good in the shape of a holiday for the accession of King Edward VIII, with extra smoking, short study and a high tea. It justified its reputation, however, by sending Mr Swinburne to the Blue Nuns with a broken collar bone.

9th. *Sunday*. A debate dragged its weary length,

10th. *Monday*, until tonight,

11th. *Tuesday*, which is perhaps the reason why some of us went to the Zoo for recreation. They carried a bag of bread and oranges, the former of which went to the seals and the latter to themselves. A proposed game of football between the faculties was postponed for no obvious reason. (It was a holiday today for the Lateran Treaty.)

12th. *Wednesday*. Another holiday today for the anniversary of the Pope's coronation.

13th. *Thursday*. The Pope gave us our College audience, and despite his marked fatigue spoke earnestly for a few moments on our privileges as Romans and our obligations as future priests and apostles. After he had given us all his hand to kiss he very kindly presented us with a little holy picture representing the Sacrifice of the Mass—"così che potranno dire di averli ricevuti dalla mano del Santo Padre".

14th. *Friday*. The man who monopolises the post had his fill today—some twenty-five valentines, including one from the Archbishop of Canterbury. To bed the Rector (it is only a passing indisposition, though) and to the Blue Nuns Mr Coonan with suspected rheumatic fever. The ill-affected ascribe this to going to lectures in the rain, but were not prevented thereby from going in it themselves to hear Mr Wroe give his doctorate lecture.

15th. *Saturday*. Mr Wroe finished his course at the University by defending his thesis vigorously and fluently before a bench of professors and a representation from the House. He introduced several sly remarks, we hear, about the English character.

16th. *Sunday*. To supper Father Conrad Walmsley, O.F.M., who gave us an instructive lantern lecture on the Holy Land,

17th. *Monday*, and to dinner today Commander Cole-Hamilton. Visitors from England are indeed rare this year.

18th. *Tuesday*. *Front Everywhere* finished with a fine flourish, and we dropped with a thud into Pastor. There is no need to specify which volume; Pastor is of uniform quality—ever informative and a perfect sedative for all moods.

19th. *Wednesday*. Mr Wroe left us after a last imitation of Father Filograssi (of which he had to give a command performance to the good Father himself) and Dr Park disappeared into the wilds of the Abruzzi. Some mechanically-minded Philosophers discovered the working of one of the fire-extinguishers at the University most conclusively when it fell to the ground. Henceforward it may not be used as a hat-rack. Gita lists of a most varied nature bedeck the notice board: we are at last becoming a little more original.

20th. *Thursday*. *Quarant'Ore* in S. Lorenzo; we are invited by Don Baroncelli to take our turn as we wish.

21st. *Friday*. Fourth Year bade farewell to the University with an examination in Liturgy. A welcome notice informs us that we are to have a nine days' holiday at Shrovetide.

23rd. *Sunday*. A hot wet day is of no good augury for the gita to-morrow. There is a constant flow of visitors to our colony at the Blue Nuns and to our outpost of empire at Monte Mario, Mr McCurdy, who is improving steadily both in health and in German.

24th. *Shrove Monday*. Rain greeted our expectant eyes at 4.45 a.m. and washed away many hopes of a gita. But the mountaineers had disappeared like Arabs (though not so silently) at 3.30, and the rest of us soon had sufficient sun to go on our way rejoicing to Viterbo, Velletri, Genazzano, Palazzola and Vicarello. In all the villages are posted up *Notizie da Roma*, which consist chiefly of news and pictures followed by a detailed list of all the wars, strikes, floods and famines throughout the world, with the trenchant explanation "Là dove non c'è Mussolini!". A party of well-known economists spent the day on the suburban trams. They claim that they had a very fine day amid the purlieus and outer gas-works of the city, and even succeeded in getting as far as La Storta, all with the least possible exertion and expense.

25th. *Shrove Tuesday*. Nevertheless their coryphaeus spent most of the day tending his blistered feet. Pork and pancakes for dinner, and in the evening the Theologians' Concert, in which Seventh Year loosed at us their parting shaft with well concealed modesty after they had showed us what would be the best way to get home if the country were ever to fall into anarchy. The chorus of coons sustained the reputation that they have built up by long and faithful service.

1. Our Orch !
2. Song *Song of the Thames* Mr Roberts
3. Interlude Seventh Year
Chorus
 Nos decem exeuntes viri validissimi
 Palatii Borromei alumni ultimi
 Rectorem novum novimus et tandem Vices tres
 Mores antiquos tradimus et miras gestas res.
4. Octet . . . (1) *De New Year* Messrs Doyle,
 (2) *When you hear de Banjo* Henshaw, Nesbitt,
 Grasar, Grady,
 Duggan, Gallagher,
 and Stanley
5. First Year Song Mr McNeill
6. Sketch

THE HUMOROUS JUDGE

Characters :

<i>His Worship</i>	Mr Smith
<i>His Guest</i>	Mr Leahy
<i>His Visitor</i>	Mr Elcock
<i>Bernard the Butler</i>	Mr Jackson

26th. *Ash Wednesday*. As all Philosophers know, its connotation includes S. Sabina, bay leaves, eggs for dinner and fish for supper, but this year it also meant an examination in Ascetics for Third Year Theologians. So much for the vaunted nine days' holiday.

27th. *Thursday*. A Villa party, woefully rained upon, reports the completion of the ten kilometre road from the Ponticello to Velletri, and the erection of a wickedly-barbed fence around the Sforza to keep out the inquisitive. There are also signs of a little church for the nuns. To tea Dom Curran of Parkminster, on his way to join the monastery of his order in Calabria.

28th. *Friday*. Further examinations promoted the chastened Lenten spirit.

29th. *Saturday*. Mrs Wilson's, the bookshop in the Piazza di Spagna, closed down after a long period of selling off. The heavens wept to see the disappearance of this old English landmark, and flooded the Tiber through the hole in the Ponte Sisto.

MARCH 1st. *Sunday*. We celebrated St David's Day by a show of daffodils in the chapel. There was a High Mass on the Victor Emmanuel Monument—the Altar of the Fatherland—for the repose of the souls of those who have fallen in the Abyssinian War. As the crowds milled down the streets and alleys that lead to the Piazza Venezia planes roared over their heads, and, after the Mass, a steady beating of drums and the playing of the numerous war-songs that have sprung up lately led to the triumphant finale when Signor Mussolini appeared

on his balcony and gave a dynamic salute. At five in the afternoon, King Edward VIII spoke to his peoples on the wireless, and through the kindness of Doctor Park we were able to listen in to the speech in the common-room. The list of the public expenses was put on the board, duly signed by our unchartered accountants.

2nd. *Monday*. The first day of the new half year after quite a long holiday, was enlivened by repeated cheers from the Piazza Venezia and the Quirinal, where the King and the Duce are still being called out by the crowds.

3rd. *Tuesday*. The shops opposite S. Andrea have broken all traditions by having a 'sale to exhaustion' that is real. The whole block is to be demolished to make place for a Piazza del Risorgimento and for a road of the same name.

4th. *Wednesday*. A scirocco, amid which the Senior Student retired on his balance sheet with great applause and was succeeded by Mr Dawson.

5th. *Thursday*. More public meetings and a game of rugby proved too much for the scirocco, which fled with a burst of thunder and lightning, fusing all our lights in its going.

6th. *Friday*. Disputations, at which Messrs Ekbery and Pitt argued in their respective faculties. We more fortunate ones found Pamphilj under a smoke screen which proved to be only woodcutters thinning out and burning the trees. A number of new views appeared including one chapel, a job lot of altars of the Roman period, a columbarium and a curious round affair that may have been anything from a water-tank to a mausoleum.

7th. *Saturday*. St Thomas Aquinas gave us a holiday and the Philosophers their longed-for game at soccer in which, with great tenacity, they held the Theologians to a one goal draw. To dinner Father Schut, professor of dogmatic theology at the Beda and Procurator General of Mill Hill. A public meeting and a debate on the same day proved a poor mixture for the common-room. In the evening sensational posters all over the city announced the German occupation of the Rhineland.

8th. *Sunday*. A very interesting talk after supper from Mr Whittal, Reuter's Roman correspondent. Posters are appearing in the shops with the names of sanctionist countries arranged so as to form the expressive phrases: "Noi ce ne freghiamo, noi tireremo diritto".

10th. *Tuesday*. Certain roving spirits penetrated some semi-catacombs that have come to light in Pamphilj since the trees were cut, but found nothing to make up for the damp and the smell.

12th. *Thursday*. *San Gregorio*. The High Mass was sung by the Abbot General who happened to be on a visit to the monastery. Today being Thursday, an extra large clerical congregation were able to attend

Once more the singing was done (very efficiently) by Professor Ferretti and his choir, so it looks as if we have lost that part of the function for good. To dinner Mr Montgomery who introduced to us Mr D'Arcy Osborne, the new British Minister to the Holy See. A few hardy spirits postponed their dinners indefinitely and went after the function to hear the Holy Father speak to 1,000 students of the Roman colleges who have been attending a course in Catholic Action at the Gregorian and elsewhere. They deserved the praise that the Holy Father gave them—the lectures of the course have been from three till five every Thursday afternoon.

13th. *Friday*, may explain to the superstitious why we got soaked this morning on the way back from schools.

14th. *Saturday*. Mr F. P. Grey of the Embassy to the Quirinal was received into the Church in the college chapel this morning. Tonight we had no choir practice because,

15th. *Sunday*, we are having it this morning—a poor exchange. A notice appeared of the death of Dom Cottineau, O.S.B., who at one time taught plain chant in the College. R.I.P. Two cameratas were brave enough, and devoted enough, to go to the station church at S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura, and were soaked by the impious rain.

16th. *Monday*. A weird form of loud-speaker has appeared in the Piazza Farnese. It keeps counting up to thirty—and occasionally, in a fit of March madness, far beyond thirty—and we can hear it most plainly in the House. They say that Marshal Badoglio is going to speak from Africa. The triduum began tonight for the feast of St Joseph.

17th. *St Patrick's Day*. A welcome though blustering *tramontana* induced a good company of us to go to St Patrick's to hear the sermon by Father Maher, S.J., the American Assistant General. An excellently produced concert received its reward from a very receptive audience. From the ever improving playing of the orchestra—now enriched with a bassoonist of no mean ability—to the masterly violin solo, there was no time for boredom, and the efforts of the green room ensured that the sparkle of the sketch should not suffer from lack of colour in the dresses. A delayed curtain at the end was so far from being a disaster that it even provided scope for the village gaffer to work off one or two jokes he had thought out while studying the bottom of his beer mug. Here is the programme :

1. Orchestra Haydn : Symphony No. 7
(Allegro Spiritoso)
2. Song . . . *Kings of the Road* . . . Mr Gallagher
3. Octet . . . (1) *Keep down de Middle* . Messrs Henshaw,
(2) *De Ole Banjo* . . . Loftus, Grasar,
Curran, Grady,
Iggleden, Gallagher,
and Stanley

4. Song . . . *Drake Goes West* . . . Mr Stanley
5. Violin Solo *Zingaresca (Monti)* . . . Mr Ekbery
6. Sketch

THE HOP POLE INN

Characters :

<i>Sam Hardy</i>	Mr Lescher
<i>Doris (his daughter)</i>	Mr Weetman
<i>Wilbur Yost</i>	Mr Jackson
<i>Jennie Yost (his wife)</i>	Mr Loftus
<i>Jethroe Sparkes</i>	Mr Hulme
<i>Seth Wiggins</i>	Mr Hanlon
<i>Ernest Barlow (village constable)</i>	Mr Auchinleck
<i>Jack Smith (chauffeur)</i>	

Scene : Bar Parlour of the "Hop Pole Inn", Little Puddleton on the Tad.

18th. *Wednesday*. The owl under our eaves was in particularly good voice last night and we are not at our best this morning. The 'loud-speaker' disappeared overnight; Marshal Badoglio had missed his connection, we fear.

19th. *Thursday*. *St Joseph's Day*. To dinner just ourselves with Mr McCurdy and Mr O'Neill, the former, alas! only for the day. Coffee and rosolio and a game of soccer. At last the weather is improving, and the trees are expanding before the powerful sun—which makes us all agog for the new roof-garden, the plans of which were displayed in the common-room after dinner.

20th. *Friday*. Delegates from all the Roman colleges called upon Cardinal Bisleti—the Magnus Cancellarius of the University—to congratulate him on his eightieth birthday. He replied graciously with a half-holiday.

21st. *Saturday*. Mr Coonan came back from the Blue Nuns, looking no paler for his prolonged fever and fastings.

22nd. *Sunday*. Subsequent upon a Rectorial ukase, the Senior Student will in future be 'suggested' by vote, and the first election under the new system took place to-day. Mr McCurdy came to stay the night.

23rd. *Monday*. A *Sociale Civile* for the foundation of Fascism congregated half of Latium in the streets and piazzas of Rome, and we had to enter the Gregorian through serried ranks of soldiers and black-shirts, the latter all with banners indicative of their centres. A prudent P.U.G. had shut the door early in the morning and so we entered by a surreptitious side door. The Vice-rector left us to go into retreat at the Casa.

24th. *Tuesday*. We began to read Henri Ghéon's *Secret of St John Bosco* in the refectory, and in the evening provided the *assistenza* for the station at our parish church, S. Lorenzo in Damaso.

25th. *Wednesday*. Mr F. P. Grey was confirmed by Archbishop Palica in the College chapel this morning. Mr Montgomery, British *Chargé d'Affaires* to the Holy See, acted as sponsor. The subsequent dinner called for the services of the Vice-rector, who hastened out of retreat to do the honours. Besides Mr Montgomery and Mr Grey, there were present Sir Eric Drummond, British Ambassador to the Quirinal, and Father Leeming, S.J.

26th. *Thursday*. The licentiate to be had their Scripture examination to-day—written this year, and taking the place of the usual written examination for the licentiate.

28th. *Saturday*. A heroic attempt on the part of two of our priests to say Mass at all the Lenten stations fell through today. The Vice-rector came back from his retreat, this time for good.

29th. *Sunday*. A circumstantial account of "The Witch Craze" from Mr Wilcock raised our hair on end very effectively. The Ripetitore endured it until a most timely hooting from the owl added a too realistic touch, whereupon, they say, he retired hastily.

31st. *Tuesday*. The Rector went into retreat at S. Alfonso. We hear that sanctions and the consequent lack of steel-girders have put off the roof-garden scheme indefinitely.

APRIL 1st. *Wednesday*. All Fools Day caused a certain amount of amusement, and an unwitting exalted personage beamed with joy on being wished a happy feast. Even the French College broke out and paraded a toy duck around the University. Doctor Park anticipated trouble and made for the lonely hills. An attempt was made to bring back a more sober atmosphere by substituting Pastor for Don Bosco and by giving out the April number of *THE VENERABLE*, which arrived after tea.

2nd. *Thursday*. The last of the requiems and, let us hope, the last game of football—it is rather too hot for that kind of exercise. Victory is in the air and the students of the lay universities decided to celebrate, so they waived their lectures and paraded the city making all the buildings display flags. They have the public spirited idea of making the grammar schools and *licei* join them in any truancy, so they are deservedly popular amongst the juniors. So far they have never thought of paying us a call on these occasions.

3rd. *Friday*. The Balilla is ten years old today, and they had a great armed rally with a parade and a multitude of posters: "I moschettieri [aged twelve] della 152a salutano i camerati della 176a. Alalà! A noi!". But they made a marvellous picture parading down the Via del Impero, all in perfect order and equipment and swinging their arms after the fashion of the German goose-step. With them marched *avanguardisti* representing every army corps from Alpini complete with skis to lantern-jawed motor cyclists. A veto on clapping at the Gregorian at once produced a storm of applause. We have rearranged our

pictures in the corridor opposite the common-room and they look very artistic indeed.

4th. *Saturday*. The Rector came out of retreat to find his students gloomily resigned to the loss of any prolonged holiday at Easter and therefore of any chance of the Villa.

5th. *Sunday*. Once more the cycle of Holy Week found us all practising ceremonies, and the usual people racing round the Seven Churches. They arrived back at the College just in time to hear the Retreat Father (Father B. Leeming, S.J.) begin his first conference.

8th. *Wednesday*. We emerged to a distinctly summer world after a thankful *Te Deum*, and notice with surprise that the city is at last having some foreign visitors. They are attracted by the registered lire, we suppose.

9th. *Thursday*. Unexpected and very good news; Wednesday in Easter Week is off and we can go to the Villa. Hasty preparations are made to get it ready, and various gita programmes are being breathlessly rearranged. One poor party of Villa campers have had to rearrange themselves right out of existence.

10th. *Friday*. The new Benedictine Abbey of S. Girolamo on the Via Aurelia Antica beyond Pamphilj becomes more popular for Tenebrae every year.

11th. *Holy Saturday*. Congratulations to Second Year Theology who returned from the Lateran exorcists and acolytes. Their terrible tales of the might of Monsignor Respighi on the *Exultet* make us almost ashamed of what we had thought our own very creditable chorister.

12th. *Easter Sunday*. The lack of a Papal Mass at St Peter's was accentuated by the absence of the sung *Haec Dies* from our own High Mass. To dinner Fathers Renard and Leeming, S.J., to drink a stirrup-cup with Mr Montgomery before he disappears into the land of caliphs and Arabian nights. He is appointed to Baghdad, whither all our good wishes accompany him, leaving us only regrets and pleasant memories of his many kindnesses. To Naples, Capri, Assisi, the Sasso and Florence, various Theologians and a large sprinkling of Third Year Philosophy,

13th. *Monday*—and to the Villa the rest of us with a thirst for its rural pleasures that the traditional *prosciutto* only increased. The barbed wire round the Sforza is found to be ineffectual, for the predatory Roccaggiani have slit it in our absence. Oh for that former Vice-rector whose mind could leap at once to the idea of four machine guns and enfilading fire and who could give us such valuable hints on their placing! An ideal programme of no study, extra smoking and complete absence of bells, even for rosary, was yet more idealised by new potatoes, the biblical Father Jones and the feline joy of stretching in deckchairs before a blazing fire at night.

14th. *Tuesday*. Rain in the morning gave us time to look about us and to indulge in a treasure hunt: one piratical hunter was disqualified for finding the treasure before he found any of the clues. Father Welsby arrived in the third rainstorm that he can remember in his twelve years travels to Palazzola. A fine afternoon stretched our legs and exercised the body so that the dark evening found us lazily disposed for a new amusement called 'Murder'. It comprised mysterious bangings, screams, torches, inconsistent witnesses and hawk-eyed detectives who were so rude as to suspect even the corpse of having committed the crime.

15th. *Wednesday*. A gita day scattered us around the Castelli, and brought us back tired and full of stories to some more scientific murders. Even those who had gone to that mysterious place 'Ramblealova' (or "Wherever-we-happen-to-arrive"), shelved their stories for another day and like good witnesses told equally true stories with perfect poker faces.

16th. *Thursday*. The Rector whisked away a camerata back to Rome in the early morning, leaving the rest of us to the pleasant torture of a slow, sad and sentimental leave-taking. But it was not so bad after all, for the Madre produced coffee and rosolio after dinner and tea at three o'clock. The dissolving villa, however, produced a similar dissolution in the skies. So after one glorious, wet hour of standing in the tram it was indeed a joy to see the sawdust strewn entrance of our sanctuary in the Monserrato.

17th. *Friday*. Back to the treadmill once more. "Dicebam ultima vice" has a pleasantly drowsy sound strangely like that of "Once upon a time", and the start of the summer programme of studies is most attention-dispelling. It is not summer, however, and rain, wind and, we may conjecture, a flowing sea will make the crossing from Capri a sporting proposition for those who are still to return. There is a congress of La Bonne Presse in the City at present and also a large pilgrimage of Dutch boy-scouts.

18th. *Saturday*. The demolitions have begun opposite S. Andrea, and a Sacred Concert (*quidquid id est*) was given in S. Ignazio. And over all is a permanent veil of rain, and below all the unbroken carpet of Roman mud. But we are resigned enough with Rupert Brooke's fishes, for

... sure the reverent eye must see
A purpose in Liquidity.
We darkly see, by Faith we cry
The future is not wholly dry.

19th. *Sunday*. The *fiocchi* procession lost a little through the bleakness of the weather, but the attendance was impressive with its ranks of Catholic Action of all ages and both sexes, all with the appropriate badges and banners. A Seventh Year man, making a belated return from a gita to Capri, informs us that the weather can make the crossing "just a little tricky".

20th. *Monday*. Fourth Year Theology had a busy day with the first of the pastoral classes and a lecture at the University, surely an unprecedented event after Easter. The music rooms are being cleared for the complete reformation that has been going on in the infirmary for some time.

21st. *Tuesday*. The two thousand six hundred and ninetieth birthday of Rome is notable only for the fact that it carried on raining, which did no good to the celebrations arranged. Some of us waited over an hour in the Piazza Venezia to see the Duce but he refused to appear—even after we had gone away. A new type of tram appeared on the circular route with all modern improvements.

22nd. *Wednesday*. The first of the examination results entered unannounced and prodded us in the small of the back.

23rd. *Thursday*. The feast of St George fell on a Thursday which, of course, is already a holiday. To dinner Bishop Hayes—the American Rector—Monsignor Clapperton, Fathers Welsby and McCormick, S.J., and Messrs Sullivan and Ingram. During coffee and rosolio we received a cargo of back numbers of *Punch* (a parting gift from Mr Montgomery); the state censorship had occupied ours during the trouble until we countermanded the order. An impromptu concert repeated all the most popular items of the year and received great applause.

24th. *Friday*. The infirmary emerges from the hands of the decorators a glowing and shining combination of white paint and sufficient chromium fittings.

25th. *Saturday*. To dinner Monsignor Hurley of the Secretariate of State and Monsignor Duchemin.

26th. *Sunday*. The cricketers bowled a few tentative balls at Pamphilj today—one of the few certain indications in this Romish weather that summer is at hand. Mr McCurdy is with us for a short time before he returns to England.

28th. *Tuesday*. Hay fever is decimating the susceptible ones, which is strange for the rain is as steady as ever. We begin to doubt the poet's assertion

. . . that somewhere beyond Space and Time
Is wetter water and slimier slime.

The annual feud between cricketers and cross-word fanatics over the all-important page of the *Times* is now in full swing.

29th. *Wednesday*. *Solemnity of St Joseph*. A *dies non* of the first order, but none the less a few cameratas braved the wrath of tradition to hear a lecture at the Gregorian from Father Daniel Lord, S.J., who spoke of youth movements in America. He filled the Aula Magna to suffocation point and then made us laugh, which was the refinement of cruelty but the perfection of psychology. In the evening we had a basic and philosophical talk on communism from Father Ryder, S.J.,

with the added interest of slides of Russia and first hand information about the state of England.

30th. *Thursday*. A splendid day for the Octave of St George enticed many to an early Mass at the Catacombs, where Father Wilcock, S.J., celebrated for some of us in the Slav-Byzantine rite. At nine o'clock the Senior Student celebrated the College High Mass at the tomb of St Cecilia, after which we sang the now traditional *Faith of our Fathers*. An equally traditional photo delayed us for some time before we hurried back for a bathe.

MAY 1st. *Friday*. We entered upon the May-devotions which begin the long cycle of benedictions that last till the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. It is also the triduum for the feast of the English Martyrs and the basket under the High Altar is full of the petitions from the members of the Martyrs Association in Rome and in England. We are nearly submerged beneath a flood of new pianos which have come upon us, "not single spies but in battalions". The old one has gone the way of all spinets and harpsichords and a post-mortem reveals the cause of its decay in a collection of age-crusted relics in its interior. The cortile-dwellers in the House, no doubt, noted with satisfaction that the new ones have a specially soft practice-pedal.

2nd. *Saturday*. A menstrea claimed all except Second Year Theology who somehow managed to escape the inescapable. These wranglings now happen with a regularity that would depress a less phlegmatic race. They no longer lurk round a corner thus gaining the slight charm of the unexpected, but stand out on the calendar in most patent italics that can be seen months ahead.

3rd. *Sunday*. The restored music-rooms fall short of the snowy resplendence of the infirmary. But many a denizen of the Monserrato felt that he would not object to transplantation into these painted and decorated palaces with their glossy cupboards and book-cases. The Infirmarians, by the way, have decided that white-coats are not essential. That badge of office now lends tone by hanging on a special hook on the back of the door, where it is noticed by none save the first year men and the cricket captain.

4th. *Monday*. *Feast of the English Martyrs*. The congregation at the High Mass was somewhat smaller than usual for the English colony in Rome is sadly depleted by the Mediterranean tension. To dinner Monsignor Heard, Fathers Deary, C.S.S.R., Welsby and Fitzgibbon, S.J., and Major Plowden. The pleasure of a holiday while the rest of the Gregorian attend lectures is one that will never pall. As we were settling down to the first item of the concert this evening, we were rudely interrupted by the snapping of our soloist's string, but he carried it off as if it was quite the thing to do in one's last public appearance. The pianist also made his last appearance and set the seal on many years of faithful service by provoking repeated calls for

an encore. *Trial by Jury* fully satisfied the hopes of those who had taken the trouble to produce it in the face of obvious seasonal difficulties, and the principals made the best possible of parts that condemned them to long periods of sitting still while listening to somebody else's song. But the cream of the entertainment must be attributed to the two choruses who wore the 'sock' with a natural abandon that split the ears of us groundlings unmercifully. And yet they never impeded the action of the trial, the last tribute to the careful supervision of the actor-manager (a leading character on the stage) who concealed his blushes behind a red, red nose, though his voice reached us, now and again, directing, with a steady "one, two, four, one," the complicated evolutions of a dance hitherto unknown to the Venerable stage.

1. Violin Solo *Le Petit Tambour (David)* . Mr Wilcock
2. Song . *La Belle Dame Dans Capri* . Mr Duggan
3. Piano Solo *Mazurka (Chopin)* . . . Mr Ellison
4. Dramatic Cantata in One Act

TRIAL BY JURY

by

W. S. Gilbert

A. Sullivan

Characters :

<i>Judge</i>	Mr Roberts
<i>Plaintiff</i>	Mr Loftus
<i>Defendant</i>	Mr Gallagher
<i>Counsel for the Plaintiff</i>	Mr Lescher
<i>Usher</i>	Mr Curran
<i>Foreman of the Jury</i>	Mr Stanley
<i>Associate</i>	Mr Gannon
<i>First Bridesmaid</i>	Mr Pitt
<i>Chorus of Jurymen</i>	Messrs Grasar, Henshaw, Ford, McKenna, Alston
<i>Chorus of Bridesmaids</i>	Messrs Mitchell, Iggleden, Weetman, McNamara, McEnroe

By kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte.

Scene : A Court of Justice.

5th. *Tuesday*. At five in the afternoon the sound of bells and sirens announced that Addis Ababa had fallen and the City of Flowers was Italian. Flags appeared at every window as we came back from our walk, and joy was distinctly unconfined as much at the end of the war as at the victory. In the subsequent *adunata* the Duce appeared to seething crowds in the Piazza Venezia and read a telegram from Marshal Badoglio announcing the capture of the city.

6th. *Wednesday*. The war ended officially today and the city is to remain beflagged until further notice. Some people stretch this so far as to wear flags on their hats, in their breast-pockets and on the

front of their push-bikes. Hardly a square foot of wall is without its patriotic poster, such as "Mussolini ha vinto" and "From the Alps to the Indian Ocean Fascist arms will affirm the might of Italy".

7th. *Thursday*. To supper Fathers Burns and Daniel A. Lord, S.J., who gave us a most stirring and useful speech on the place of the priests in Catholic Action. He had a stock of stories and quaint turns of speech that only served to strengthen the importance of what he said. Just before the meeting *Ad multos annos* for Mr McCurdy,

8th. *Friday*, who left us today accompanied by the Rector and Mr Coonan.

9th. *Saturday*. Sleep was out of the question tonight for the Fascist Empire was declared with great solemnity at 11 p.m. A wireless in the cortile diffused the good news and also the cheering that accompanied it, culminating in the momentous declaration of the Duce. He spoke to a packed but silent piazza of people in words few but eloquent, and took no chances of anyone's mistaking his meaning.

10th. *Sunday*. Today our neighbours displayed a large poster with the simple words "Vittorio Emmanuele, Re, Imperatore". Guns on the Janiculum and fireworks all over the city make work nearly impossible. After supper Count Michelowski who was accompanied by Monsignor Meystowics, Counsellor to the Polish Embassy to the Holy See, gave us a preliminary lecture on the Partition of Poland. Many keen questions were asked and he is to come again to answer them and to conclude his lecture.

11th. *Monday*. Today is the "Giornata della Banana" and the Campo dei Fiori has taken on a quite Abyssinian look with a native hut to complete the picture. To supper, Father Keatinge, S.J., Editor of *The Month*, and Father Fitzgibbon, S.J. Father Keatinge has come for the Vatican Press Exhibition,

12th. *Tuesday*, which the Pope opened today, his feast-day. We derived small consolation from being the only university to have any lectures. First Vespers and Benediction at S. Ignazio for the feast of St Robert Bellarmine and—

13th. *Wednesday*, the annual High Mass in S. Ignazio. A meeting was held in the common-room corridor because the music rooms are still undergoing treatment. It was to announce the genesis of a new society to study Catholic Action and the connected pastoral problems, first of all in theory and then, as far as possible, in practice.

14th. *Thursday*. A useful if unseasonable thunderstorm. The French Ambassador at the Palazzo Farnese is said to have stated his preference for a possible rush by the mob to the very dubious convenience of a regiment of guards with operatic tendencies. A neat little black book with the modest title "Preces" now provides each of us with an omnibus edition of the various prayers said in public throughout the day and the year. A few hymns form a useful appendix.

15th. *Friday*. We were very sorry to hear of the death of Bishop Cowgill. R.I.P.

16th. *Saturday*. The Vice-rector sang Requiem Mass, in place of the ordinary community Mass for the repose of Bishop Cowgill's soul.

17th. *Sunday*. A poetical paper to the Literary Society from Mr Abbing on his experiences in and around five of our cathedral towns.

18th. *Monday*. The orchestra indulged in a commemorative photo and roused the envy of a group of unofficial musicians who promptly did the same.

20th. *Wednesday*. Late this evening came the unexpected bad news that the Cardinal Protector had received the last sacraments. He has been ill for some time now but this is the first serious news we have had.

21st. *Thursday*. It was announced this morning that Cardina Lépicier died last night at 10 p.m. R.I.P. Nearly the whole College found time during the day to go to the lying-in-state at the Cardinal's house in the Via Mercadante.

22nd. *Friday*. A short bell in the afternoon. It is a rather uncommon thing these days and some who had started for lectures were cowardly enough to turn back and take advantage of it. The swimming-bath has been whitewashed so apparently summer is beginning, an impression which a tropical thunderstorm in the night confirms. The life of Bishop Challoner by Michael Trappes-Lomax is being read in the refectory.

24th. *Sunday*. Today is the celebration of the founding of the Italian Imperial Army and many native troops from Libia and Eritrea marched in a great review held on the Via del Impero. Flowers and garlands were showered on them from all sides, but we at the time were engaged in having a second meeting of CAPAC (or Catholic Action Pre-Assistant Circle) with the object of establishing and clarifying our *modus agendi*. To dinner Mr Bernard Wall, Editor of *The Colosseum*. Count Michelowski's concluding lecture received general approval. The Duce opened the stretch of road called the Via dei Laghi which runs past the Villa; we can only hope that the trees and wire entanglements round the Sforza will thicken apace till they form a barrier as impenetrable as that around the castle of the Sleeping Beauty.

25th. *Monday*. The Vice-rector sang a Requiem Mass early this morning for the Cardinal Protector, and at 10.30 a.m. we were all present at the *cappella papale* in S. Andrea; twenty cardinals assisted and the Requiem Mass was sung by the Cardinal Dean. Representatives from all official bodies and especially from the many orders and institutions of which the Cardinal was Protector, filled the church. It is remarkable how many private people knew and revered him. In the evening First Vespers of St Philip at the Chiesa Nuova.

26th. *Tuesday*. Feast of St Philip Neri. High Mass, Vespers with the polyphonic psalms, and Benediction given by Cardinal Marchetti. The post brought us a little surprise from Arrigo, one of our servants now in Abyssinia. While searching a house in Addis Ababa, he found a picture of Archbishop Hinsley taken when he was Apostolic Visitor in Africa, and very thoughtfully sent it on to us. It appeared later in the Catholic Press.

28th. *Thursday*. The Vice-rector keeps his birthday rather earlier in the week, but like all good it is 'diffusivum sui' and it spread itself to us today by converting a *dies non* into a day at the Villa. Most of us went there by a tram specially chartered for the purpose, but one group of stalwarts walked fasting to the Catacombs for Mass and then pressed on on foot over the remaining twenty kilometres. The new road is opened in all its macadamed neatness and efficiency; Commendatore De Cupis is flying seventy flags; a spacious belvedere at the top north corner of the estate is almost certain to keep trippers away from our immediate vicinity, and the nuns' new church has definitely been begun and looks as if it is being founded upon a rock. They are digging deep enough. The church is orientated east and west like our own, and will provide some five altars when completed. A cold clear-blue swimming bath was an excellent refresher after the walk from Albano or a surveying tour of the Sforza, and its qualities as an appetizer are undoubtedly beyond compare. At dinner we entertained Father Fitzgibbon, S.J., Revv. Jones and Foster, and Brother Celsus. After this excellent feast and the subsequent coffee and rosolio we looked with indulgent eye on the otherwise catastrophic slip of the Madre who forgot to bring out any tea. Wine and *paste*, we found, are not, after all, absolutely incompatible. This day is fast establishing itself as an indispensable and glowing land-mark, which stands out cheerfully against the dull scirocco grey so characteristic of the ending year.

30th. *Saturday*. A cricket match between the Philosophers and the Theologians (who were, however, deprived of the services of their Third Year who are going to the Casa for the retreat for the subdiaconate). The Philosophers made so free with the bowling that they scored 90—and that on a typical Pamphilj pitch all tattered and torn and quite as likely to bump the ball as to make it shoot. To supper Monsignor Adamson of Liverpool. He is representing Archbishop Downey at the international congress on Catholic Action called by the Pope.

31st. *Whit Sunday*. An early High Mass in the College. Cardinal Belmonte sang the High Mass in St Peter's, where the whole Italian Hierarchy had assembled along with many other bishops from all countries. The Pope, who is celebrating his 79th birthday, assisted at the High Mass and afterwards gave a solemn blessing from the foot of the Confession.

JUNE 1st. *Whit Monday*. This is the gita day consecrated to the Villa and to the sea, but some struck out a different line and penetrated

to the Lake of Bracciano which provides boating and swimming even for the most fastidious. Velletri was another departure, and a car-ride along the new lake road reveals that the architects have made a very good job of it both in the engineering and in the artistic sense. A perfect surface induces that peace of body which is essential to the appreciation of the "potted views" of the Lake that have been arranged here and there for the motorist. The sea-trippers returned with the customary red faces and backs but there was no repetition of the leprosy that followed Fregene last year.

3rd. *Wednesday*. The University gave today off. The Theologians battled in the rain in reply to the Philosophers at cricket, and with creditable vigour scored 42 for two wickets before the rain became so violent that even the Philosophers were forced to admit that it was sometimes rather hard to see the ball. One good result of the game was the discovery of a sack of sawdust in the lodge nearby—a considerable advance in the history of the V.E.C.C.C. No doubt it was the loss of his sawdust that brought along the *custode* (*vulgo* Tom Mix) to deliver an ultimatum after the game was stopped. The Bishop of Menevia arrived in the morning in time to say Mass.

4th. *Thursday*. We have moved into the Martyrs Chapel for meditation and Mass these mornings in search of air. A group of forty went to the Press Exhibition because they learned that there was a reduction for quantity. Father Welsby was taken ill in the Curia today and has been ordered to rest for a time.

5th. *Friday*. Two lectures and then bread and cheese with a glass of wine to prepare us for the University audience at 12.30. As we were streaming down the Scala Regia afterwards hoping that the sun would not be too directly overhead, we were restrained by Messrs Felici and persuaded to have our photographs taken. Imagine how long it takes to arrange two thousand people on the steps of St Peter's and you will have some idea of what we felt like when at last we toiled along the Tiber bank towards dinner. Still they gave us a half holiday after it all. The Duchess of the Monserrato, that old lady who used to sell nuts and sweets in the street just outside the College and who bowed to every student who passed, has not been at her post this year.

6th. *Saturday*. *Prosit* the new subdeacons ordained by Cardinal Marchetti in the Lateran. The rest of us had only one lecture this morning as a Jesuit scholastic was defending his thesis *coram cardinali*, and we were given a chance to be present. Father Welsby heard confessions this morning but was not well enough to come again tonight and his place was taken by Monsignor Moss. Rumour has it that Father Welsby will be with us at the Villa for a month or so. *Faxit Deus!*

7th. *Trinity Sunday*. To dinner the Scots Vice-rector, Doctor Sheridan, and Father Maher, S.J., American Assistant at the Curia who had given the retreat to the subdeacons. During coffee and rosolio

we drank the health of Bishop McGrath who is making his first episcopal visit to us. *Ad multos annos!* In the morning a military review on the Via del Impero attracted many observers. The mechanized divisions were most impressive—cars roaring past mounted with machine guns and anti-aircraft guns, innumerable tanks, lorries and motor cycles, and even a complete gas section with masked men brandishing all kinds of sprays.

8th. *Monday*. Gita for the Subdeacons. They all went to the Villa where they seem to have spent their time correcting each other's opinion as to what was the office of the day.

10th. *Wednesday*. Bishop McGrath left us for England after a stay which he cannot have enjoyed more than we. Before leaving he spoke to those in major orders on the work of the priest in England.

11th. *Corpus Christi*. In the morning a party went to the Little Sisters to provide the *assistenza* and choir for High Mass and a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. They brought back glowing reports of the care with which the route had been arranged and the magnificence of the arches, the banners, the flowers and, of course, their own singing. Then in the afternoon there was the procession of the annual Italian Eucharistic Congress. It took place in Trastevere from the Church of S. Maria along the river bank to the Ponte Sisto and then along the old route up the hill towards Pamphilj. At the altar erected half way up the hill Cardinal Marchetti gave the Benediction, and then the whole procession began the long walk back to S. Maria. This was where most of us joined it and the sight was really inspiring. There were estimated to be about ten thousand men walking, and they not only walked but sang, loudly and well. All the orders and the confraternities had their representatives—Trinitarians with a group of children in medieval guild costume and swords, the countless societies of the *Bona Mors* with their conspiratorial hoods and cloaks, endless ranks of the men of Catholic Action, University students with their peaked hats leading the singing of "Noi vogliam Dio", guilds of the Blessed Sacrament with their traditional robes, heavy crucifixes and torches, and, of course, the picturesque guard of mounted *metropolitani* behind the Blessed Sacrament. Every house hung out some tapestry or built a little altar with a Madonna, a picture of the Sacred Heart or a statue of St Anthony, and all the walls were plastered with posters: "Gesù salvi l'Italia", "Dio, concedi la pace all'Italia," "Viva Gesù," "T'Adoriam Ostia Divina," and a hundred others. We found ourselves across the Ponte Garibaldi at last, and making good time just about managed to reach the College for supper.

13th. *Saturday*. The work in the nuns' cortile is to result in a new set of bathrooms and showers. They are making slow progress at the moment but all the cobbles have disappeared, trenches are dug, and the faint lines of the various walls are visible. They are to be ready by next year.

15th. *Monday*. Doctor Park left us to holiday in England,

16th. *Tuesday*, and today we said good-bye to Mr Ellison.

18th. *Thursday*. The Rector came back to us in time for supper and presided in the somewhat diverting garb of an English cleric.

19th. *Friday*. It is one of those hot, quiet days when only the inevitable examinations are real and even the impact of the hammer in the nuns' cortile is a dull fancy. The Vice-rector left for England this morning and shortly afterwards Mr Firth retired to the Blue Nuns with a bad knee. Superstitious Philosophers going to the University for an examination in Non-Euclidic Geometry from Father Soccorsi were cheered at the sight of a petrol tank with the legend "Soccorsi Gratuiti". The balcony season is now in full swing after a very late start, and the sound of the old gramophone floats down faintly to the last defenders of the common-room and even more faintly to the anchorites of the annual garden circle. People say that they cannot understand why or how birds are able to find their way back to the same nest year after year, but if they would come and see the fixed habits of the average Venerabilino they would realize that the phenomenon is not without parallel. Without too great intellectual strain you could tell which people would be in which place, balcony, common-room or garden, at any stated period of the year; a seat at the University once occupied at the beginning of the year is considered yours for as long as you care to keep it, and it is not unknown for the same man to keep the same place on the stairs for the *Salve* at night for the whole of his course. It must have been a Roman poet who penned the line "Dulce est antiquos revisere nidos".

20th. *Saturday*. The vigil of St Aloysius was celebrated by a holiday to make up for the feast's being on a Sunday,

21st. *Sunday*, and today a large number of us went to S. Ignazio for the early Mass and Holy Communion. Cardinal Marchetti was the celebrant. In the afternoon sixty-four of us went to the function at Tor di Quinto under a sweltering sun, haunted by the latest Abyssinian song, *Faccetta Nera*. There is an *adunata* for the Bersaglieri who are celebrating their centenary, and they have turned up in thousands in a diversity of uniforms astounding for one regiment, but all possessed with the idea, as it seemed to us, that they were obliged to play the same tune along the same roads and streets. Still we arrived in good time and assisted Monsignor Ruffini, Secretary to the Congregation of Studies, who gave Benediction and carried the Blessed Sacrament. The attendant spirits of many past Venerabilini must surely have attested that the old tea-making tradition has not been lost. The golf-balls arrived to give us a reminder of the Villa that is to come.

22nd. *Monday*. Of course we had a sleepless night after all that tea. However we provided the *assistenza* and choir this morning for a High Mass at S. Vitale, the titular church of St John Fisher, the anniversary of whose execution occurs today. We are not to finish the

University early, but a welcome innovation has relieved us of all schools after ten in the morning—to the bitter chagrin of the Third Year Philosophers, all of whose schools are after that time. First Year Theology are aghast to hear that their morals examination is to be written and not oral. “An experiment,” say the authorities.

23rd. *Tuesday*. To dinner an old friend of the College, Bishop Gonzi of Gozo, a student of the Beda when it shared our roof. Pamphilj is a mere turning point these days, the limit that the exercise rule imposes and the earliest point at which one can turn back to see what the books still hold in store. The Martyrs' Triptych was illustrated very well in the *Osservatore Romano* today.

24th. *Wednesday*. The feast of St John the Baptist and a holiday—which, at this time of the year, only means that we have more time for exam preparation. The coolish weather has rather ruined the swimming season and to make things worse the workmen have taken our running mat for the nuns' cortile. Strains of a powerful orchestra greeted us after the afternoon walk and proved to be the ordinary gramophone with a loudspeaker attachment of an ex-electrician's construction, which appeared on the balcony in due course.

25th. *Thursday*. The metallic hammering of the last few days in the nuns' cortile has resulted in a curious caterpillar construction in the trenches. “Drains,” surmise the hygienic; “ferro-concrete foundation”, the scientific correct them. A fierce rainstorm, even at this period, is quite to be expected, and a camerata caught in one today took refuge in the Santo Spirito and decided on the spot never to have an accident. The stamps for the Vatican Press Exhibition are very effective, if a little ornate, and make a good addition to the four or five Vatican sets already on sale.

26th. *Friday*. A strange sight met us on the stairs, a kneeling student with his arms outstretched and his eyes gazing at nothing in particular. He proved to be not a saintly visionary but a model for a picture that is being painted of the College Martyrs. The painter of the picture, Professor Silvio Silva, is anxious to give his martyrs genuine English faces, and if you look Saxon enough you are liable to be sent for at any moment and asked to pose before the scoffing multitude. This morning the priests, presented by the Rector, had their farewell audience of the Holy Father who gave them a picture symbolizing the Sacrifice of the Mass and the idea that the priest is also a victim—*Sacerdos Victima*.

27th. *Saturday*. The sketching proceeds vigorously to the joy of the impious non-Nordics and the sad confusion of the Saxon elect. We hesitate to reveal here who was the model for the central figure of Blessed Ralph Sherwin; no doubt it will be handed down to posterity with thoughtful and malicious addition. The lay-out of the picture is uncertain at present, but will be, roughly, Sherwin in glory surrounded

by the other martyrs of the College with students of the present day praying at their feet. Revv. Foster and Jones, our Scripture scholars at the Beda, had their last examination today; their yearly crop of them seems to be about fifteen. Lists and a few dates for our own examinations appeared insidiously.

28th. *Sunday*. The second library roof subsided today to the general alarm but caused no real damage. To St Peter's for First Vespers, where we spent an amusing five minutes watching the carabines and those carefully disguised detectives turning away the womenfolk with short sleeves and no hats. Both sides of the game are full of tricks and wiles and the issue often hangs in the balance for quite a time.

29th. *Monday*. *SS. Peter and Paul*. To share our excellent dinner came Monsignor George Wareing, Vicar of the United States Army, and his secretary Mr Sherlock. Their endless stories entertained crowded circles at coffee and rosolio. The swimming bath is to be emptied so we have nothing to do but pine the next two days.

30th. *Tuesday*. Rather surprisingly Giuseppe, attired in a bathing costume, helped to clean out the swimming bath. Asked when it would be empty, he is reported to have replied: "Quando esce l'acqua". Mr Pearse began the hegira today.

JULY 1st. *Wednesday*. The beginning of woes, and accordingly the now traditional Fougasse picture (really an advertisement for Abdulla cigarettes) appeared with the eternal examination verities engraved thereon: "The hopeless attempts to remember what you never knew. What was that they asked you and dare you ask them to spell it? The agony, the suspense"—and so on. The few who finish examinations today assure us jauntily that it is hardly worth working any more, though in their tones can be heard the annual disillusionment that "they did not look up what they meant to look up, and did not look up again what they did look up". One brave man in Third Year Philosophy found a vacancy in the lists and snapped it up, thereby gaining six days and the glory of a *cum laude* on the first day.

2nd. *Thursday*. Messrs Fee and Malone left us today. The early morning train is surprisingly popular this year.

3rd. *Friday*. Today we said goodbye to Mr Marsh.

5th. *Sunday*. Archbishop Cicognani came to dinner and received a rousing welcome. We toasted him in the name of all his friends past and present and extorted a promise that he would visit us at Palazzola.

6th. *Monday*. Mr Walsh and most of Third Year Philosophy departed today.

7th. *Tuesday*. To supper Rev A. Jones who hastened immediately afterwards to catch a liner at Genoa in the company of Messrs Nesbitt and Grady. (The *leit-motiv* send-off has become fashionable in the last few years.) Mr Grady is due to return for a week or two round about Christmas when he has finished his thesis at home.

8th. *Wednesday*. So here we are with only the *villeggianti* left and a small body we seem. The refectory is a desert and the only sounds in the House are the furious turning of pages and the plaintive cries "I say! Has anybody seen my case?" "When's Giobbe coming?" "Look up my date, will you?"

9th. *Thursday*. A list of trams on the board tells that the end is near. Giobbe has come and gone—without our luggage of course; the heat is having a last intensive glower; the mosquitoes and sandflies are preparing sadly for a lean summer, while the curtains and carpets are neatly bestowed in some secret corner. Some have finished their exams, some have not, and some wish that they had not. Disorder reigns unquestioned; dust and waste-paper litter the corridors; the very bookshelves have veiled their faces in the venerable sheets of the *Times*. It is the death of a year and the beginning of joys. We shall toss feverishly on our beds tonight, but tomorrow we will rest on the flanks of Monte Cavo, and forget in its clean, hill air all the dust and heat of a Roman summer.

J. McDONALD

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Mullin

Secretary : Mr Foley

Sub-editor : Mr Swinburne

Under-secretary : Mr Pitt

Without Portfolio : Mr Firth

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Cottonian, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Millhillian, The Oscotian, Pax, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Womersh Magazine.

We thank Messrs Chester for *The Chesterian* and the Catholic Association for *The Scrip*.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE COLLEGE

Last year we wrote of various structural alterations in the College in Rome, with the hope that means might be forthcoming for the necessary changes. Through the generosity of a great friend and benefactor our hope has been, at least partially, realised. When we return to Rome from Palazzola in October we shall see the little cortile near the kitchen transformed into a new building which will be partly an enlargement of the sacristy and partly bathrooms and lavatories. In all there will be eleven bathrooms each containing a shower-bath and an ordinary

bath. There was great need of a rearrangement of our baths and it will be a big advantage to have them together on the ground floor near the supply of hot water. Moreover, with our numbers now at the eighty mark, and the increased activity in the sacristy, the extension to that part of the building will be most welcome. We shall be able to house the altar plate and sacred vestments more conveniently, and find a place for a new safe, a need that has long been felt.

The plans for the new roof-terrace on the garden side are now ready, and it is to be hoped that, before long, we shall be able to take the air walking along the full length of the roof that overlooks the garden. It will be partially covered, so that, even on the rainy days, we may be able to take our walk well out of the reach of the pools of the Roman streets. Such, at least, is our hope, and our experience of the past few years has shown us that means will not be lacking. These plans of ours, however, can only be realised through the generosity of friends and admirers of the Venerable, and we are most grateful to those who have given so generously to the old College.

At Palazzola we have tried to resolve two problems. The Sisters were badly in need of a larger chapel. Then there could be no question of restoring our Church to its old Gothic style until we found a way of dispensing with the side-altars in the retro-choir. It would be necessary, to complete the restoration, to remove the present high altar and to substitute for it, against the east wall, a simple altar in stone. The remaining baroque adornments must likewise be removed and the Gothic window, now closed, which was built up by previous owners of the monastery, must be opened up behind the new high altar. With the other windows restored to their Gothic form, the restoration would be complete, and we should have at our disposal the full length of the church, without the necessity of additional altars.

These two problems have been resolved by building a spacious chapel containing five altars. This can be entered both from the convent and from the upper floor of the new wing, opened in 1932. Thus the Sisters have a large chapel for their use, and we are well supplied with altars for the additional Masses. The new chapel is to be dedicated, before the end of the *villeggiatura*, to St Joseph, whose aid we have specially invoked in all the work of renovation of Palazzola.

The crowning joy of the year is the success of our petition to the Holy See for a special feast of the Blessed Martyrs of our Venerable College and a proper Mass and Office. The present number of THE VENERABLE shows our readers the new additions to our Missal and Breviary. December 1st, Blessed Ralph Sherwin's anniversary, will henceforth be celebrated with full liturgical solemnity, and the men of the present will honour year by year Blessed Ralph and his companions by a feast which will be an inspiration to us all.

Deo Gratias, for all these favours and benefactions which a kindly Providence has seen fit to bestow upon us.

W.G.

UNIVERSITY NOTES

Since these notes last appeared there have been many changes at the Gregorian. On February 15th, after more than eleven years work in the Prefectura, Father Ruwet left the University to take charge of the Prefectura at the Biblical Institute. During his term of office he had to arrange the removal from the Via del Seminario to the Piazza della Pilotta and upon him fell the burden of the many changes entailed by the apostolic constitution *Deus Scientiarum Dominus*. Anyone who has had to deal with him, especially during the examination period, cannot have failed to admire his great kindness and exceptional patience. His place at the Gregorian has been filled by Father Ferdinand Becker, until recently Librarian at St Ignatius' College, Valkenburg, Holland.

The cyclic course system (i.e., putting two years together under one professor) has long been viewed with disfavour by the authorities, and this year it was suppressed altogether in dogmatic theology. Report has it that next year will see the end of it in moral theology, too.

During the year we notice that Father Boyer has lectured on St Augustine at Padua, Fathers Boyer and Parenti gave a course of lectures on Philosophy and Scripture to about twenty professors of the Royal University at Villa Santa Maria near Genoa, Father Godillo lectured on union with the Orientals at the Eucharistic Congress at Ferrara, and at the end of July Father Chagnon gave a course of Catholic Action in Quebec. Recently, too, Father Hoenen represented the University at the celebrations on the occasion of the third centenary of the University of Utrecht.

On March 20th, Cardinal Bisleti, Grand Chancellor of the University, celebrated his eightieth birthday. Father Boyer, Prefect of Studies, together with a deputation of about fifty students from the various colleges, was received by his Eminence and offered him a Spiritual Bouquet.

There have been several interesting conferences at the University this year. On January 19th, Canon Cardijn of Malines spoke on the fruits of the J.O.C. movement in Belgium. He was followed closely by the customary course of lectures on Catholic Action under the leadership of Archbishop Pizzardo of the Secretariate of State. Then in April Father Daniel Lord, S.J., gave a very instructive and witty conference on the organisation of Catholic Youth in the U.S.A.

Among many minor alterations the chief is that the large Aula II has been assigned to the members of the *Istituto di Coltura* as a reading room and circulating library in place of the one they possessed at the Palazzo Borromeo. It was opened early in March. The notice boards had become so congested in these days of *Deus Scientiarum Dominus* that now separate boards have been put up for each faculty as well as several for general use, one of which is reserved for announcements. To the left of the main entrance an imposing collection of a hundred and twenty letter racks has been put up for examination results and such like communications.

The following books have been published at the University this year :

- Carolus Boyer : *Cursus Philosophiae* (ad usum seminariorum). Vol. 1 : Logica, Metaphysica Generalis, Cosmologia, et Psychologia (pars prima). Desclée, 1. 18.
- Petrus Hoenen : *Cosmologia* ; pp. 535, 1. 18. (This is the revision of the 1931 edition. The notes have been substantially altered and brought up to date, whilst the article *de fundamento mensurabilitatis qualitatum* has been removed from the text to form note VIII.)
- Leo W. Keeler : *S. Thomas Aquinas—Tractatus de Unitate Intellectus contra Averroistas—Textus et Documenta*, Series Philosophica, n. 20. Editio Critica ; pp. XXIV, 187, 1. 8.
- Sebastianus Tromp : *Actio Catholica in Corpore Christi* ; pp. 52, 1. 5.
- Bernardus Leeming : *Adnotationes de Verbo Incarnato* (ad usum privatum) ; pp. 536, 1. 18.

B. PEARSON

SOCIETIES

LITERARY SOCIETY

“ We have travelled all round the world : ” thus the President summed up the session. Few would deny that travel provides interest ; all would hope that it also makes for knowledge—the depth of which depends on the individual. When the latter is secured, there is reason to be satisfied.

The historical papers were quite disconnected. Mr Montgomery, of the Legation, spoke on *Queen Victoria* ; Mr Birley passed judgment on the *Medieval Inquisition* ; and Count Michalowski dealt ably, in detail, with the iniquitous partitions of his native Poland. Perhaps *The Story of the Grail* and a lecture on *Witches* should also be called historical, although the mysterious elusiveness of the Grail's history and the blood-curdling exposition of witchcraft prevented the audience from accepting them as such.

Outstanding among the speeches on religious subjects was that given on *Pastoral Medicine* by Dr Moran of Australia, in which he sketched the alarming ‘ progress ’ of medical pseudo-science, exposed its hollowness and vindicated the Church. The English problem is closely akin to that in Australia, and only a clergy well versed in pastoral medicine and a knowledge of Catholic morals among doctors can close up the chink in the Church's armour. Father Gemelli, O.F.M., honoured us with an address on his friend Ludovico Necchi, who helped him to found the University in Milan. That night was renewed the connection between Milan and the Venerabile, Father Gemelli promising to play St Charles Borromeo to any of us who would revive the martyrs' custom of calling at Milan en route for England.

In the realm of travel we saw China with Mr Ingram, were pilgrims in the Holy Land with Father Walmsley of the Antonianum, and spies in Communist Russia with Father Ryder, S.J., of the Oriental Institute. It would be true to say that we had also seen America, or its better part at least, in Father Daniel A. Lord's vivacious description of the part the priest must play if Catholic Action is to exist and flourish.

The Society is always able, and occasionally liable, to live up to its title. Hence we welcomed an address from Father Walsh, S.J., of the University, on the music of the *Divina Commedia*. The 'lingua toscana' took on a new form that night, and people admired the genius of Dante who could set history and theology to music. Mr Whitall later disclosed the secrets of Reuter's News Agency, and Mr Abbing described some of our English Cathedrals.

The new President is Mr Birley, the new Secretary Mr Firth.

F.D.

GRANT DEBATING SOCIETY

Thanks to the excellent spade work of recent officials, the Club has gone from strength to strength, and this year, with the momentum gathering pace, the efficiency of the President perfected the work of his predecessors.

Records have been broken in several directions but more important has been the increased eagerness to talk on the part of the members. The minutes weathered more than one storm of shrewd criticism, whilst points of order showed that nothing was to escape attention. For future years it is good to record the insistence on the part of the new members not merely on joining, but on taking as full a share as possible in the proceedings. A new regulation gives the leaders of the debates ample opportunity to sum up, a change which has been found to increase the interest of the meetings.

With regard to the actual sparring in ideas, the first meeting, in spite of the Dickensians, rejected Victorian severity in favour of modern laxity. Next we passed a vote of confidence in the Council of Trent and the present seminary system, refusing to have anything to do with a central seminary for England. An interlude in the shape of an impromptu debate proved most popular, a wish to revive the methods of the Inquisition foreshadowing a belief in an imminent millennium. Home topics led to a rejection of correspondence courses for scholastics and of a luncheon club at the university, but English clerical dress was voted more suitable for the mission than the cassock. Back to more formal but quite as lively discussions, we noted that scientific invention has led to a decline in civilization, but we refused to see in the press a harmful influence on English Catholicism, whilst supporters of the League will be relieved to know that the House emphatically refused to withdraw its support.

Lightness and diversity were, apart from the keenness shown, the typical features of the year, examples ranging from Jeremias to Dean Inge, Chicago to Clapham, from Utopia to Paraguay, and even from Limbo to Laurel and Hardy.

Altogether there is every reason to expect the momentum to continue next year under Mr Molloy as President and Mr Hanlon as Secretary.

A. HULME, *Secretary*

WISEMAN SOCIETY

The meetings planned for Palazzola last year came to nothing, unfortunately, but the Roman session produced five excellent papers and the highest membership on record. The membership, in fact, was so high that discussion was frequently unwieldy. We intend to try again this year to hold meetings at Palazzola, but it was prudently decided at the annual meeting that we should limit our ambitions to two.

The thanks of the Society are due to the retiring Secretary, Mr Carroll-Abbing, for a very interesting and successful session.

Following are the titles of the papers read :

Mr Brown : *William Cowper*. Cowper is scarcely a great poet but his letters are among the finest in the language and deserve to be more read.

Mr Harrison : *John Galsworthy*. A critical and very favourable survey of his style and craftsmanship with a poke, of course, at his stupid humanitarianism.

Mr Carroll-Abbing : *Aubrey de Vere, a Great Poet and a Great Catholic*. Sadly isolated by reason of his intense catholicity ; perhaps too exact a philosopher to be of the first rank.

Mr Hulme : *Full Circle, a Clash of Ideals*. Pointed sharply the contrast between the static and the dynamic in human character and provoked a lively controversy.

Mr Weetman : *Gothic Architecture*. A pleasingly rabid paper which, with perhaps a few modifications, made Pugin's attitude its own, and dismissed all baroque in a few scathing words.

Mr Curran : *The Romance of Machinery*. A witty and very human plea in Chesterton style for what is usually considered a hopeless cause.

J. MULLIN, *Secretary*

CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD

The first meeting of the year was addressed by Mr Hulme who read a paper on banking. A good number of members were present and heard a very interesting and informative paper : Mr Hulme began by tracing the history of the banking system, then explained the organization and work of a modern bank. After this introduction to his

subject, he pointed out the dangers of the system, particularly its anonymity and its power to use the money of honest men for dishonest purposes.

It should be mentioned that this meeting took place early in November; it was followed, a fortnight later, by a lecture on "The Soviet Union and the Second Five Year Plan", by Mr Sweeney. The lecture was illustrated by slides kindly lent by the Russian College, and was very well attended, many non-members being present. It is unfortunate that Mr Sweeney was so pressed for time as his lecture was most interesting and packed with information.

After such an excellent introduction to the year's meetings it is strange that further meetings failed to materialize, but such was indeed the case and there were no lectures after Christmas. However, this does not imply that no useful work was done by the Guild. On the contrary; for example, many members were able to take Fr Chagnon's course of lectures on *Quadragesimo Anno* at the University. Incidentally, there are several good courses on our subject at the Gregorian nowadays, particularly the one just mentioned, and the course on the juridical aspect of private property given by Fr Fabregas.

On June 9th a business meeting was held, and a full programme for next year proposed by Mr Ashworth (the new secretary) and voted in by the Guild. It was also decided to work in some form of collaboration with the newly-formed "Capac" (the Catholic Action group in the House) as we can obviously be of great mutual assistance.

J.C.

ORCHESTRA

During the past three years we have been learning more and more about our own possibilities. The exclusion of a brass complement has demanded the exclusion of the raucous military march together with not a few of the more widely known overtures in which the first trumpet can enjoy himself to satiety. On the other hand, in spite of the fact that our numbers have increased, we have not, and cannot hope to have, the weight of strings necessary to do justice to that vital change from "double forte" to "pianissimo" which may be the life blood of a symphony conceived and written in the grand style after the manner of *The Jupiter*. This cannot mean that we may not practise these grander works and gain untold advantage and pleasure from them, but only that if we want to offer a programme which really shows what we can do, we must look elsewhere for music suitable to the range, tone and form of our instruments.

We are, in fact, settling down to be a very promising body of strings and woodwind; and as much as has been written for just such a combination of instruments by the old masters of the classical school we have no need to worry about finding suitable works to play. Bach, Handel, Haydn and Purcell are veritable gold mines where we can find

pieces which call forth all our best efforts without asking the viola to make noises like a duet between a trombone and a euphonium. Those composers realised and developed the essential blending of strings and woodwind, and the remarkable progress made by our own woodwind has filled us with great expectations.

We are very sorry to bid farewell to four of our veteran stalwarts—Messrs Wilcock, Ellison, G. Malone and J. S. Malone. They have always been the backbone of the V.E.C.O., and our happiest consolation is to know that they will not cease to follow our fortunes with interest and care even though they may have stopped attending our weekly practices.

G. PITT

OBITUARY

ALEXIS HENRI MARIE LEPICIER, CARDINAL PROTECTOR (1930-1936)

On Wednesday, May 20th, died his Eminence, Cardinal Lépicier, O.S.M., Cardinal Protector of the Venerabile. We deeply mourn his passing for we lose in him not only an illustrious Protector but a devoted friend and benefactor.

Although he had been Protector of the College only for the last six years, his relations with us were of much longer duration. From his early days in Rome, as professor at Propaganda and later as Prior General of his Order, we shared in that very real interest and concern he gave to all things English, an interest which in recent years, and particularly since he became Protector, deepened into a close and valued friendship.

He never let pass an opportunity of strengthening our acquaintance with him and of making our contact more intimate. Every few months in the course of his protectorship he paid us an informal visit, which meant a conference in the chapel, dinner and, when possible, a visit to the common-room. His one regret was that press of duties prevented his coming oftener. "Yes, I shall smoke a cigarette, since I am in England today," he said once, lighting it very doubtfully—a detail, tiny in itself, but very characteristic of him in his efforts to make our intercourse more familiar.

On two occasions, at least, he gave the Literary Society the benefit of his journeys as Apostolic Visitor to India and Abyssinia, telling the most surprising stories with minute detail and obvious enjoyment; and once in his determination to create the right atmosphere, he enhanced his attire with a pith helmet and made an impressive entry, waving an African plume.

He never would come to the College empty-handed. On each of his visits he brought with him some small book as a memento for every

student, and he generously presented to the Library a beautifully bound collection of his theological works.

Such memories and countless others—all marks of his gentle courtesy and deep humility—are for us, at least, perhaps, a not unsuitable outline of this intensely priestly character. Few indeed who met him could fail to be attracted by this man who was in the fullest and simplest sense an apostle. Those of us who heard his conferences will remember in particular the two subjects to which sooner or later they inevitably turned: devotion to Our Lady and fidelity to the Church. These two, the dominant notes of his own life, he recommended to us, with perfect simplicity, as the most powerful weapons for the conversion of “our dear country”, England.

There could have been no close to his public career more fitting than the Mass he celebrated at S. Marcello last year in thanksgiving for his golden jubilee in the priesthood; and we can frame no prayer for him more fitting than that suggested by his life—that he may be given now to serve in glory that Holy Catholic Church, which from his childhood he has loved.

B. GRADY

FATHER ARTHUR VERMEERSCH, S.J.

To earn a reputation as a lecturer in Moral Theology is not easy. The Moral professor has every advantage over his peers in the more abstract sciences in so far as he has not to devote so much energy to arousing interest. But for that very reason he has a higher standard to live up to. In the case of Father Vermeersch, there was in addition the formidable tradition of the Bucceronis and Ballerinis who, if we may trust the nostalgic memories of older generations, in lecturing hardly had their equals. But Father Vermeersch was not outdone, and I am sure that most of those who have sat under him will agree with me that he was in most ways the perfect lecturer.

Of his actual academic ability it is not our place to speak. Whatever one may think of the lucidity of his writing, there is no gainsaying the world-wide reputation that his monumental work has achieved.

It is rather as a lecturer that we think of him. He was not, like Bucceroni, an actor. His gestures were never dramatic; he had in fact a few trivial mannerisms. It was his personality that was the secret of his oratory. Evidently above everything else frank and sincere, he hated sham or hot-house morality. It was against all forms of meanness and hypocrisy that his indignation, which was the mood in which he excelled himself as an orator, was chiefly directed. Once he started an onslaught in this direction, he could work up the feelings of his audience till one could have heard a pin drop. But he could encourage also, as no man could encourage. A strong believer in the idea that Moral Theology is not the science of nailing and categorising sins, he turned

his lectures into veritable conferences without ever giving the appearance of deviating from his subject. The influence he exerted over students' minds was immense. It was impossible to listen to him morning after morning without being deeply impressed—consciously or otherwise—with his extraordinary singleness of outlook, his intellectual and spiritual honesty, his unbounded enthusiasm for the cause of Christ. Virtues and sins never fell through academic treatment into half-meaning categories. The atmosphere he created and the level on which he spoke removed this danger as far as was humanly possible.

Tense as this atmosphere frequently became, he knew well that when too long sustained it was liable to lose its effect. Here his sense of humour saved the situation. His fabulous stories were infinite in number. The anonymous cardinals, the unmentionable *frati* and *seminaristi*, and of course the inevitable *abbatissae* of his acquaintance, would have overcrowded the largest of chambers of horrors. Nuns and *piae mulierculae* occupied such a predominant part in this assembly that one would suspect him of being something of a misogynist. Incurably '*malizioso*', he poked fun at all and sundry. He could not suffer fools gladly, and those stories of his, introduced by the poetic licence of "*Novi aliquem. . .*", served as genuine weapons of ridicule.

His ideas of how Moral Theology should be taught were emphatic. All his energy was concentrated on the elucidation of principles, and only those examples were brought forward which were necessary for that purpose. On the other hand, his robust common sense rebelled against hair-splitting. "*Relinquamus haec subtilia philosophica,*" "*Sylogismi sunt philosophorum*"—phrases of this type often occurred, accompanied by that diabolical little chuckle with which he ever quashed over-dignified adversaries. He kept the *via media* so well between the purely academic and the purely emotional appeal (the latter can easily predominate in many moral issues) that he carried conviction easily.

He tended in some ways to be a rigorist, and was perhaps a little too severe on Anglo-Saxon standards—though he laughed rather than fulminated against them, as though they were due to some incurable weak-mindedness. But he had a large heart and was sympathetic with genuine difficulties. This was perhaps one of the most outstanding features of his character. Let us hope that the countless number of those who have benefited by it will not forget him.

W. PARK

FATHER EDWARD MOSTYN

Edward Mostyn was not among the more eminent. He took no degrees and won no medals and he never shone in the schools. His talents were of no low order but he was not cut out for scholasticism. Yet he strove hard to master his "stuff", and though it generally mastered him he never gave up the fight.

He shared to the full in College life which he did much to enliven. He taught himself to play the mandoline and was always to the fore in our concerts. His choice of songs was good and he sang them well. He was a cheerful companion, a good talker, and, within limits, an excellent mimic. I have known him carry on a fifteen minutes duet with an unseen *contadino* three or four fields away. The words were his own, belonging to no language ever spoken in Italy, but the general effect was thoroughly Italian of the Alban Hills.

An aristocrat to the finger-tips, over six feet tall and of most handsome presence, he was without a trace of snobbery or vanity. Though used to the good things of this world, and though conditions at the Venerabile were not then all that could be desired, he never grumbled but just took things as they came and made the best of them. He enjoyed life in Rome, and the College was the poorer for his going.

On his return to England in 1896 he served for six years in the slums of Bermondsey, where he was a favourite among the poor whose rich and unspoilt humanity made a strong appeal to him. The next three years he passed on the China station as a naval chaplain. Back in England he opened the mission at Thornton Heath near Croydon, and nursed it zealously until 1915 saw him again in uniform, this time as a military chaplain. Danger and adventure, including the landing in Suvla Bay, were his in full measure. After service in Genoa—three years—and at Netley Hospital, he was appointed in 1923 to Haslemere where he stayed until his death. The church there, though small, is very beautiful, and is a worthy monument both to his trained good taste and to his exact obedience to all the prescriptions of the liturgy. After a long illness, bravely borne, he died peacefully at the hospital of St John and St Elizabeth. May God have mercy on his soul!

B. V. MILLER

RICHARD CANON BURKE

For five years, 1899–1904, I sat next to him in the refectory and in 1901 we made the journey to England and back together. This should make me competent to write a memoir of him but, as so often happens, I only saw him once again during the thirty odd years of his missionary life.

He had come to the Venerabile from Cotton and St Edmund's, and my recollections of 'Dickey' are that he was a very direct, blunt youth who spoke his mind without hesitation and yet was always kind and considerate to the feelings of others. He was certainly a man without guile, simple and as straightforward as a child. There is no doubt that he was a general favourite. A former editor of this magazine can, I know, amply testify to his love of the College; at his request, he sent him his Roman diary, a hundred and eighty pages in length, every word of which he had rewritten with his own hand.

On the Menevia mission he had to lead a life of real apostolic poverty, and this he did without complaining, or being soured, for a long stretch of thirty years. He built a school at Milford Haven and at Fishguard the church, school and presbytery. At our solitary meeting—a Venerable gathering—I found him to be still as cheerful and happy as ever. No doubt he would have been content to end his days in the midst of hardships and want, but his Bishop thought fit to honour his work by promoting him to a leading parish and by making him a canon.

Five and a half years ago, on the withdrawal of the Jesuits, he came to St Winifride's, Holywell, as its first secular parish priest since the Reformation. He made numerous and important alterations both to the church and the Holy Well, the precincts of the ancient shrine being greatly beautified by his efforts. He was a member of the County Education Committee and a prominent figure in Flintshire educational circles.

The time of his earthly reward was, however, very short. He died on April 24th at the early age of fifty-eight years. R.I.P.

J. H. KING

FATHER JOSEPH MAHONEY

Joseph Mahoney was born in Portsmouth in 1868 and came to the Venerable from Cotton College in 1890. In his year at the College were Father John Hally of Lyndhurst, Father Bernard Miller, and the late Father Edward Mostyn who died just a few weeks before him. He was ordained in December, 1895, took his degree in theology in 1896, and began work on the Southwark mission the same year. After short periods at St George's Cathedral and St Thomas's, Wandsworth, he went in 1897 to West Grinstead where he became rector in 1900. Two years later he was curate at Arundel, and subsequently rector at East Grinstead, South Bermondsey and Stockwell. His health broke down badly in 1915, but he struggled on till 1925 when he was obliged at last to retire and went to live in a home for sick and convalescent priests at Brighton. Even here, though he could take no official part in mission work, he was by no means idle and did all he could to promote the Catholic life of Brighton and the surrounding districts.

Father Mahoney was not outstanding as a scholar or a preacher, but he made a lasting impression on all with whom he came into contact by his sincerity, his profound piety, his cheerfulness (maintained very often in spite of severe suffering) and most of all by his charitableness and sympathy. Those who knew him, if they have not lost a leader, have lost something of much greater worth, a true and deeply devoted friend. May God give rest to his soul!

OUR BOOK SHELF

A Week of Communions, by Lamplighter, with verses by V.E.C. (Sheed & Ward). pp. 64. 2s. 6d. net.

ANOTHER LITTLE masterpiece of simplicity and sincerity by "Lamplighter". This one marks a real departure in children's spirituality for it is nothing less than an attempt to teach quite young children to meditate. There are four sections of meditations, each providing for a week of communions. In the first the meditations are very fully worked out; only a few sentences are devoted to each point in the second week; in the third these are shortened still further, while in the fourth the guidance consists merely of outlines to be filled in. The meditations for the first three weeks are taken from the Gospels, and the fourth week is made up of schemes which fall naturally into groups of seven e.g., the seven parts of the Our Father and Hail Mary, the seven last words, the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit and the seven verses of the *Adoro Te*.

"Lamplighter" has escaped that all too common sentimentalised simplicity which spoils so many children's devotional books. Her work is firm and clear, and while interesting the reader, makes quite sure that he thinks for himself. She is not afraid to insist that the Gospel narrative itself should be read, and in the last section, for those who can manage it, the *Adoro Te* has been printed out in full in the original Latin. The book is particularly suitable for boys' Preparatory Schools and indeed lower forms generally, whether boys or girls.

Perhaps the verses in the first section are not so consistently satisfying as they might be, and a little grumble at the price is surely justifiable, even though the book is so beautifully printed. The author's last work, *One Small House of Nazareth*, was forty pages longer and contained several illustrations; this has one illustration only and yet it costs the same price.

The endeavour to attract children to meditate is admirable, and we hope that this little book may meet with wide success.

G.A.

A contributor to the Magazine has sent us for notice Monsignor Civardi's *A Manual of Catholic Action* (Sheed & Ward, 6s. 0d. net). The book has been bought by over thirty members of the House in connection with our Catholic Action group, so we need scarcely commend it to anybody here. But we do commend it to all our readers in England who are taking up the study of Catholic Action. The book is the most authoritative work on the subject yet published and has the blessing of the Holy Father himself who prays, says the prefatory letter of Archbishop Pizzardo, "that your valued work may be widely spread abroad and thus provide a new and efficacious contribution to the increase of Catholic Action which is so dear to him".

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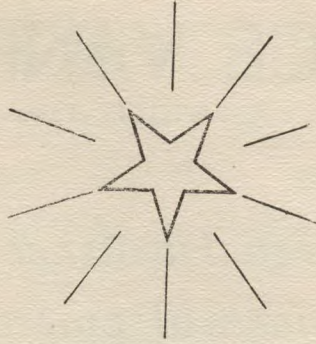
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