

THE VENERABLE

conducted
by the past and present students
of the Venerable English College
Rome

April 1938

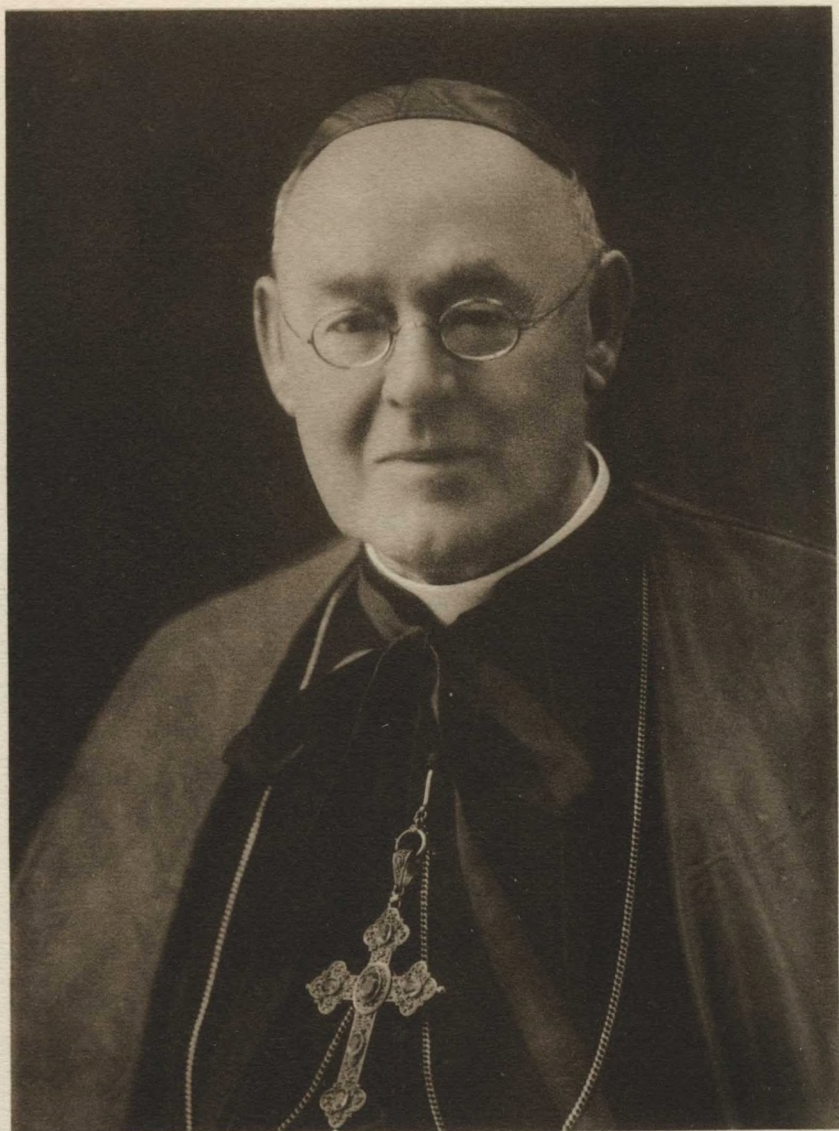
Vol VIII.

No. 4

ENGLAND
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

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Arthur Cardinal Hinsley
with my deep affectionate regards
for all Venerabilis, my heartiest
thanks to the present and every
blessing - 1937 December 4th to
January 8th - Floreat Venerabile
in aeternum

EDITORIAL

It was with a particularly personal delight that we welcomed Archbishop Hinsley's elevation to the Sacred College of Cardinals. Every Venerabilino must have rejoiced at the great honour done to this former rector of ours, a rector who ranks with Gradwell as the second restorer of the College and who has so notably made his own the College motto, *pro Petri fide et patria*. But THE VENERABLE has a still more intimate reason for rejoicing: it was during Monsignor Hinsley's rectorship that this Magazine was launched, and with his whole-hearted and enthusiastic support—without which the venture would certainly have come to nothing. Monsignor Hinsley was too the first Moderator of the Magazine, he contributed its first article, and has never failed to support and encourage us. With gratitude, then, and with pride we recall our close connection with the Cardinal; and while we bask in the reflected glory of the scarlet, we assure His Eminence of our heart-felt good wishes, our devoted loyalty, and our continuous prayers for God's blessing on his work in England—*ad multos annos*.

THE CARDINAL IN ROME

FOR us Giomini the college tailor began it all. One evening early in November he waylaid a homing camerata to find out, with an eye to business, the address of "Monsignore 'Eensli", who, he had heard, was with four others to be made cardinal at the next consistory. Now this was just what we had been hoping for, and yet, though we knew that these Roman rumours are often well founded, we dared not believe it, lest our final disappointment should be too bitter. But the rumour persisted; and at last, on the evening of November the 17th, the news that it was true ran through the ranks as we made our way downstairs to Rosary, while after supper the excited book-auctioneer prefaced his sale of the remaining few 'bargains' by reading out the announcement from the OSSERVATORE ROMANO. And a day or two later, in the presence of Archbishop Roberts, S.J., and Bishop Doubleday, the Rector proposed the health of our new Cardinal and we honoured the toast in an extra *bicchiere*.

A fortnight later we cheered ourselves hoarse as a Vatican car swept into cortile with its inside light on to show up the well-known figure. At last, we thought, things will begin to move. But no! for another week all continued as usual, while we waited with a vague idea that there would be much pomp and circumstance to mark this great event in the history of the College, but uncertain of the part we ourselves would

play. However, on the tenth of December, after trudging back from the university in a downpour of that continuous rain that was to fill the banks of the Tiber almost to bursting point, we found the house being rapidly transformed into something rich and strange: baroque draperies were being hung in the refectory, up the stairs and round the *salone*; palms, ferns and plants were ranged in rows and banked on every corner; carpets were unrolling in all directions and the Vaughan tapestries had made an unusually early appearance by the doors of the Martyrs' Chapel. By half-past ten the following Monday morning all was ready; draperies which had started to collapse were firmly fixed in place, drooping flowers removed or revived, and we stood waiting in the Cardinal's gallery for the arrival of the *biglietto* of nomination.

At the same time in the Vatican the Pope was holding a secret consistory at which the names of the new cardinals were finally approved. As we waited ushers showed the guests to their places, amongst them Mr Osborne, the Abbot Primate of the Benedictines, Fr Michael Browne, O.P., Bishop Martyn of Argyle and the Isles and Fr Van Laak, who represented the Society of Jesus. Soon after eleven we heard Raniero announcing the arrival of the papal messengers, and at the same moment Archbishop Hinsley appeared at the door of the *salone*. As soon as the *biglietto* had been handed to him and he had read it, he passed it to Monsignor Riberi, his successor as apostolic delegate to Africa, who read it aloud. Then the Cardinal made a short speech in Italian and a rather longer one in English, thanking the Holy Father for the great honour bestowed on him, not because it was a personal honour, but because it showed the paternal affection of His Holiness for England, an affection which we had witnessed so recently in the canonisation of Saints John Fisher and Thomas More.

Immediately after this speech he received from one of the papal masters of ceremonies the summons to attend the consistory on Wednesday evening for the imposition of the red biretta. The messengers then withdrew to continue their journey, and there appeared the crowd of those coming to pay their respects—diplomats, prelates, Vatican officials and

others—so many that the gallery was filled with a swirling mob struggling to advance or retire. In the afternoon came the Cardinals, and all next day the visiting continued, so that we became accustomed to picking our way in out of the rain past a line of sumptuous cars at the door, being solemnly greeted by the *ferraiuola*-clad ushers, and making our way upstairs past bishops, ambassadors and *eminentissimi porporati*.

The next day, Tuesday, was held the official luncheon in the Cardinal's honour, at which were present:—Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni, Mr Osborne, Prince Doria-Pamphilj, Mr Macaulay, the Abbot Primate of the Benedictines, Bishop Hayes, Monsignori Curran, Heard, Clapperton, Duchemin, Perrin, Hurley, Moss and Capoferri, Frs Browne and Daley, O.P., Frs Hubert and Coffey, O.F.M., Fr McCormick, S.J., Dom Philip Langdon, O.S.B., Messrs Bowring and Radcliffe, Fr Bullen, C.S.S.R., Fr Gough, P.S.M., Bro Connolly, Major Plowden and Captain Sheedy. Before we left the refectory to drink our coffee and rosolio on the Cardinal's gallery (the common-room was too small to hold us) the Rector proposed the toast and the Cardinal replied in English, breaking into Italian to address the Cardinal Protector.

The next official appearance of the Cardinal was on Wednesday evening, at the semi-public consistory when the red biretta was conferred, a ceremony which entitles the new cardinals to assume the dress of their rank. This took place in the Consistorial Hall, and was chiefly notable for a long speech from the Holy Father that lasted for some three-quarters of an hour. When he entered he had looked very old and tired, and he was rather restless during a long address read by Cardinal Piazza of Venice. But when the time came for the Pope to reply, we noticed how vigorous he was. Unfortunately from where we stood it was impossible to hear most of the speech, but we did catch some allusions to "Piazza di Venezia". And we noticed that the Holy Father seemed to grow stronger and stronger as he spoke, while the only man to feel faint and sit down was one of the Swiss guards!

Next day there was the public consistory in the Aula della Benedizione. The papal procession entered soon after

half-past ten, and when the Pope had taken the throne and the assembled cardinals had made their obedience, prelates from the Congregation of Rites and consistorial advocates advanced and knelt before him to propose the cause of Venerable John Baptist of St. Michael the Archangel. Meanwhile the new cardinals were waiting in the Sistine. Cardinal Hinsley had suffered a curious accident on his way to the Vatican: the splendid Isotta-Fraschini put at his disposal had burst both its back tyres turning across the tram-lines on the Tiber bank. Fortunately the Vice-Rector and Monsignor Elwes were following close behind in Angelo's car, and so His Eminence was not left marooned in the wilderness of the Lungotevere.

Soon the hearing of the cause of Venerable John Baptist was suspended while ten cardinal deacons withdrew to bring in the new cardinals. They appeared walking in procession in order of seniority, led by Cardinal Piazza magnificent in his white Carmelite *cappa magna*. Cardinal Hinsley came third, accompanied by Cardinals Cattani and Massimi and attended by Monsignor Elwes and Captain Sheedy, with Mr Auchinleck, one of the Westminster students, bearing his train. They made their obedience, kissing the Pope's foot for the last time, and then stood aside while the hearing of the cause was completed. The actual imposition of the hat was quickly over, and soon the papal procession was moving out again, but now with the new cardinals in their right places among the Sacred College. A *Te Deum* was sung in the Sistine Chapel, with the new cardinals prostrate on the altar steps; and then followed a secret consistory in the Aula Concistoriale at which took place the ceremonies of the *chiusura della bocca* and the *apertura della bocca*, by which is signified the duty of keeping and giving counsel.

That evening the red hat was brought to the College by Mgr Venini, the Pope's *guardaroba*. In contrast to the other elaborate ceremonies this was a purely private and homely affair. The first section of the salone had been fitted up as a throne room, and into this we all crowded behind the *bussolante* who carried the hat on a silver tray. Monsignor Venini made a short speech in which he spoke of his joy at bringing the hat,

especially to this College which had been the home of so many martyrs and which had been so ably governed by His Eminence in the past. Cardinal Hinsley in reply spoke of his gratitude to the Pope, whose love for England was known to all. The Pope had said to him, when giving the kiss of peace that morning: "I embrace with you all England and all your bishops". His cardinalate was not a personal honour, but an honour which the Pope wished to pay to England; he himself regarded it as a stimulus to more intense work for the cause of the faith. In conclusion he asked us to pray for the Pope in return for his love for England. Again we went to kiss his ring and offer our congratulations, but this time just ourselves and as a united act of homage from the College.

At the secret consistory Cardinal Hinsley had had assigned to him the church of Santa Susanna, the national church of the Americans and the titular of Cardinal Lépicier. He took possession on the twenty-first of December, and to us was given the privilege of supplying the choir and the *assistenza*. We met the Cardinal at the door and led the way up the church in procession. Then, when the Cardinal was enthroned and we were grouped round the sanctuary, the bull of appointment was read and the rector of the church, Fr O'Neill, gave an address of welcome, and the Cardinal preached a short but stirring sermon on the text "One Lord, one faith, one baptism". He mentioned yet again the close connection between English and American Catholics, and recalled the remarkable coincidence that it was on this very day one hundred and forty-six years ago that Bishop Walmsley, who had later consecrated the first American bishop, had been consecrated by the Cardinal Protector of the Venerabile in the College chapel.

One other official function remains to be recorded. Cardinal Hinsley and Cardinal Pizzardo had both studied at the Gregorian, and accordingly the University bedecked the Aula Maxima in all its premiation-day splendour of red and gold, and held a reception one evening to do honour to these two famous alumni. Two students had been chosen to present addresses, one from the Lombard College, where Cardinal Pizzardo had studied, and Mr Roche from the Venerabile.

Our representative was at a considerable advantage, for he was able to link together both Their Eminences, since the papal delegation to the Coronation had forged a very strong link between Cardinal Pizzardo and England; and at the close he could bring them together with the following admirable words :

“ There is one further connection between both Their Eminences and the Gregorian. This University is a microcosm of the universality of the Church, as anyone can learn who will listen to the Babel of tongues when its two thousand students come out from lectures. The Gregorian literally obeys the behest of our Divine Lord ‘ docete omnes gentes ’. And as far as it is given to individual men to obey that same command, Your Eminences have certainly a magnificent record. Cardinal Hinsley must have travelled more miles than Saint Paul or Saint Francis Xavier, like them always in search of souls to be brought to Christ. And Cardinal Pizzardo, though he may not have made missionary journeys in the strict sense of the term, has dealt with all the world from his desk in the Secretariate of State. Here, then, in your persons we have further inspiration; a great example of the Catholic ideal, which knows no boundaries to the apostolate, of race or tongue or social custom. There is rejoicing all over Africa, there is rejoicing throughout the world, at your elevation, because your great work for God has spread throughout the world. We, of the Gregorian, share in that rejoicing; more—we dare to express it, dare to speak in the name of countless folk, unknown to us, because we stand here at the fountain head of Christendom, studying where you studied, and preparing as you prepared to go hence and teach all nations.”

The great moment of the evening came when Cardinal Hinsley stepped forward to reply. Spurning the microphone, he filled that tremendous hall with his voice, and found his way at once into the hearts of the audience as he told us that the Gregorian is the school of true Romanità—devotion to the Holy Father and the Catholic Faith; made the proud boast that England has given more martyrs for the Holy See

than any other country; and reminded us that there were trained here in the Gregorian and at the Venerable forty-four martyrs and more than two hundred confessors. This speech was greeted with such a cheer as rarely can have been heard before in the University, so spontaneous, so unanimous it was, and so completely sincere.

With this reception the official ceremonies came to an end. But for three weeks more we had the pleasure of His Eminence's company, and those three weeks included the Venerable Christmas. We were unlucky in that the Cardinal had to attend so many receptions and dinners, and had such a press of work to get through that he was unable to come up to the common-room as often as we could have wished; but even so we were in no danger of our forgetting "the greatness in our midst". At the door we would find the Vatican car, SCV 16, with its smart chauffeur; in chapel there was the *prie-dieu* on its own special strip of red carpet; in the refectory the chair of state faced the Rector across the table; while at the lower end of the common-room the wall was decorated with a great red hat and the Cardinal's motto, *Tales ambio defensores*. Of course *Chi lo Sa?* was a very red number, greatly to His Eminence's enjoyment. When after dinner we had coffee and rosolio Cardinal Hinsley was sure to be found in the centre of a huge circle, smoking the pipe that some local Santa Claus had put in his scarlet stocking on Christmas night; and at the various concerts he was a regular and enthusiastic member of the audience. On the night of the Opera a function at the College of Propaganda prevented his hearing the beginning of the first act, but he was back in time to see most of it, and, in a speech answering the dedication of this production to himself, he eulogised the caste and all responsible even beyond the merits of so successful a performance.

But all good things have an end. The next night, when the stage was half dismantled and the cheerless common-room mourned the glory that was fled, we gathered there to present to His Eminence, as a small token of our good wishes and of our loyalty to the head of our English hierarchy, a small silver cigarette case decorated with his cardinalitial arms in relief,

and inside the inscription *From the students of the Venerabile*. As he presented it the Senior Student pointed out that in every speech the Cardinal had made during this stay in Rome he had made glowing mention of the Venerabile. The evening finished, *more Romano*, with a lusty sing-song that ran through most of the songs written when His Eminence was Rector.

Next morning the Cardinal had to leave us, to return to expectant and enthusiastic England. It was unfortunate that duty called us all to the lecture-halls of the Gregorian, so that we were unable to assemble at the station and give him a send-off such as would have put a fitting conclusion to his stay in our midst. But would it have been the conclusion?—for as we pen these lines we are still fresh from a gita given in honour of the second cardinal that the Venerabile has given to England in the hundred years since the restoration.

THE EDITORS

GITAS: A LAMENT

EVERYBODY speculates at times whether at last the day will come when no one can think of another idea for a Romanesque. It may, but it is a long way off. Which means, of course, that I have just thought of another idea for one—on VENERABLE Editors. Think what a body of men they have been, and how little publicity they have received. The definite work in this field remains to be embarked upon, as they say at the beginning of history books that are going to be very dull.

Take for instance the sort of Editor that writes and says “I’ll give you two weeks to dash off something light on gitas which I may use if Dean Bloggs fails me at the last moment with his reminiscences of the Crimea”. (That is really the only sort of Editor I have in mind. So there may not be anything in that Romanesque idea after all. If there is I make you a present of it—you’ve written nothing for THE VENERABLE since that thing on Chestnuts.)

“Something light on gitas”. There is the subtlety of long experience behind the seemingly casual phrase. It tempts anybody. There is no red-blooded man who does not believe that he has experienced something on a gita the like of which nobody else can make up. Add to this by making up a few things the like of which nobody else has ever experienced, lend a touch of verisimilitude with a photograph cunningly

taken somewhere near the Hermitage, and you are much further on the road to celebrity than the hack who whispers hoarsely to his public from the 'Nova et Vetera' pages.

Yet try it. It is one thing to sit by a fire in the golf-house on an October gita evening, "full of vitamins A, B and C", the hot wine charging the air with credulity, and tell a gaping group of First Year men—who have still to go to Subiaco—how at Castelmendacio in '34 you got bed, supper, breakfast, and an intellectual conversation with the waiter who had been to America, all for 13.50. It is different by all heaven (an expressive scholasticism) to write down the same story to be criticised by the Editor as he walks, famished, up and down the Piazza Pilotta in the interval between second and third lecture, and to be read by sleek and sceptical junior professors in seminaries or by disillusioned curates in Wigan. An audience of the first kind might receive with at least a sympathetic silence the story of how you hung by your *ramponi* from one ledge while a wolf lunched off your hair from the next. But readers of the other sort would be more likely to write to the Editor to announce that THE VENERABLE was NOT WHAT IT WAS.—*En explicatio tituli*. All this is meant to show the dangers of writing "Something light on gitas", and, by an easy transition, the many advantages of writing the exact opposite.

You must have wondered why the great men of whom you heard legends in your youth, the men who had earned fame by passing off in small hotels as princes and magnates, by getting into gaol or by strangling teams of Campagna dogs—you must have wondered why they suffered such loss of form on returning to England; why if they cannot afford to come back to Umbria or the Abruzzi they frankly submit to fishing or golf and bridge holidays, and so pass into the obscurity with which, in golf-house opinion at least, these things consort.

I will tell you, sadly, what I know to be true. The gita is not a commodity for export to England.

You may think that this is obvious, as indeed it is, and be ready with all the obvious reasons, which indeed are the wrong ones—by-pass roads, with dust and roaring cars and ugly villas.

But where in the world is there a stretch of road more unpleasant than the part of the Flaminia where I once tried, in vain, to make tea over a fire of dried reeds? Or, if you think that is special pleading, speak to the man who immortalised the common foot-blister by walking to Ladispoli. On the other hand, where in Italy are there ways more remote from commerce than the Leicester-Derby border, woods deeper than those of Bickleigh in Devon, heaths wilder than those of Bodmin or the Snake? You may instance the licensing laws which make it impossible to get a drink between 2.30 and 6. But who ever drank wine on a gita between 2.30 and 6, unless he had badly mistimed his dinner?

These and many more obstacles could be demolished, but the real obstacles remain unshaken. Briefly and broadly they may be reduced to two—first, that the English soil is too fertile, and second, that the English imagination is not fertile enough, or better, not elastic enough. Whence are excluded the two qualities inseparable from a good gita—spaciousness and a touch of the fantastic.

For the first, England, unlike Italy, is fat and well-fed, and not “a naked land with all her bones showing”. Very few districts of England are waste and uncultivated, and this, combined with the small area of the country, gives a microscopic effect in contrast with Italy. It is almost incredibly difficult to get lost in England. (Let me make it clear at this point that I know nothing of Wales or Scotland.) And nothing is more oppressive than the inevitability with which, if you follow your nose, you come speedily to something reassuring like a metalled road or a railway track or a house with “TEAS” blazoned in whitewash on the roof, or a hopelessly well-informed farm labourer. Contrast this last with the *contadino*. Apart from the fact that you may walk for half a day in some even of the lower parts of Italy without meeting a soul, when you do meet one with what personal interest, what wealth of phrase and gesture he will give you directions difficult to comprehend and impossible to follow. In England, to pass over the unsavoury tribe of game-keepers, bailiffs and what-not, the cheerless descendant of the peasantry will politely enough

but with a brevity, clarity and accuracy to freeze the sweat on your brow, thrust you back on to the way that will bring you with a sense of doom to the place you had marked on your map the night before.

And mention of teas reminds me that the alfresco is almost as impossible in England as the towers of San Gemignano. You take sandwiches or, more pretentiously, you pic-nic. This last word is almost onomatopoeic, so well does it suggest the stereotyped triviality of the function. The truth is that a cooked meal in the open in England, unless it be made by gypsies, has the same displeasing effect as suburban gothic or prize-day elegaics. It has no connection with the plain facts. A man frying onions near Soracte looks right. It is obvious at a mere glance that if he does not he will go hungry, since nobody else is frying anything for miles around. Even a man frying onions in a room at the Albergo Subasio is an interesting social and economic commentary. But the man who in an English field spreads a spotless white cloth with a formidable array of Marmite, Velveeta, Kia-Ora and the rest, looks unpleasantly as though he were doing it because he had read somewhere that doctors say it is beneficial. Moreover, he will be fortunate (in most parts) if he can find a spot out of sight of a public-house, or a hotel, or a confectionery-hut or all three ; and if he succeeds in this, it will go hard but a Stop-me-and-Buy-One myrmidon will cycle past half way through his meal. Very soon a man who sits down in the open in England to cook a meal will look about as appropriate as a man sitting down on the pavement in Savile Row with a needle and broadcloth to sew himself a pair of trousers.

It is misleading to abuse all this vaguely as commercialization. Commercial enterprize and mechanization are more oppressive in England because she is "fat and well-fed", *i.e.*, there are no large tracts which it is not in the interest of the enterprising to spoil. Hence, the walker who strives after the "simple" self-providing life achieves no effect of virile necessity but of pathetic make-belief. I realised this one morning just after I came to England, when I set out to walk to the head of Kinderscout. The ascent for the most part is as

gradual and straightforward as that of the Roman Road on Monte Cavo, but the view is wild and beautiful enough to obscure for the moment the fact that it is only twenty minutes' walk down the opposite side to a first-class inn on the main road ten miles from Sheffield. Yet a party of hikers coming the opposite way were each burdened with heavy mountain boots, two large maps, a compass, a variety of pullovers and a pack the size and elaboration of which would have caused comment on the Velino. The procession was simply a small pageant.

It is harmless enough, and because in that part of Derbyshire it is an accepted *mass* diversion it is not affected by what I have put forward as the second obstacle to an English gita—the inelasticity of the native imagination. This cannot be illustrated better than by recalling, for contrast, the experience of the two men who arrived at Viterbo after sixteen days' walking, having been baked to the marrow and soaked to the skin, one reduced to walking in his slippers, 30 cents short of their fare to Rome (or more accurately to La Storta, but that is not pertinent to the illustration). After some deliberation and a further inventory one of them produced from the depths a disreputable 30 centesimi stamp, a relic of the affluence in which the gita had begun. More deliberation, and then flicking off the last speck of his self-esteem he approached a citizen of the middle class who stood by, and with a stuttering and inelegant explanation offered the stamp for sale. With no perceptible hesitation, with the accumulated inheritance of gentility proper to a citizen of that ancient place, the man gave up 30 cents in exchange for the stamp, and then courteously returned the stamp!

I think it is not too much to say that before an Englishman (at least a Southern or Midland Englishman) had adjusted himself to a similar situation, the train would have moved out.

It was the same two men who, having walked for nine days in the dust and stones of the Appenines, sat in state outside the Loggia dei Mercanti in Siena, to have their shoes cleaned by a bootblack with as much reverent diligence as he could have expended on the coruscating top-boots of some gorgeous *capitano*. Again, is it malicious to think that, had this happened

in Bath or Winchester, the least unpleasant consequence would have been that some enterprising scout of our press would have bobbed up to create a scene with his notebook and camera ?

But I do not know if I have proved my generalizations. Perhaps it is unjust to put these differences down to inelastic imagination. Perhaps you will argue that the Englishman's imagination is too powerful to face such phenomena without emotion. Perhaps you will acutely make the point that, say, the Englishman's house is his castle, or reflect on the horrible truth that to nine-tenths of Englishmen the clergy are a caste. All I know is that in spite of my hypocritical preamble I have insinuated two or even three gita stories into this ; and I also know sorrowfully that I shall never again gather stories of that sort. Unless I am presented to a minor canonry in Tuscany, I shall never again walk out of a city gate at early morning, feeling that before I enter another at sunset almost all things may have come to pass—that I may have gone a great distance, or wandered with dusty clothes and easy discourse through a picture-gallery, fallen into a stream, gravely discussed patriotism—*ambulando*—with a small thinker of eleven, had my boots cobbled, stolen figs and been mistaken for a “Czecho-Slovakian”.

Spaciousness, and a touch of the fantastic

It may be that, *super flumina Babylonis*, I may even have to learn to fish.

W. A. PURDY

THE DATE OF THE SCHOLA SAXONUM*

THERE are many illustrations which point out the completeness of post-Reformation England's jettisoning of the past. Of these, few surpass in interest those glimpses, given in ancient chronicles, of the old English pilgrim-spirit. And it is from these that the historian must reconstruct the story of the *Schola Saxonum*, a story in which myth and legend have been so interwoven that the truth has been long in appearing. The history of the ancient Saxon settlement on the banks of the Tiber is very fragmentary, scattered here and there in Bulls, Chronicles, Itineraries, and, perhaps most interesting and most trustworthy of all, in the *Liber Pontificalis*. Here in vivid detail we find the account of the burning of the Borgo (" quae in eorum lingua burgus dicitur ") and of the slaughter of so many Saxons fighting in defence of the city against Saracen invaders.

It has until recently been accepted that Ina or Ine, king of the West Saxons, who had resigned his throne in 726 and had come to Rome as a perpetual pilgrim in exile for Christ's sake at the foot of Peter's throne, was the probable founder of the *Schola Saxonum*. Such at least is the assertion of Matthew Paris, of whom Cardinal Gasquet¹ writes : " It is true that he

* The Saxon Pilgrims to Rome and the Schola Saxonum. By Dr W. J. Moore, Friburg, 1937.

¹ Or Mgr. Mann, if it was he who wrote the first chapter of Gasquet's History of the Venerable English College, Rome. The Cardinal says in his introduction (p. ix) " Mgr. Mann not only read the MS. . . . but also furnished me with the story of the *Schola Anglorum* in Rome, which forms the first chapter of this volume ".

is only a late authority, but nothing can be argued against the substantial accuracy of his statements".¹ Now what Matthew Paris had written of the *Schola* is this :—

“When Ina arrived in Rome he built a house, with the approval of Pope Gregory (II), which he called the School of the English (*Scholam Anglorum*). This he did in order that the kings of England and the Royal family with the bishops and priests and clergy might come to it to be instructed in learning and in the Catholic faith, lest anything might be taught in the English Church which was heterodox (*sinistrum*) or opposed to Catholic unity . . . Moreover Ina built near the aforesaid house a church in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary in which the divine mysteries might be celebrated for the English who came to Rome, and in which such of them as might die in Rome might be buried. Finally, in order that his work might be lasting, it was ordained by a general decree that throughout the whole country of the West Saxons every family should every year send to Blessed Peter and the Roman Church one *denarius* (which is known in English as *Romescot*), in order that the English who resided there might have a means of support.”²

Gasquet accepts this passage as being substantially correct, though he admits that “it is no doubt probable that there may be some exaggeration in these statements, and that Paris may have attributed to Ina all the developments of the School which were in existence just before his own time, and which were really the work of several successive English rulers. But there is no reasonable room for doubt that a substantial beginning of the Anglo-Saxon quarter was made by Ina himself”.³

The author of the latest work on the *Schola Saxonum*, Dr W. J. Moore, agrees with the College historian in this general conclusion, though for very different reasons; but he does not admit that “Ina founded in Rome a theological school in the modern sense of a school, a hospice and a church, and

¹ Gasquet, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

² Matt. Paris, *Chron. Maj.*, an. 727.

³ Gasquet, p. 9.

instituted Peter's Pence".¹ And his arguments are for the most part convincing. Certainly it would seem that Ine cannot have instituted Peter's Pence, because "it is not until the reign of Edward the Elder, successor of Alfred the Great, that the Romscoth appears clearly [in the old Chronicles] as a legally enforced levy on the people, with a penalty for non-payment",² and because it is difficult to see how he could have raised any such levy after he had resigned the throne.

It is also decidedly doubtful whether Ine was the founder of the church of S. Maria in Sassia. Today the site of this church is occupied by the church of Santo Spirito, in which is preserved an old picture of Our Lady which dates from the seventh or eighth century and which, according to tradition, was given to the church by King Ine. And a seventeenth century inscription on the wall of the church records that this picture was preserved from the fires in the days of Popes Pascal I and Leo IV, from the fires, that is, of 817 and 847. On the other hand Dr Moore would have us believe that the church was built by Pope Leo IV, who was crowned in 847. He bases his argument on the first mention of the church to be found in the *Liber Pontificalis*, a passage which follows closely after the account of the fire of the Borgo in 847 and which runs thus: "ecclesia Sanctae Die Genitricis Mariae quam ipse beatissimus Pontifex (*i.e.*, Leo IV) a fundamentis supra Scholam Saxonum noviter construxit . . ." ³ Cardinal Gasquet interprets the *noviter construxit* as denoting a restoration or rebuilding—probably the building had perished in the fire, though the picture mentioned above had been saved. But Dr Moore translates the *noviter* as 'recently', not 'anew'; and argues that the word *construxit* points to a foundation rather than a restoration, an argument which gains force from the fact that in the biography of Leo IV in the *Liber Pontificalis* the phrase *noviter restauravit* occurs four times, while in no other instance can the words *noviter construxit* possibly refer to a restoration rather than to a foundation. This in itself is not very convinc-

¹ *Ibid.*

² Moore, *op. cit.*, p. 101.

³ *Lib. Pont.*, II, 126.

ing ; but we must further take into account that the description of the fire makes no mention of the destruction of the Church. Even so, however, the argument is not conclusive. Perhaps the truth of the matter is that there was in the Saxon quarter, which had existed now for more than a hundred years, a small church built like the rest of the houses in that district, of wood ; that this church was destroyed in the two fires ; and that Leo IV rebuilt it in a larger and more permanent form—possibly of stone, since the wooden building had perished twice within thirty years.

The third statement of Matthew Paris, that there was a theological school established in the Anglo-Saxon settlement, would seem to be quite unsupported by any scrap of evidence save his own very unreliable word ; and therefore we have no hesitation in rejecting it, especially as a historian writing in the twelfth century would so easily fall into the error of thinking that the word *schola* implied some connection with *doceo*. The word still had, of course, an educational signification, but with the passage of time it had come to mean so much more that we have to be careful always to fix its meaning from the context in which it is used. Thus when the *Liber Pontificalis* talks of the various *scholae*, of the Saxons, of the Franks, of the Lombards and so on, it uses the term to denote either a quarter of the city, or the organised, corporate body of the inhabitants of that district. Gasquet is misleading on this point, for he never defines the term, but uses it at one moment to describe a central hospice, and at the next as a synonym of the *vicus Saxonum*.

Coming now to the first statement of Matthew Paris, that King Ine built a house for pilgrims which he called the *Schola Saxonum*, it is at once evident that the Chronicler is at fault. He has attributed to Ine all the developments which were in existence just before his own time, and pictures the *schola* as a central hospice for pilgrims. And of course it was no such thing, but rather a settlement of small houses built of wood. As late as the year 816 it was still the same, a group of separate houses ; for the account of the fire of that year tells us that the flames destroyed “ *omnis illorum (i.e., Saxonum) habitatio* ”,

and afterwards the Pope gave the destitute Saxons the use of some woods whence they might hew timber to rebuild their *domicilia*.¹

When, then, did the *Schola Saxonum* first come into being? Since the account of Matthew Paris is not to be trusted, we can give no exact answer to the question; but from other sources we can infer the proximate date of its beginning. ('Beginning'—we use the word advisedly, to describe the casual and almost haphazard rise of the colony rather than its formal foundation.) The earliest documentary evidence of the *Schola's* existence is to be found in the *Vita Leonis III*: when that Pope returned to Rome from Paderborn, in November, 799, he was met at the Ponte Molle by a vast procession of clergy and laity, and by the *Scholae* of the Saxons, Franks, Frisians and Lombards.² The *Schola* is already an organised body, so it must have flourished for some years at least before this date. Actually it would seem that it had existed for about eighty years—that it had been begun in the time of King Ine. This we conclude from an examination of the numbers of Saxon pilgrims to Rome.

"One of seven brothers, all saints"—such phrases abound in the accounts of the almost innumerable Saxon saints; and we are inclined to take their sanctity and even their existence with a large measure of scepticism. But the more we read of them, of their deep faith and simplicity and directness, the more intolerable does such an attitude become. And perhaps the most striking feature of their sanctity is their devotion to the Prince of the Apostles. The journey across Europe to Rome was hazardous to a degree beyond our imagining—brigands and robbers on every lonely road, the bitter cold of the Alps (where many a traveller froze to death, or was murdered), the interference of petty sovereigns and nobles—and yet from the time of Wilfrid, who was perhaps the first to make the journey, in 653, the pilgrimages continued to grow in popularity. Thus for the first quarter of the eighth century we have evidence of no fewer than seventeen different groups who made the Rome pilgrimage—and how many others must there not have

¹ *Ibid.* II, 54.

² *Ibid.* II, 6.

been, of poor or unimportant people whose journey no one would notice or chronicle?

We cannot reproduce here all the information that Dr Moore has collected about these pilgrimages, but it would not be out of place to give a brief account of some of the more important of them. Thus in 703 Wilfrid, accompanied by Eddius, his biographer, by Acca, the future bishop of Hexham, and by a number of priests and deacons, made his third visit to Rome. He was now seventy years old, and wished to stay and die near the throne of Peter; and though the Pope persuaded him to return to Britain, right to the end he cherished the plan of returning *ad limina apostolorum* to die. In 709 Cenred, King of Mercia, and Offa, son of the king of the East Angles, made the Rome journey, and remained there, *in statu peregrinationis*, till their death. And a few years later we find St Bede writing: "His temporibus (716) multi Anglorum, nobiles ac ignobiles, viri et feminae, duces et privati, divini amoris instinctu, de Britannia Romam venire consueverant, inter quos reverentissimus abbas meus Ceolfridus".¹ Then in 721 we have the pilgrimage of Willibald, Wynnebald and their father, and a number of others, who arrived in Rome in the November of that year and stayed till Easter, 723.² And finally, in 726, Ine, King of Wessex, resigned his crown and followed his predecessor, Cadwalla, to Rome. Ine too remained to end his days in the holy city, and though we have no record of his death, this may be because, as the Winchester Annalist asserts, he lived there as a man of plebeian rank.³

From this short account we can get some idea of how popular was the Rome pilgrimage at the beginning of the eighth century. Unfortunately, as Dr Moore remarks, we can find very few references to the places of residence frequented by these pilgrims. At first, no doubt, they would have stayed in the monasteries, if they were clerics or monks, or else in the various non-national hospices which existed at this time. But when the numbers of the pilgrims increased and the period

¹ De Temp. Rat. Migne, P.L. 90, col. 571.

² Their father, who was a man of considerable wealth and who had at first been reluctant to leave his wife and younger children, fell ill on the journey and died at Lucca, where he is buried.

³ Ex Annal. Wintoniensis Eccles. ad an. 683.

of their stay in Rome lengthened, and especially when more and more of them decided to remain in Rome till death, then we must look elsewhere for their place of residence. The monasteries and public *Xenodochia* catered only for the passing pilgrim, and so these men and women who planned to live in perpetual exile in the city of the Apostles would have had to provide for themselves. They would build themselves small, unpretentious houses, close together and as near to the portico of St Peter's as was possible, a haphazard colony that with the course of years developed into the *Schola Saxonum*.

It is not surprising that we should be ignorant of the exact year when this colony took its humble origin; but we need fear no exaggeration if we date it from between the years 716 and 726, a time when, as St Bede records, the Rome pilgrimage was notably popular. As long ago as 667 Benedict Biscop had desired to remain permanently in Rome, as also had Wilfrid in 703; and we know that Cadwalla of Wessex in 688, Cenred of Mercia and Offa of the East Saxons in 709, and Ine of Wessex in 726, were among the royal pilgrims who realized this project. Surely, then, during these ten years when the number of pilgrims flocking to Rome was extraordinarily high, there must have been many who followed the example of these Saxon Kings and resolved to remain by the tomb of St Peter *vitamque ibi finire*.

And thus King Ine may, after all, have played a part in the founding of the *Schola*. He must have found a number of fellow-countrymen in Rome, and quite probably he worked to obtain for them from the Pope various rights and privileges, and so helped to place on a more secure footing the haphazard colony of the pilgrims, a colony which some years later was organised into a regular *schola* and which is the direct forerunner of the Hospice of the Most Holy Trinity and Saint Thomas of Canterbury.

GERARD SWINBURNE

ROMANESQUES

26. — CHRISTMAS WEEK.

To write of a Venerable Christmas after years of absence is not to recall a series of events, to catalogue seven successive feasts, but rather to recapture an atmosphere, an atmosphere too which is as changeless and as powerful as the spirit of the *alma urbs* itself. Christmases may vary from year to year, and in retrospect some may seem better than others; certainly every Roman will stoutly maintain that the golden age, the peak of Christmases, was reached during his own sojourn in the Venerable sun; but it is not so. *Omnis Aristippum decuit color et status et res*: and here too different people, changing settings, developments from the spade-work of the pioneers to the complicated ritual of to-day, all enhance but do not change the abiding and hilarious spirit of the Venerable Christmas.

In spite of previous preparations it is with meteoric suddenness that Christmas arrives. On the night before Christmas Eve cameratas speed home from the *Pilotta* with unaccustomed eagerness. At tea the atmosphere is electric—even great trenchermen are seen to depart hurriedly with a purposeful air. As you mount the stairs clouds of tobacco smoke unwonted for that time of day assail your nostrils, and the common-room floor, when you reach it, could rival the *Campo* for bustle and



"... the Gi comes up for comment again..."

be up and doing. Some meander about like high priests of old with bowls of purifying water: the Rector descends from his place of honour on the wall for his annual wash, and the Gi comes up for comment once again as Porzio and Mondragone shine with renewed lustre. The Electricians, indifferent alike to unstable ladders and *pericoli di morte*, dangle live wires about unsuspecting heads. The Common-room Committee pin things on to the stage, walk to the other end of the room, confer sagely, and then walk back and pluck them off again. Great men these and unruffled—unless perchance their schemes clash with those of the Corporation Electric; and then the wolves of Pescasserole when disturbed by our *gitanti* were tame in comparison.

But these, the washers and dusters and committee-men, these are the specialists. Where are the toiling masses, where the bulk of the Venerabile?—Outside in the corridor you

confusion. But do not think you will be allowed to mount the stairs unmolested—unless of course you are a Moral Supporter. Trunks of holly still coated with the soil of the *dintorni di Albano* will have been thrust into your hands, and like Birnham Wood you will advance painfully up the stairs to the scene of battle, the common-room.

On your arrival there it is useless to ask what everyone is doing. They themselves do not know. All they know is that the Christmas spirit has entered into them, and that they must



"... speak low, nod sagely and then walk back..."



"...with something hidden beneath his zimarra..."

will find them, the toiling masses hacking, cutting, man-handling holly into chains, and the bulk seated in chairs anchoring and supporting them. Here monotonous labour proceeds apace on a mass-production scale, the silence broken only by the cries of some worker as a thorn enters his bloodstream, or the strident notes of a self-appointed foreman directing a supply of holly to some industrious craftsman. Occasionally a figure hurries past with something hidden beneath his zimarra. A secret swotter, a would-be medallist? *Absit*—he draws for *Chi lo Sa*?

Up to now we have but made mention of the most important class of all, the Moral Supporter. To be a Moral Supporter you must have personality, you must have will-power, and that of no mean order; otherwise you will succumb to an appeal to work, and thereby lose caste. For the Moral Supporter exists solely to supply *morale* to all. Right down at the refectory door he will be firm, and refuse—with a nicely-judged touch of patronage, of course—the proffered holly. But he will advise those of lesser ilk how to carry it, and will follow their staggering course up the stairs, to lend them fortitude in their painful journey. And upstairs he must be ready to smoke pipes with the pipe-smokers, cigarettes with the "Weeds", and have ready his little joke with which to refuse a "tusc". It is of the essence of the Moral Supporter to share in the simple pleasures of those he supports. He must stand in proper awe of the occult skill of the Electricians, he must ingratiate himself with the Common-room Committee, he must compliment the cleaners, he must agree that never have the holly chains been so thick or so neat. Above all he must



"... he must compliment the cleaners..."

confirm the sensitive "anchors" in the importance of their job. There is only one thing that he must not do, not even if from a high ladder the Junior Electrician be toppling to an unsympathetic floor, and that is to put his hand to menial work. *Floreat* the Moral Supporter: he makes Christmas worth while.

So for two hectic hours the work proceeds. For two?—rather should we say for twenty-four, for all next day the Electricians and committee-men are working to put finishing touches to the results of these two hours of labour. But by midnight all is quiet. Floors are swept clean; a fairyland of lights has transformed the common-room; the stage is draped in splendour and the latest product of genius shines from the proscenium above. And up the stairs echo the robust notes of the "Dominus dixit ad me . . ." The Venerabile Christmas has at last arrived.

Shortly afterwards there occurs a little ceremony that to a stranger would seem insignificant. In the early hours of the morning, when the body's temperature has been restored to normal by *minestra di uovo stracciato*, those ancient pewter jugs that are commonly used for tea or coffee receive their annual hallowing, and are borne into the refectory brimful with steaming wine. A trivial detail this—but it is as much part of the make-up of the Venerabile Christmas as certain other little details are of the annual function, say, at *Tor di Specchi*. And if *gnocchi di San Giuseppe* should signalise so great a Roman feast, why should not *vino caldo* be symbolic of the glow of a Venerabile Christmas.

Then follows a pleasant scene. For once in the year the common-room chimney justifies its existence; the stage has been pulled back and the fire lit, and from the huge circle gathered there round the crackling warmth there echo round the room greetings, songs and stories—the tale of the Ghost of the Third Library, and gita yarns—tales of the long bow these, and with the smallest of *fundamenta in re*. And time and again the insistent cry rings along the corridor to the harassed editor juggling desperately with paints and scissors and paste, "We want *Chi lo Sa?*" But soon the crowd begins to thin, drifting off to bed in twos and threes, and

eventually, when the echo of the last feet along the corridor has died away, silence reigns again, a silence soon to be broken, however, by the whirring of an alarm rousing the sacristan to his early duties.

A stranger would doubtless be surprised by the hectic pleasure-seeking of the next few days. But your Roman remembers the two months of the scholastic year that have already passed, and the six that are still to come; remembers too Pliny's dictum that *studia hilaritate proveniunt*; and so explains the almost Gallic abandon of the social whirl. On only one occasion are two consecutive days allowed to pass without a fully fledged play of the three act type being presented. Sketches they are called, but the name is traditional rather than descriptive, a relic of the historic days of Dove Lei?; and the connotation of the term is vast. "SKETCH" you see written on your mimeographed programme, and you are not much the wiser; for you may be going to see a musical comedy, a pantomime, a comedy, a farce, or even a thriller—anything, in fact, that is not tragedy—of which latter sufficient is provided later in the year in the Teatro Gregoriano.

Of the audience not one but has had a finger in the production of the concert; and yet the element of surprise is always retained. Mistakes may occur; Gondolieri may exit into the Grand Canal; the brandy destined for the snap-dragon may find its way onto the stage in place of the concert wine and confuse the brain of the *pseudo-rettore*; but these things only make the play more acceptable to your Venerabilino. There he sits, happily enveloped in clouds of smoke and ruining his supper by consumption of wine and biscuits. With wary eye he watches the reactions of the Great should they be burlesqued; he explains cryptic jokes to alien ears, lustily supports every chorus and even erupts into an occasional cat-call. In a word, he is enjoying the very quintessence of this short holiday, living in an atmosphere far removed from dull routine, an earthly beatitude unrivalled elsewhere. Truly in this succession of concerts is to be found the very pith and marrow of the Christmas holidays.

The common-room is of course the scene of most of the



"...listening to the eloquence of the bambini..."

Christmas activities. But from time to time it must be left free, for tidying, airing, even for an occasional stage-rehearsal, and during these periods the Venerabilino comes up for air, and combining business with pleasure, makes sporadic appearances in any place which promises diversion or interest. A sprinkling of angelic northern faces will be found amongst the fond parents listening to the eloquence of the children in the Ara Coeli. On Boxing Day those of a ghoulish turn of mind will pay

annual homage to the macabre frescoes in S. Stefano Rotondo. The more fanatically athletic will frolic with the ball in Pam. And daily the shining beaver hats will be seen scouring the city in search of new presepi; and the more crowded and improbable and Roman the grouping, the more satisfied will be the camerata, though it include those whose views on art, at less delirious times, are of the purest.

After this sop thrown to their spiritual and aesthetic sensibilities, back they rush to that vortex of all the revelry, the common-room. But whereas on the few concert-less nights most people would be content to sit and gasp, not so the Venerabilino. He has but seven days. "A quiet night", he would rage, "what are the Common-room Committee doing?" And then ominously he would mutter the sinister threat, "Wait until the next Public Meeting". But of course no committee is so rash as to wait till then, and so the Electricians are approached, and the outcome is that on one or two odd evenings the common-room is closely packed; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's lion growls from the screen; and the steady crunch of chocolate synchronises with the whirr of the machine; and through a heavy pall of smoke the doings of some Hollywood star are followed with cat-calls and caustic comment.

On yet another night the common-room is liable to become a Blackpool p'easeure-beach. The toughest countenances to be found in Venerabile circles are chosen as targets for the Twenty Cent shy, and behind a screen they bob up and down with the precision of automatons, pausing only to step down in their turn and shy treacherously at their brethren. Sometimes there are flashlight photos, fortune tellers, boot-blacks, and even buried treasure—though this last was not a success on that occasion that the treasure was so cunningly hidden that its discovery necessitated the use of more soap than its value warranted. But that year it was a mean committee. The *paste* stall always does a vast trade, nor need it ever fear overstocking, for next morning the sale of goods left over could vie with any Remnant Sale in Mother England.

* * * * *

Back once more in the familiar atmosphere of the Gregorian, your Venerabilino may ponder, if he is prone to thoughts not directly bearing on the subject under discussion: another Christmas gone before he realised it had come. If on a definitely philosophic bent, he may see in phantom review the Institutions that make the years spent in Rome the apex of a man's life—the common-room, Pamphilj, *Chi lo Sa?*, Palazzola, Public Meetings. And greatest of all, Christmas Week. Not to details is its rare flavour to be ascribed, for scarcely an event but finds its counterpart during the year; rather perhaps to the fact that the whole House from those who sit in High Places to just-found-his-feet First Year, all give of their best. But while thus he dreams, inevitably and with even flow of words Pater X continues to expound. Life will go on like that, but always will the Christmas week stand out, clear cut, refreshing, hilarious, an essential part of life at the Venerabile.

T. B. PEARSON

ARCHBISHOP STONOR

A BELATED TRIBUTE

DESPITE the flood of lives now written there are English Catholics who have done great things for the cause of God's Church who remain unsung, unhonoured, almost unknown and all but forgotten by this hurrying generation. Among these is Mgr Edmund Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, a son of whom the Venerable may well be proud. Biography is indeed capricious, forgetting in some cases men far greater than most of those it remembers.

When the present writer came to the Beda in the late autumn of 1911, Mgr Stonor was one of the best-known dwellers in the Holy City ; he had been part and parcel of Rome for fully half a century. The sundering flood of the world war of 1914-18 and the passing of the Mentana generation, to say nothing of recent demolitions, have made the Rome of Pius X strangely remote even to those who well remember it, and given it so much the mark of history that we who can recall it seem to have lived in two ages.

Edmund Stonor, third son of the third Lord Camoys, was born in 1831, and made his studies at Oscott, where he received the tonsure and minor orders from Bishop Ullathorne on the 23rd of September, 1854, and the diaconate on the 22nd of December, 1855. On April the 20th, 1856 he was ordained priest by

Cardinal Wiseman, who had given him the sub-diaconate at Westminster on April the 15th, 1855, on the title of his patrimony in the ancestral chapel of Stonor Park, Oxfordshire (where B. Edmund Campion's *Decem Rationes* was secretly printed). There is an autograph unprinted letter of the Cardinal to Edward Howard (later himself a Cardinal) dated August the 20th, 1854, inviting the latter to stay with him at Filey, since the doctors had ordered a rest, "and I shall ask Eddy Stonor to call on me on his way to Oscott so as to have a little good company".*

We learn from Wilfrid Ward's *Life of Cardinal Wiseman* that Stonor and Howard were both at Rome, and both ill, in the last weeks of 1853. Bishop Patterson of Emmaus tells us "two of my friends and fellow students, the late Cardinal Howard and Mgr Edmund Stonor, now Archbishop of Trebizond and Canon of St John Lateran, had both been at St Mary's College, Oscott, under the Presidency of Bishop Wiseman, and it so chanced that both of them successively fell ill, and the Cardinal, in his affectionate solicitude for them, had had them conveyed to his own apartments and reserved from the discomforts of a Roman ecclesiastical college, which was certainly not the best place for young Englishmen to be laid up in".

In January 1861, he entered the Venerabile or rather the Collegio Pio under the same roof. In November 1862 he left to enter the Noble Academy. Mgr Giles, also a Pio man, tells us that he was already Pro-Rector at Monte Porzio in the summer of 1863, and that Dr Neve, who had been nominated Rector on the 14th of August, 1863, did not arrive till the autumn. Talbot and Stonor were present at the Requiem for the late Rector, Dr English. Unassuming, modest and love-worthy, his character and abilities and sound judgment early marked him out, and in January 1864 Manning proposed him for head of an institution that never took shape; it was indeed fantastic. "Edmund Stonor will speak about the idea of a Catholic Academia in Rome for laymen. I have told him that it is just the work for him, and I think that he likes the idea. He is well suited for it and the English Catholics would trust

* Unless it is otherwise stated, all quotations are from papers preserved in the College Archives.

him". (Purcell's *Manning*, vol. 2, p. 379.) Stonor consulted Canon Oakley, whose opinion was decidedly against it, and the plan was abandoned. We can hardly regret it.

In 1867 we find Stonor again acting as Pro-Rector at Monte Porzio, and this seems to be the only occasion that brought him into unhappy relations with any colleague. This episode has been admirably dealt with in *THE VENERABLE*, of April 1932, by the chivalrous defender of Dr Neve, Fr Duggan, and I find nothing to add thereto. It is consoling to note that while in the inevitable side-taking of that time, Stonor was clearly with Talbot and Manning as against Neve and Newman, there is no sign of personal bitterness in the letters quoted. Dr Neve was naturally hurt to find Stonor practically superseding him as Rector, but gives no hint of personal ambition or ill-will on his part; his grievance is against the prime mover in this unhappy business, and this he deemed was Talbot. And there, unless further evidence comes to light, we may surely leave this old unhappy far-off thing.

In this same year (1867) we find him chaplain to the English Zouaves, with whose glorious record his own is for ever bound up, a record of glad and constant heroism, which made him beloved of all who saw or heard of him. The Roman Correspondent of the (earlier) *Westminster Gazette* mentions "Monsignori Stonor and Howard" as present at the obsequies of the eldest daughter of Mr Howard of Corby at S. Maria Del Popolo late in June, and reports of the army on December the 21st that "a good many Irish have arrived, and Mgr Stonor acts as their chaplain for the present". On February 8th, 1868, he tells us "Father Delaney, whose return to England this week is much regretted, was most useful during his short stay in making the new soldiers and their superiors better acquainted with each other. Nor can anything exceed the patience in the same work of Mgr Stonor. Since he accepted the office of army chaplain he can have known little rest, between paying visits of encouragement to recruits in dépôt and of spiritual aid to the sick in hospital, hearing the confessions of the pious and the complaints of the restless, and all the multifarious good offices which result from having earned the confidence of both

commanders and commanded. Indeed his zeal has subjected him to serious medical reproof this week, and obliged him at last to give in for two or three days. He has now in hand a work which is calculated to be of immense service to the men ; and I hope he may be sufficiently restored to preside tomorrow at his first committee-meeting of an English library and reading-room, which he intends to open next week, having secured a suitable apartment in a central situation for it," to give them an opportunity of " learning home news from the English papers, and improving themselves by making acquaintance with entertaining literature, and perhaps, as time goes on and funds increase, in suitable amusements also ".

On February 15th he writes : " About fifty recruits of various countries arrived again last week for the Zouaves. The number of British subjects is now so far increased that it has been found desirable to appoint another chaplain, as the work was beginning to be more than Mgr Stonor had time for. . . . Mgr Stonor is I am happy to say better . . . but he has been advised to take a fortnight's absence for rest and change of air. The library and reading-room for English Zouaves has been opened this week, and appears duly appreciated by those for whom it is intended. The rooms have been fully attended every evening, suggesting that they may shortly not prove capacious enough. It is very creditable to the character of the men, as so far the entertainment provided is purely mental." Among the many letters of gratitude is one (undated) from General de Charette :—" Monseigneur, comment vous remercier des nombreuses attentions dont vous me comblez ? Vos cigares sont parfaits, mais veuillez croire que nos affectueux remerciements ne s'en iront pas tout en fumée. Votre bien dévoué Bon. de Charette ".

His generous heart always sought to provide, wherever he could, material refreshment as well as spiritual aid ; needless to say he made a delightful host. More than forty years later, in October 1909, when the Italian soldiers had dispersed a threatening anti-clerical mob, Mgr Stonor returning from his afternoon walk on the Pincian, met Mgr Kelly, the late editor of *Rome*, at the top of the Trinità steps and asked him what was

afoot and why the soldiers were there “and hoped that after so many hours of tiring duty the Commissariat would not forget to send them round some soup or something, and passed on down the Via Sistina towards home, slowly, leaning heavily on his stick, and alone. The subdued murmur of the mob could still be heard”. But quickly there gathered round him a body-guard of some fifty people. (*Rome*, 2 March, 1912).

To this time evidently belongs an undated letter of Garibaldi to Antonio Giulio Barrili, then a celebrated Garibaldian writer and volunteer, presumably forwarded to Stonor by the recipient ; a latter which is, I submit, a severer indictment of the writer than any “clerical” opponent’s could be, being of malice and slander all compact.

“ Mon cher Barrili,

Comme je crois inutile de faire des réclamations au gouvernement actuel—à propos de nos blessés de Rome—je vous prie de publier les quelques lignes suivantes, que j’espère voir reproduites par tous les journaux de la péninsule.

Nos blessés, à Rome, meurent en butte à d’ignobles traitements, aux soins inquisitoriaux de prêtres et peut-être . . . [*sic*].

Est-ce que ces gens-là ne sont pas capables de toute sorte de scélératesse ?

Que les blessures aux lesquelles on entre à l’hôpital soient graves ou légères, on y meurt ! Voilà les renseignements que je tiens de plusieurs personnes respectables qui font en outre un tableau des plus tristes des privations et des insultes brutales aux-quelles sont soumis nos malheureux frères d’armes dans la capitale du monde jésuitique.

G. Garibaldi.”

We know these “respectable” informants ! Their like are doing kindred services, regarding Spain, to Anglican deaneries and editorial offices today. *Non ragionam di lor* ! All the rhapsodies of all the Brownings cannot make black white.

It is pleasant to contrast with the above a gentlemanly letter of Garibaldi's son, Ricciotti, nearly forty years later, written, be it noted, in English.

“ Via Foro Trajano 25
3 Febb. 1905.

My dear Monsignore,

Yesterday I sent a letter to our Parliament which may have as a result, that the body of my Father at present at Caprera, may be brought to Rome.

As the point of view that the Clerical Press might take of this would be interesting, would you kindly if you have a moment to spare and care to discuss the question—come and see me.

I should of course have come to you but am not in a state to manage my own stairs—much less yours, which I believe are still more numerous and which are a standing evidence of your energy.

Believe me most sincerely yours,

Ricciotti Garibaldi.”

During the glorious campaign of 1867, the true crusade of the nineteenth century, in which that pattern of English knight-hood, Julian Watts Russell, so gladly gave his life for the Vicar of Christ and the Reign of Christ at the age of 17 at Mentana, Mgr Stonor won golden opinions from many others besides Catholics, for his zealous care of the Garibaldian no less than the Papal wounded, his tireless efforts to put them in touch with their families and whenever possible to send them back to their homes. This entailed immense labour. The following letter speaks for itself :

Florence, Via dei Martilli, No. 4
7th November, 1867.

My dear Monsignor Stonor,

Having read with infinite pleasure, as everyone must have done, the report of your spiritual administrations to

the wounded and dying in the neighbourhood of Rome, I am emboldened to ask you to do me a favour somewhat in the same direction. The case is this—Piladi Marighi, the only child of a man and his wife in my service, started off, clandestinely, about a month ago, to join the troupe of that bad man Garibaldi. Two days afterwards he wrote to them from Terni—since then they have learned from the lips of one of his comrades, returned here since the signal defeat of Mentana, that on the 1st instant, he, with others, in obedience to Garibaldi's orders, went from Monte Rotondo to join him at Tivoli—there is no doubt therefore he was in the battle—and his parents are now under the most grievous anxiety about his fate—it is pitiable to see them—their only hope is that he may have been wounded and thus disabled from returning. In this dilemma I am induced to tax your benevolence by asking you, if it be in your power, to make enquiries, whether he is among those who have been wounded and who, as I learn, are being cared for by the merciful Providence of the Pontifical Government. If he is not, there is no doubt, I fear, as to his fate. I am quite sure that in such a case I need not apologise for thus trespassing on your kindness.

I conclude you are all right at Rome, now that you are relieved from your infamous perturbators.

Adieu, my dear Monsignor Stonor and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

William Thos. Elder.”

Enquiries poured in upon him. Many concerned a Jewish volunteer, Leopoldo Rava, rumours of whose baptism kept tongues wagging (one thinks of the fury stirred up soon after about Mortara). To the British representative, Odo Russell, Stonor wrote :

“ 76, Via del Babuino,
15 Jan. [1868 ?]

My dear Russell,

Owing to a conversation I had with Lord Clarendon on Monday I went yesterday to S. Onofrio to make enquiries

about Leopoldo Rava a Jew who died in the Hospital on November 30th. I send you a copy of the Registry of deaths of that day. It so happens that there are two Garibaldians still in the hospital one of whom was in the bed next to Rava and the other opposite. I asked them whether they could assure the parents of Rava of the death of their son. They both told me that they remembered him perfectly well, that he died in the afternoon and that he was baptised before his death. They likewise said that they saw the body carried away. Their names are Raffaello Sarti and Giuseppe Caroli. The latter is going away soon, so I hope, if necessary, you will kindly go down to the Hospital and hear what he has to say. I did not of course tell him why I made the enquiries.

In case you see Lord Clarendon today, will you show him this letter.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

Edmund Stonor."

The battle of Mentana was fought on Nov. 3rd, 1867. A few days later the Marquis of Lorne, a non-Catholic, wrote to Stonor, from Bologna, a letter which seems too valuable a footnote to history to be omitted :

" Nov. 12, 1867.

My dear Stonor,

I have been travelling about so much that I have not thought it worth while to send you the hasty impressions of much hear-say talk ; and I did not think you would care to hear at the time of my subsequent movements after leaving you at Rome, for I saw more of the Redshirts than of anybody else. Hardman and I got without difficulty to Livorno and Florence, when I was able to prevent an English friend or two from joining G.G.* by telling them of the entry of the French troops. Although, as

* Giuseppe Garibaldi.

you know, these occupied Rome on the 30th, no one would believe it to be the case at Florence on the 1st Nov. Everybody said it was impossible, and that one's information must be false. I and another Englishman went down to the frontier, I met the General after the defeat of Mentana and I went back with him. Some officers of his staff gave me very full accounts of the engagements, uniformly praising the bravery of your troops, and one or two said that the Volunteers themselves had "many rats". It was very difficult, they said, to persuade G.G. to leave the field, "indeed we had almost to carry him off" even when it was apparent that further resistance was perfectly hopeless.

At Foligno we were prevented from travelling further, and a very curious scene took place. Alongside of us, as we drove up to the station was a train full of Bersaglieri. A colonel of the army with some carabinieri was waiting, and as soon as possible entered G.G.'s compartment. In a few minutes he came out, and walked about the platform, the crowd, who had collected in the road beyond, cheering him frantically. There was a long palaver, and Ricciotti asked: "Do you arrest my Father?" "No, not at present, but you cannot proceed" was the reply. The staff were much excited and crowded round their chief. At one time there was so much noise that the carabinieri were told to fix bayonets, upon which several men ran into the station house, thinking it was the signal for a forcible arrest. Despatches were sent to Florence, and an order came down that G.G. should proceed alone—under escort. He sat down in the *salle d'attente* and said he would not go to Florence except as a free citizen willingly. They might take him by force if they liked. He protested against such an act, because he had not made war against Italy, or Italian troops. The *gens d'armes* approached and carried him off, feet foremost to the train. The staff followed shouting destruction upon their Govt. and France, but were not allowed to enter the carriages. It was so

dark by this time that my friend and I managed to get in among the soldiers who said nothing to prevent us, and so got to Florence the same night, and telegraphed the news to England. Your people will long ago have rejoiced over this arrest, but you may not have heard the details.

Several English are at Florence wishing to go on to Rome, the Edward Cavendishes amongst others. Florence has been perfectly quiet, and the demonstrations elsewhere quite insignificant—in short the “national feeling” has evidently resolved to be quiet for a time. Hoping you will remember me kindly to your sister, and that you are well,

I am yours very truly,

Lorne.”

In 1868 Mgr Stonor was sent by the Holy Father to Spain as Ablegato apostolico to bear the red hat to the Archbishop of Valladolid, a mission which he carried out with great distinction. Church and State were eager to do him honour; he was made Comendador of the Order of Charles the Third.

From this time onward he was more and more entrusted with the handling of negotiations that asked for special tact and prudence. Besides countless private persons, statesmen and prelates were glad of his good offices. Here is an example. On the 13th August 1870, he wrote to Manning: “Cardinal Antonelli has twice lately hinted to me that it would be most acceptable to the pontifical government if England would place two ships of war at Civita Vecchia to protect the Pope and guarantee the neutrality of the Papal States” (Leslie, *Manning*, p. 234).

Manning duly forwarded these suggestions and H.M.S. *Defence* was put at the mouth of the Tiber with sealed orders. Such friendly gestures had been rare indeed since the days of Pius VII. On September 20th came the calamitous fall of Rome, of which I cannot here *infandum renovare dolorem*.

In December 1871, the Pope made him a domestic prelate, and in 1889 Leo XIII raised him to the titular Archbishopric

of Trebizond. Other distinctions came to him, membership of the Knights of Malta and a canon's stall in St John Lateran. In May 1903 Cardinal Vaughan appointed him his *vicarius* in Rome for his titular church of St Gregory, the high place whence came the evangelizing of England more than thirteen centuries before.

The rest of his life is a record of good offices, often of a most delicate and difficult nature, carried out with untiring patience, wisdom, zeal and charity. In 1869 Mrs Craven (the author of the *Récit d'une Soeur*) begs him to present a copy of her book to the Holy Father and obtain his blessing for the writer. In February, 1876, the Duke of Norfolk, himself doing all he could with the English Government, sought his help regarding that of Italy at a time when it was feared the latter would prove faithless to its own solemn guarantee of the safety of the English and other national colleges in Rome, and submit them to a forced sale of their property.

His known generosity brought him many appeals from people in financial distress or hindered by poverty in the pursuit of their vocation; he also obtained many favours and distinctions for others.

On April 5th, 1894, Lord Rosebery wrote an autograph letter:

“ Dear Archbishop Stonor,

I beg you to convey to His Holiness my warm and sincere thanks for the precious and friendly messages that you have transmitted to me. I do not need to tell you how greatly I value it, and how heartily I hope that he may be preserved in health and vigour.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Rosebery.”

From the British Embassy in Rome he received in April, 1900, on behalf of the Marquess of Salisbury, “ the thanks of Her Majesty's Government for your good offices in bringing to

the notice of the Propaganda question of the proposed delimitation of Catholic jurisdiction in East Africa”.

In April, 1906 his priestly golden jubilee brought him manifold congratulations from far and near, and especially Major Maxwell and Captain Bartle Teeling presented him with an address signed by the surviving Zouaves. To the last-named General de Charette wrote from his home in France: “J’aurai donné beaucoup pour être avec vous et fêter notre cher aumônier, Monseigneur Stonor. Soyez mon interprète et celui de tous les camarades et dites lui que nous l’oublions pas—moi surtout !”

On April 24th this veteran crusader wrote directly

“à Monseigneur Stonor Archevêque de Trébizonde Aumônier des Zouaves Pontificaux.

Monseigneur, ce n’est qu’aujourd’hui que j’apprends que vous avez célébré votre jubilé sacerdotal dans la Basilique de Saint Jean de Latran.

Je tiens quoique tardivement à vous prier d’agréer les hommages et les souvenirs de tout le Régiment.

Je ne puis oublier notre cher aumônier et la campagne de 1867, et tous les services que vous avez rendus au Régiment et à moi tout particulièrement.

Les prières ne manqueront pas dans la chapelle de la Confrérie du Sacré-Coeur de la Basse-Motte pour demander à Dieu de nous conserver notre cher aumônier et à moi un ami de près de quarante ans !

Un prière pour le vieux Général.

Votre respectueux serviteur

Charette.”

Among other visitors who thanked him for making most pleasant their sojourn in Rome was his late Majesty King George V, then Duke of York, who wrote in his own handwriting :

“ Rome,
Grand Hotel,
April 3rd, /99.

My dear Monsignor Stonor,

I leave Rome tomorrow for Florence and England, so before starting, I take this opportunity of thanking you most sincerely for the kind attention you have shown to me during my very agreeable and interesting stay at Rome. I hope you will accept my photo, which I send herewith, which will I hope at times remind you of this visit and also of

Yours very sincerely,

George.”

Into a sunny old age this kindly gracious presence lingered on, a cherished link with the glorious past, a fountain of present charity, part and parcel of Catholic Rome, a veteran of signally happy disposition whose face bespoke the peace within.

Assisted in his last moments by the nuns of the Little Company of Mary, and by his friends Mgr Prior and Captain Teeling and his secretary Don Pio, after a short illness he gave up his soul to God on February 28th, 1912, fortified by all the rites of Holy Church, and the special blessing of Pius X of holy memory.

His friend, Mgr Kelly, wrote of him : “ Now he is gone and the Via Sistina is not the same. The carriage with the pair of back horses is not waiting for His Grace ; the great Dane, Beau, his faithful friend from puppyhood, has not come tearing down in advance and leapt up into the driver’s seat ; he passed last Summer ; His Grace is not coming out of the portone with a kindly smile and friendly morning greetings for all on his way to St John Lateran. The Pincio will not see him in his afternoon walk. The old cloisters of the Venerabile will wonder for many a day and feel lonely without the English Archbishop who was a part of them. He passes this afternoon, behind two black horses indeed, but to S. Silvestro, not to St John Lateran, and to-morrow half the Rome that matters will be at his Requiem

in the church of the English-speaking Catholics in Rome” (*Rome*, 2nd March, 1912).

It was never my privilege to see him, but I well remember his requiem in densely crowded S. Silvestro on March 1st, sung by the late Bishop Stanley, with the present Bishop of Plymouth, then at the Beda, as assistant priest. The students of the Venerabile and the Scots’ colleges assisted at the altar, and formed the choir who sang the plain-chant of the Mass. On Tuesday, March 5th, his friend Mgr Giles, the Rector, sang his requiem in the English College, likewise crowded.

Now that those who remember Mentana are few indeed, its heroes are unduly overlooked, but the days to come will awake new interest in their glorious memory, and not least in their noble and devoted chaplain Edmund Stonor*, honoured by three great Popes and beloved by all who knew him, a name worthy to be held in benediction.

H. E. G. ROPE

* Neither the D.N.B. nor the Catholic Encyclopedia mentions him.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE COLLEGE CHURCH

[On Jan 17th we kept the golden jubilee of the opening of the College church. (Actually we celebrated the anniversary the following Sunday, with a *pranzoncino*, coffee and rosolio, and Solemn Benediction and Te Deum. But that is by the way.) We had planned to reproduce here accounts of both the foundation and the opening of the church: but when we looked in Bishop Burton's diary we found not a mention of the blessing or opening, while Cardinal Gasquet dismisses the event with a brief: "We need only add that the church was opened informally in 1888 and was never consecrated". However the laying of the foundation stone in 1866, was a great occasion, and we have been lucky enough to obtain the following account of it, taken from a diary kept by one Laurence Johnson (1861—1866) and preserved at Ushaw.]

Feb. 5. At 4 we had the "planting of the cross", a beautiful little rite it is; Talbot was minister. At first the cross lay at length; the fellows raised it (I touching it) and it was put in its place on the site of the altar. Then the incense, aspersion, etc.—then *Vexilla Regis*—and then the kissing—a little funereal was ours and not very prompt. Then the holy water was blessed to save the Holy Father some time.

Feb. 6. The great day for the English College and for the English nation as well. The Holy Father, after visiting "Cara Vita", came to us about 10½ or later; as he passed us he said "Angli". We followed as we could into the church, where were already those invited. He went to his throne and vested—Mitre—and then gave out the Antiphon *Signum Salutis* (the holy water having been blessed yesterday). At first he seemed husky and exhausted and I feared he might have to give up; but after he had read several of the prayers in an ordinary tone (he chanted the first) he was himself and went through the rest of the service slowly and strictly, chanting all.

The first part of the function I couldn't see properly; the marking of the stone I saw not, though he was but a yard or so from me. But before the litany began there was a movement and most of us "flowed" in between the wall and the stone, just opposite the throne. I was beside myself at this and watched the Holy Father's every movement. During the Litany he knelt just opposite the great wooden cross, and he answered as I could see. Thence after the Litany he came to the place of the stone (standing about 3 or 4 yards from us) and went on with the service. The antiphons he gave out unhesitatingly and correctly. At the *Nisi Dominus* he broke out with a good loud tone at the words "in vanum laboraverunt"—and he said the rest or nearly all the rest of the psalm along with the choir. A tin box was then let into the stone (he touching it, I suppose) and he held in his left hand a roll of silken cord, which was attached to the stone, and slowly uncurled it with his right, as the stone was lowered. The process was rather a long one for the foundations were somewhere about 35 feet below us, and he occasionally looked down over the boxing to watch its progress. I couldn't but admire his fine face, and his natural sweet devotional air as he waited till a cry of "Deo Gratias" from the workmen below drew a smile over his features and a "bene" ("dunque"—as I thought) or something of the kind. For the sprinkling we had to evacuate our position, with which he began. He gave out the antiphons and chanted the prayers. Most of our men followed him round; two of us after getting back to our place near the stone stood

and watched him going round. He did and sang all with the air of one who felt what he was doing. During part of the *Veni Creator* he seemed to be intent on the choir, who were raised above him just on his left, and slightly waving his hand to the motion of the music, and with a look that made me think he wished them to be perfectly persuaded of the importance of what they were singing.

When all was over he went to his throne. It was for me an anxious moment. Was he going to preach or merely give his blessing? Two of his court stood on either side holding the ends of his cope; he stopped a short interval, spoke a word or so with the Master of Ceremonies or one of those about him, and after a short suspense—"Inghilterra" in a bold voice and slowly uttered broke from his lips. Oh a thrilling moment was the pause which followed, till he began a perfect flow, measured, slow and most distinct; turning somewhat to the seats, etc., on his left, where the audience was distributed in a lower circle and gallery. How I hung on his every word; saw nothing but him; thought of nothing but of his words and of the fact that the Pope was speaking. He weighed England, past and present; after calling her by her titles—praising her for her commerce and industry; after giving her her title of "regina dei mari", whose possessions are scattered everywhere like detached members of a body; her former title of Island of Saints, he put these in the balance and declared "that England had lost the noblest of her titles and possessions, one that was as superior to the rest as is spirit over matter, and heaven over earth"—He spoke of the change; the desolation of the sanctuary whose stones had been removed; the casting forth of monks and virgins from their prayers and cloisters—St Thomas' "noble fight against the encroachments of the powerful on the Church's power and to preserve pure the faith of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, for which he hesitated not to shed his blood"—that for a long time heaven seemed to have forgotten England, but that he had not and that sooner could mother forget the child she bears in her womb than Christ forget his spouse—that St Thomas had seemed to have seen that in this centre of the Church a shrine would

be raised to him on a spot whence the Levites who were to carry back and spread the faith to England would be gathered; he seemed to have seen this day too, and to have said in the words of Isaias the prophet "Augustus mihi locus iste"—that the Church, which was destroyed in the times of trouble, should soon be restored and enlarged; the English people had begun the work and would finish it. That in England though the *chiesa del governo* with its ample means could do so little, churches, hospitals, etc., had sprung up everywhere, together with numerous converts, whose natural virtues had been rewarded—that many converts had already been made, are still being made and will be made in the future—and the establishment might well use the words of the Scripture as she sees all these things starting up around her "Who has begotten these for I am sterile" (he gave the latin and the translation); she had sought to propagate herself by the distribution of bibles, the distributors believed what they liked and read according to the meaning they wished most and those who received them did in like manner. There can be no unity without authority, none outside the Holy Roman Catholic Church with its unity of faith, of doctrine and its one baptism. This is the Church which Christ has founded, "whose unworthy vicar on earth I am" (it was said with an appealing look to Heaven and an earnestness that forced the tears into every eye—this was the most touching point of all and from this to the end most were in tears.—Thank heaven I had tears to shed and shed them too).—To build up this church of Christ we must subjugate our intellects, that we may be, like the stones of the material building, whose foundations we are laying, put together and built up on earth so as to fit ourselves to be built up into the everlasting church in glory. Meanwhile we are on the earth we must suffer the persecutions that we meet from the world.—He blesses all with every blessing "yourselves and yours, both as to soul and to body".

It was a quarter of an hour of the most real oratory I ever heard; it was Peter speaking and *quasi ex cathedra*. It would be absurd to say that language, action, feeling, etc., were perfect. He was speaking as no ordinary man, no ordinary

minister but "as one having authority". He came to tell England that she had lost the substance and grasped at the shadow: to relay the foundations of her faith and open a new era in her history and it is sure that the dove that whispered wisdom and counsel into the ear of St Gregory, England's first great Father in the faith, was not far from this great confirmer of the work. It may be not many years before history shall point to this day as the beginning of a new epoch in England's history. Such a significant ceremony as this, at such a time, in such a place, by such a hand and in honour of such a saint, has more memories than we can as yet see clearly. Peter in his royal character, stood today within British walls, and prayed the beautiful prayers of the ritual for this occasion. It is the brightest and most auspicious day that England has had for ages. I trust that I shall ever keep it in mind and offer up mass on it for Pio IX whether living or dead. "O praeclarem diem!" When was there such a day in Rome and when will there be another such? I shall look upon this Church as the "mater and caput" of all the English Churches and ever look back with glowing thoughts to the seen [sic] that was today enacted under the bare old roof, and within these all but bare, cold brick walls—what a contrast between the living church and the dead old building!

The rest of the day is soon dismissed—we had had already infinitely more than any one could have hoped for, we were more than satisfied. In the little red cap (ermine trimmed) and a handkerchief to his mouth (for the corridor was grave cold) he went up to the library and partook of some refreshment, whilst the Naples family sat a little way from him on his left. Bishops, etc., were allowed in this room during this time. He then came to the billiard room, which was crowded with clergy and laity, male and female. The Rector spoke an address on his knees, to which the Pope responded, I hear. We were admitted to kiss his foot and I saw no more. He soon after departed. This evening he sent a note for the Rector to see him tomorrow (Monsignor perhaps), and a present for the church. He left about 1 o'clock.

A MARTYR'S EXPENSES

The last of this series, John Ashby (or Turner) was not executed, but died in prison in 1681. He came with his younger brother, on Oct. 27th, 1650, and with him went to the Jesuit house at Watten in April 1653. Both had taken their B.A. at Cambridge.

Lib. 314, p. 61.

1650 2 Novembre

	Giovanni Ashbaeo for six Spanish pistols borrowed at	
	Placentia	18.60
	November 21 1650 pistolls two julyes twelve	7.20
1651	Jan 12th two pistolles : anno 1651	6.0
	February 25th one pistoll	3.0
	Aprill 13th one pistoll	3.0
	August 8th twoe pistolls for scribe and masses	6.0
	Septemb. 8th for Monte Portio one crowne et halfe	1.50
	October the 15 for Monte Portio one crowne	1.0
	Novemb. 9th 13 julyes for masses	1.30
	November 9th 6 julyes given away Mr. Weechone	0.60
	November 21 one pistolle in almes	3.0
	December 27 15 julyes for collation	1.50
1652	January the five and twentyeth ten julyes for F. Persye	1.0
	Jan 25th. a testoone for a poore man	0.30
	Jan 30th. four julyes for debt	0.40
	February the 29 two julyes to a poore man converted	0.20
	March the 9th twelve julyes to gr. etc.	1.20
	March the fifteenth eleaven julyes for masses	1.10
	Apr. 3d. five julyes for masses	0.50
	Aprill the 6th. one pistoll to Fa. Persye	3.0
	Aprill the 9th. eight julyes for occasions ¹	0.80
	June the 4th. eighteene julyes for a diurnall et a taylor converted	1.80
	One crown for a cytharre and collations	
	August the 12th. 8 crownes and a halfe against ye Assump. ² 7	8.50
	September the third two julyes for dictates	
	September the 8th. one crowne for Mount Portio	1.0
	In October one crowne for a priest for masses for F. Alford	1.0
	Novemb. 22th. one pistoll the night before my exercises ³	3.0

¹ "occasions" may mean "bargains", as the Italian "occasione" sometimes means. Most probably it means "oddments" or "divers things".

² Ye Assumption. The money was probably given to the Sodality, which would in all likelihood have special celebrations. On the following day his brother gave "two pistolls for ye sodality" (cf. Venerabile, vol. VIII, p. 246).

³ Exercises is the usual word for a retreat, though it may here mean some scholastic disputation. Neither would seem to offer of itself a sufficient reason for getting a pistol—at least a monetary one.

1653	Jan. 7th. Twelve julyes for Italian books etc.	1.20
	Feb. 22th. one pistoll for Notarye etc.	3.0
	March 12 one pistoll	3.0
	March 19 one crowne	1.0
	March 28 twelve crownes	12.0
	April 9 seaven crownes seaven julyes	7.70
			<hr/>
			104.40
			<hr/>

It will be noticed that two of the items are not entered in the figure column, an unusual slip since the accounts are generally made out with care.

F. Persye would seem to be Edward Percy (real name Johnson) who entered the College in 1645, and was ordained in April 1650, being sent to England in 1652.

F. Alford is the Jesuit historian Fr Michael Alford (or Griffiths) who died at St. Omers on August 11th, 1652 at the age of sixty-five. In 1640 he had received into the church the mother of the two future martyrs, whilst they were at Cambridge. Her consequent sufferings at the hands of her husband, the Rector of Dalby Parva, soon caused her death. The Rector later died in a fit of mental fury, and the two sons after burning all his heretical books, set out for Rome. (cf. Foley. Records. Vol. II, 308, and Vol. V, 475). In this account the real name of John Ashby is given as Edward Turner. The account is closed with a note similar to that at the end of his brothers.'

THE TIBER FLOODS

[We make no apology for printing here an account, taken from a diary very kindly presented to us by Monsignor King (1899-1904), of the floods of 1900. Most of our readers will know, of course, that last December the Tiber rose to within an inch or two of the 1900 level. But in these degenerate days nothing exciting happened that we saw, though we heard that the Ponte Molle was in danger of being carried away and that some streets in that quarter of the city were under water.]



THE TIBER IN FLOOD

Dec. 2. As a result of the excessive rains of the past week, Rome has the pleasure or otherwise of seeing the Tiber higher than it has been since the flood of 1870 when the bridge of St Angelo was partially destroyed. We went out after Mass and found all the Romans gathered round their unruly river which was now running 16 metres deep. It half filled the hole in the Ponte Sisto and was flush with the top of the arches of the Ponte St Angelo and Ponte Rotto. The temporary bridge above the one now building has been seriously damaged. Of course, all the low lying parts of the city are flooded. The Island of S. Bartolemeo is washed from end to end; a few tops of pillars are all that remains of the Forum; the Lungara and Borgo are navigable for vessels of moderate burden; the Hospital of Santo Spirito is flooded and the patients were conveyed across the street over a pontoon bridge; Santa Maria in Cosmedin and the Velabrum are partially submerged; the Pantheon and its piazza are in the same plight; the rails in the latter are totally eclipsed; and last of all, the water has invaded houses and cellars without number, ours among the latter. Then they say that the pavement has given way along the Ripa Grande. As a finishing touch to our misfortunes, Rome is deprived of her electric light as the works at Tivoli are under water. This prevented us from studying and we had to spend the evening in the playroom and go to bed with horrid, leaking, evil-smelling oil lamps. Everyone, especially the Rector, is most excited over the flood.

Dec. 3. Today is the last of our short vacation. Towers and I went round canvassing for a long walk and having obtained a majority of votes, sent Mahoney down. To our surprise, the Rector, after some demur, consented. Fifteen of us went out along the Appia to "Quo Vadis", then by the Ardeatina to the Via delle Sette Chiese which took us by the Catacomb of Domitilla to St Paul's. Here we came on a wonderful sight. St Paul's was an island with an interior lake 5 feet deep. The surrounding country was flooded. The road from the city to St Paul's and onwards was transformed into a river along which the water rushed like a rapid. In the fields, haystacks and trees peeped mournfully out of the water. We had to

retrace our steps by the same route, calling at SS. Nereus and Achilles by the way.

Dec. 4. After a short introductory speech the circle-master Jansen of the Oblates let us out and we made for the Ponte Garibaldi to verify the rumours we had heard to the effect that the embankment between that bridge and the Quattro Cape was giving way. The state of affairs was rather more surprising than we had expected. The Via Arenula was unusually crowded and we found the further end barricaded against vehicles. When we at last managed to get a glimpse of the opposite embankment, we found that quite a half of the stretch of embankment between the two bridges had disappeared taking with it the road and trees and leaving a solitary mass standing among the ruins. A church standing a good way from the river has been endangered. The wall in falling carried away the soil adjoining one side of its foundations. It was comforting to find on our return home that the electric light was once more working. From oil lamps, save us O Lord!

Dec. 5. Rome is in a horrid mess. As if the sediment of mud left in the submerged parts were not enough, they have pulled up the streets on all sides to look to the gas mains. As a finishing touch sleet fell in the morning and a good scirroco storm livened the afternoon. People were also busy pumping the water out of their cellars. Our pump refused to work. I hear that the embankment along the Prati and by the St Angelo Bridge is in imminent danger of plunging into the river.

BL. ALEXANDER RAWLINS : A CORRECTION

It seems that Bl. Alexander Rawlins' account of his examination, which we printed in our last issue, is sadly at fault in the matter of chronology. We made the discovery in the following way: Monsignor King wrote asking us to verify our reading of the length of his stay at Winchester as 'VIII yeares', and when we examined the manuscript we

found that while there can be no doubt that it is VIII, there was one error which had escaped our attention—the Martyr says he stayed at Hanborough ‘XII or XIII yeares’, and *not* VII or VIII as we had printed. When we told Monsignor King of this, he wrote as follows:—

“Your discovery of an error of four to five years only makes the mystery deeper. Let me begin with an undoubted authority, *viz.*, the REGISTER OF THE FOUNDATION STUDENTS AT WINCHESTER (T. J. Kirby, 1888). Here we find under 1572 this entry, “Rawlyngs, Alexander (12) Oxon”. Therefore our martyr was born about 1560 and was 35 at death. How he can say of himself that he was over forty, I cannot think.

Again, if he stayed 8 years at College he would be 20 at the end—quite an impossible age for Winchester, I should say.

If it were suggested that 4 of these years were spent in Winchester preparing for the Scholarship which he won at the age of 12—that line of argument is ruled out by your discovered error about the length of his stay at Hanborough.

I had pinned my sole hope on the chance that you had misread IIII for VIII and now I am completely floored.

We might perhaps reduce the length of his stay in London by 4 years if we took his prison time as concurrent with his stay with the chemist. C.R.S. II gives the Fleet and Newgate as his prisons and he is due for banishment in November, 1586. He will then be about 26, and if he spent 9 years (with the chemist) plus 4 (in prison) that makes 13 and we get back to 1573, the year after his admission to Winchester! I fear it is hopeless”.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 9th. *Friday*. "Just like the Vatican". As we entered the Villa, we came upon Raniero, wide-eyed with astonishment, and heard him utter these words, the first criticism we have heard of the renovated cortile. You remember those old, crazy paving stones in the cloisters that used to trip you up in the morning's headlong rush? All are gone and behold we walk upon a floor of polished red and white tiles. And the arches overhead that were so chipped and discoloured that Luigi, who likewise seasons his remarks with simile, likened them to a Spanish church after occupation by the Reds—they have been remodelled and slender lines put upon the cornices. And here is the tunnel beneath the Chapel to the New Wing, with its entrance steps where you used to buy damp tobacco and mildewed chocolate. The Chapel too has changed: the retrochoir has gone, and the altar we will use this summer is the old marble one against the east wall, the "Monte Cavo", as we called it. This east wall is vastly improved, for the plaster angels kicking their legs in space have gone, and in their place a lancet window has been opened. The result of it all is that the Chapel seems big and white and cool—almost like a cathedral. All, all has changed. *Nos et mutamur*. This year we had not the shaking hour in the tram nor the shaded climb through the woods. We travelled out *de luxe*—seven in each old car, a typewriter on our knee, somebody's fiddle in the small of our back, cramped beyond endurance and quite content to be so.

10th. *Saturday*. So here we are once more with the lake like a looking-glass below us, gazing across to the Capuccini with its solitary pine for sentinel, watching the hawks sweep up the gully, picking out each ridge and spur—just dreaming all the morning. It was but two days ago we had that apprehensive wait in the Pilotta, which we used to con a few more definitions but which knocked the proofs out of our head. All the feverishness of the final rush comes back, and the misery and hopelessness

that were ours, when all we could remember of the adversaries was a whiskered figure pencilled in the margin of our text. And now it is all far away, dim and remote; exams, we feel, are like Luigi's scarecrows, set up to frighten but unable to harm.

11th. *Sunday*. But until you have visited Albano and from the other side of the lake seen Palazzola, with Cavo above and the water beneath, and Rocca to the left peering round the shoulder of the hill—until you have done this, you don't quite catch the meaning and the glamour of the change from Rome. So this morning we walked round the path to Albano. There Mrs Giobbe addressed us as "Monsignori", and Giobbe, with the familiarity he always allows himself, asked after "Godfrey Guglielmo", and everyone seems pleased to see us. On our return we found Prince Barberini and Father Leeming at Palazzola, as well as Messrs Foley and Ekbery, who received the Diaconate this morning at the Sacro Cuore.

12th. *Monday*. As we settle down, we realise that the Villa has not changed so much after all. The billiard table is a little more stained from the alfrescos of gita parties during the past year, but its cushions are as sinewless and hard as ever. The cues too are the same. Rarely since Arnaldi's day have they seen tips—but they are still ceremoniously chalked. We have three clocks still but they do not keep in step, and it is seldom that one of them is not striking. Officially we follow the big one in the Tower, but, as this heirloom has only the hour finger on its stolid face, and as this finger has been stirred by nothing less than the recent earthquake, nobody ever knows the time. We continue to clean our shoes on the iron bed-rest by the terrace-window, and daily before meditation the last arrival feels the iron topple over and deal him a blow on the shin that smarts until the end of Mass. In many ways we have not left the primitive poverty of the *Frati*.

13th. *Tuesday*. We said good-bye this morning to Mr Leahy and Mr Rogers. Mr Leahy returns next year to study at the Biblical Institute. Little can be done at Palazzola to soften the sadness of leave-taking. In Rome you can light matches in the cortile at night to examine the colour of the socks and to see that the waistcoat has not been taken from the Props; and shout out that it does not matter about the coat but that you would be grateful for the return of the trousers soon; or wonder is the tie really green or is it only the moonlight. But when a man leaves you in a cassock and beaver and there is no taxi to wind up or *carrozza* to tie together, there is little scope for anything but grief.

14th. *Wednesday*. There was no Sforza gita today, because several people still have exams. Instead the Madre gave us *dolce* as well as cheese.

15th. *Thursday*. This morning we climbed to the Sforza to see the golf-course opened for the season. But we arrived too late; the cheering and the crowds were gone and only a beginner remained enquiring for the whereabouts of the first green. Now we ourselves have little tennis and less golf, so we had to wave knowingly in the direction of the cattle-trough and tell him to drive on several times and ask again.

16th. *Friday*. Sadly we record the demise of the Palazzola Tennis Club. Its passing is indeed a loss to the golf-house where it always stimulated conversation—as when the man who in serving dropped the ball several times on his face, provoked the comment that it would be quicker to take it round. But perhaps it is not dead after all: there is talk this very night of a great scheme for re-laying the surface of the court.

17th. *Saturday*. The last batch departed Romewards to face the board. Which reminds us of the best examination story we have heard this year—of the man who described *moniales stricte dictae* as severe warnings from the bishop. This afternoon a tremendous storm drove us down from the *Sforza*. But in the house we found our way to the New Wing blocked; water was spurting through the walls of the underground passage and flooding the floor to the depth of several inches. It looks as though the workmen have cut through a drain and forgotten to provide an outlet.

18th. *Sunday*. Marietta threatens to out-Luigi her illustrious father; it is she who now takes charge of our Benedictions, though Luigi continues to “punish the Amens” as vigorously as ever.

19th. *Monday*. The examinations being over at last, Villa activities began in earnest. Up on the *Sforza* they are thatching the golf-house anew, laying the cricket pitch and scything the fairways: horrible noises echo round the wood as our cornet player seeks qualification in the Orchestra.

21st. *Wednesday*. First *Sforza gita*, but memorable for another reason. Rarely has the lake been so popular, and one man has taken to angling. For several days he has cast his bread upon the waters, and this morning came the reward. Others have caught bigger fish but never have they shared them at supper with the Rector.

22nd. *Thursday*. This evening we came upon three or four people hiding among the beans, to hear Luigi render his version of “O Sacrament most holy”, a motet that runs “Ho Sacrament—Ho! Ho!”

23rd. *Friday*. Today was played the first cricket match, the Pipes against the Weeds. Men have been known to have a pipe in the golf-house the night before to qualify for this game. But nowadays the pipes so outnumber the Weeds, who include non-smokers, that we hear in future only those who do not water down their *Trinciato* with English tobacco will be eligible.

25th. *Sunday*. Messrs Foley and Ekbery were ordained priests today at the SS. Apostoli, Mr Cassidy receiving the Tonsure with them.

26th. *Monday*. *Primitiae Missarum*. The Cardinal Protector graciously came to the *pranzone* and stayed for the Benediction and Kissing of Hands. The other guests were Fr Cartin, and Messrs Ekbery, Foley and Dorn.

27th. *Tuesday*. In the golf-house took place the yearly discussion regarding the olive trees. Beauty lovers maintained, as they have always done, that the *Sforza* is embellished by these few trees agonizing so sadly

there ; others, quoting poetry to show that olives lose their loveliness if they are not marching up a hill, said that these withered trunks which foil the slips and baulk your mashie-shot are nothing but an encumbrance.

28th. *Wednesday*. Another Sforza gita and a most unfortunate one. Before the meal was half over a storm burst over us with a savage suddenness. The Rector, having said Grace, departed dignified and stately under a great green gamp held by Alfredo. We ourselves were not present, but we hear from one not given to exaggeration that the hail-stones were as big as sugared almonds. At night the lights fused. The sacristans, wiser from their experience of the practice air-raids over Rome, at once took possession of the sacristy and defended the candles until night prayers.

29th. *Thursday*. Cricket at Palazzola preserves its picturesqueness. Nearly all the field wear different headgear. There remain but a few of those battered straws that are as old as the deckchairs—those old unmentionables that have carried lime and *pozzuolana* and even done duty as “mixers” before the advent of the Rocca water supply. Then there is the nondescript diocesan heirloom that somebody’s sister abandoned before bobbed hair. But this year’s model is a large straw “picture” hat, most maidenly and comely to behold, shady too and comfortable, but alas ! too light for the lightest breeze.

31st. *Saturday*. Mr Osborne, Minister to the Vatican, came to spend his last week-end with us before his holiday in England.

AUGUST 1st. *Sunday*. and the tomatoes not even beginning to blush. Indeed the day was so cold that a cricket match had to be abandoned.

2nd. *Monday*. Pharoah with all his afflictions knew nothing like the plague of flies that haunts the Nuns’ Chapel. Each morning a team of sacristans foregathers and flits the altars until they can hardly raise their arms.

3rd. *Tuesday*. This afternoon we took a stroll through the leafy tunnel that leads to Monte Gentile. Since last we were there, it has become almost a sacred mount, yet another Madonna having been hung upon its trees. The old picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour that we put there years ago has long been lost. But very high above this new one is the image that replaced our own, much stained by the weather and faded almost to vanishing.

4th. *Wednesday*. *Buona festa*, Sor Domenico ! After dinner on the Sforza we had an “*evviva*” for him and at supper we toasted him in a glass of Malvasia. The first opera practice in the cortile took place this morning. Taking a diarist’s licence we spied on it and were moved to pity the poor producer. Save when the lemonade appeared, there was little sign of interest or enthusiasm in the actors, who sat around languidly in deckchairs immersed in “Blackwood’s.”

5th. *Thursday*. *Our Lady of the Snows*. It was good to breathe the incense of the bay leaves again. Our sacristans almost out-do the Romans and ’tis said that at Benediction the celebrant arrives at the altar knee-deep in leaves that the cope has swept up.

6th. *Friday*. This year the sight-screens are no longer used at cricket, because they are inadequate. Which we venture to think a mistake. Of course they are inadequate. But so is everything at Palazzola. Yet we do not scrap it for that reason. The clock in the Tower has never been nearer the time than the sundial over the garden wall. Yet we persevere with it. It is an institution. Why, only last year the clockman stole another piece of harness from the *biga* to hang upon its weights, as we ourselves did witness; and those who have grown up under the shadow of the sight-screens miss them like a land-mark.

7th. *Saturday*. Confident though doggerel rhymes posted on the common-room door announced today's big match—Theologians *v.* Philosophers. As the Theologians' score mounted, barracking was provided in the best tradition, and Point of all people gave a remarkable series of appeals for L.B.W. But all to no avail: the Philosophers were not strong enough to repeat their victory gained in Pam earlier in the season.

8th. *Sunday*. After the second Mass today we watched through the telescope someone swimming across to us from Castel Gandolfo. Word went round that it was Dr Rea swimming across in characteristic style, but he later appeared with Dr Dwyer along the Albano path. Mr Birkbeck and his two sons came to dinner.

9th. *Monday*. Now that the Nuns have their own Chapel, the arrival of the priests from England has emboldened them to ask for more Benedictions, a form of spiritual gluttony prevalent apparently in convents throughout the world.

11th. *Wednesday*. Another Sforza gita. The heat is now too intense for long distance walking. It is wonderful to pass out of the sunlight and the glare of the roads into the blackness of the woods—like walking out of the morning into the night. So come with me a shady way to the lake, and, as it is my last Villa, I'll show you where the sweetest blackberries hide. It is a bush that dips its branches into the lake, so that you can lie in the water on your back and look up at Palazzola set seemingly at the very top of the world, and moisten the blackberries as you eat them. The old way down to the rocks and the Gabina by the steps that bridge the gully is so overgrown as to be impassable, and so we have beaten down a new path that passes under the hermitage.

12th. *Thursday*. The paths through the woods to Rocca are quite three inches deep in chocolate dust. Coming back tonight somebody defended the theory that it was the roads and dust that changed the Friars from grey to brown.

14th. *Saturday*. Major Plowden of the Consulate came to spend the week-end with us, bringing gifts of tobacco and cigarettes. It was fitting that tonight should be one of those white nights that we know so well at Palazzola, with the Milky Way playing like a searchlight from Monte Gentile and a full moon silvering the lakeside and the cypresses.

15th. *Sunday*. *The Assumption*. Marietta made her First Communion at the Community Mass. Since last we spoke together, she has blossomed

into ear-rings that must be the envy of the maidens of Rocca, where she gets the learning. Today, like Judith, she was "clad in the garments of her gladness"; and as she paraded on the balcony after breakfast, someone quoted the day's liturgy: "Quis est ista sicut aurora consurgens, pulchra ut luna, electa ut sol?" But the spell was broken, as little Bill came running up in the flaming red jersey and the reach-me-downs that we remember to have been Alfred's long ago. At night in the cortile we listened to Paul Robeson in "Sanders of the River."

16th. *Monday*. Another cricket match chiefly of note for the fact that for the first time this year we reached a hundred runs in a single innings. It was colder today and before coming down we built the first fire in the golf-house. An extra glass of wine at supper, kindly provided by the visitors, led to wild scenes in the garden afterwards, one incident of last night's film being reproduced by immersing somebody among the goldfish in the fountain.

18th. *Wednesday*. It was a novelty to have free cigarettes on the Sforza given by Dr Lynch. Fr Nazzareno Curmi called to tea.

19th. *Thursday*. Another old friend visited us today, Padre Agostino, bringing with him the Father General of the Trinitarians, who is nearly ninety years of age and remembers the Palazzola of very long ago. We welcomed yet another guest in Dr Redmond.

20th. *Friday*. By fixing its boundaries slightly south of York, the South was able to field a strong side for today's duel with the North. Set to get 102 to win in little over an hour, they reached 60 for 2 in quick time, and that the North was anxious was shown by the constant change of field and bowler. Once there was a little friction when a fieldsman replaced a boundary post so far away as to be invisible to the batsman. The umpires are to be congratulated on the way they feigned not even to have heard several tremendous appeals which must have alarmed the police at Rocca. But suddenly the game changed. The bowler, taking advantage of the low flight of an aeroplane and of the consequent distraction, bowled his man. It proved to be the end. There was always just a chance that the South would win, and save where some cow or golfer nibbled in the rough, there fell a sacred silence over the Sforza such as only a cricket crisis can produce. But in the end victory went to the North by a few runs. Cricket is become a social event at Palazzola and at night perhaps a half of the House gathers under the tree to barrack and applaud.

21st. *Saturday*. We found set out for breakfast plates of what proved to be apple-jam disguised as fish-paste. To dinner Mr Cuthbert Scott.

22nd. *Sunday*. One of the priests went to the Madonna del Tufo by invitation to say Mass for the crowds that gather there for the *fiesta*. The people come, we are told, not only from Arricia and Albano, but from Velletri and the most distant of the Castelli, some arriving as early as 3.30 a.m. Today they were given civic honours by the local band that has lately been formed from the Rocca populace. This able body performed tirelessly outside the little church, pausing only when a *Frate*

came running out to beg a moment's respite for the Consecration. Particularly to be praised are the drummer, a man of whole-hearted endeavour, and the gentleman who clashes the cymbals with the melancholy look of one lost in thoughts that wander through Eternity. The conductor, too, in strict clerical black and broad stetson, is one to catch the imagination. He wields no baton but waggles a finger, now to stir the buglers to even greater inflation, now to quell the cornets. Once they are well under way, he will wander among the crowds, returning only to close the piece with a fine flourish.

23rd. *Monday*. A group of scouts from Ampleforth has arrived and are encamped on the Sforza in that hollow behind the fourth tee. The Vice-Rector returned tonight, bringing with him Rev. R. F. Flynn.

24th. *Tuesday*. Tonight was the first performance of the Opera. A professional hand will later give an appreciation of it—though how anyone can criticise an opera at Palazzola I have never understood. To sit in the shadow of the cortile arches on these nights is the nearest we shall ever come to the enchanted land. Tonight the dresses were magnificent, the peers being especially resplendent in blues and scarlets; but all were radiantly attired, making us realise what an unkindness we do our eyes, who mourn all day in black. One of the most picturesque moments is always supper on the terrace beneath the coloured lamp, with the wine and sandwiches and salad set out on trestle tables, and the *prosits* flung to and fro in the dark. There you come upon the maidens, pipes in their painted mouths, and watch the gallants spilling wine down their whiskers. And at the risk of poaching upon the critic's preserves, we must mention the peer who trumpeted so violently against the lower middle classes that he blew one half of his moustache high into the air and was left grappling desperately with the other half.

25th. *Wednesday*. The Rector and Dr McNeill left us today for their holiday in England.

26th. *Thursday*. More cricket today, but I really must not trespass any more. It was so remarkable a match that I suppose when nothing else remains of these days on the Sforza save a blurred memory of incongruous hats and the heat dancing amid the trees, when incidents of scores and bowling have all faded, we shall still remember this great game, which for some of us is the last we shall have on the Sforza. During the play the Vice-Rector came up to tell us Santander had fallen, and we stamped around the pitch singing Franco's marching songs. At supper there was an extra *bicchiere* to celebrate that and so great a game. Drs Dwyer and Lynch left us this morning.

27th. *Friday*. The visitors had a gita to Algidus today, taking with them our two priests. We who stayed at Palazzola had all the thrill of a theft to enliven our sheltered existence. A couple of *carabinieri* on the Albano path saw some urchins carrying suspicious-looking bundles, which on investigation proved to contain some twenty disreputable bathing costumes, lifted from the box hedges at the end of our garden.

The urchins are now languishing in the dungeons of Albano, while we are wondering why the elegant bath-towels that were also drying on the hedge were not taken, too.

28th. *Saturday*. The morning was taken up with Opera photos and the afternoon with discussions anent the coming gitas.

29th. *Sunday*. The week of long gitas, when "longen folk to goon on pilgrimages" or "feel an inward groan to sit upon an Alp." This year gitas are more ambitious again, the lira being so high. Some are off to Austria, some to Switzerland and France, none to Germany because of the anti-clericalism; a few are even building their castles in Corsica. But the Italian shrines and the Dolomites remain the most popular. Unfortunately the weather is breaking at last. Dr Redmond left us as thunder was muttering round the Lake and the bells of Gandolfo were ringing against a storm.

31st. *Tuesday*. Today saw the exodus and Palazzola has taken on a sense of solitude—I had almost said of sadness. Someone brought us word that Cardinal Bisleti, *Magnus Cancellarius* of the University, died today at Grottaferrata. R.I.P.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Wednesday*, and a worthy day for the first of the day-gitas. As usual on this day, we headed for the sea.

2nd. *Thursday*. About a dozen of us took an early tram to Rome to assist at the Requiem at San Ignazio for Cardinal Bisleti. Rev. R. F. Flynn, the last of our visitors, left us.

3rd. *Friday*. It is strange how every year, almost to a day, the cold and dampness overtake us. Two days ago the heat haze was over everything; today all is moist and misted. Cavo does not so much wear its hat but is rather hat in hand. All day clouds have hung about our walls, so that it was a brave party that set out for Faette. But they were rewarded with a view to Circeo and away over the Volscians. A telegram has come, begging prayers for Dr Weldon who is gravely ill, so instead of Spiritual Reading we had a ciborium Benediction.

4th. *Saturday*. A clucking in the cortile announced that the Madre had returned to the fold from her retreat at Padua and was being welcomed by the Sisters with due ceremony. Mr Torr, of the Legation to the Holy See, came to spend the week-end with us—and to exercise us in Philosophy.

5th. *Sunday*. He was joined this morning by Mr Ingram, and they experienced in their short stay all the colour and the change of Palazzola's very changeful countenance. The early morning was wintry and dark with storm clouds hanging like a cowl from the shoulder of Cavo, but it was fine enough for a walk before dinner. Afterwards it was too cold for the usual row of deck-chairs in the garden and, as we went to siesta, hailstones were pattering at the windows, nor could the tightest shutters keep out the lightning. The afternoon was fine after this and the sunset majestic, colouring the Campagna with the loveliest hues that deepened softly into twilight.

6th. *Monday.* Dr Campbell came out for dinner and the afternoon. After tea the first game of football, a game not very serious nor strenuous. It is a pity the pitch slopes so steeply, keeping play for the most part to one end of the field. During the second half the goal-keeper at the other end whiled away the time up a tree, from which he shouted "offside" whenever the ball crossed to his half.

7th. *Tuesday.* In the opening days of the Villa the Capuccini thoughtfully noticed our coming with the gift of a couple of Campagna loaves as big as cart-wheels and very nearly as hard. These lingered on in the refectory day after day until they seemed as much a part of the place as the banana tea-set that graces the middle table. But one day during the reading one of them fell to the floor with a mighty crash. After that they disappeared and were forgotten. This morning however one is back again, a trifle gnarled perhaps for its five weeks in the kitchens but apparently as appetising as ever.

9th. *Thursday.* An alarming document has come to one of us from the Tramway Company, demanding payment within ten days of forty-five lire for the breaking of a window so long ago as last March. We assisted at an anxious conference in the Pergola at which our solicitor's clerk cross-examined in the search for a legal flaw.

11th. *Saturday.* Just before Benediction a telegram arrived with the sad news that Dr Weldon, who left us only two years ago, died yesterday. R.I.P. Father James Park arrived to stay with us.

12th. *Sunday.* In spite of a grandiloquent notice plastered over Albano, announcing some event shortly to take place in that *city*, its post office is still without a telephone. It had therefore been arranged that telegrams instead of lying in wait for Domenico's evening visit, should be taken to Giobbe who would let us know they were there, or send someone round with them. But a man who celebrated his coming of age last week has just been handed a faded slip of paper looking more like a squashed tomato than a telegram. Massimina, Giobbe's wife, had come across it amid the potatoes and thoughtfully packed it with the fruit for supper.

13th. *Monday.* Very early, before we went in to breakfast, Third Year Philosophers left with the Senior Student for a ten days' gita in Tuscany. But the day was much too lovely to leave us sorrowing long. The first gita party returned, blissfully penniless, from the Tyrol.

14th. *Tuesday.* An ember fast tomorrow made it necessary to transfer the weekly gita to today. Since the twenty-first of this month, when the shooting season opened, Luigi and Domenico have been shouldering gun and gamebag and going off betimes for the sport. We believe there is secret rivalry between them as to who shall send the daintiest morsel to the middle table.

15th. *Wednesday.* What a change those will see who return today: such colours in the sky at morning and evening, and at night such cold. All in a week zimarras have become the fashion. The lakeside and the Campagna and above all the Sforza are delightfully green again, and of

all the nakedness that three months' sun had sown, not a yellow patch remains. From the terrace we can see the waves whitening all day among the rocks at the Gabina with a voice that comes up to us above the tearing of the wind. All the Theologians returned tonight, sun-burnt and mendacious.

16th. *Thursday*. We visited the Americans today, coming back at night amid such darkness as only our woods can provide.

17th. *Friday*. It was a great shock to hear of the tragic death of Father Keeler S.J. of the University, a great friend of us all. R.I.P.

18th. *Saturday*. From Siena Third Year send tidings of great adventures. They have got themselves invited to a private radio concert as the "Accademia S. Gregorio presso il Collegio Inglese di Roma." And they are reported in the local press as giving a function in the Casa S. Caterina and rendering "mottetti liturgici."

19th. *Sunday*. Someone who was wandering in the woods to the left of the meadow declares that he came upon Domenico firing shot after shot into a starling's nest until a few scorched feathers fluttered to the ground.

21st. *Tuesday*. The Americans returned our visit today, and as the house was so full we were able to give them a longer concert than usual. They too entertained us with songs and music during a wet evening, and it was with real regret that we saw them disappear in taxis into the stormy night.

22nd. *Wednesday*. Second Year Philosophers parted for Genazzano, the first day's walk of their three days' gita to Subiaco.

23rd. *Thursday*. And tonight Third Year returned from the Casentina. They were to have finished at La Verna, after Camaldoli and Vallombrosa, but having fallen among thieves at the latter place had to take the midnight train for Rome.

24th. *Friday*. Last of all came back Second Year, very weary and footsore from their tramp to Subiaco. A story is abroad that one of them, finding himself suddenly alone and lost, stopped a passer-by for directions. When the others came round the corner they heard him ask, in Italian very much after the schole of Stonyhurst-atte-bowe, if three black beetles had passed that way.

26th. *Sunday*. The fires of S. Lorenzo are long burnt out, and September is taking her leave regretfully, consoling us with golden dawns and transparent twilights. This evening a film, "The Ghost Goes West."

28th. *Tuesday*. Propaganda called on us this morning, the first we have seen of them for a long time, though sometimes we have heard them passing in the small hours. There is at least one room here at Palazzola where a record of events has been kept from year to year—vignettes of life lived there with its advantages and disadvantages. One entry of several years ago runs thus: "Prop passed at 3 a.m. Let's get back to the quiet City." The Opera was given again tonight, and this time another must tell of it.

“The moment the Fairies tripped on to the stage we realised how well-founded was the courage of the producers in refusing to be frightened off ‘Iolanthe’ by the bogey of the Fairies’ chorus. Their dresses were a triumph for our seamstresses, and their acting and singing splendid; indeed the only fault was to be found in the smallness of their numbers—a touch of ‘flu had confined one to her bed—so that their voices were rather overpowered by the chest-notes of the Peers. The entry of the Fairy Queen with her lugubrious tones and preposterous crinoline supplied the right touch of bathos; Iolanthe was a little too subdued—but then she had spent twenty-five years at the bottom of the well and ‘her chest was always delicate’; and though Strephon at his entrance had difficulty in keeping both his ‘flageolet’ and his feet in time with the music, and Phyllis was hampered by an absurd costume, they gave us a splendid duet ‘Thou the tree and I the flower’ before yielding up the stage to the Peers.

This entry is of course the first great moment of the opera, and it was done magnificently. Disdainful and dignified they stalked around, and we were pleased to note that they were all of them characters and not just members of a group: you had there the supercilious aristocrat, the rakish old spark, the rather democratic young earl who had just succeeded to the title, and the red-blooded brewer who had bought his. And their robes—we doubt if the Green-room has ever achieved such a success; and that is high praise indeed. Their singing too was well up to the standard we have come to expect of our choruses.

But we cannot describe the whole opera. Suffice it to say that it ran on smoothly to that grand finale of the first act, a finale that surpassed anything that has yet been done either at Palazzola or in Rome; for the producer kept the whole cast wheeling and counter-marching together, and that without any detriment to the singing. After the interval the Sentry’s song quickly had us settled down again, and from then till the end the things that remain in one’s mind are the acting and singing of the Fairies, the splendid dialogue between Mountararat and Tololler (these two, by the way, gave the best individual performances), the quartet ‘In Friendship’s name’ and the duet ‘If we’re weak enough to tarry,’ Iolanthe’s song, the wings that sprouted from Private Willis’ shoulders, and the finale, though here the dancing was rather too fast for good singing.

To sum up, we can say that this opera was certainly one of the best we have ever produced. And for this the chorus was chiefly responsible. Not that the principals were poor—far from it—but ‘Iolanthe’ more than any other of the Savoy Operas depends for its success upon the chorus. And so it is pleasing to be able to record that the outstanding feature of this production was the ‘Chorus of Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and Fairies.’”

29th. *Wednesday*. Usually after an Opera the cortile has a wrecked appearance. But this morning there is nothing to show of last night’s jollifications. We all agreed that it was wise to leave the cortile undecorated, for it is its own decoration, and the coloured lights and the moonlight bring to its arches splendour enough for the most romantic. Just a



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few flowers for the well with a lamp to set them off, some paper streamers from the iron-work to fly in the wind, and a dash of silver on the star—this was enough to form a rustic, realistic setting.

30th. *Thursday*. Thirty of us went to the Scots and found them, as ever, “the core of cordiality”.

OCTOBER 1st. *Friday*. And therefore time to be gathering memories to sustain us through another year. Palazzola looked her loveliest for the visit of Fr Philip Langdon, O.S.B., who brought with him the Abbot of Ampleforth.

3rd. *Sunday*. A few of us walked round the lake to celebrate the wine festival at Marino. It was an unusual sight, the piazzas thronged with crowds in fancy dress, crowds that fought almost savagely for a drink of the wine with which the fountains were running. Most astonishing of all was the sight of three of our servants clamouring for a free bunch of grapes, with an enthusiasm which, from their tired manner in the refectory, we had never suspected. What with the crowds, the local band and a most raucous wireless, the din was overwhelming. Duly overwhelmed, we picked our way with difficulty out of the piazzas, seeking a haven where the thirsty *Reverendo* might celebrate the festival without disedifying the faithful.

4th. *Monday*. The olives on the Sforza are sprouting olives in a most menacing way. We wonder fearfully whether we can keep the news from the Madre until the end of the Villa. Our Third Order Franciscans attended High Mass at the Capuccini for St. Francis.

6th. *Wednesday*. The Cave is the gita for these uncertain days when you cannot tell whether the sun or the clouds will prevail. And at night there is no end to a gita so appropriate as to put your feet to the fire as the coldness creeps about you and the hot wine sings in the kettle, and think of less wise people now trudging home along endless, rain-swept roads.

7th. *Thursday*. Fr Morris who stayed with us last year with Bishop Dey, came to pass a night at the Villa. With him were Canon Connolly of Southampton and Canon O’Farrell.

9th. *Saturday*. The Vice-Rector caused a flutter in the pews by arriving on the Sanctuary in new Gothic vestments. They are to be kept exclusively for use at Palazzola.

10th. *Sunday*. To dinner came His Grace of Cardiff and the Bishop of Menevia with Mr Faupel, who has organised the Ransomers’ Pilgrimage now in Rome. Mr Ingram, British Chargé d’Affaires to the Quirinal, who leaves to-morrow to take up a post at the Foreign Office, also came and was toasted with a glass of red. We had forgotten all the rain in the radiance of the last few days, but the sunset tonight showed us the Tiber flooding the Campagna away out towards Ostia.

11th. *Monday*. That remarkable body, which calls itself “the Wiseman”, but which is perhaps better described by some of its less official titles, tonight held one of its rare meetings. Dull days these; but it is proverbial at Palazzola that the duller the day, the lovelier the sunset.

12th. *Tuesday*. This week's gita was transferred to today because of tomorrow's festivities. It is the last of the year and there were nostalgic superscriptions on gita lists. One, sponsored by two of Seventh Year, was headed sadly: "Castelli, valete!" Every party was back for sing-songs round bonfires in the usual places, and some of the harmonies and lack of them reminded us that "quando il vino è giù, è lui chi parla." There were several friends and relatives to be entertained, visits made possible by the pilgrimage.

13th. *Wednesday*. *St Edward's*, Patron of Palazzola. While the Vice-Rector and Luigi were singing the Mass, Domenico was dusting the Union Jack and the Tricolore, and the Madre was preparing a *dolce* that was to recall the Canonization excesses of two years ago. All was making for a great day. At breakfast we lingered long over honey, after which there was long recreation. A blare of trumpets in the cortile and the heavy tread of a procession heralded the coming of Chi lo Sa? To dinner came the Cardinal Protector, the Rector of the Scots and of the Americans, Father O'Neill S.J., Brother Clancy and Doctor Sabatucci. Before tea the Cardinal confirmed Marietta at a function that we can only call *impromptu*. After it was over, we lost sight of His Eminence in the crowd of friends from Rocca who stormed the sanctuary to kiss his ring. For a long time Luigi, we noticed, paced anxiously up and down in the portico, wearing a very anxious look and a new jacket which showed a bulge where it had hung on the family peg since Marietta's First Communion. At night we had "Captains Courageous" in the cortile; as a valve expired at a crucial moment, we had it without sound.

14th. *Thursday*. The following instance of the unscrupulous methods of Chi lo Sa? should not go unrecorded. To obtain a couple of photographs, the two people involved were cajoled into ransacking one another's rooms.

15th. *Saturday*. Nearly half the House rose at 3.30 for Mass before going up Faette for the sunrise. Doctor Park unfortunately was unable to accompany us, so we reached the top in good time, we ourselves being among the first to arrive—we had thoughtfully kept close to someone with a thermos flask in his pocket, just in case of accidents. But two men were there before us and already had kindled a grand fire that showed like a beacon in the still dark air. It wanted half-an-hour to sunrise, but even then the sky was lit with colours, beside which those of the day are very faded copies. When the great moment came, we almost missed it in our preoccupation with tea and toast. Tusculum's new white cross was the first to flash back a salute from all that shadowy landscape. Then one by one the Castelli lifted their heads from the darkness; first Rocca Priora, with many a torch kindled in its windows, then Nemi and Genzano and Marino and all the rest were lit in the lovely light. "Look at the Volscians," shouts one. "Look at the sea—at the Latin Vale." Indeed, you need to look everywhere at once. But I see your heart is in the teapot there with mine. And really it is time we were going. For the sun has swung above the mountains and in a moment changed the dawn to day.

17th. *Sunday*. The first new man arrived today, being escorted from Rome by Domenico. From information gathered afterwards we understand that he thought he had been kidnapped. Tonight was that unique occasion when the Vice-Rector and Dr Park, with apologies for so depleted a staff, toast the House and thank them for the good things of the Villa. We too raised our glass in their health ; for the Superiors have been almost as good as the students. Afterwards we sang the Villa out round a fire in the garden.

18th. *Monday*. The new men arrived at intervals to find us toasting chestnuts and singing round great fires. We who have grown old in the schools and have somehow imagined ourselves the last of a distinguished diocesan line, find ourselves shaking hands with fellow-diocesans, enquiring condescendingly of home affairs, even wondering disinterestedly how they fared at the Customs, nor spurning the proffered Player. The Rector too arrived tonight. The new men are : Messrs Buckley (Clifton), Walker (Westminster), Jones (Plymouth), Holloway (Southwark), O'Leary (Westminster), Fraser (Shrewsbury), Harrison (Lancaster), Hannon (Brentwood), Chapman (Westminster), McCann (Shrewsbury), Fallon (Shrewsbury), Wyche (Liverpool), Morris (Shrewsbury).

19th. *Tuesday*. To dinner the Abbot of Buckfast.

20th. *Wednesday*. A very full day, with walks to Tusculum and Monte Porzio and football and fireside songs seasoned with chestnuts, But hush !—the bell is going for the Retreat, to be given by Father Coffey S.J. of the University.

27th. *Wednesday*. Well, here we are again, rolling down the Unitive Way. In many ways it has been a historic retreat. For the first four days we thought the world was ending, for the sun did not show itself at all and we walked the cloister in a half-light that hung a misty nimbus round the lamps. Luigi did his best with great fires in both common-rooms, and one night we watched the second angel that used to kick its leg over the Madonna disappearing in the flames. We shall not forget that conference when lightning lit the windows of the church continuously and thunder emphasised each salutary statement. The electric light failed fitfully and we sang Matins drooping like Canons of St Peter's round random candles, and at supper sat in the shadow cast by the 'big six' from the High Altar. Frantic notices would appear from the sacristans begging the immediate return of candles as there were none for Benediction ! They left a box for us by the church where we could drop the contraband unseen. Just fifty years after the beatification of our martyrs we sang their Office in choir.

29th. *Thursday*. The last day at Palazzola, a day when the Diarist cannot but feel something of the sadness of St John, realising that he has but traced the veriest shadow of things and sorrowing a little because of so many stones unturned. It was a very full day that included a *pranzone* in the Rector's honour for his ordination anniversary, the burning of the "Senior Student", and a last nightly sing-song in the garden, which

ended with a mighty "O Roma" that the Pope might well have heard across the Lake.

30th. *Friday*. A sad farewell to Luigi and family, to George the Beggar a final offering, a last delightful drive down the Via dei Laghi, and we were in the College in time to look around and discuss the latest improvements. First we took a judicious peep into the Salone to examine a much-discussed cupboard, full of pigeon-holes and little niches, that is let into the wall at the end. Then into the Tribune to admire a brilliant black and red carpet that stretches the length of the choir. Upstairs the wall of the common-room floor has been covered with the Gi's water-colours and there is left but one bathroom for the new men to walk into with the holy water. Mrs Pam-shop and Mr Pam-porter were overjoyed to see the few who braved a rainy afternoon.

30th. *Saturday*. We took our first walk through the city today. It was with a sense of home-coming that we passed the *pizzicheria* in the Baullar' that has hung out the same sausages ever since we first came and, no doubt, Father dear, ever since you came too. When last we saw them, they were sweltering in the sun, but now they wear their wonted frosty sheen. We welcomed tonight as Archivist Rev. H. E. G. Rope. The Holy Father, seeing that we were gone from Palazzola, followed us into Rome today.

31st. *Sunday*. There were few of us for the first High Mass, as Messrs Grasar, Henshaw, Gallagher, Mitchell, Lescher, Mullin and Jackson were being made deacons at the German College. You miss the Luigi family during these first Benedictions; no Bill to be pattering up the aisle, peering into your face, no Marietta piping in your ear, nor Luigi rivalling the schola. Not all the *Vox Humanas* could compensate for their absence. THE VENERABLE was distributed after supper.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Monday*. *All Saints*. In the Refectory the Vice-Rector was seen anxiously inspecting the legs of the polished table. It is feared that it is at last going to give way under the unequal strain.

2nd. *Tuesday*. *All Souls*. Fr Welsby's grave is now added to that of Bishop Giles as a place of pilgrimage for us.

3rd. *Wednesday*. We were to have had the *Lectio Brevis* this morning and Premiatioms this afternoon. But as the Holy Father was inaugurating the new lecture halls at the Lateran, we were left free to attend; which many did. We hear that Premiatioms have been transferred to Sunday afternoon. Mr Christopher Hollis addressed the Literary Society on "The New Deal."

4th. *Thursday*. The first row of the season on the Cappellar', Mrs 'Arris successfully taking on three families. A diarist could not but watch the scene. For one moment we thought she would call our evidence, as once she did, with a "Non è vero reverendi?". But today she had no need of help. Her words reached the uttermost parts of the Cappellar' as was shown by the appearance of heads from behind the most distant

rows of washing. They say that when we blessed her hovel last year, her salutations were angelic.

5th. *Friday*. *Lectio Brevis*, when each professor tells you his is the most important subject and urges the necessity of preparing lectures, while you remember the impossibility of ever being nearer than to a month to him. We glanced in at the Greg bookshop and found that it has become quite racy with illustrated magazines. You can get your books bound there now.

6th. *Saturday*. The first full day's schools, but nobody heard very much because we were all cutting pages. It is still too warm to relish work and in the afternoon we felt our retreat resolutions melting in the autumn sun.

7th. *Sunday*. The Bishop of Brentwood and the Bishop of Leeds with Canon McKenna came to dinner.

8th. *Monday*. Schools as usual in the morning and Premiations at 4 o'clock. Prayers are being asked for Father Rosadini who has received the last Sacraments.

9th. *Tuesday*. I wonder is there any city where you can so surely watch the seasons come and go as in Rome. Whether it is that lovely, leafless wisteria that hangs its purple out for Passion-tide all down the Julia and up by Pio Nono's arch and then in a vast cluster that overflows the gates of Pam; or the Judas tree on the Palatine that surely is unkindly called for such a lovely thing; or the swifts that scream "Thesis sheets, thesis sheets" as they dive and twist and wheel in the garden—always there are signs from heaven.

10th. *Wednesday*. To dinner came Archbishop Roberts, Bishop Poskett and Fr O'Neill, S.J. Afterwards the year's first Public Meeting was held.

11th. *Thursday*. We had an English Bishop this year, His Lordship of Brentwood, for the Requiem at S. Silvestro, and three other bishops and the Diplomatic Corps assisted. At S. Ignatio a Requiem was sung for Father Keeler, to which we sent as many as we could spare. In the afternoon a game of rugger.

12th. *Friday*. Mystery insoluble enveloped us this morning. Fr Huert, who shares the moral side with Fr Lopez, had disappeared between his room and the lecture hall! Seven hundred clerics stamped and clapped until Authority with stern demeanour stepped in to quell the riot. But still there was no news, no explanation, until a haggard figure broke into the hall. The electric current had failed as he was coming downstairs in the lift, and he had been left stranded in between two floors in the darkness, and then come to earth with a bump just as he was preparing himself, they say, for the mountains of eternity.

13th. *Saturday*. The Bishops who are staying in Rome had their audience together today, after which they met the Minister to the Holy See at a luncheon in the College. The book auction began in a desultory way tonight.

14th. *Sunday*. The OSSERVATORE told us recently of Rome's hundred thousand cats. But the question is: why do they assemble at nights in the cortile or in the garden? Our most successful method of dealing with them has hitherto been to hurl old electric bulbs at them. We used to give them to the *Ripetitore*, not because he is the best shot, but because he is nearest to the battlefield. But there is a limit to "dud" bulbs, even in the College, and at present the cats chorus unmolested.

15th. *Monday*. The Archbishop of Liverpool spent his last night with us lecturing on "Psychoanalysis—its scientific and ethical bearing"; surely one of the most informative and amusing talks we have ever heard.

17th. *Wednesday*. Immediately after supper the book-auctioneer read out the notification in the OSSERVATORE announcing the great news that Archbishop Hinsley is to be raised to the Cardinalate at the coming Consistory. We gathered round the piano as the Vice played and we sang an uproarious *Ad Multos Annos*. The Bishop of Hexham left us this morning.

18th. *Thursday*. Archbishop Roberts, Bishop Doubleday and Canon McKenna came to drink a toast to Archbishop Hinsley. Afterwards the Rector also wished the Archbishop of Bombay "God Speed" and we gave him an *Ad Multos Annos*. At night Father Rope read to the Social Guild an interesting paper on Distributism. So many wished to hear it that we voted to use the common-room.

19th. *Friday*. Photos of Archbishop Hinsley greet us at a dozen street corners and tonight the OSSERVATORE graciously referred to the Venerable as that "scuola di Romanità e di eroismo."

20th. *Saturday*. Not even the placards have any news today except to mention the "gentlemen's agreement." We had hoped that this agreement would have put English tobacco back in the shops. A tin of Capstan would be a true pledge of friendship: the pipe of peace and all that. But so far we are still choking over Trinciato.

21st. *Sunday*. The decay of beggary is not a feature of Fascist Rome as Lamb lamented it to be of the London of his day. No alley of the City is complete without them. And that is as it should be. We, too, do not approve of this wholesale business of going to work. But it would be interesting to know how much of a man's *piccole* goes in giving drink to the thirsty.

22nd. *Monday*. Today begins the week of very Roman *festas*. No need to cry your walk this evening outside the Gregorian—no need to ask the way. Everyone is going off across the Piazza Venezia, over the Tiber Island and through the darksome streets of Trastevere to S. Cecilia. The vendors of chestnuts and the beggars know the *festas* as well as we do ourselves and they line the bridges. Just as we reached the river old Cork Legs waved a lifeless limb at us in a friendly way. And a little further on whom should we see but the very same old fellow into whose palsied hand someone once dropped ten lire by mistake and then ran back to retrieve it. Little children came at us in waves, pulling our wings for

santini. You know it all better than I can tell: the grand old ladies fiddling with handkerchiefs in the piazza, the ever increasing crowds that cannot resist a red curtain, the Five Frankers crying to heaven for vengeance. We welcomed still another English Bishop tonight, Bishop Youens, with Mgr Squirrel.

23rd. *Tuesday*. Today it was almost a *scirocco*, though actually windy enough to twist and rattle the iron covering on the Cappellar'. Consequently, San Clemente, usually almost as popular as S. Cecilia, had few devotees this afternoon.

24th. *Wednesday*. A bad day is Wednesday, when most of us have to sacrifice our walk for a lecture in some "Free Course" or "Practical Exercise". Mr Algernon Bowring and Count Riccardi-Cubbitt were guests at dinner.

25th. *Thursday*. *St Catherine's* and a very full day. In the morning we attended a Requiem at S. Andrea for Cardinal Bisleti; after dinner we toasted the new men and listened to their oratory in return; and then we had a Benediction at S. Ignazio for the Triduum of St John Berchmans, and in the evening the function over the way at S. Caterina, and the concert, in which the Philosophers performed excellently, if a little hoarsely, before their distinguished guests, the Theologians.

1. First Year Song.

2. Octet . (1) *The Jolly Roger* . Messrs Brown, Gibb,
 (2) *Alexander* . Hannon, Hills, Key,
 Holland, Murtagh, O'Leary

3. Interlude . Scene: Hotel Lounge, 1957.

<i>Tom</i>	}	<i>Old</i>	.	Mr Harrison
<i>Dick</i>				
<i>Harry</i>				
<i>Claude</i>	}	<i>Venerabilini</i>	.	Mr McCann
<i>Eustace</i>				
<i>Augustus</i>				
<i>Maurice</i>	}	<i>New</i>	.	Mr Fraser
<i>Hiram K. Ketchup, American</i>				
<i>Magnate</i>				
<i>Bishop Stanley</i>			.	Mr Walker

4. Violin Solo *Air de Ballet (Offenbach)* . Mr Chapman

5. Sketch X RAY DIALOGUE

<i>Mrs Chayne Walker</i>	.	.	Mr Hills
<i>Mrs Stanhope Gate</i>	.	.	Mr Murtagh
<i>Mr Savile Row</i>	.	.	Mr McEnroe
<i>Sir Campden Hill</i>	.	.	Mr Reynolds
<i>Lady Hill</i>	.	.	Mr Key
<i>Miss Hill</i>	.	.	Mr Hanlon
<i>Camille de Camembert</i>	.	.	Mr Regan
<i>Maid</i>	.	.	Mr Keegan

6. Solo . *Harlequin's Serenade* . Mr Gibb
(Pagliacci)

7. Sketch LOTS IN A NAME

<i>The Vicar</i>	Mr Pledger
<i>Mr Slingsby</i>	Mr Auchinleck
<i>Lady Cooper-Cooper</i>	Mr Roche
<i>Miss Dodimead</i>	Mr Holland
<i>Mr Perkins</i>	Mr Brown
<i>Boy</i>	Mr Daley

God Save the King.

26th. *Friday*. Many of us went for Mass to the tomb of St John Berchmans. It was a *dies non* and so we were able to have the annual Theologians *v.* Phils. at rigger, the former winning a fierce game by ten points to three.

27th. *Saturday*. *St Leonard of Port Maurice*, another Saint who attended the lectures at the Gregorian and therefore, as someone duly noted, a very great one. The lonely little church on the Palatine that is his tomb has been christened S. Maria in Qualchecosa, its name is so hard to remember.

28th. *Sunday*. Snow on the Sabines? We saw it today from Pam steps and it awakened dreams and longings for the Christmas gita. But many a dispute must rend the Cappellar' and many a man be swindled on the Campo before then.

29th. *Monday*. As we hurried back from tonight's walk to the luxury of central heating, we were accosted by that not uncommon Roman figure, a beggar in full pontificals, given by some charitable *parroco*.

30th. *Tuesday*. The Vice-Rector re-read his paper on Gilbert and Sullivan, this time in the Music Room to the Wisemaniacs.

DECEMBER 1st. *Wednesday*. *The Feast of the College Martyrs*. We celebrated this year more quietly than usual, no visiting priests coming to celebrate at the High Altar. Still, for all that, we had a *pranzone* of no mean proportions, with the Cardinal Protector again presiding and Mr Algernon Bowring also in attendance. At night the Film Committee eclipsed all their past entertainments with "Lost Horizon". Blessing with the Relic took the place of the usual night prayers.

2nd. *Thursday*. Mass in the Catacombs of S. Priscilla for those who wished to go. There is not now, one must confess, the same glamour round the word as when we used to set out very early in the dark and go all the way on foot. Always it was cold, so cold that more than once the fountains of the Farnese were festooned with icicles. We used to linger at a baker's furnace that glowed across the Ghetto. He was a Jew, but he will surely save his soul, for his bread was the richest in the land and he used to send the sparks flying specially to warm us on the way. But nowadays we have to hurry, taking the tram or bus. For so many colleges

are out on these mornings, and they will not keep an altar for you, which is the best and the fairest way. Dr Park, who has been unwell, left us this morning. In spite of a storm the film machine behaved itself while we watched the last few reels of last night's film which was too long for a single night.

3rd. *Friday*. Another holiday, for St Francis Xavier. The Bishop of Northampton and Mgr. Squirrel regaled us with coffee and rosolio. We toasted them very warmly, the Bishop replying for both. The North re-asserted their supremacy by adding a soccer victory to a cricket one. But after supper the South, mustering every one from the fens of Devon to the mud-flats of Essex, restored the balance in a brilliant tug-of-war victory, in which they pulled the opposition right through the common-room door.

4th. *Saturday*. Archbishop Hinsley arrived tonight and was met at the station by the Westminster students. The rest of us gathered in the cortile, setting Rinaldo to keep watch at the front door and leaving a few lights burning to show we hung *imbottite* and tablecloths out of the windows. Archbishop Pizzardo, the Bishop and Mgr. Squirrel were with us to welcome him.

5th. *Sunday*. Domenico looked very worried as student after student failed to answer his customary "Buon giorno per tutto il giorno." It was the first of our monthly days of recollection. We keep strict silence all the morning and have a conference before dinner, no Vespers but a long walk in the afternoon, and Holy Hour at night.

7th. *Tuesday*. Public Meeting. It looked for a while as if we would revert to the old unhappy system of voting in private guests by which the proposer had to defend his nominee from an inquisitorial questioning. But just when all seemed lost and we were on the point of electing another committee, someone found a saving clause and we voted them all in together, not however without weighty reservations.

8th. *Wednesday*. *The Immaculate Conception*. Down in the lower corridor, tailors, hatters and sundry artisans pace the carpet, feverishly clasping tape measures, and enquiring after his Grace.

9th. *Thursday*. Great preparations are afoot for the coming celebrations. When we assembled for tea the refectory door opened on rows of red tapestries that adorn the windows and doorways in a very Roman way. A rich carpet stretches from the salone to the library. And just as we went to chapel who should burst into the *vestibolo* asking for His Grace but Giobbe himself, come all the way from Albano with a very defiant air to show his stiff collar wasn't choking him, nor his blue serge suit uncomfortably tight.

10th. *Friday*. Seventh Year turned away from our exciting world and all its pomps for their priesthood retreat at the Casa Sacro Cuore.

11th. *Saturday*. When we went downstairs for our walk we almost lost the way. It was as though some horticultural Epstein had been at work.

All along the lower corridor, up the stairs, and on to the salone a very undergrowth of tropical herbage has arisen. The central attraction is to be found in the well of the stairs, a bed of chrysanthemums and narcissi that perfume the air in oriental fashion ; but all around, along the corridors and in every odd corner, a vast array of plant-pots flank the sumptuous carpet leading from the front door to the sanctum above.

12th. *Sunday*. All the House is busy with the last minute preparations. The flower-pots were cunningly camouflaged in masses of bay leaves, and later we heard the first struggling efforts of the Schola to learn the *Ecce Sacerdos*. After High Mass the Archbishop gave Confirmation to one of ourselves and to a lady from St Brigett's. They knelt side by side on the altar steps, and a strong rumour, not yet denied, declares that the Archbishop married them by mistake.

13th. *Monday*. Schools were declared off so that we could assist at the receiving of the *Biglietto*. A few of us donned *ferraiuolas* and ushered in the visitors, who began arriving before ten o'clock, and the rest gathered amid the undergrowth in the Cardinal's corridor. When the secretary of Cardinal Pacelli arrived, Mgr. Riberi, who, of course, succeeded Cardinal Hinsley in Africa, read to him the *Biglietto* summoning him to the Vatican. It was a most formal document, but was softened by a homely "allora, dopo pranzo mercoledì al Vaticano." And then, after the Cardinal had read two addresses, in Italian and in English, the long stream of visitors began to arrive. Those of us who were ushers received them at the door and escorted them up the stairs, where Raniero and Marco, the foreman of the works, who is acting as the Cardinal's man, took over. In the morning the visitors were chiefly ambassadors and monsignori—among them we noticed the representative of Nationalist Spain and the brother of Archbishop Cicognani ; and the usher at the door, who is an honourable man, declares that in the course of the afternoon he helped from their cars seven more ambassadors and twenty-six Cardinals. Last of all to come, late in the evening, was Cardinal Pacelli, who stayed for over half an hour.

14th. *Tuesday*. Today we had the luncheon in honour of the Cardinal. We cannot enumerate all the guests, for there were so many that at coffee and rosolio afterwards there were three or four of them in every circle. But we must put it on record that the Cardinal Protector was present, and also that great benefactor of ours, Prince Doria-Pamphilj.

15th. *Wednesday*. Those who had tickets—and not a few, we fear, who had not—hurried off after tea to assist at the giving of the Biretta to the new Cardinals. In the common-room afterwards we were told of one great exploit, of how, after the ceremony, a lowly philosopher penetrated almost to the papal sanctum, using the Rector and Vice-Rector as stepping stones and leaving them both astern several rooms behind. It reminds us of the day when a student's head appeared round a curtain by the throne as the Holy Father was giving his allocution—or of that other occasion, when, says the legend, a student walked so close in front of the *sedia gestatoria* that he felt his tonsure tickled by the papal

toe. No doubt it is this zeal and eagerness to be near the person of the Holy Father that the Rector so eloquently commended in his speech of yesterday.

16th. *Thursday*. First of all, it was the anniversary of Fr Welsby's death, so the Rector sang a requiem and one of the priests said Mass for him at the tomb of St Ignatius. This morning was the consistory. We arranged that one student from each of England's eighteen dioceses and each Westminster man should be holders of the *Posti Speciali* A tickets. We visualised them forming a cordon round the Cardinals, but when we arrived the hall was almost full and with regret we have to record the further employment of underhand ruses. One man held a seat for just five minutes in the ambassadors' stand. Three others were seen walking jauntily up the nave, nobody molesting them. But they very soon came back with an armed escort. Afterwards we followed the Cardinals into the Sistine and helped them out with their *Te Deum*. At night a homely, domestic ceremony at which the red hat was brought to the College.

17th. *Friday*. It is time we mentioned the floods. The Tiber is covering all the arches of the Ponte S. Angelo and almost hiding the eye in the Ponte Sisto. The island is quite marooned, nobody being allowed to cross to it and the patients gone from the hospital. The latter is a pitiful sight with the water going through the lower doors and windows. We found the Embankment black with umbrellas. One old fellow remarked astutely to us, like a Greek chorus, that it would rain until the heavens were empty, and all day it has continued to rain, though not hard enough to permit of a short bell for schools. The common-room committee are feverishly assembling the stage parts before the cellars are flooded. But in spite of all we feel quite sure that apart from the usual "shell-holes" in the cobbles, there will always be a clear route to the Pilotta.

18th. *Saturday*. Congratulations to Messrs Grasar, Henshaw, Gallagher, Mitchell, Lescher, Mullin and Jackson, ordained priests today at the Lateran. They had slept at the College overnight lest they should be unable to cross the river from the Casa in the morning. The trains that brought their relatives came in at all hours of the night, one party not arriving till two o'clock. The trains had to be diverted through Tuscany from the coast route where the rails were lost in the water, and thirty kilometers outside Rome police had to go in front to show the way. At Benediction the *Te Deum* was sung and the Kissing of Hands followed, the Cardinal going first to the altar. Earlier in the day, as we sat at spiritual reading, the Rector brought Cardinal Gerlier to the Martyrs Chapel. He had not wanted to leave without seeing the students. He spoke a few words to us, inviting us to Lyons to see the shrine of St Thomas A Beckett.

19th. *Sunday*. *Primitiae Missarum* and *pranzone* in honour of the new priests. To-night the river is falling and the placards announce that the danger is over. The "Lost Waters of Rome," of which Marion Crawford writes, and of which the lay-brother at S. Clemente always

tells you "we don't know whence they come nor whither they go", have welled up through the pavement in most unexpected places. The beautiful crypt of S. Cecilia is one of the many to be flooded.

21st. *Tuesday*. The Cardinal was inducted into his titular church of S. Susanna. The Schola began proceedings with the *Ecce Sacerdos*. The Rector of the church at once endeared the place to us by mentioning in his outline of the church's history that an important Public Meeting had once been held there. The Cardinal made a very fine reply, showing how intimately England's catholicism is linked with that of America and recalling how it was on this day one hundred and forty-six years ago that there was consecrated in the chapel of the Venerabile Bishop Walmsley, by whom the first American bishop was consecrated.

22nd. *Wednesday*. *Quarant' Ore* began with the usual shattering barrage of "Ora pro nobises" from the faithful. In the evening the Gregorian fêted its new Cardinals who bring the present number up to fifteen. Mr Roche read an address of welcome to Cardinal Hinsley and after him a student of the Lombard College welcomed Cardinal Pizzardo. There was a telegram from the Holy Father, music, and finally speeches by the Rector of the University, Father McCormack, and the two Cardinals. Cardinal Hinsley filled the Aula Maxima while he told of the Romanità he had learnt at the Gregorian. His speech met with great applause, especially when he said that among the nations none had given so many martyrs for the Holy See as England. He told them of the College Martyrs and Confessors, and as we walked out down the Via Lata we thought the French, who contest our benches every year and who at times have exchanged scurrilous cartoons with us, were regarding us with an unwonted awe.

23rd. *Thursday*. The people crowded into the Church in all kinds and colours of headgear, bright shawls and kerchiefs predominating for to-day's *Missa pro Pace*. One old lady kept the Apostle's precept with a MESSAGGERO.

24th. *Friday*. *Christmas Eve*. Shopping all day, and we looked round the Piazza Navona and U.P.I.M. (which is generally known as "Woolworths") and of course the State Shop. The *pizzicherie*, we noticed, were as usual very pious with cribs decorated with mildewed sausages and cheeses; and in the Tritone there is a big drapery shop with the Three Wise Men inspecting stuffs in the window.

24th. *Saturday*. *Christmas Day*. After his Midnight Masses the Cardinal found one of his scarlet stockings tied to his bed-rail with red, white and blue ribbon and bulging with black babies and scarlet slippers and little bottles and other such gifts. "Chi lo Sa?" when it finally appeared—long after we ourselves had retired to bed—proved to be a very red number, red hats appearing in a score of drawings, notably on Father Christmas' head and on the floor outside the Confessor's room. There was just time to get to St Mary Major's after Mass, and to Ara Coeli after Benediction. Then the concert. The panto was as usual a great success.

The audience, unfettered by the presence of visitors, answered rhetorical questions, helped out the "Noises Off" and dominated any chorus which was like any other chorus it knew.

1. Carols . . . *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen* The Orpheus
A Child My Choice
The Coventry Carol
Angelus Emittitur
Angels We Have Heard Your Voices
2. Violin Solo Mr Chapman
3. Item Mgr Elwes
4. Trio . . . *Cradle Song (Brahms)* . . . Messrs Iggleden,
 Gibb, Hanlon

5. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| <i>King Canister of Phantasmagoria</i> | . Mr Holland |
| <i>His Queen</i> | . Mr Martindale |
| <i>Princess Elizabeth</i> | . Mr Duggan |
| <i>Frank Capra</i> | . Mr Gannon |
| <i>Prince Charming</i> | } Mr McKenna |
| <i>Prince Adolf</i> | |
| <i>Wicked Prince</i> | } Mr Key |
| <i>Richard Beau Tor</i> | |
| <i>Angus MacDonald</i> | . Mr Curran |
| <i>Heralds</i> | . { Mr Keegan |
| | . { Mr Alston |
| <i>Courtiers</i> | . Messrs Hills, Wells |
| <i>Prince Adolf's Attendants</i> | . Messrs Jones, O'Leary,
Hannon |
| <i>The Old Wizard</i> | . Mr MacDonald |
| <i>The Young Wizard</i> | . Mr Wilkins |
| <i>Ye Anciente Wilde Beeste (Quadruped)</i> | |

Act 1. Royal Palace, Phantasmagoria

Act 2. The Nobile

Act 3. The Road to the Nobile

Act 4. The Nobile—The Enchanted Castle.

26th. *Sunday*. Sixth High Mass in five days; is this a record? As if we were not already "tourmentés des choses divines", we indulged in a crib crawl tonight, ending up at a wonderful crib at old Propaganda, where cattle low and cocks call and waterfalls overflow, while music is heard all the while. We had a film tonight called "Fire over England".

27th. *Monday*. Tonight we entertained some of the students from the Beda, American and Scots Colleges to the following concert:

1. Octet . . . *The Jolly Roger* . . . Messrs Gibb, Brown,
 Hannon, Curran,
 Buckley, McKenna,
 Iggleden, Murtagh

2. Piano Solo (1) *Gavotte (Corelli)* . . . Mr Molloy
 (2) *Impromptu in C minor (Chopin)*
3. Item Messrs Curran and Hanlon
4. Solo . (1) *Che Gelida Manina (Puccini)* Mr Gibb
 (2) *Ay, ay, ay (Perez)*
5. Sketch THE LADY FROM BRAZIL
- Brasset (a College Scout)* . . . Mr Buckley
Jack Chesney, Undergraduate . . . Mr Duggan
Charles Wykeham, Undergraduate . . . Mr Hannon
Lord Fancourt Babberly . . . Mr Roberts
Stephen Spettigue, Solicitor . . . Mr Pledger
Kitty Verdun, his niece . . . Mr Murtagh
Amy Spettigue, his ward . . . Mr T. Harrison
Colonel Sir Francis Chesney . . . Mr Firth
Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez (from Brazil) Mr Roche

Scene : Jack Chesney's Rooms, at St Olde's College, Oxford.

28th. *Tuesday.* The Cardinal took the Westminster men to Palazzola. At Rufinella, in accord with the age-old College custom as handed down by the Obit Book, they pledged themselves to join the Jesuits. At night, cards, followed by First Vespers of St Thomas.

29th. *Wednesday. St Thomas.* The Cardinal Protector, with Mr Osborne, again honoured us with his presence at dinner, With them came Bishop Cotter and the Rectors of the Beda and Scots' Colleges. The concert this evening was opened by a quintet that banged and scratched in care-free style, and though, as one of the *vulgar plebs*, we have never ceased to miss the odd-job man in the corner hitting everything within reach, yet we found it a satisfying performance. The sketch, too, was good—a thriller, and notable chiefly for the all-round excellence of the acting. After supper Mgr. Moss yet again started the annual sing-song. Here is the programme for the concert :

1. Quintet . *Bouree, Air and Allegro* . Messrs Pitt, Pedrick,
 (*Handel, Water Music*) Molloy, Chapman,
 Harrison
2. Octet . *Nymphs and Shepherds* . Messrs Gibb, Hannon,
 (*Purcell*) Brown, Curran, Iggleden,
 Murtagh, McKenna, Hanlon
3. Duet . *Passing By (Purcell)* . Messrs McNamara and Gibb
4. Piano Duet *Valse des Fleurs* . . . Vice-Rector and Mr Molloy
 (*Tchaikowsky*)
5. Solo . *La Fuite des Temps* . . . Mr Buckley
6. Sketch THE WEBER MYSTERY
- Slick Palzer* Mr Regan
Sir W. Easton Mr I. Clarke
Rodgers Mr Reynolds
Currall Mr McKeever

<i>Mrs Wimble</i>	Mr McKenna
<i>Alf</i>	Mr Daley
<i>Philip Easton</i>	Mr A. Storey
<i>Joan Easton</i>	Mr Walker
<i>Guy Merrow</i>	Mr Gannon
<i>The Doctor</i>	Mr Curran
<i>Inspector Hitching</i>	Mr Hiscoe

Scene : Parlour of Crooked Billet Inn, at a village in Kent.

30th. *Thursday*. Everybody is saying that to-day's Fair was the best they have seen, and we agreed—until we returned to our room and found the bedding gone to help pad "Ye Olde Fighting Horse". Mother Clare had sent out two enormous Christmas cakes which were served out at fifty cents a slice by two chefs dressed in those most useful garments, the white surgical coats of the Infirmarians.

31st. *Friday*. The Scots entertained a number of us to their production of "Laburnam Grove" and we who stayed at home had a film, "The Good Earth".

JANUARY 1st. *Saturday*. Among the Christmas greetings on the notice-board are Marietta's usual "Invito Sacro", the annual card from Nemi, and, a new departure this, a note from George, the Palazzola beggar. He writes a bold fist, and mentions incidentally that the pair of boots we left him is very near its uppers. Tonight the last of our concerts.

1. Chorus . *Hunting Song* The Orpheus
(*Rosamunde, Schubert*)
Dame Durden
2. Piano Solo Fr Shutt
3. Solo . *Thine is My Heart* Mr Grasar
4. Violin Solo *Introduction and Tarantelle* Mr Ekbery
(*Sarasate*) Accompanied by the Vice-Rector

5. Sketch VILLAGE CRICKET

<i>Doctor Wetherby</i>	Mr Carroll-Abbing
<i>Maid</i>	Mr Fraser
<i>Mr Twigg</i>	Mr Hulme
<i>Major Forrester</i>	Mr Auchinleck
<i>Dickie, Mr Wetherby's son</i>	Mr Brown
<i>Mr Butler</i>	Mr Hills
<i>His Secretary</i>	Mr M. O'Leary
<i>Boy</i>	Mr Coonan
<i>Rogers, a publican</i>	Mr Holland
<i>Mrs Evans</i>	Mr Morris
<i>Mrs Wetherby</i>	Mr Key
<i>Mrs Forrester</i>	Mr P. Clarke
<i>Nervous Batsman</i>	Mr Jackson
<i>Chauffeur</i>	Mr Fallon
<i>Scorer</i>	Mr Pledger

Scene : A Small Village in Hampshire.

3rd. *Monday*. "Hard the cobbled path of knowledge". Back to the Gregorian with a *tramontana* hanging icicles on the Farnese fountains. It is freezing hard tonight and even the roofs and rags of the Cappellar' are quite wonderfully lovely, lying in the white moonlight as if under snow.

4th. *Tuesday*. This morning on our way to schools past that new piazza in front of S. Andrea della Valle, we found the hoarding removed and the new fountain that has been hidden there for several weeks exposed. But on our return two hours later we found the fountain demolished—it was made of card-board and plaster. Is it a practical joke?

5th. *Wednesday*. The Cardinal is to sing the High Mass for us tomorrow. All day the M.C. coached the *assistenza*—and then in the evening word came that the Vatican insists on sending a Papal M.C. You know what that means. In the picturesque language of the first acolyte we shall have to be as clay in the hands of the potter.

6th. *Thursday. The Epiphany*. Monsignore Capoferri sportingly agreed to *combinar* with our own M.C.; he would kneel in choir and only descend upon the sanctuary if the validity were endangered. Needless to say the ceremony went in grand style, though there were, it must be confessed, anxious moments, as when the schola struck up the *Gloria* in a way that would have awed the Sistine Choir, although the Cardinal had not begun the *Introit*. Afterwards Monsignore Capoferri declared that it had been to him like a ceremony in one of the major basilicas—a remark taken in the spirit in which it was made. To dinner came Lord Perth and Mr P. Scott, and to the Opera Mr Osborne. The Cardinal was unfortunate enough to miss part of the first act, but he arrived in time to see two of the peers vanish in quick succession through the scenery. This performance of the Opera was dedicated to the Cardinal with the following inscription:

Eminentissimo Illustrissimoque Domino, Reverendissimo Arturo Hinsley, Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Cardinali Presbytero, qui hoc Venerabile Anglorum in Urbe Collegium magna, immo maxima cum laude olim regerat, praedicti Collegii alumni, de eius elevatione honoribusque a Summo Pontifice Beatissimo Papa Nostro Pio Undecimo nuper ei concessis permaxime gaudentes, opus musicum infrascriptum humillime dedicaverunt, uno animo atque uno ore obsecrantes ut Eminentia Sua laboribus ab eis exantlatis benignissime annuere dignetur, atque opus praedictum accipere quod patrio sermone nuncupatur.

IOLANTHE

OR

THE PEER AND THE PERI

by

W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan.

<i>The Lord Chancellor</i>	Mr F. Duggan
<i>The Earl of Mountararat</i>	Mr L. Hanlon
<i>Earl Tolloller</i>	Mr E. Grasar
<i>Private Willis</i>	Mr F. Gallagher
<i>Strephon (an Arcadian shepherd)</i>	Mr P. McEnroe
<i>Queen of the Fairies</i>	Mr A. Iggleden
<i>Iolanthe</i>	Mr J. Key
<i>Celia</i> } <i>Fairies</i>	Mr G. Hills
<i>Lelia</i> }	Mr J. Pledger
<i>Phyllis (an Arcadian shepherdess and Ward in Chancery)</i>	Mr J. Gibb
<i>Other Fairies</i>	Mr Coonan, Mr Keegan Mr Roche, Mr Murtagh
<i>Chorus of Peers</i>	Mr Lescher, Mr Wells, Mr O'Neill, Mr Alston, Mr Brown, Mr O'Leary, Mr Holland
<i>Pianist</i>	Mr Molloy
<i>Producer</i>	Mr Pitt
<i>Music</i>	Mr Grasar
<i>Dresses</i>	Messrs Pledger, Reynolds, Brown
<i>Lighting Effects</i>	Messrs Jackson and Connolly

(By kind permission of R. D'Oyly Carte).

And here, before the lights go out and the actors put off their motley, we will take our leave, thankfully leaving to another to chronicle the dismal return to things Gregorian.

BRIAN FOLEY.

PERSONAL

First and foremost, in addition to all that is written elsewhere, we offer our respectful congratulations to His Eminence CARDINAL HINSLEY, student and much-loved Rector of the Venerabile, ever a firm friend of all connected with it, leader of English Catholicism as Archbishop of Westminster and now Priest of the Sacred College.

On February the 5th we heard that the Rector had been appointed by the Pope Apostolic Visitor to the seminaries of England, Wales and Malta. The task will take him until July at least, but he will certainly return to Palazzola for the Villa; meanwhile we wish him prosperous journeyings and a final safe return—to guide us through the ordeal of our own Visitation when the time comes.

To His Grace the Archbishop Bishop of Southwark we extend our most sincere congratulations on the occasion of the extraordinary honour paid him by the Holy Father to mark the celebration of his Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee. His Grace has been a frequent and ever-welcome guest at the college and his truly Roman spirit gives us an added joy in his new dignity.

Prosit to two Venerabilini who have recently received high honours from the Holy Father. Monsignor CULLEN (1911–1914), Rector of the English College, Lisbon, whose Silver Jubilee we chronicled in the last number, is appointed Protonotary Apostolic; and Canon J. TYNAN (1896–1903) is now a Domestic Prelate.

We can record only one emergence from the curatorial chrysalis; Rev. STEPHEN HODSKINSON (1927–1934) is parish priest of St Saviour's, Coalville, Leicester. Dr HALSALL (1924–1931) has left the staff of Archbishop's House, Westminster to profess Philosophy at St Edmund's, Ware. The Rev. EDWARD DOYLE has become Secretary to Bishop MORIARTY. We congratulate all three and wish them every success in their new posts.

The fate of Mr PEARSON was still pending when we published the list

of seventh year appointments in the last number. He is curate at the Church of St James the Less and St Helen at Colchester.

The year for the *ad limina* visits has brought us many very welcome guests and we had the honour of giving hospitality to Archbishop DOWNEY (1907-1911) with his secretary Monsignor ADAMSON, to Bishop McCORMACK of Hexham and Newcastle, who was doubly welcome for his first visit since his consecration, and to Bishop YOUENS of Northampton with Monsignor SQUIRRELL. Of course CARDINAL HINSLEY ('90-'94) and Monsignor ELWES (1922-1925) were here for December and Christmas, when they were joined by Dr SHUTT (1924-1931). And as we go to press Dr CALNAN (1907-1912) is with us, and very welcome too to tell the ignorant of the *boccie* and other interesting things; it is a pity that Egbert the tortoise finds the weather unsuitable for a personal appearance to assure him that he at least keeps up an ancient tradition.

After fourteen years in the College Dr PARK has returned to England and left a mournful gap in the family circle. Since completing his course in 1930 he has acted as *repetitore* in Philosophy; and he has done much else besides—how much it is impossible to say, for the gifts that he led or inspired were as multitudinous as they were pleasant, his knowledge of Catholic Italy, the country of the Popes and Saints and religious painters, was a fund on which we all drew time and again, while his gramophone was a means whereby he produced in many of us some appreciation of Beethoven and the other masters. It is not merely in the examination lists of the University that the historian of the future will find the record of what Dr PARK has done for the Venerabile, but also in the pages of the College Diary and in the skits and cartoons of *Chi lo Sa?* Our gratitude and good wishes accompany him to England, where we hope his efforts will be as fruitful as they were here in the Monserra'.

Fr BERNARD LEEMING, S.J., has been recalled from the Gregorian to England. For many years he has been our good friend both here and at the University. He gave the annual retreat in 1935 and last year took Fr WELSBY's place as confessor.

In his stead we welcome Fr HOFFMAN, C.S.S.R., who comes to hear confessions; whilst Dr PARK's place in the salone is filled by Fr ROPE (1911-1915), who comes to take charge of the Archives. Fr ROPE is no stranger to the pages of THE VENERABILE and we wish him all success in his arduous and dusty labours, which for our own sake we hope will take him a very long time.

A very sincere and hearty prosit to the jubilarians Fr GOSSE (1883-1888) and Canon DOLMAN (1882-1888) who celebrate their Golden Jubilees on May 27th and 26th respectively. On April 20th Fr DRISCOLL (1906-1913) and on July 6th Dr J. FOLEY (1907-1914) are keeping their Silver Jubilees. *Ad multos annos!*

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The present number completes Volume VIII. After much consideration we have decided to dispense with the usual detailed index, and to insert in its stead a full table of contents. The index, which ourselves rarely used and which the great majority of our readers, no doubt, never referred to at all, occupied at least eight valuable pages and gave endless trouble to an already well burdened secretary.

Since our last appearance Mr Pitt has had to retire. Although he served only one number at the top of his particular tree, he spent many years licking stamps and addressing envelopes and doing other odd jobs of a secretarial nature. We are sorry indeed to lose him, and thank him for all his services.

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Swinburne

Secretary : Mr Hanlon

Sub-editor : Mr Firth

Under-secretary : Mr Brown

Without Portfolio : Mr Pledger

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Beda Review, The Cottonian, The Douai Magazine, The Downside Review, The Lisbonian, The Millhillian, The Oscotian, The Prior Park Magazine, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Womersley Magazine.

We thank Messrs Chester for *The Chesterian* and gifts of music, and the Catholic Association for *The Scrip*.

SPORTS.

CRICKET

One day last summer—the 4th of May to be precise—a walker in Pamphilj would have been held spell-bound by the sight of a game of real village cricket. It was the Beda *v* the Venerabile, a match proposed by the Beda and warmly seconded by ourselves, a match that had long been our ambition and which henceforth, we hope, will be an annual fixture.

We made our preparations for the match under the suspicious eye of the caretaker, who seemed unable to grasp why we were treating the patch of scorched turf with impliments more suited to mending a road. Fortunately we had only one wicket to prepare, for the field is so laid out that there are no two level patches of decent size within twenty-two yards of each other. As for the game, it has already been described by the Diarist. We won, but we are looking forward none too confidently to playing it again next year, for there is no knowing when the Beda is going to field an ex-County man or some youthful player from an Australian Test Team.

You might guess that it was policy that prompted us to play the Phils *v* Divs match in the same week—while the pitch was still ‘prepared’. It was a strange game, and most exciting. The Theologians batted first and to the great glee of their opponents made but a paltry 30. However, before long the Philosophers realised that they were not going to have it all their own way, and as wicket after wicket fell and the score crept up from fifteen to twenty, to twenty-five, to twenty-eight, the atmosphere grew tense and the crowd and barracking increased. The last men went in, cross-batted vigorously to an over of maidens, and then succeeded in pulling a straight one round to score the winning hit. And so was history made: Philosophers had won by two runs, their first victory in Pam.

The return match played at the Villa gave the Theologians their chance to wipe out this disgrace. Batting first they made 95, with a first wicket stand of 68, while their opponents knocked up but 45, thus laying themselves open to a return of the witticisms they had put into circulation two months ago.

Another match was when we invited the golfers to play us. We have frequently watched them trudging round the golf-course, have even permitted their wretched little ball to fall onto our wicket and hold up our game until such time as they had laboriously chivvied it off in the right direction. In our fatherly interest we have often wondered if they would do better with a bigger ball and eleven men to look for it. The answer was in the Golfers *v* Rest match, confirming us in our previous theories anent the Royal and Ancient game. Yet doubtless they congratulated themselves on a good round—down in 34—and considered our 112 very poor.

Opera *v* The Rest closed the season—a great game. The Opera declared at 142 for 9; the Rest, claiming extra time, batted into the night to score 143 for 7. Towards the end the enthusiastic spectators

had to leave the "pavilion" and walk onto the field in order to see what was happening.

Apart from these most interesting games there were others of course; Palazzola *v* the Annexe has become an institution; but who would have dreamt of dividing the House into "Crippled Bags" and "Boiled Shirts", even for the exigencies of cricket? Then there were of course "Pipes *v* Weeds", "North *v* South", and "Seminaries *v* Public Schools". Much as we would like to dwell on the humorous side of Palazzola cricket—those touches that make it so unique an enjoyment—we must leave that theme to the more appropriate pen of a writer of Romanesques.

There is left the pleasant duty of thanking the Rector for his help in making our season the success it undoubtedly was. Returning from England after the Coronation, he brought us sufficient bats, balls and gloves, all ready packed in a cricket bag, to justify alone the assertion that cricket was introduced into Italy by the English. For this kind thought we are indeed most grateful. We also gratefully acknowledge donations from the Revv. F. Ellison and J. Walsh.

During their stay at the Villa, the Revv. J. Lynch, P. Redmond and R. Flynn played with us and we have every reason to believe that they enjoyed it as much as we did.

LOUIS ASHWORTH, *Captain*

ASSOCIATION

This year we had a few games at Palazzola, and more when we returned to Rome, but towards the end of November the weather turned against us. And at Christmas, too, there was one period when for four weeks we did not get a single game. Consequently the standard of play was not very good, as could be seen in the Theologians *v* Philosophers match, a rather uninspiring game which the Theologians won 2—1. From this time forward play began to improve slightly, under the influence of the approaching Scots match.

This match was played yet again up at Fortitudo, and for once the ground was just as we had hoped it would be, hard and dry and eminently suited to our fast open game. We started off with the wind against us, and for the first few minutes each side was intent on weighing up the other. The play was mostly confined to mid-field, and our forwards looked extremely dangerous until they got near the goal, while the opposite was true at the other end of the field, where the short passing game of the Scots was always dangerous as it neared the penalty area. And so, after about twenty minutes, when the Scots outside left was unmarked and got nicely away with the ball, his centre was followed by a goal that looked almost sinfully simple. From then on our men attacked furiously, but the Scots defence was too clever in blocking all our attempts at shooting for anything to result.

When play was resumed after the interval our men were very confident—and with reason, for they had held their own all through the first half,

and now they had the wind behind them. But in the first five minutes, before we had settled down, the Scots took advantage of one or two blunders on our part to score another seemingly simple goal. Then our men realised they must stir themselves if they were to win, and the whole side began to play a storming game that was fast and furious and almost ran the Scots defence off its feet. But here again there was that fatal lack of finish in front of goal; and though for the rest of the game the ball was confined to the Scots half of the field—with the exception of three or four raids from which two more goals resulted—our men never succeeded in scoring. It is true that we had some very bad luck, but the chief cause of our downfall was our usual fault, lack of co-ordination in front of goal; and so, though our men had had the lion's share of the play, the match ended with the Scots having scored four goals to our none.

The Venerable was represented by Messrs Wells; Wyche, Fallon; Brown, McDonald, Murtagh; Key, Gannon, Cassidy, Grasar, Franklin.

J. GANNON, *Captain*

RUGBY

“Alive and kicking” is a colloquialism particularly appropriate, it seems to us, when one is describing a flourishing Rugger team; and though perhaps the kicking part has been less accurate than usual, we are so thankful to be alive that this defect has not unduly depressed us. In fact we are rather proud of ourselves at present; for lives are held so cheaply at the Venerable that we have not once this season had to destroy a hopelessly depleted list and retire as gracefully as possible, leaving the field to our brethren of the Soccer ball.

Before the season started the inevitable pessimists pointed out how impossible it was to play without “old So-and-so—the only man who played that position really well.” But so fleeting is fame that no sooner has a sad, silent tear been offered to the memory of the departed giant, than his boots are being fitted on to an enthusiastic First Year man.

An original opening to the season was a number of “seven-a-side touch Rugger” games at the Villa which were most amusing. Nobody seemed to know any rules and the one point of agreement was disagreement with whatever the referee said. Consequently this unfortunate usually had a short official life, being sent within five minutes to the Siberia of the forward line, whither he was quickly followed by a line of equally unpopular successors. Thus we got into training and practised running and passing.

In Rome our worst enemy has been the weather; heavy rains before Christmas and frost immediately afterwards conspired to keep us without practice for a long time. But the number and keenness of the games since then suggests that we have lost little except exercise.

The standard of play has risen; forwards are getting into the loose scrums and using their weight; the “threes” are learning that the easiest

and shortest way to score a try is to run hard and straight. In the Theologians *v* Philosophers match, the Theologians won; and we are looking forward to uniting the flower of the two faculties to meet Roma in a few weeks. We are also greatly encouraged by the rumour that Ushaw are learning Rugger. Good luck to them.

SIDNEY G. LESCHER, *Captain*

GOLF

The season opened with a pleasant surprise. The first morning after our arrival at the Villa those fortunate few whose position up the alphabetical tree and whose courage (or impatience) had already seen them through their exams, climbed up to the Sforza prepared for the worst and laden with tools of all descriptions. But for once their grim forebodings were not realised: an unusually dry summer had effectually curbed the luxuriance of both "fairway" and rough, and though the greens were not easy to find again we were able to start play within five days. And once started the season continued smoothly enough. The year before, it will be remembered, we had been handicapped by an acute shortage of balls, owing to sanctions; but by now we have grown used to climbing the economic barrier of restricted imports and can obtain balls with comparative ease, though it takes some six weeks before the order materialises.

The standard of golf continues to be as good as ever, though we are still subject to those sudden falls from grace due to the course rather than the player. Quite frequently you start your round in championship style and finish with a catastrophic twelve or so on the seventh. This year Mr Swinburne gave a touch of variety to the performance by reversing the process, taking twelve over the first two holes and finishing with a score of thirty-seven.

The close of the season was enlivened by competitions. Mr Mitchell won the singles and Messrs Swinburne and Gibb the foursomes. The latter were very closely contested.

In conclusion we must thank our benefactors. The Rector returned from the Coronation with some balls for us, and the Vice on his return from England gave us a bag of clubs. We also received gifts from two former secretaries, Rev. F. Ellison and Mr McDonald. To all we are deeply grateful.

E. COONAN, *Secretary*

OBITUARY.

DOCTOR ERNEST WELDON

The death of Dr Weldon on Sept. 10th, 1937, was a great blow to all who knew him. It is difficult for an intimate friend to express all he would like to say in so short a space, but this much must be said: the "Canon" was loved and respected by all who knew him for his fine character, his unfailing good humour, and for the splendid way in which he threw himself into all that goes to make up the Roman course. He took part in every activity and helped in a big way to make our Roman days the happy days they were.

Coming to the College from the Cardinal Vaughan School he maintained his scholarly reputation. His was no mere examination mind, and his course at the Gregorian was very successful—he returned for an eighth year and ably defended his thesis for the new doctorate in 1935.

Out of study hours he was a real common-room man, taking a keen part in our many and tumultuous activities. Many will remember how he made a special point of making the new men feel at home on that first bewildering evening in the College. In the concerts, plays and operas he took a lion's share; year after year he played in the Scots match; Pamphilj saw him frequently, and he figured prominently in our sports at the Villa. Many of us remember well his straw hat, pipe, and golf-clubs, which were to be seen daily on the Sforza and in the golf-house. Gitas to Monte Porzio and to the other favourite resorts in the Albans found in him an enthusiastic supporter, and he took his gitas manfully in the time-honoured way, with an old cassock, stick, mouth-organ, big boots, and on foot.

What the Venerabile lost when Dr Weldon returned to England, St Edmund's gained. His life at St Edmund's College, Ware, was short but very full. He taught philosophy, and his zeal and earnestness gained him a very special place in the affections of all, so that the President could say of him "He was model both to Professors and to Students. He will be missed".

In the months preceding his death his priestly zeal was ever on the increase. When we look back on the way he withdrew into himself and devoted himself more and more to his work and prayer, it almost seems as though he realised in some way that God's call was to come soon. During his long and painful illness his piety and humility and cheerfulness made a deep impression on all round him. His thoughts and conversation turned to Rome and Palazzola. His death was to us all a lesson in resignation and the spirit of prayer. That which he held as his most treasured possession, his chalice, he wished to go back to the Venerable, that there might always be something of him in Rome.

May we his friends never forget him at the altar, and may we find in him a powerful intercessor with God. R.I.P.

B. CUNNINGHAM

FATHER LEO KEELER, S.J.

When Fr Keeler's car skidded over a forty-foot drop the Gregorian University lost a brilliant scholar and the College lost one of its more personal links with the University.

The clarity and originality of his critical mind found its happiest expression in the Chair of History of Philosophy; he is cited as an authority in most modern philosophical works and his English articles in the *Gregorianum* were an encouraging reminder that scholastic brilliance is not a monopoly of the Latin races.

The freshness of his style, free from all exaggeration and relieved by many amusing though unclassical turns of phrase (which practically constituted a figure of speech in themselves), made an especial appeal to the English-speaking section of his audience; an appeal accentuated by that honesty which was his dominant virtue. For no theory satisfied him which obstructed his search for truth, nor did he fear to disagree with the most august; yet he never maintained an opinion that he could not justify on occasion in argument, nor censure one that he could not fully disprove.

This rigid impartiality he carried to the examination-board; he was the terror of bluffers and—almost we had said the joy of the man who was well prepared. But in whatever capacity, and we knew him in many—lecturer, examiner, retreatant, guest—not less commanding than his tall figure was his dynamic personality, tempered by unfailing good humour—so that the just severity of July was easily forgotten in the geniality of December.

One more touch to complete the picture, an obvious one from what has been said—his capacity for concentrated hard work. The sheets through which many of us gained our knowledge of philosophical vagaries through the ages testify to his qualities of clarity and concentration, the result of exhaustive reading and thinking. Not unfittingly we may leave these as some memorial to one who was worthy of the Society to which he belonged; than this we cannot give him greater praise. R.I.P.

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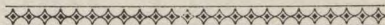


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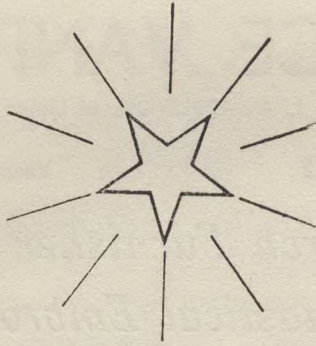
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