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CONTENTS

PIUS THE ELEVENTH

To watch beside him dead we take our way
What time the holy silence of the night
Hath quelled the clamour of the heedless day
And put the world's harsh dissonance to flight.

Peace reigns around him who in life held high
Against embattled hell's resurgent power
The Standard of the King, and prayed to die
Fighting and toiling to the latest hour.

Peace hath he won who fought unto the last
Offering his life unto the Prince of Peace,
And in that sacrifice accepted passed,
In prayer that Heaven's chastisements might cease.

When Poland stood alone against the Foe
Of God and man at Warsaw, he renewed
A nation broken with excess of woe,
And with his own victorious strength endued.

He rallied dying Christendom to life,
Quickened our failing hearts to hope anew,
O Thou who givest victory after strife,
Crown with eternal peace Thy captain true.

H. E. G. Rope.

SEDE VACANTE

On Friday, February the 10th, I said Mass as usual with the prayer for the Pope—that prayer which is always said in Rome. After breakfast I set off with the rest to the University. It was a lovely day—the sky was blue, no cloud anywhere ; the only interruption was the brilliant gold of the sun. As we passed the newspaper stall in the Piazza Farnese my companion said : " There's something about the Pope in the paper but I didn't see what it was." Although I didn't know at the time, this was probably a reference to the seizure which the Pope had had on the previous evening. We went on merrily —the sun made everything smile and we were to have a gita tomorrow. Half way along the Via Lata someone behind shouted—just to attract our attention. We stopped and waited. " The Pope's dead."

I felt as though someone had suddenly grabbed my cassock and pulled me up with a jolt. True, the Pope had never been quite the same since his illness two years ago. He had had heart attacks recently, and naturally we knew that these things were likely to recur at any time. But I had not even heard of the seizure of the previous evening—and even if I had, it would not have taken away all the shock. Death is never really expected ; it always comes as a shock, however long we have been warned of its approach.

A hush seemed to fall over everything. No one had much to say—there was little to say after all. One by one those going to the University turned back and went towards their colleges or to St. Peter's. The University was closed. The papal flag flew at half mast over the door of the Vicariate.

I saw the *Messaggero*. There was the news—four words in thick, black, heavy print—and the news was heavier than the print : " Pio XI è morto ". A rapid edition, not yet out when we had left the College, now flooded the streets of Rome.

I called in at the College to drop my books and the paper I had bought. As I passed the notice board I saw that the gita was already cancelled—naturally. Then I joined the stream of people who were going along to St Peter's. It was odd that so many clerics should be going to St Peter's on a Friday at 8.30 in the morning. It was odd that so many of them should be reading newspapers in small, silent groups. It was odd that we should pass American students with a cheerless greeting, not knowing—this morning—what to say. Outside the churches were notices ordering a Te Deum for the following Sunday, the anniversary of Pius XI's coronation. All the Bishops of Italy were to have come to Rome for an audience with the Holy Father. Inside St Peter's the *Sampietrini* were rapidly taking down the decorations. Red damask had been hung for Sunday's great ceremony. Barriers were erected to control the crowds. And now—but no ! —the barriers would still be needed—there would still be a crowd in St Peter's on Sunday —but it would be a crowd of mourners.

We prayed for the dead Pope and prayed for the orphaned Church.

As I turned to leave the basilica I saw one of the workmen taking down the decorations ; he was on a rope swinging from pilaster to pilaster. It was dangerous and clever—yet he didn't seem at all perturbed. My thoughts turned to Pius XI on Monte Rosa or the Matterhorn . . . .

On the way home I thought of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Godfrey. At that moment he was in Paris, on his way to England, where he was to be received with great ceremony, where on the Sunday he was to sing a Mass in thanks-

giving for the seventeen years of Pius XI's glorious reign. Would he continue to England, or would he return ? He continued and arrived in England at the time arranged—but it was a gloomy arrival.

I went home along the banks of the Tiber. It was still a beautiful day. Why would the sun make everyone want to dance with glee when our father had been taken from us ? Why not ? The heavens had welcomed a saintly man that morning, a strong man too, and a wise ruler, one who had loved his flock because he had loved his Master. Catholics and non-Catholics, atheists too, had admired him ; his name will live. And the heavens had claimed him. No wonder they rejoiced, for they saw the new glory given to his soul, and they tried to tell us he was happy and even now would look after his flock.

All over the city flags were flying at half mast—the Italian flag, sometimes the Papal flag, the French tricolour from the Farnese ; and over the College door the Union Jack drooped in homage to the man who always referred to the Venerabile as " a little bit of England in Rome ". A day or two later I read the English newspapers and was delighted at the respect which our country paid to the Pope.

On the Saturday, the anniversary of the Lateran Treaty—the early triumph of Pius XI's reign—his body was transferred from the Sistine Chapel to St Peter's. It was a private ceremony, and although one or two managed to get in I did not make any attempt.

After High Mass on Sunday some people went to St Peter's. The crowd was, they tell me, enormous. There was only an hour and a half of free time and, allowing half an hour for the walk there and back, an hour was left for the visit. That would seem ample but quite a number had to come away disappointed. I left my attempt until the afternoon when I could have from 3.30 until 8 ; and I went prepared to wait and wait. However I had to come away disappointed.

When I arrived at the Piazza, the crowds were being directed to the right-hand side so that a stream would be formed and some order preserved. Whether the soldiers were too few

I know not, but before long the Piazza was filled—the stream was swallowed up in the ocean. I managed to make my way up to the façade. The entrance gate was on the right but, though it was opened at intervals, it preserved most of the time an uninviting, nearly a defiant look. The exit was open all the time. I found myself much nearer to this than to the entrance and I went closer hoping that I might be allowed in, or perhaps manage to slip in unnoticed. Not a chance. Once the crowd rushed the exit gate and immediately it too was closed. I resigned myself to a journey over to the right—a few yards only, but what a journey. I never arrived sufficiently near to it to have any hopes raised. I gave myself up to a long wait. The crowd was seething to and fro ; on the steps people were pushed forward and pushed back again, like the sea which rushes at the sea wall, is repulsed, and falls back. Most of the people were enjoying the fun ; some were frightened ; one or two fell and were rescued quickly ; occasionally a child fainted.

" Why this unseemly rush ? " : you say. " Why did men and women, young and old, strong and weak, stay in that seething mob ? " To me it looked quite dangerous for any child, and doubly dangerous for the mothers who carried their babies. As a rule people protected these latter by shouting *Bambino* and making way for them, but I would rather that the mothers did not take the risk. And yet, like the rest of us, they wanted to pay their last homage to the Holy Father and they were prepared to wait, to be bustled to and fro, to be uncomfortably hot, anything—rather than let the Holy Father go to his tomb without a last word of farewell. If you cannot understand this, come to Rome when the Pope is celebrating in St Peter's, when he gives the *Urbi et Orbi* blessing ; mingle with the Italians, French, Germans, English, Americans, white men, black men—and try to scorn their love and loyalty ; and if you succeed, then I know not what argument would convert you.

I waited with the rest until I heard the words : " Non si apre più, domani alle otto ". I came away but many still clung to a final thread of hope—tomorrow they would be at work and their opportunity would be lost.

On Monday afternoon I wasted no time but went to St Peter's as soon as I could. Pedestrian traffic was organised from the Tiber bridge so that the people going would be separated from the people returning. The stream of people still flowed, steadily and constantly—but there was no difficulty today. I was able to go into the basilica straight away and pass by the body of Pius XI. The Gendarmes moved us on all the time—we could not stop even for a *De profundis*. I passed by and said my prayer as I walked—but at the other side of the nave I was able to stop a while opposite the Holy Father. He was placed so that all could see him, vested in red with a gold mitre ; the Noble Guards stood rigid, as did the Swiss behind them ; all around candles were burning. In the chapel students from the Ethiopian College knelt and prayed. All was quiet and all was still.

In the evening I was there once more and this time inside the chapel itself. The Colleges took turns to watch for an hour by the body, and we were invited for the period 8 to 9. The Scots were with us ; the Americans followed on at nine o'clock. Cardinal Hinsley, who had arrived that afternoon, came with us.

I would not have recognised the Holy Father. When a man is without his glasses he looks very different, and I was surprised to see that Pius XI had a perfect aquiline nose. Such thoughts will come, even at the most solemn moments. I wondered too how the body was supported at such an angle, for the feet were free ; I think that ribbons were used. These were fleeting thoughts, and in that atmosphere, where the very walls seemed to droop in awe, they quickly gave place to more solemn ones.

The thoughts of the world were centred on that one spot, and there was I, actually present by the body of the Pope. Was I in the presence of a saint ? I prayed for him and I prayed to him. I remembered the audiences I had had, the ceremonies at which I had seen him, and always he had been the same calm, fatherly figure, in spite of the responsibilities he had had, and some of them were heavy indeed. I remembered above all the day on which my Bishop took me into the Pope's

study. It was in 1932. Yes, the Pope had belonged to me as he belongs to every Catholic, and by God's grace I had had the opportunity to realize this a little. There was I now, close to him in death as I was in life. I had studied in his diocese—in Rome—very near to him always. In Rome his rooms are within sight of the College ; on Lake Albano his villa faces ours across the water.

We of the English College were praying for the Pope. Our fellow students four hundred years ago had died for the Pope, and before that England had been renowned for her loyalty to him. And now we had the honour of representing our country. I hope that God heard our prayers for His Vicar, and I am sure that His Vicar was praying for us and for our country.

Some of us knelt, some of us stood : at first there were still people shuffling past outside in the basilica, but soon the doors were shut and all was still. Once or twice some man left one of the benches to make room for another—a piece of wax fell from one of the candles with a tiny crash—the Guard was changed at 8.45—a few minutes later the Cardinal left the chapel. That was all. Otherwise a perfect silence, sacred rather than oppressive, giving the impression that the word " Peace " was still on the Pope's lips.

He was buried on the Tuesday. Again the ceremony was private but again many people managed to gain admittance. I joined the group round the wireless in the College but didn't feel that I was helping very much and I went downstairs to say the Office for the Dead. The tomb is in the crypt near to Pius X and Benedict XV. When I went to pay a visit I found a long queue and decided to wait until later.

May God rest his soul and reward him for his labours. He was a magnificent Pope, saintly and strong. He is dead, but not forgotten.

* * * *

Gradually we began to think of the Conclave. Who would be the new Pope ? Magazines and papers produced photographs of all the Cardinals, who were gradually collecting in Rome. During Mass, instead of the usual prayer *pro papa*

we said the prayer *pro eligendo Summo Pontifice*, and this prayer was also said at the after lunch visit.

I was in St Peter's Piazza for the first scrutinies—and again I was one of a goodly crowd. The news vans were there again ; the cabins for the broadcasters could be seen on the colonnades ; rows of amplifiers ornamented the façade of the basilica. Yes, there was the chimney—the all important chimney running up the wall of the Sistine Chapel. The Cardinals would be gathered behind that wall which looked unimposing enough. It was a beautiful day, so beautiful that we wondered whether it would be easy to distinguish the colour of the smoke against the bright clear sky. Just before I arrived an announcement had been made. It was time for the end of the first scrutiny and since no smoke had appeared the announcer said that it was reasonable to suppose that another was needed. At 11.30 another announcement was made but it gave no news—how could it, since the acts of the Conclave are strictly secret ? The loud speakers were remarkably good ; there was an unfortunate echo but I did not notice this in the evening ; perhaps I had changed my place, perhaps Fr Soccorsi had been able to overcome it. At 11.45 the announcer began to talk—that's all it amounted to—just talk, general talk about the Conclave in theory and in practice. I am grateful to him for his efforts but I did not appreciate them fully—I was too much occupied with that chimney over there in the corner.

And then the smoke came—a wisp of white smoke. Surely not an election already ! People held their breath ; some even began to cheer and wave handkerchiefs. All doubts were soon dispelled—the smoke came thicker and more yellow and finally changed to an unmistakeable black. There was no need to wait for the announcer. We had no Pope : we didn't expect one so soon but we had seen the *sfumata* about which we had read so often, always referring it to a vague past, never dreaming that we should actually see it. Back we went to the College for dinner—a little late. Some people had kept watch from the clock tower and had seen the smoke plainly through a telescope.

In the afternoon there was a game of football. I arrived back at the College, drank a hasty cup of tea, changed, and went off once more to the Piazza. Before I went I heard several people say : " I won't bother to go tonight ; there isn't likely to be an election so soon". I said : " No, I don't expect one, but if there were and I missed it I should want to hire a platoon of Balilla boys to kick me round Italy." No ! I wasn't going to miss it. I had plenty of work to do but Rome is Rome, and what if I did have to miss my study time ?

Just as I got near to the Piazza I saw a man looking out from an upper window with an eager face and I suspected that the *sfumata* had begun. A moment later I could see it for myself. It was short certainly, but I thought it was black and was thinking of turning back. But no, I might as well wait for the announcement. It was just 5.30. In the Piazza there was no cheering : most people seemed to be in my state —doubtful and waiting to make sure. Some thought it was white but, thinking of the morning's disappointment, did not like to commit themselves.

Then someone said that it had been announced over the wireless that a Pope had been elected, though of course the name was not given. I took this for another rumour to add to the four hundred thousand odd I had already heard that week. Still I plunged into the Piazza and pushed my way up towards the basilica. I found myself among a group of Propaganda men and I asked them if they knew anything for certain. " Oh yes, it's true ! " They had heard it on the wireless and come straight down—and so had others. I looked round and saw that the Piazza was already covered with people and that others were running up the borgo and through the colonnades on every side. Still many people had not heard the news and remained doubtful. The only cheers came from the colonnade on the right near to the Sistine Chapel—or rather it was excitement and waving of handkerchiefs. In the Piazza there was no announcement at all—a fact significant enough in itself.

Suddenly one of the curtains behind the windows of St

Peter's was raised—just a little. " Ah ! " from the crowd and then a buzz of anticipation. All our eyes were glued to the basilica now. The lights were shining in the room behind the balcony from which the wonderful news would soon be announced.

The door-windows opened and the banner was unfolded over the balustrade. A cheer went up. On the banner were the arms of Pius IX and they gave rise to some discussion. " Whose arms are they ? " asked some, hopefully, wondering if they were the arms of the elected Cardinal. " Why look, there are two lions on them—Venice—Piazza ! " So Cardinal Piazza became Pope for a brief moment ! The arms however bore the tiara and the keys—they were papal arms, not those of a Cardinal. An election after only three scrutinies seemed to indicate that Cardinal Pacelli had been chosen, and his name was on the lips of many. Perhaps, too, the wish was father to the thought.

It was nearly 6 when at last the Cross came slowly towards the balcony, and when Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni appeared the people cheered indeed. But not for long—silence fell. 100,000 people, yet not a sound. " ANNUNTIO VOBIS GAUDIUM MAGNUM "—how he was enjoying his task. The loud speakers were perfect ; the words came to us all, clear and full, and none but an Italian can make the word *gaudium* really brim over with the fulness of joy. " HABEMUS PAPAM "—again we broke into a shout, and again came dead silence. " EMINENTISSIMUM "—(Who ?)—" AC REVERENDISSIMUM "—(How tantalising !)—" DOMINUM "—(Do hurry up !)—" DOMINUM "—(It must come now)—" EUGENIUM "—a roar from the Piazza : " Pacelli, Pacelli ". No one doubted, though there were two other Cardinals with the same christian name. But wait—" SANCTAE ROMANAE ECCLESIAE CARDINALEM PACELLI ". Then joy knew no bounds. " QUI NOMEN SIBI IMPOSUIT—PIUM." A lovely choice and a popular one. Pope Pius XII—and today was the 2nd of March, his birthday.

On the colonnade someone began *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat.* Then a voice on the loud speakers intoned the *Te Deum*, and it was sung through by the whole

vast crowd—the Roman tune giving thanks to God for the Roman Pope . . . " Non confundar in aeternum " . . .

" VIVA IL PAPA ! "

The Pope in his white cassock, the ermine edge of his *mozzetta* showing vividly against the dark velvet, was there on the balcony. How can I describe that moment ? The world welcomed him with a full heart. Who accompanied him I know not. I saw but one figure, and in that figure I saw the rock of the Church, the Vicar of Christ, more plainly perhaps than ever before. The shouting and the waving died down. " SIT NOMEN DOMINE BENEDICTUM " and we all replied " Ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum ". " ADIUTORIUM NOSTRUM IN NOMINE DOMINI "—" BENEDICAT VOS OMNIPOTENS DEUS, PATER ET FILIUS ET SPIRITUS SANCTUS ". There was no room to kneel, but what matter ? Again the cheering broke out. Pius XII came nearer to the balcony and acknowledged the love and loyalty of his flock. Then he turned away, gently, slowly ; and the crowd dispersed. It was now about 6.30, an hour after the *sfumata*, and quite dark.

Everyone was happy. The great bell swung and boomed triumphantly. It was a slow task getting home—the people were so numerous and cars and taxis in confusion blocked the way. Outside the *Santo Spirito* hospital I bought a couple of newspapers—the *Giornale d'Italia*, already published with the news of the election. It was a scuffle to get them. I came to the surface triumphant and noticed two poor nuns helplessly looking at the scrum round the newspapermen. So down I went again and bought more papers. I was feeling dangerously generous but fortunately I had left most of my money at home. When I got back to the College there was smoking in the common-room and no one had a paper, so another priest and I went out again and bought twenty-eight between us ! I felt as though I ought to turn newspaper boy. I threw them down in the common-room and then found that my hands were as black as ink—of course, printer's ink.

Someone produced a photograph of the new Pope and hung it up amidst loud cheers. Yes, there were lots of cheers that night but I am not sure whether they were the most

impressive thing to be remembered. Were they as moving as the *Te Deum*—or as that tense silence when the world seemed to hold its breath ?

On Friday morning I said Mass for the new Pope. Once again we could say the *oratio pro Papa ;* I wanted to shout it out. Once again we heard the Rector say *Oremus pro pontifice nostro Pio* after dinner. We toasted the Holy Father and sang *ad multos annos.* We demanded a speech from Cardinal Hinsley, just returned from the Vatican. Naturally he could not say anything about the Conclave. " Do you want me to be excommunicated ad infinitum ? " " Yes ", we said. " Well I'm not going to be—all I'm going to say is VIVA PIO DODICESIMO ! "—and that is really what we wanted him to say.

W. E. GRASAR.

THE CONCLAVE OF 1939

WHEN Cardinal Hinsley gave me the chance of accompanying him into the Conclave, it did not need much reflection before I gratefully accepted. Indeed I felt a surge of excitement at the prospect of taking any part, however small, in such momentous doings. Even in these days of head-lines, news bulletins, sensations and rumours, the election of a Pope remains superb copy: if proof were needed, it was supplied by the rush of journalists to Rome at the end of February and by the elaborate arrangements made for broadcasts to the whole world. And when journalists, seasoned and cynical, who were to remain outside, could develop such excited curiosity over the whole affair, what armour against emotion had I, who was allowed inside? That was the predominant thought at the outset, to be inside a sealed and guarded Vatican upon which the eyes of mankind were fixed, to be inside when the rest of the world was kept outside by the bayonets of Swiss and Palatine. A privilege can be manufactured by getting somewhere where other people are not allowed, even if there be nothing worth doing or seeing or hearing on arrival. But in the case of a Conclave, there could be no question of manufacturing privileges. Even though one saw little, heard less, and did least, to be in touch at all with this drama of the renewal of life in the Church was supremely worth while. The ceremonies and the method of a Papal election are consecrated by

centuries of tradition : that is already much. But it is far more that a Conclave elects Christ's Vicar upon earth, that its choice means the transfer of divine authority to a human being, and that the election is watched over by the Spirit of God Himself. To take any part in all this would indeed be a privilege beyond price.

Such were first thoughts : and now that it is all over they remain the last. But there intervened a period when one's pre-occupations were of a more material order. Two years' conclaves might be a thing of the past, we were not likely to have the roof taken off over our heads or to be reduced to bread and water. But it was still difficult to know what and how much to provide. The *Messaggero*, quite suitably, described our coming seclusion as *il mistico recinto, involuto nel silenzio del più profondo raccoglimento :* but contemplating the task of packing, one's point of view shifted to wondering exactly how long the state of siege might last. As a result of these doubts, we determined to be on the safe side, and eventually set off with such a mass of luggage that we took it in two journeys to avoid comment : otherwise it might have looked as if we expected never to come out again.

On the Wednesday morning, March 1st, the Cardinals all went to the Vatican for the solemn votive Mass of the Holy Ghost. The Cappella Paolina is not large when it comes to the accommodation of sixty Cardinals with their secretaries and train-bearers. So I was left at home to write letters and make the final preparations. It was a little like going into retreat : and a little like setting off on safari. The contents of one's suitcase reflected both states of mind, the natural and the supernatural lying side by side, wrapped in pages from the same copy of the *Times*.

Promptly at three o'clock in the afternoon we set off, the Cardinal in purple, Monsignor Elwes disguised as train-bearer, myself in the black austerity of secretary-dom, with the Rector and Dom Philip Langdon to see us settled in. The Cardinals had balloted some days before for their cells and his Eminence of Westminster had raised a good humoured cheer in the Sacred College by drawing No. 1. It may be of

interest to the superstitious that Cardinal Pacelli's number was 13. Some of the cells were small and dark, with little ventilation. One Cardinal slept in what had been a kitchen and his bed was immediately below the chimney. We had a whole flat to ourselves, belonging to a brigadier of the Papal gendarmes, and set in one of the oldest parts of the Vatican, the round tower degli Svizzeri near the Porta Sant'Anna. Its ground floor serves as the Pontifical prison, and at the moment it has one occupant, who spends his day—if the papers are to be believed—giving audience to pushful journalists. They report that he is quite nice about it all and bears no ill will.

We were on the first floor. The Cardinal and I both had good bed-rooms. Monsignor Elwes was not so favoured, being expected to sleep in a cupboard affair on a *branda*, a length of holland stretched on iron supports, without a mattress, and the pillow stuffed with straw. We boasted a neat little kitchen, a bathroom with a geyser, which had some effect upon the temperature of the water, and a sitting room. Only the shutters of the windows were fastened with leaden seals, marked *Conclave* 1939 : so, though we lived in electric light all day, we were able to get plenty of air in the apartment. When we had unpacked, the kitchen especially looked most impressive, and it was with cheerful mien that we pocketed our latch keys and set off for the Sala dei Paramenti at four o'clock.

Here the Cardinals were assembling with their *conclavisti*. The room was crowded with well-wishers, come to pay their respects before the doors were shut : the word *auguri* must have been spoken a million times within those four walls, it shot out in this group and lingered over that : there was much hand-shaking and kissing of rings with many last-minute messages, reminding me forcibly of the scene on board a liner just before she sails. Nothing seemed able to put an end to it. Yet Monsignor Respighi's mere appearance called order out of chaos. His assistants, unfamiliarly clad in black caped cassocks, plunged into the crush. Somehow or other the procession was formed, the Cardinals in the midst, we on the flanks. Then we moved off towards the Paolina, leaving our well-wishers waving on the quay-side. The order of the pro-

cession now changed. Behind a cross-bearer all the *conclavisti* led the way to the Sistine, singing the *Veni Creator*, the Cardinals following. Inside the Chapel we stopped at the screen, while the Sacred College went up an inclined gangway into the part prepared for the Conclave, each Cardinal taking his appointed place under a canopy. Photographs have made the scene familiar, but they do not give its colour. The whole floor was covered with a green carpet ; the canopies, stalls and tables were draped in purple. When the Cardinals were all in their places, we finished the hymn, and the Dean sang the prayer. Then we left the voters to take the oath, while we lesser lights filed back to the Paolina to do likewise.

A word about this oath. It is frightening enough for the man who knows anything, and doubtless in a long Conclave one could not help noticing signs of what was going on. Some people have long noses for that sort of thing, some seem able to tell which way the wind is blowing even without a straw to test it. But in so short a Conclave as this present one, we none of us learned anything that could be matter for the oath of secrecy we took. And so, though one French Cardinal was justified in declaring " il y a une excommunication derrière toutes les portes ", a humble conclavist need have no hesitation in setting down everything he saw. It was all in the papers next day anyway, besides a good deal more which never happened.

The roll-call over, the oath taken and signed, we came out to await our Cardinals. But we were not needed. As each left the Sistine, a Noble Guard saluted and accompanied him to his cell, where he took his leave, once again with that blessed word, *auguri*. Visitors went round the cells ; was it only curiosity, or had that long wait in the Sala dei Paramenti really not sufficed for their benevolence ? We were busy surveying our domain when the bell rang and a suave Swiss stood in the door-way : " Extra omnes " he said, and seemed proud of his Latin. Most politely he shepherded out our last visitors and we were left alone.

From the multitudinous doors, passages and staircases, which make the Vatican so fascinating a palace, people were

issuing still muttering *auguri* indefatigably, and crossing the Cortile San Damaso to the barrier at the top of the Scalone Pio IX, the last to be left open. A group of curious conclavists stood watching in the background as the great space emptied and the moon shone down upon the cobbles. The crowd by the barrier was thinning when two files of Swiss came out of the deep shadow from the Cortile dei Pappagalli, their halberds glistening in the white light. In the middle walked the tall figure of the Cardinal Camerlengo, Monsignor Respighi at his side. They had been going the rounds to see that all the gates were shut : and now they were come to the last. The Princess of Piedmont, who had been an interested spectator, took her leave ; the Governor and the Marshal of the Conclave bowed and went. Lastly the Swiss saluted and passed through the door. There was a rattling of keys from both sides. And then, the whirls and eddies round that barrier ended, Cardinal Pacelli and Monsignor Respighi themselves turned away. Their two figures crossed the empty Cortile and disappeared under the Papal *portone*. One could hear the hum of a great crowd below in the Piazza of St Peter's. But the cobbles of San Damaso were deserted and silence fell suddenly on the Vatican. There was no sign of those left inside, the Cardinals, their conclavists, the masters of ceremonies, the cooks, *camerieri*, doctors, barbers *et hoc genus omne*. Back in our cell, near the Porta Sant'Anna, Rome's noises came through the slats of my shutters both near and distinct. But below me the moon shone on the fixed bayonet of a Palatine guard, who looked unusually statuesque. More than anything else the unwonted militariness of his bearing impressed me with the sense of our imprisonment. The siege had begun.

This rather eerie lifelessness of a huge building was broken by the craving for supper. When we came along with Cardinal Hinsley, the Cortile San Damaso had re-awakened. Secretaries were walking about, waiting for the Conclave bell to sound. We passed through their respectful ranks and took the lift to the first floor, where the Cardinals had their dining room, a splendid sight, hung with tapestries and medieval arms, red chairs ranged round the horse-shoe table, bright lights bringing

out every tint of walls, tapestries, coffered ceiling and carpet. When the Sacred College had assembled, the colour of that room beggared description. I noticed, however, that the waiters wore white cotton gloves, a distressing custom ; and what desecration to install a kitchen on the *piano nobile* of the Vatican ! Having safely piloted our Cardinal to his victuals, we returned ourselves to the San Damaso. The bell had not yet rung and the conclavists were still walking about. This bell is a conclave tradition. It is rigged up specially for the occasion and no one under the rank of a *ceremoniere pontificio* may lay hands upon its rope. But there its dignity ends. It sounds a tinny note, for all the world like any of the thousand and one convents in Rome. Nevertheless, when it clanged on this occasion, we obeyed with alacrity : the time was nearing nine o'clock.

Our refectory normally served the Palatine Guard as a recreation room. It is not egotism on my part to say we made almost as interesting a gathering as the Cardinals themselves. Opposite us at table was Monsignor Rossignani, *un vecchio topo di casa* in the Vatican, secretary to Cardinal Pacelli and a blessed name to anyone who has had to wait hours in the ante-camera of the Secretary of State. To look at, he is the image of Father Fabbri, whom at least one generation of fundamental theologians will remember well at the Via del Seminario. A little to our left was a dignified man in early middle age, secretary to Cardinal Innitzer : only a few months ago in Vienna, he had helped to lock the Archbishop in a strong room at the top of the palace, and had then gone down to the chapel, where a mob of youths, all between fourteen and twenty years of age, had broken in and thrown him out of the window. Though they beat at his knuckles, he managed to hang on to the sill until an unknown benefactor pulled him back and saved his life. Cardinal Faulhaber's secretary had been in our own year at the Gregorian : he too knows what it is to have a howling mob at one's gates, though in Munich they have not yet gone further than breaking all the windows. At the other table was a dark little mouse of a Spaniard. At the outbreak of the Civil War, when the Cardinal of Tarragona walked out

into the square before his palace to face a homicidal crowd, he told his secretary that he no longer had need of his services. But the diminutive priest did not lack spirit : he said his place was with his master, whatever happened, and the Cardinal smiled and told him to come. They spent ten harassing months in prison, threatened constantly by the Reds with torture and death.

Supper over, we went back to our cell, and I made a—to me—surprisinglygood cup of tea. We did not need it, but we could not resist the lure of that gas stove. Then we prepared the altar for Mass next morning. That left us free at last to sit down quietly. But this repose was disturbed by examination of our various wall-papers. They were not restful, to put it mildly, and the pictures were pious only in subject. If we had had to stay there long, they would undoubtedly have been an affliction. On this first evening we were tired, luckily, and soon separated to our various beds.

The Cardinal slept well : I always do. Sometime between two and three in the morning Monsignor Elwes deserted his *branda* for the couch in the sitting room. This was an improvement, so that after all he had to get up like the rest of us three hours later. The Cardinal said the first Mass, followed by Monsignor Elwes, and then by me. All this took time. When I had carried his Eminence's breakfast across the sun-lit Cortile San Damaso—it was a lovely morning, the sky deep blue above the brown *loggie* and a nip in the air straight from the Abruzzi—we found we were among the last in our refectory, and obviously the waiters thought we had been hogging it abed. Feeling injuredly innocent we accompanied the Cardinal as far as the Sistine, where he had to attend the Dean's Mass at nine o'clock and take part in the first two scrutinies of the Conclave. Leaving him there, we came back to our own flat, feeling full of energy in the sharp morning air, rolled up our sleeves and set about the housework. There were cups to wash, beds to make, floors to polish and everything to dust. Moreover something had to be done about that *branda*. We explored the Floreria and found a real bed with a spring mattress ; this was brought up to our cell and the *branda* ignominiously

thrown out of the door. There seemed to be some hierarchical principle about these beds : Cardinals were allowed two mattresses and pillows, secretaries one each : but *camerieri* were expected to do without a mattress at all, and the stuffing of their pillows would have rejoiced the heart of a goat.

By this time the drum in the Pappagalli was working, closely watched on the outside by black-robed dignitaries of the Camera Apostolica. But as nothing more exciting than bread came through, that we could see, and as our housework was over for the time being, we went up to the Sala Ducale and joined the other conclavists who were waiting there for the end of the proceedings in the Sistine. Only the Cardinals were inside the Chapel, and the junior Cardinal Deacon had to bolt the door for himself. Outside, in the Sala Regia, waited the Secretary of the Conclave, Monsignor Santoro, and the Papal M.C.s with Monsignor Respighi at their head. Then came another locked door and ourselves in the Sala Ducale.

Twice our long vigil was interrupted. There were two sick members of the Sacred College who had not gone into the Sistine. Cardinal Marchetti's cell was off the Ducale and Cardinal Boggiani lived near-by in the loggia of Raphael. Our doors opened and we sprang to attention as three Cardinals came through, their Eminences of Rheims and Vienna with the Secretary of the Concistoriale, Cardinal Rossi, in the middle. Behind them a *ceremoniere* carried a locked box for the invalids' votes. In dead silence they went into Cardinal Marchetti's cell. The shortest of pauses and they came out again without a word and passed through our equally mute ranks, up the steps to the Sala dei Paramenti and so through to the loggia. A little later they were back ; the doors opened for them and they disappeared into the Sala Regia. The doors were closed again so quickly that we did not even see them enter the Sistine. Then babel broke loose amongst us. " That's the first scrutiny " we all said, as if we had been at this game for years. Half an hour later the same thing happened. When we broke the silence it was to nod wisely at each other : " And that's the second ".

Finally the doors were flung wide open and we saw some of the Cardinals coming out of the Sistine. Others were still inside, standing round the famous stove and watching the M.C.s, who had been called in to do it, burning the voting papers. From outside came the muffled roar of the crowd in the Piazza. This had its effect on the *ceremonieri*, who were so determined to reward the watchers' patience that they soon had the stove on fire : it grew red-hot halfway up the pipe : plaster was falling ominously, not—I hope—from Michelangelo's frescoes, and in the end *pompieri* had to come running along with Minimaxes, while the M.C.s danced distractedly round the flames.

Some secretaries watch the faces of the Cardinals as they come out and from their expressions decide what has happened inside. This is a hopeless method. The first to leave the Sistine all looked very grave until they began to talk among themselves, but then there were smiles and animation in plenty. Passing along the Loggia with the Archbishop of Westminster, we saw Cardinal Pacelli ahead in conversation with a brother Cardinal. Just as we came up the conversation ended : the Camerlengo was turning towards his apartments when he saw Cardinal Hinsley and immediately walked across to shake hands. Looking back on this encounter, I remember that the Englishman seemed almost reluctant to do so, that he appeared strangely overwhelmed by the other's courtesy. It struck me at the time but I put it all down to nervous reaction after the voting. The Cardinals spoke together a moment : then they separated, we two conclavists bowed to the Camerlengo and we all went to our dinners.

The only place to get fresh air and exercise was the Cortile San Damaso. Some of the secretaries were parading here in the early afternoon when Cardinal Pacelli came out and paced up and down by himself, reading from a great red-bound book, almost as large as an altar misal. What it was I do not know, and never shall.

At four o'clock the Sacred College again met in the Sistine. On the way there an incident happened which I will mention only because it has already been reported in several papers

and reported wrongly. Coming out of the Sala dei Paramenti there are four marble steps down to the level of the Sala Ducale. Standing at the top were Cardinal Pacelli and another, very small Cardinal. I did not look directly at them but supposed this was Cardinal Baudrillart[1], who is very infirm and even with the help of a stick can walk but little. Cardinal Hinsley and I moved across to pass them, went down the steps and had nearly reached the end of the Ducale when we heard a noise behind us, a gasp of distress from everyone in the room, and turned to see people running to the aid of a Cardinal who lay at the foot of the steps. I immediately concluded it must be the Frenchman who had fallen, and felt anxious lest at his age he might have injured himself seriously. But the figure sprang to its feet and to my amazement I saw that it was Cardinal Pacelli. I suppose he had started to go down the steps while he was still talking, and not looking at his feet, had slipped on the shiney surface. He came past us, two red patches in his cheeks marking his mortification. But it was good to see that he did not seem hurt at all. The next time he came back into that room, he was Pope.

The doors shut and our long wait began again. But there was far more tension in the air than there had been during the morning. This was unexpected, for we were still only at the first day of the Conclave. Still, some of the secretaries had been seen by the knowing ones repacking their luggage, and the secretary of Cardinal Dalla Costa, a popular candidate among the Italians, looked to me as if he were going to faint. It was evident that he was enduring an agony of suspense. Cardinal Boggiani had gone into the Sistine this time: but the three tellers came again to Cardinal Marchetti's cell. Then there was a long pause. Nothing happened and the pause grew longer and longer. General conversation died. "What of the fourth scrutiny?" we asked each other. Cardinal Dalla Costa's secretary was, if possible, whiter than ever. People were flocking to the door now, or running round to see if there were any way of getting nearer the Sistine. Suddenly a

[1] As I saw Cardinal Baudrillart coming along much later, I think it must have been Cardinal Lavitrano or Cardinal Canali.

cameriere rushed in with the news that the crowd, outside in the Piazza, was cheering wildly. " They may have made a mistake " we decided, all trying to keep calm : after all they had cheered in the morning too. But why was there not another scrutiny ? Then, hard on the heels of the first messenger came another, his voice broken with excitement, " It's white —I tell you it's white ! I saw the smoke from the top floor and it's white ! Hanno fatto il Papa ! "

I was still trying to preserve a dignified poise. But it was getting harder every minute, with people frantically trying passages in the walls or banging on the great doors that separated us from the Sala Regia. And then we saw Monsignor Dante, no longer in his black cape and black sash, but dressed again in the familiar purple. That settled it. He was brandishing a great key. Evidently he had opened some door for us, and everybody stormed through a narrow passage, raced down the stairs to the Cortile del Maresciallo and up on to the roof of the colonnade. Monsignor Elwes and I frankly rushed with them.

It was an unforgettable sight. Twilight was settling on the great crowd below us that, compact as it was, yet swayed and surged like bees in a swarm. They saw us come out on the roof and excitedly drew each other's attention to us as another proof that the election had taken place. Arms were waved, cries came up to us, asking who it was. We did not know any more than they. Yet everyone around me seemed certain that Cardinal Pacelli had been chosen Pope. I could not understand why they were so sure, until a secretary at my side started sobbing hysterically : " È Pacelli—dovr'essere Pacelli ! Non c'è più Rossignani ". And when I looked round, it was true : the Camerlengo's secretary was no longer with us.

People were racing down the Via della Conciliazione, where the twin Borghi used to run. Soldiers, at a half double, marched across the Piazza and drew up in two solid lines in front of the crowd. But the steps, still further in front, were packed with people and I was glad to see the English College keeping up its reputation, for they all seemed to be among this advance guard. The dark fell quickly. Lights appeared

in the Aula delle Benedizioni: *camerieri* opened the great windows, that give on to the balcony, came out and spread the tapestry with Pius IX's arms. The crowd greeted them with a tremendous cheer, a crowd that was growing rapidly every minute. The lights of the Piazza were turned on and showed up the massed batteries of loud speakers in the attic storey of the basilica. The force of water in the fountains was reduced almost to nothing, so that all the space could be used around them. Then the cross was seen in the central window of the façade, and as Cardinal Caccia Dominioni walked out on to the balcony, the crowd grew delirious with excitement.

The Proto-deacon's voice thundered through the loud-speakers and filled the entire Piazza. The multitude hushed to tense silence. "Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum." You could hear every syllable and he meant them: there was a ring of exultation in his words: "Habemus Papam". The crowd rose at him—it was exhilarating to hear them. They had a Pope again and that was enough. Who it was hardly mattered beside the fact that Rome was no longer without its bishop nor the Church without its head.

Once more there was silence.

"Eminentissimum et Reverendissimum Dominum." We were on our toes now. The Cardinal paused. Then once again: "Dominum," and another pause. He seemed almost to be savouring his hold over that vast multitude and the suspense grew too great for bearing.

"Eugenium!" There was no need for another word: the cheers rolled round the colonnade, such full-throated delight as I never hope to hear again. The Cardinal's voice, magnified by the speakers, dominated the uproar.

"Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae Cardinalem Pacelli." They were cheering again: but it died more quickly this time—everyone was agog to hear the name of the new pontificate.

"Qui nomen sibi imposuit"—the Cardinal threw back his head and made an impulsive gesture to the crowd: "Pium!" A roar of delight answered him and he turned away and vanished through the window.

An announcer told us that today was the new Pope's

sixty-third birthday. Then, almost before we could digest this fresh fact, the *Te Deum* was intoned through the loud-speakers and taken up by the whole throng in a deep diapason that swelled over our heads, a marvellous, virile, round tone, coming up to us on the colonnade out of the gathering darkness. There is no hymn in the world quite like it, and I doubt whether it can ever have been sung better than it was sung that night. A hundred thousand people, worked up to the pitch of enthusiasm, filling their throats with its long-flowing measures, which met their need for joy, real religious joy that should revel in praising God for all His mercies, and especially for this latest blessing of His loving solicitude for His people. As a confession of faith it was superb : it was superb also as mere music ; ecstatically triumphant but saved from hysteria by its dignity. The very volume of sound was intoxicating : it set one's pulse racing with a realisation of the Church and of what it meant to be a member of that Church. *Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitetur ecclesia.*

I could not stay to the end. The Cardinals would be coming out of the Sistine now and I must get back to my job. I arrived just in time to meet the Archbishop of Westminster : but when I had done all that was expected of me, I found myself alone in the Sala Ducale with the doors of the Sistine wide open. I went in. There was nobody about and it did not occur to me to wonder where everyone else could be—I was too impressed with having the Chapel to myself. It was still stuffy from that last long session of the Conclave, the smell of snuffed candles hung in the air. I rummaged in the stove and appropriated some charred remains of straw and paper as a memento. Then I went up the gangway into the Chapel proper. I saw all the canopies lowered, save one near the screen on the gospel side. So that had been Cardinal Pacelli's place. I went and stood in front of it, looking at the partially burnt candle and the sealing wax. I could have pocketed the lot. But my attention was distracted by frantic cheers from the crowd in the Piazza. Of course, that was where they had all gone. Pius XII would be giving his first blessing *urbi et orbi.*

I raced out, through the Sala Regia, up the flight of stairs in the corner, and into the vast Aula delle Benedizioni, which runs the full length above the portico of the basilica. The place was brilliantly lit, but at first sight there seemed to be no sign of any living person : then I saw a group of Cardinals on the nearest balcony. I went quickly to the middle one. The windows were wide open, and though a veritable crowd stood on the balcony itself, they were gathered on either side and there was no one at all between me and the tall figure in its white cassock, with the crimson mozzetta and stole. Against the background of the night his skull-cap, lit up by the lights in the room behind, almost dazzled me. I came down to within a few paces of him. He had just finished the blessing and now stood bowing to the sea of upturned faces below him. I did not see him raising his arms in greeting as Pius XI used to do. Instead he gripped the balustrade, and his knuckles showed white with the nervous force he was using to control himself. So he stood there, a rigid figure but for the gentle inclination of his head. There was nothing pathetic about his pose : and yet instantly my former exultation dropped from me and in a great wave pity took its place. He turned away quietly from the balcony : I was immediately in front of him now and fell upon my knees.

Cardinal Caccia, who was at his side, recognized me : " Santo Padre, ecco il Vice Rettore del Collegio Inglese ". The Pope put out his hand and I kissed the ring on his long, painfully thin finger. Then I looked up into his face. It is difficult to write of what I saw there : the deathly pallor, the sunken cheeks and drawn lines round his mouth, the tears streaming from his black eyes. He seemed dazed with horror. And yet that does not describe the depths of distress in his face. It was as if the iron of loneliness had already bitten deep into his soul, the awful loneliness of the man who stands on earth in the place of God. When, next day in the Sistine, he described how " the weight of his new responsibility had shaken him and almost broken his spirit ", I knew that those words were no figure of speech but the literal truth. Unnerved by that revelation as I knelt before him, I stammered out :

" Santità, una benedizione pel Collegio Inglese ! " For a second a faint smile touched his lips. " Dal cuore " he said and passed on.

People were pressing round him now, all wanting to kiss his ring : the *ceremonieri* fought to make him a passage. I followed behind, only half-seeing what was going on, haunted by the memory of his face as he turned away from the balcony. He came to the Sala Ducale and, with great thoughtfulness in that overwhelming moment, stopped the procession and went into Cardinal Marchetti's cell. We all waited outside and I wakened up to find myself standing beside Cardinal Caccia. " Eminence " I said, " your voice was simply magnificent. It must have reached far beyond the seven hills, across the Campagna to the Albans ". He gave a jolly laugh and for a moment the memory of his announcement from the balcony rekindled the thrill of excitement which I had then experienced. " Non era la mia voce quella, ma quei tromboni lassù. Li avete visto ? " I nodded miserably, for the Pope had come out again and at the sight of him I was fallen back into intolerable blackness of spirit.

The rest is anti-climax. The Cardinals returned to the Sistine in their cappas and the Pope was brought back again to receive their second homage. The Swiss were with him this time and I thought of our Lord a prisoner in the midst of " swords and staves ". The Holy Father topped them all. He held his hand high in blessing but scarcely ever made the sign of the cross. His eyes were cast down and there was still that deathly look in his face, as of a man who walks in a dream. " Che spavento ! " an Italian beside me exclaimed : it was the only possible comment.

Afterwards, as it was nearly eight o'clock, we stood in the loggia and debated whether to go home or to stay. There was all the packing to do. Besides, we had made our beds and did not see why we should not lie in them. So we decided to stay. Already the Conclave was open. The Noble Guards had come tumbling in, pulling down their tunics as they ran. I congratulated young Marchese Giulio Pacelli, who was in

London with the Pontifical Mission to the Coronation. " Avete fatto una cosa rapidissima " he said smiling. " Abbiamo agito presto e bene " I answered, using the phrase I heard on everyone's lips. He seemed strangely calm about it all : but then he had not yet seen his uncle.

Supper was a dreary meal. Half the company had gone and those who were left seemed exhausted with the day's emotions. The Cortile San Damaso was filling up with cars. The Cardinals came down wreathed in smiles, glad to get away so soon, delighted with themselves and with their choice. When bed-time came, I could not sleep. The contrast was cruel between the cheerful attitude of those departing Cardinals and the horror on the face of the man whom they were leaving behind. What of him, alone with his thoughts now, after such a day ? Again I saw him as he had looked when I knelt for his blessing in the Aula delle Benedizioni. What would he be doing now ? I pictured him bowed before the tabernacle in his own chapel, wrestling with the turmoil in his soul. Somewhere above my head the Vicar of Christ was undergoing his agony in Gethsemane. Paradoxically that thought brought relief. My pity was becoming patronising, it was morbid and excessive because it failed to take account of grace. God, who had called Eugenius Pacelli to shoulder this great cross, would send " an angel from heaven, strengthening him ". Calm came at last and I slept.

The next morning, two Beda men with considerable resource penetrated to Cell No. 1, served our Masses, had breakfast with us, and then helped greatly with the packing. There was a lot to do : as I have said, we were prepared for a long siege. At eleven o'clock everyone was back in the Sala dei Paramenti, ready for the third and last homage. The same crowd gathered to welcome us as had seen us off on the Wednesday evening. The Cardinals were a brave sight in the full crimson of their robes : Monsignor Elwes had reverted to the low grade of train-bearer but managed nevertheless to look distinguished in that ambiguous livery.

The Pope followed our procession into the Sistine. I had hoped he would be carried, but he walked in mitre and cope. He still looked frightfully pale and emaciated ; yet

some of the hot misery had left his face. The sun was shining on the epistle side of the Chapel and it made a gorgeous picture where it caught the row of scarlet figures, standing with the green carpet at their feet and the purple hangings of their thrones behind them. The homage done, Pius XII read the first message of his pontificate to the world in that clear voice, which one already knew so well, the open vowels, the quick succession of consonants, one upon another. It was all very different from the slow, deliberate speech of his predecessor. Today the world knows what that message was, a moving appeal for " peace, the fairest of God's gifts which passes all understanding : peace which every right-minded man of necessity seeks after : peace, in a word, which is born of justice and charity. We exhort all to such peace, which is the life of those united in the friendship of God, which governs and orders family life in the holy love of Jesus Christ : peace which binds nations and peoples together in the brotherly aid they bring each other. Finally We exhort all to the restoration of this peace and concord between nations, so that each of them may strive by mutual agreement, by friendly treaty and by active assistance, through Divine inspiration and help, to bring about the greater good and happiness of the whole human family ".

When we went into the Conclave on Wednesday, Cardinal Hinsley drew our attention to a magnificent rainbow over Sant'Angelo. At half-past four on the Thursday afternoon when, unknown to them, the election was actually taking place in the Sistine, three Birmingham priests saw a second great rainbow from the Piazza of St Peter's. In the coat of arms of Cardinal Pacelli an arc, like a rainbow[1], spans the sky above the dove with a sprig of olive in its mouth. In the light of the Holy Father's first message, may not all this be an augury of the work which God has called his *pastor angelicus* to do ? " I will set my bow in the clouds . . . . . and I shall see it, and shall remember the everlasting covenant, that was made between God and every living soul of all flesh which is upon the earth ". The motto of Pius XII, playing on his family name, is *opus iustitiae pax.* Here is a programme and a promise. *Quod felix faustumque sit.*

RICHARD L. SMITH.

[1] These arms have been simplified for the new Pontificate, and the arc is omitted.

THE CORONATION

SINCE it was obviously essential to get to St Peter's as early as possible, the day was started at the untimely hour of 5 ; whilst Communion before Mass and a hastily bolted breakfast sent us scuttling down the dim streets in a way pleasantly reminiscent of those stalwart days, when schools began at 8 o'clock. The Italian authorities had wisely made elaborate preparations to cope with the huge crowds expected : my ticket was examined three times as I hurried from Tiber to Piazza between lines of soldiers, police and barricades, to be shepherded up the left hand colonnade and deposited with an almost uncanny efficiency inside the basilica.

An *ingresso* ticket does not give much scope for enterprise unless one is also armed with that mixture of boldness and low cunning, which seems the key to even the most closely guarded tribune. The ordinary man is content to push as close to the centre barrier as possible, get comfortably wedged in by the jostling crowd, and to wait. I waited—but pleasantly enough, for there is always something to watch in St Peter's and, at worst, one can wonder why the Swiss Guards' armour should seem to be just too tight, or speculate on the extraordinary penetrative power of even the most meek looking nun.

The procession came in without the splendour of the silver trumpets, but the cheering showed that the good Romans need no such assistance for their acclamation of a Roman

Pope. Pius XII, erect in the *sedia gestatoria*, has but one gesture—his blessing, given with perfect form and grace, and a quality of " directness " impossible to describe. Here was no conventional movement of the hand—I felt that I was indeed being blessed and, to judge by their signs of the cross, those about me felt the same.

After a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament, exposed in Its chapel, the procession crossed to where a temporary choir had been placed near the altar of St Gregory. None was sung in impeccable plain chant and the Pope vested for Mass.

Once more the procession came into the nave and halted. The flax was raised in a little tray on the end of a pole and lighted, but in the cheering the warning " *Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi* " of the *ceremoniere* was lost and the flax, entering into the spirit of the moment, blazed merrily and continued to flame as the procession moved on. Perhaps things were better managed the second or third time : for us humble folk at the end of the nave the omen was clear—the reign of Pius XII is indeed to be a glorious one.

Except for a short litany chanted before the gospel the Mass seemed to proceed *more consueto*. The problem of amplifying the ceremonies of St Peter's has now been solved to perfection. At one time everything was sent out through the loud speakers placed along the pillars, so that one was disconcerted to hear the Sistine choir vibrating above the holy water stoups. Now the singing is left to itself and the voice of the Pope alone is amplified : the gay buzz of conversation ceases at once and every inflection can be heard distinctly.

Exactly at noon the silver trumpets proclaimed the consecration and soon we heard the Pope singing the Pater Noster and then the Postcommunions. People began to edge away to secure good places outside for the Coronation and there was plenty of elbow room by the time the procession passed again.

Then every one dashed to get through first and the doors were packed tight with a struggling mass of people. Outside all eyes were turned to the balcony and a dense mass pushed and swayed, gradually working backwards to get a better view ;

many lost their footing on the steps and their struggles added to the confusion. However it was a simple matter to hurry away round the side and gain the level of the Piazza, where, along the barrier which marked the frontier, there was ample room to move about. Here was the Italian Guard of Honour, made up of detachments from all the armed forces and with the bands and colours of the *Carabinieri* and the Genoese Lancers. It is now generally considered that there were some 500,000 people in front of St Peter's and certainly the crowd seemed to cover the whole Piazza and to be far more tightly packed than usual.

The Coronation itself took only a few minutes and indeed it is rather an emphatic statement of fact than a ceremony. Almost as soon as the Pope was seated on his throne Cardinal Canali removed the mitre and Cardinal Caccia-Dominioni placed the tiara firmly on his head. The Pope stood and gave the blessing *Urbi et Orbi* and the plenary indulgence was proclaimed. The Pope stood for a moment looking out over the frantically cheering crowd, raised his hands in one eloquent gesture of acknowledgment and turned away.

It was over. The Italian and Papal troops exchanged salutes and marched off; the various barricades were torn down and we all pressed slowly homeward along the packed streets, where buses and trams ran lopsidedly on their springs with the load and every one was content. We had all seen a Roman Bishop of Rome crowned once more before the eyes of his people.

P. F. Firth.

Rev. John Macmillan, D.D.

Rector, 1939.

EDITORIAL

All must have felt deeply the death of Pius XI, the great Pope who used modern inventions so wisely to make himself known, as never was Pope before, to his whole flock: to many it came with the shock of a personal bereavement—and to us, for we are of the Venerabile and, to speak without arrogance but rather in a spirit of humble loyalty and comradeship, second to none in devotion "to the See of Peter, for which the martyrs of the 'Venerabile' died". May he rest in peace. But because we can allow no facile distinction *inter sedem et sedentem*, our mourning for Pius XI is almost lost in the overwhelming joy of the election and coronation of his successor, Pius XII. Cardinal Pacelli has been a familiar figure to us, whether seen in the splendour of some great function, or flying past along the streets in his car, or met taking his quiet constitutional down the Rocca road. It may be long before we know how decisive was the vote of confidence which accomplished his election, but it was

a unanimous voice which has found its echo in the world at large.

The supreme event of the change of Pope, however, must not be allowed to overshadow the importance for us of the change of Rector here in the College. A wise prophet hailed Mgr Godfrey's appointment with the words "*Generatio rectorum benedicetur*" : now at the end we can say that "*gloria et divitiæ in domo eius*" is the neatest summary of his rule : and if we may prophesy in our turn, "*iustitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi*" will surely be found to fit his work as Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain.

Our new Rector, Dr Macmillan, is of course no stranger and returns to us with a reputation which cannot fail to inspire the liveliest confidence. He has the additional advantage of taking charge directly from his predecessor ; and if opinions differ as to the precise canonical moment of the transfer of authority, we ourselves saw it plainly as the two Rectors stood together for the first time in the cortile *plaudentes alumni omnes.* All promises well for the future and, if we may borrow a simile from an earlier phase in Dr Macmillan's career, that first firm stroke of the refectory bell was a clear signal " Full steam ahead ".

And so—to our Pope, to our Apostolic Delegate, to our Rector, *ad multos annos, plurimosque annos—regnent !*

MONSIGNOR GODFREY'S RECTORSHIP

FROM the academic aloofness of a professorial chair to the public dignity of Archbishop and Apostolic Delegate seems a far call indeed. But when the gap is bridged by some eight years' Rectorship of the Venerable English College, it does not seem so surprising a leap, after all. And for this reason : if there were a position better suited to the tastes of Mgr Godfrey than teaching theology at Ushaw, it could only be one which would renew the joyous associations of his student days in Rome, and give scope for the increase of his devotion to the Holy See by the opportunity of ever closer contacts; whilst here his talents, exercised under the watchful eye of the Vatican, could only meet with rapid recognition, the bestowal of trust, and appointment to offices of yet wider responsibility.

It is easy to read history backwards, to see the importance of beginnings when their outcome is before our eyes. No doubt when, on the feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, Dr Godfrey first grasped the reins of government and took stock of the situation, his thoughts were far from mitres and played, rather, round ways and means and the price of cement. It is chiefly on this aspect of his work for the college that we wish to dwell in this article. The period since our re-establishment under Gradwell has been called the period of great rectors, but though Mgr Godfrey's reign will stand comparison with any of his predecessors', this is not the time to prove it by formal biography.

All we intend to do is to record something of the material improvements in the college during the past eight years, and with it our gratitude : of less tangible, if more important, advance it is too soon to speak. Nor do we feel equally competent.

Yet even granted this limited scope we feel that we shall be striking the keynote of the rectorship, which was one of expansion. The story is told of Blackmore that he was always furious when spoken of as the author of *Lorna Doone*, and yearned rather for a reputation built upon many articles on market-gardening, which posterity has long since relegated to the literary attic. It may be that Archbishop Godfrey has no desire to go down to history as the man who—in the words of an aspiring epigrammatist—" built a new college round the Salve bench " ; but his doom is sealed and really he has only himself to blame, if we consider his achievement. Of all those ambitious schemes, which have appeared in THE VENERABILE above the initials W. G., only one remains unrealized—the roof-garden—but it gave place to so many other improvements of perhaps greater importance that we can say that the programme of works was more than completed.

First there was the Villa. We, though knowing Monte Porzio only as a place of gita, can never cease to sing the praises of Cardinal Hinsley, who gained us Palazzola. But coupled with his name must go that of Mgr Godfrey, who worked miracles with the building. We find it hard in these days to picture it as it stood on that famous day when the Venerabile took possession. To have bought the place was much and nothing which was not of vital necessity could be thought of before the Rector had perforce to turn his attention to half a continent. So Mgr Godfrey was left a " sorry legacy," as Cardinal Hinsley himself has called it. The new Rector arrived and looked about him ; then he quoted the gospel of the following day, the Transfiguration, " *Bonum est nos hic esse* " : the phrase is the perfect appreciation of the work done by his predecessor, but perhaps it is also suggestive of a man accepting with relish the offer of a fight.

In the magazine appeared the first appeal for funds—" *mendicare non erubesco* " he later declared to be the fitting

God bless the Venerabile and
all her sons
Floreat in aevum Alma Mater
Romana!

+ William Godfrey.
Archbishop of Cius.
Apostolic Delegate for Gt. Britain

motto for a Rector of the Venerabile, and it might well have been his. Frequently during those first years came the review of necessities, with plans for the extension of the buildings and the preservation of what already existed. And the money came. Whether in our search for simile we have recourse to the Midas touch or the Multiplication of Loaves, it would not be extravagant to connect them with the resources opened to the Rector during this period. He himself attributed everything to the generosity of our benefactors and was always most anxious that they should receive that place in the college prayers which they so truly deserved.

Then came the fall of the pound: "The depression of the pound is enough to make a Rector pause before beginning this task; but the need is great, the decision has been taken, the workmen are even now at work". And they worked to good purpose. What was called the Library wing was remodelled, opening up twenty-five new rooms for the growing community; the *custode* was put into a new house; the one-time Palazzina—to present generations a mere name—became a convent for the nuns, as secluded as in Rome, and a new chapel was built for them, one of the most beautiful we have seen.

The Church of Sta Maria ad Nives went through various stages of restoration far too numerous to describe in detail here but chronicled throughout the pages of *Nova et Vetera*: the ugly twin towers came tumbling down; the winter choir went, with its ignoble legend *trattoria*, to be followed by the gallery inside; the façade was renewed and finally the whole place transformed into the Gothic gem, which invites us to prayer at the Villa of today.

In the Old Wing every room was replastered and refurnished. The cloisters were restored: now, from the mediaeval charm of studded doors and wrought-iron lamps to the modern efficiency of easily swept brick floors, they are symbolic of the whole house, and we hope of the community, in combining the best of past and present civilization. In the successful transformation of the refectory was especially evident that patient thought, which must have preceded the accomplishment of all these plans.

It would be impossible to mention here the many lesser ways in which Palazzola witnesses to the almost Renaissance zeal of Mgr Godfrey for restoration and creation, or to show how effectively this zeal has been communicated to the handy men of the house. Turning then to Rome, where the most considerable achievement is the extension to the Sacristies and that famous series of baths, for which the footballers and *Chi lo Sa?* in particular can never be sufficiently grateful, we find the same tale of energetic improvement, backed by seemingly inexhaustible resources. New lighting, new cooking-ranges for the nuns, new rooms, new refrigerator, new boilers, new rooms—the list, if set down in full, would make this article seem like an inventory fit for the eye of a Thomas Cromwell rather than an appreciation of the man, of whose devoted labour they are the fruit.

But the Blessed Ralph Sherwin window on the stairs reminds us that in the midst of his works Mgr Godfrey was also the founder of the Martyrs' Association. The suggestion that lay folk and Venerabile men on the mission should join with those living in the College to pray for the conversion of England and the canonization of the martyrs received an enthusiastic response, so that only a year later the Rector could write : " The College has become a centre of prayer for the welfare of our country and . . . we have the consolation of knowing that thousands of Associates are with us turning in spirit to Rome . . . ". As an immediate practical result the Lancashire Martyrs' Burse was established by an anonymous benefactor and many notable additions were made to the College's small collection of relics of her beatified sons.

All this work was only Mgr Godfrey's way of showing his deep devotion to the good of the College, a devotion which, linked with his loyalty to the Holy See, is his most outstanding characteristic. In all his speeches, in season and out of season —if it is possible to be out of season with such a sentiment —he expressed this dual devotion and we knew it was sincere.

The recognition of his worth by the Vatican can be seen from the succession of his appointments : a member of the Legation to Malta under Cardinal Lépicier, he was Counsellor

of the Papal Mission to the Coronation of King George VI, and then named Apostolic Visitor to the English Seminaries; while his work on the Supreme Council of the Propagation of the Faith gave further proof of his thoroughness and conscientious discharge of all duties. Though he could always return gladly to the college, anxious only to rule quietly in his small sphere, it seemed obvious that the break must soon come with yet higher promotion. Persistent rumours made it a matter of little surprise when Mgr Godfrey was created Archbishop and chosen to be the first Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain of recent times.

We wish him every blessing and success in his new task, and assure him that he will not be forgotten in our prayers. A pectoral cross, the token of our esteem and gratitude, was our consecration present; and his Grace has promised that he will keep it for workaday wear, to be a constant reminder to him of the Venerabile and Palazzola, and of that Roman life which he has always lived so well.

THE EDITORS.

THE VISITATION OF 1623

(*Continued*).

THE Visitor, then, concluded his report by recommending that the six ringleaders should be expelled. The Cardinal Protector, however, decided that only five should be expelled —Falconer, Fitton, Ferris, Harris and Shelley—and that the rest of their " adherents and fautors " should be penanced. Accordingly on Oct. 24th the decree for their expulsion arrived and was publicly read out in the refectory in their presence " except only one of them, who the same evening before supper had fled secretly out of the Colledg, by the church doore, which by chance was open by reason that the Quarante Hore were celebrated there at that tyme, whereby as he avoyded the hering of his sentence (which I think was the speciall motive of his flight) so he lost the apparell and the money which the rest had the next day allowed them for theyr iorney very competently, that is to say, to some of them as much as was allowed from St Omers to Rome, and to two of them double therof, to the end they might goe on horseback in respect of the weakness they pretended more than the rest ".

A little more than a fortnight later Hoskins, the remaining leader of the *seditiosi*, was " pushed out " of the College. He was to have been spared, since he had shown signs of amending his evil ways ; but almost immediately he began again to grumble and be discontented, and so he too was expelled. Three days before this, a decree arrived from the Cardinal imposing pen-

ances upon the rest of their party: the three priests, Longaville, Stapleton and Elacher, were ordered to say Mass for the peace of the College, and the other five, Curtis, Dingley, Holden, Langley and Smith, had to visit the Seven Churches and pray there for the same intention.

Now of the six men who were expelled, one immediately left Rome to make his way to Flanders. (This was probably Ferris, since the Douai Diaries, C.R.S. 10, record the arrival of the other five the following June and July, but make no mention of him). But the other five, acting upon the advice of their friends in the city, remained in Rome and appealed against their sentence to Propaganda; they asked for the whole matter to be investigated again, by one Monsignore Monte, " a prelate of great account and a member of the same congregation ". Propaganda of course was not at first willing to have the case re-opened, but gave them a testimonial freeing them from all " infamia ", thereby making it possible for them to be received into other colleges and seminaries.

This testimonial seems to have entirely satisfied them. At any rate, they were making their final preparations for their journey from Rome to Flanders, when the new Clergy Agent arrived, one Mr Rant, bringing with him letters in their favour from " My Lord Bishop of Chalcedon, letters written not only to them but also to his Holiness and the Cardinals of the congregation [of Propaganda] most instantly in theyr favour ". With this powerful support to aid them they naturally decided to stay on in Rome, and eventually Propaganda did determine to have their case re-examined, and by Monsignore Monte too. Unfortunately we have no account of what happened during this second visitation of the College. All we know is that once again the Rector petitioned that all might be examined upon oath, and that once again the Visitor had to refuse, such a method of proceeding being quite beyond his powers.

Monte seems to have finished his investigation—we do not know when it began—towards the end of March or the beginning of April, 1624. He himself was in favour of some sort of a compromise; for if the five who had been expelled

were not " somway comforted they might grow desperate and be in danger to perish eternally by theyr untymly repayr into ingland, where being so young, as they were, and finding themselves in disgrace of theyr parents and freinds by reason of theyr expulsion out of the Colledge they might be forced to seeke favour of Hereticks and so be more safely perverted in theyr religion ". His solution was that they should finish their course in Rome, not in the College but elsewhere and at the expense of the College. Naturally the Rector would not agree to this—the College could not afford the extra expense, and apart from that, they would certainly find some method of communicating with the students in the College, and stir up more trouble against the Fathers. Even when the Visitor assured him that the Pope would help to cover the extra expense, the Rector remained adamant: on no condition could he consent to receive the five *dimissi* back into the College.

And so the case was left for the Congregation of Propaganda to decide. The *dimissi* immediately presented to the Congregation a document alleging that they had been expelled for nothing more serious than " sertayn murmurations of two or three of them . . . worthely taken by them to many speeches uttered at divers times as well by the superiours themselves as by the schollars theyr favorits (that meant to be jesuits) against the whole secular clergy, the colledge of Dowey, very many religious orders, the King of England (in matters no way belonging to heresy, but in favour of the gunpowder treason) " and even against the Cardinals and the Pope himself!

Presumably the Congregation of Propaganda did not find this document very helpful; at any rate it took a considerable time to decide what should be done. On the 17th April it was decreed that no student of the College, *sine speciali Sedis Apostolicae licentia*, might enter any religion, society, or congregation, and that if any did get leave to enter religion, then their religious superiors were to take an oath that they would send them to work in England at the bidding of the Cardinal Protector or of the Congregation of Propaganda. More than a fortnight later, 4th May, the Congregation gave to the *dimissi* the promised document testifying that they had left the College

" ex nulla causa quae inurere eis notam possit, vel inhabilitatem, impedimentum, praeiudiciumque aliquod inferre, quo minus in quibuslibet Collegiis, Seminariis, Universitatibus ac Religionibus recipi et admitti possint ". For by now it had been decided that the five of them were to be sent to Douai to finish their studies. (The original plan had been that there should be an exchange of students between the two colleges, five students from Douai coming to take the vacant places in Rome, but the Rector had objected to this too—anyone from Douai would certainly be ill-disposed towards the Society. And he had his way : no one did come to Rome from Douai, but on the other hand the College had to pay the expenses at Douai of the five *dimissi*.)

Such was the final decision of Propaganda. And eventually it was enforced, but not without further quarrelling and bickering. For the *dimissi* interpreted it all as a downright victory for themselves, as though they were going to Douai of their own free will. This interpretation they spread abroad through the city, and with it they taunted a camerata of the students whom they met one day in the street. However, the Cardinal Protector himself assured the students, who had appealed to him to find out how matters really stood, that Fitton and his companions had been expelled from the College, and that their sentence of expulsion still held good ; the document that had been given them did not declare them innocent, but merely enabled them to be received into other colleges, etc. And that this letter is the true interpretation of the facts is shown by a decree which was sent to the College from Propaganda at the end of May, bidding the rest of the *seditiosi* perform their penances forthwith. (A marginal note informs us that this decree was " read publickly in the pulpite at the time of supper on Trinity Sunday," 2nd June.)

By this time the five *dimissi* must have been well on their way to Douai ; at all events they arrived there on 25th June and were duly received into the College. But even now the storm had not completely passed away ; the College here in Rome had to pay their fees at Douai, and as long as they remained there this was a continual source of trouble. Each

college complained again and again of the other, Douai, through the Clergy Agent, agitating for the money to be paid, and the College countering with claims of being over-charged, and demanding documents signed by the Apostolic Nuncio in Flanders to prove that the five men were really living in the college there. The following is a letter from one of the Jesuit Superiors of the College to the Agent :—

Right R.nd. and worthy Sir.
Pax Xi.

These are according to my promise to lett you understand that within few days f. Rector will cause to bee payed to Signor Scanarolo [?] for the Colledg of Doway according to the order of the Congregation de Prop. scudi 120 which is as much as we conceive to bee due for the time specified in the last *fede* [?] of the Nuntio. The rest to witt scudi 280 yett remaining in our hands wee will pay God willing from time to time according as wee shall have new certificates from the Nuntio as well of the beginning of Mr Antony Shely's studies as of that which remains of the rest. From our Colledg this 6th of Aprill 1628.

Your humble servant in Xt.

WILLIAM RINDON.

And here is another letter which we cannot resist quoting, a letter written, as we are told by an inscription on the back, by the Clergy Agent, Mr Rant, to Peter Curtiss.

Good Sir.

Yf eyther he by whom I should have sent to you had not byn forth of town till now, or I my self had known any other secure[1] way of sending, you had long before this receaved an answer to those four demaunds you made concerning your frynds and myne where they be, and at whose charge they be to be mayntayned. Mr Shelley, Harris and Hoskins be still at Doway, with increase of learning, and reputation of modesty, and piety, Mr President giving very good testimony of them. When Thomas

[1] But his " secure way of sending " was not so very secure, since this letter has evidently been intercepted by the Fathers.

Ferrys shall come thither he as well as the rest ys to be mayntayned at the Jesuits charge. Peter Fitton for a while ys gone into England as well for his health as to doe his best to content his parents, which I am persuaded he will effectuate his cause being most iust when yt ys understood rightly, and yt may be, God will work himself greater glory by that voyage, discovering the maske of a religious name not to be inough to make an honest (I do not say religious) man. For f. Ralph Smith [who, it will be remembered, had been one of the *tumultuosi*, but who at this time entered the Society] God give him ioy of his unexpected choice, but yf any more of your *alumni* ich after such perfection, and that I can come to the nature thereof, I doubt not but meanes will be found to take away that longing, and obtayn of his holiness that they be catechized otherwise than by f. Coffins Confessionall[1] . . . .

I would gladly know whether the schollers in general have had any notice of this oath which obbligates them to goe through with their vocation of clergymen, and disalloweth and inhibits them to be of any religious order without licence expresse from his holiness. Yf they have not, use this coppy, so as you in your discretion hold fit.

I beseech God make you and me paynfull [painstaking ?] good priests, and our crowns such as we piously believe our predecessors have. For my part I envy not the state others have, nor affect a further glory in the future life than such as the calling of the priesthood, administered worthily out of a cloister or *casa professa* can carry me unto. Raph Foules ys of an other mynd, and therefore ys gone to be a Benedictin the 25th of March at Dowey.

Yours assured, you know who.

Burn my letter when you have redd yt.

Such, then are the facts of the Visitation. But before attempting to sum up, we must explain that our conclusions will necessarily be incomplete and hypothetical. For the

1 Father Edward Coffin was at this time confessor to the College.

documents in our Archives, as is only to be expected, are almost entirely those which narrate the story of the Visitation from the view-point of the Jesuit superiors of the College; the documents that give the arguments of the other party are but five or six in number, and they have been preserved because they have been liberally answered and annotated. For every document that defends the Appellants, as they were called, we have three or four that defend the Fathers; and whereas the documents that defend the Appellants have all been answered point by point, we do not possess one single answer to any of the pro-Jesuit documents.

But in spite of this bias, if we may call it so, of the sources at our disposal, we can reach certain fairly general conclusions. Thus it is perfectly obvious that there were at this time a considerable number of people in the College who were violently opposed to the government of the Fathers of the Society. That this opposition was to some extent encouraged by the Archpriest controversy still raging in England is certain—the very name by which they were called, the Appellants, is clear enough indication of this, as is also the reason which the Rector gave for refusing to admit into the College five students from Douai, that anyone coming from that college would certainly be prejudiced against the Fathers at his very arrival in Rome. It is also evident that the one object of the Appellants was to get the Jesuits ousted from the government of the College, and the seculars installed in their place.[1] At times they deny that this has been proved against them, but nowhere, I think, do they deny that it is true, and certainly they admit it explicitly in some of their letters.[2]

[1] The following is a list of the various charges alleged against the Jesuits:—
(a) favouritism in food, clothes, rooms and disputations. (It is interesting to note that at this time the job of defending at disputations was most eagerly coveted. Thus we find that "philosophiam totam monitus est defendere sed tumultuando demeritus est Antonius Hoskins". It is also worthy of note that "foris argumentati sunt apud monachos S. Praxedis Fr Plantin, Io. Falcon: ad S. Francescae Romanae P. Fitton").
(b) Treating the College as a nursery for Jesuit vocations, not as a secular seminary;
(c) disloyalty to the King of England in purely temporal matters;
(d) small number and ill-preparedness of the secular priests sent to England as contrasted with the numbers and training of the Jesuits.
(e) Turning the students against the secular clergy;
(f) fomenting disturbances in the College.

[2] Cf. the document quoted in the preceding number of THE VENERABILE (p. 22):—". . . for we doubt not but yf he [the Clergy Agent] comes before this matter be ended to free this Colledg of all the Jesuits".

And they would seem to have had pretty nearly, if not absolutely, sufficient justification for such a grave course of action. We could, it is true, discount the support they received from the Clergy Agent and from the Bishop of Chalcedon as being due to the Archpriest controversy, but we must also take into consideration the reports of the Visitors to the College. Acting upon the recommendation of Monsignore Cesis, Propaganda decided to expel the six ringleaders of the Appellants, but the penances imposed upon the rest of their party were very light—to say Mass, or to pray in the Seven Churches, for the peace of the College.[1] And Monsignore Monte evidently found in favour of the Appellants—he certainly wanted them to stay in Rome to finish their course, and this at the expense of the College; and the prefects of the house (Among them Bl. Henry Claxton) considered his report so favourable to the *dimissi* that they appealed against it to the Pope, just as the *dimissi* themselves had done against the report of Cesis.

But when we try to discover the reasons for the Appellants' opposition to the Fathers, we are faced with a far more difficult problem. Both before and after their expulsion they made many charges against the Fathers, of which some are absurdly wild, others decidedly trivial, and those which seem to have some *fundamentum in re* are broadly reducible to this, that the Fathers were showing favouritism to such of the students as intended to join the Society.[2] The Fathers repeatedly and vehemently denied this charge,[3] and so we may acquit them

1 It is interesting to compare these penances with those imposed at the beginning of the eighteenth century (cf. Ven. IV, I "The Fault is Told"). At this later date the lightest penance was the imposition of an extra visit to the chapel; more serious offences were punished by loss of meals, extra days of retreat, and, finally, expulsion.

2 Nathaniel Southwell, at this time one of the prefects and later himself a Jesuit and a superior of the College, wrote two defences of the government of the Fathers in which he attributes to the character and disposition of the Appellants the outbreak of the trouble in the College.

Fitton, he says, was "in rebus ad pietatem pertinentibus flacidus et somnolens"; Harris was "vafer et subdolus, ad laxiorem disciplinam propensissimus"; Ferris "vanissimus et saeculum sapiens"; Longaville became discontented because he was not made a perfect, and Ellacher because he was not allowed to make a public defence of all theology. Southwell also gives us one vivid little detail, that whenever the Jesuits were mentioned during public reading in the refectory, the Appellants used to look at each other and snigger (subridere).

3 By the Appellants' "aversion from the Society or from all religious life, and their suspicious or malicious interpretations of all the fathers actions and words, yea of their very countenances and gestures . . . the superior is brought to such an exigent that he knoweth not how to behave himself to give satisfaction, for if he [treat] them well and kindly when they do deserve, then they ascribe it only to his desire to make them Jesuits: if he reprehend or correct them for their faults they hold it to be done for spite because they will not be Jesuits".

of any conscious favouritism ; but it seems more than likely that they showed it unconsciously. Certainly there must have been some grave reason to explain why the conspiracy —for it was nothing less—of the Appellants was treated so leniently by the Visitors.

But whether that be so or not, it is certain that there was at this time something very wrong with the government of the College. An examination of the thumb-nail biographies which Foley gives us in his translation of the Liber Ruber proves this. In the years 1610 to 1620 one hundred and thirty-six students entered the College. Of these forty-four left, a few because they were unwilling to take the College oath, but the great majority on account of ill-health ; seven died in the College and three on their journey away from Rome (of these three one was a priest on his way to England, one, not yet ordained, was travelling to Louvain to enter the Jesuit noviciate there, and one had left the College *re infecta*) ; two went mad and had to be sent away ; ten were expelled ; one joined the Friars Minor and one the Cistercians ; thirty-three either left the College to enter the Society, or entered it immediately after the completion of their course here ; nine entered the Society after some years' work in England ; and only twenty-six became and remained secular priests.

Twenty-six out of one hundred and thirty-six—something was certainly amiss. But in justice to the Jesuits it must be admitted that they regarded the College not as another Douai, destined to send a regular flow of *secular* priests into England, but rather as a college whose purpose was to send thither *priests*, secular or religious. Indeed they held this view as to the *raison d'être* of the College almost from the time when they were called in to govern it ; Fr John Gerard in his autobiography tells us that " At Rome I was advised to pursue my studies in the English College, and take Priests Orders before I entered the Society ". Later he says, " There were at that time [1587] in the English College some others who had the like vocation, and we used to strive to conform ourselves as much as possible to the Novices at St Andrews [the Jesuit noviciate in Rome], serving in the kitchen and visiting hospitals".

To us such a view of the purpose of the College seems, to say the least, strange, but we must remember that nothing was said either in the bull of foundation or in the Constitutions, about the *secular* clergy. There was too the parallel case of the German College, the bull of foundation of which explicitly stated that students who purposed entering religion were to be admitted to the college, provided that later they would work in some province of Germany. And as one of the documents defending the Fathers points out, the students from this College who entered the Society were sooner or later sent to England, "as appeareth by the number of above 140 English fathers of the Society now in England". However, the result of this Visitation was that a definite ruling was given on this point: Propaganda forbade any student of the College from entering religion *sine speciali Sedis Apostolicae licentia.* Of which the result was that of the students who entered the College between the years 1624 and 1629, six obtained the necessary permission to join the Jesuits, while thirty-six became and remained secular priests.

And here we may well conclude this article, with feelings of relief at the successful outcome of the Visitation, and by no means so convinced of the Appellants' guilt as the good Father who wrote: "And therefore I leve the iudgment of the quality and weight of theyr offence, as alsoe of the whole cause, to almighty God *qui scrutatur et renes, et iudicat iuste,* humbly beseeching him to illuminat them with his holy Spirit, that they may see how they have beene abused by those that have not sought theyr good, but the accomplishment of theyr own ends and desyres by theyr meanes, taking advantage of theyr young yeares and little experience, which truly doth greatly plead theyr pardon, both to God and the world, and when yt shalbe accompanyed with due reflection uppon theyr errour (which theyr riper yeares and more mature iudgment will I hope in tyme with the help of Gods grace work in them) yt may obtayn them a plenary indulgence and remission, which I hartily wish them with aboundance of Gods grace and all Hapines".

GERARD SWINBURNE.

ROMANESQUES

28.—SPORT

DREAMILY and through half-closed eyes, I watched Mr Hutton for the hundredth time that day play a half-volley tentatively back to the bowler, and heard the Oval humourist with the same painful regularity renew his appeal to the batsman to tell us, once and for all, on which stump he had decided to hang his Christmas stocking. I was spared the hundred and first repetition of this occurrence by a friendly tap on the shoulder "Come stai?"—the hall-mark greeting of every Venerabilino. "Non c'è male", said I, rising to the occasion with customary facility, and asked him if he would like a free ticket for to-morrow. The gist of his reply, stated in no uncertain language, was that I could dispose of my little red ticket elsewhere; but he would give the price of the Oval gasometer for a magic carpet, that might whisk him off to a sun-baked pitch in Arcady, where one could frolic, carefree, in an air innocent of every convention—the Palazzola sforza. Alas! it was only too obvious that he did not take easily to this new-found civilization, after seven years of glorious abandon and higgledy-piggledyness in Rome.

For here was a man who had taken part in fierce Rugby encounters with our American friends—when both sides remained loyal to almost contradictory codes of rules; who had leapt to the fray at the crack of a pistol, and, at half-time,

". . . in the best Twickenham style . . ."

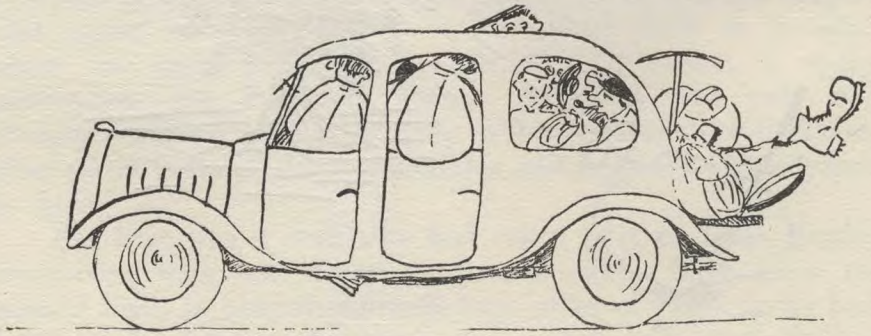
had sucked oranges instead of lemons ; who had seen goal-keepers run the length of the field, handing off opponents in the best Twickenham style ; who had been given out lbw by a " square leg umpire", gorgeously attired in his peculiar insignia of office—a bath robe topped with a Mexican bandit's hat, the very personification of dignity and unquestionable authority ; and, on more than one occasion, had heard that same tyrant assert his independence by telling his victims that he only gave " centre", and that if they wanted any other guard they had better provide it themselves. And had he not, moreover, hit his golf-balls from mole-hills instead of tees, and into olives instead of bunkers, following the design of those who first played golf in Arcady. And, when all was over, he had held post-

". . . from mole hill to olive tree . . ."

mortems in the golf-house, where a ritual fire crackled and smoked, sending long flames to the thatched roof or the gaping sides, and seeming so fantastic as it played with the sullen shades and cold silhouette of an Italian evening. There, engulfed in waves of zimarra, had he enlarged on the day's doings, and had solaced his defeated opponent by plying him with roast chestnuts, while grillos shrieked their enmity, and inquisitive cows came nearer, jingling their bells in approval of such rural fare. And once—terribile dictu—in that same golf-house had he not seen a fellow golfer offer a distinguished member of His Majesty's Diplomatic Corps the burnt stump of a Macedonia.

Little wonder then the staid and placid procedure of a timeless Test Match held no attraction for our Venerabile sportsman. But what magic was responsible for hurling us with such unbounded enthusiasm into the realms of pure unorthodoxy ? Was it the persuasive powers of those sports committees (" only one more for full sides, you know "), or the urge to release a mass of energy, preserved by hours of sedentary life in crowded lecture-halls, that sent us up the steep climb to Pamphilj for a game of topsy-turvy anything ? Or was it the need of a quick dose of ozone to revive our garlic-tainted tissues that would cram eight of the heaviest magna cum paraphernalia, into a Balilla, bound for the ski-ing fields of the Terminillo ?

Or was it due to some other, some more subtle reason. For we all suffer, do we not, from that inherent national complex, whereby we consider ourselves the pioneers and rightful



". . . *eight of the heaviest, magna cum paraphernalia* . . ."

custodians of every masculine sport, despite alien claims to superior prowess. We were born into those traditions; such age-hallowed slogans as "Play the game, sir!" and "Keep a straight bat!" were yelled into our cradles from behind bristling moustaches, set above flamboyant old-school ties. And, moreover, we were given to understand from our tenderest years that the distinction between sport and *lo sport* was not merely grammatical, and this conviction we carry with us, like a sacred emblem, over every frontier.

Once abroad we soon feel keenly the responsibility of our position and proceed to worship at the shrine of "*all'Inglese*". Hence that pleasant feeling of superiority, when, appalled at the ignorance of a gesticulating customs-official, we pityingly shout above the din of the Rome-express an explanation of the offending implement. "Scusi, signore, questo è un bastone per lo sport Inglese che si chiama Cricket." "Come signore?" —"No signore, non è periculoso." Hence too, perhaps, the reason for the worthy zest with which we fight for the *Times* sports page, and squeeze round the wireless listening with bated breath to the pronouncements of Mr Howard Marshall.

The malady seizes the new man even before he forsakes kith and kin. See him at the breakfast table as he anxiously ponders over the contents of a letter received from a fellow diocesan in Rome. Assisted in its unravelling by business-like Papa and proud Mama, he gathers that, apart from a few minor requirements such as health and study certificates, the chief necessities of life are a trunk-load of goods ranging from sister's discarded dresses to a supply of golf-tees and football bladders. Follow him as he nobly shoulders this burden during a week's tour of the Continent, and admire his resignation as he stands guard over his treasure for the third successive night in the crowded corridor of the train. Watch him on the first day of his arrival, sitting at table, and trying with little success to get on good terms with strings of elusive spaghetti.

Throughout this ordeal he becomes the cynosure of athletic eyes, that survey his muscular figure appraisingly: those broad shoulders should fit nicely into the second row of the scrum; those six feet of height and mammoth hands should solve the

goal-keeper problem. His dinner over, he is caught up and tossed willy-nilly in the meshes of those inexorable tyrants, the committee men. Inability or disinterestedness he dare not plead, for then he will be injected with an overdose of that most potent of all community medicines—" public spirit", the opium of the new men. The tyrants have him, and he must yield. On Thursday he is moulded into a wing half, then into the front row of the scrum, and at length, when his will is entirely broken, he becomes the target of those who aspire to proficiency in fast bowling. Let us leave him here, surrounded by a host of uniformed orphans, who run wild with excitement whenever the ball strikes his anatomy thinking this to be the whole *finis ad quem* of this queer *giuoco Inglese.*

" *The Scots' Match . . . it generally is* "

Any attempt to portray sport at the Venerabile would be wholly incomplete without some mention of that great Derby game, the Scots' match—so called, no doubt, because it nearly always is the Scots' match. This event was always a living example of the unity of the Church. We would cheer and throng through the most cosmopolitan and motley-coloured crowd to be seen anywhere. And at the end players and spectators would leave the field equally exhausted, the Scots to celebrate in an extra *bicchiere*, the English to cast aspersions on the selection committee and add up moral goals. Much of the old pageantry that enhanced the enjoyment of this match

has, by the wise decree of authority, been done away with, and now we watch and cheer alone with the one or two Scotsmen who do not happen to be in the eleven. One aspect, however, remains quite unaltered—the score.

But, somehow, the Scots' match does not seem to reflect that carefree tranquillity which one associates with the sporting hours of our " Dies non", and when I look back on those days a host of memories fill the mind, most of them trifling and delightfully absurd, and nearly all of them set against the picturesque bulk of Monte Cavo. They succeed each other with the rapidity and variation of a news-reel—larks around the "tank" or the convoying of some timid swimmer, the approach of the wag whose too ready wit is damped by speedy immersion ; the spectacle of the novice golfer trying to regain the fairway from the cricket pitch, where an unhappy " slice " has landed his ball, while the cricketing brethren add to his confusion with derisive comments ; and again, the handball-court on a hot afternoon, followed by a cooling dip, and then a *Tre Stelle* (on the steps, of course !) ; or a game of cricket in the cool of an August evening . . . . but you can remember it far more clearly yourselves.

Yet somehow the regulation games such as cricket and football did not seem wholly responsible for the profound sporting spirit and athletic outlook of the sons of the Monserrato. Indeed, though soccer and rugby officially alternated week by week in Rome, there were gaps when more domestic activities would bar us from the playing fields of Pam for weeks at an end. Yet these intervals did not enervate us nor blunt our keenness. There was no danger of our sinking into that coma of studiousness and fear of fresh air which we are wont to assign to obese and medal-winning Latins. For there were always at hand extreme ozone-fiends who would drill us methodically, day by day, in the school of open air and exercise, by flinging open every available window, with smiles of stoic satisfaction when an icy blast swept inwards from the mountains, down the corridors, banging every door and stirring the most sedate pictures to a responsive clatter on their pegs, before it escaped with a final roar.

And have we not seen the least athletic of our brethren overcoming difficult situations by quick application of a dormant athletic brain—scrambling down from the roof when the traditional ladder had been removed, or entering their rooms *via* the skylight when the door has inadvertently jammed? Ponderous electricians have mended fuses at the most precarious heights with the ease and agility of steeplejacks or *sampietrini*, and the Christmas decorators have rejoiced at the instability of a ladder or even the lack of one. Feats of this kind may seem trivial and irrelevant, but they are a token of the sporting fire that kindles within the fibres of the most corpulent and unpromising frames. And, let it be noted that the *sottana* is not an aid to agility, yet this encumbrance is entirely neglected and relegated to nothingness after a few days of wearing.

Many of the most active have despaired of those contented laggards whose only part in organised sport is to sit on the altar at Pam, and inundate the players with torrents of abuse. But force of circumstances, I am sure, must have stirred even these impossibles, and set aglow again the athletic spirit that has been so long disguised beneath the bulges of a cassock. And we have seen come-backs, have we not, of post-graduate Rip van Winkles who, roused by the sight of active youth, have dug out the old boots, oiled their joints, and sprinted on the football field like antiques come to life. Was it the call to national fitness that prompted this heroism or the fear of premature decay? I think not. Something more than a passing stimulant was required: it was the insistent ubiquity of the sporting spirit which flavours the life at No. 45.

The term "Indoor Games" has been an enigma to many generations of Romans; above all, I imagine, to that unknown line who have inherited the office of "Indoor Games Man". Yet, though the billiard-room in Rome has but the memory of a table to justify its name, the villa still boasts that solid, irresponsive monster which refuses to give ground to cues that might be used as oars. And, even in Rome, where indoor life savours somewhat of academic seriousness, the more inventive have always contrived to move with the times, and have produced a wide variety of pastimes, ephemeral certainly, but

symptomatic and praiseworthy. The Fair night in Christmas week gives scopes for genius of this kind, and the variety of money-making devices does credit to those whose sleight of hand helps to fatten the public purse. Cant phrases of "Ikey, who Always Pays", or of "Solomon, the Winner's Friend", have a professional ring, and betray no little ability in a limited and possibly crooked line. Yet, are they not the outcome of a lively sporting spirit that does not fear even to sample the preserves of the Jews and gipsies ?

Hence I am confident that Venerabile sport has a future as rosy as its past, and will be quite as unorthodox and home-made. Necessity is a great spur to creativeness, and she must be blamed for much of the originality that has adorned the hey-dey of our sporting life. Why, it was not long ago that the first Italian-made cricket bat found its way to the common-room, a piece of solid heart-breaking teak it seemed, that might have blushed had it heard the guffaws of English laughter that its primitive aspect occasioned. Cricket, we concluded, was not for export. *Et jure quidem.* All our sport was thoroughly national ; continental weather alone was allowed to intrude. We never descended to banging balls to each other with tambourines, and our football never became *calcio*, not even in the lecture-hall, when it was called upon to explain scholastic subtleties.

And so, I am sure, it shall be handed on from generation to generation, its spirit fed by circumstance, and nourished by tradition, training all in the joy of creativeness, in the freedom of unorthodoxy, and the scope of adaptibility. And so thought our mutual friend at the Oval, when he and I were bored unremittingly through the heat of a Summer's afternoon. We had been trained in a different school of sport, which was unknown to the world at large, save for the few who had shared the joys of Pamphilj and the sun-gilt Arcady below the slopes of Monte Cavo.

S. G. Lescher.

NOVA ET VETERA

SIR THOMAS DEREHAM

Sir Thomas Dereham of Dereham, baronet, exile for the Faith, and last of his line, the second centenary of whose death occurred on February 7th last, is one of the outstanding names associated with the Venerabile, and certainly one of our greatest benefactors, Complacent archivists find solace in the reflection that the French occupation was responsible for many losses to our archives, but whether or not that be the case in this instance also, it is an unfortunate fact that little can now be discovered about Sir Thomas apart from scattered fragments of accidental information.

His tomb in the College chapel is one of the few monuments which escaped the ravages of the Napoleonic period, being found walled up but undamaged upon the reopening of the College in 1818, and his leaden coffin was one of the very few which escaped desecration and conversion into munitions of war during that disastrous period. His tomb now covers the remains of all the many whose graves were rifled by the French, and whose identity is hopelessly lost to us. The memorial itself is massive, even impresive, and one of those objects in the chapel before which visitors are wont to pay the homage of respectful awe, yet whether or not you subscribe to Cardinal Wiseman's estimate of it as a " splendid monument " must depend very largely on whether you are pro or anti-baroque

in your architectural leanings, for Sir Thomas' memorial is in the usual uncompromising tradition of that school. At the foot of the tomb is a short but substantial inscription, which tells nearly all that we have yet been able to discover of a man who has so strangely passed out of the College records ; it runs as follows :

D. O. M.
THOMAS DEREHAM DE DEREHAM
MAGNAE BRITTANIAE BARONETTUS
OB VERAE RELIGIONIS AMOREM
PATRIA AD CATHOLICOS PROFUGUS
FAMILIAE SUAE POSTREMUS
A NUPTIIS ABSTINUIT
NE FIDES IN DEUM AC LEGITUMUM REGEM
SANCTE AB IPSO SERVATA
POSTERIS IN DISCRIMEN VENIRET
HANC PIETATIS SUAE CONSTANTIAM
SEPULCRALI LAPIDE TESTATAM VOLUIT
OBIIT. VII. FEBRU. A.S. MDCCXXXIX.
VIXIT. AN. LIX. MENSES X. DIES IX.

From which it would seem that Sir Thomas' trust in human nature was of the slightest—pity the poor posterity who might have been ! He seems never to be mentioned in connection with the exiled House of Stuart in Rome[1], although he was obviously a man of wealth and also of some importance. We know from random entries in the Pilgrims' Book among other sources that he was not only a generous benefactor of the College, but together with Lord Derwentwater one of those to whom distressed Englishmen, whether Catholics or otherwise, who found their way to Rome, would turn for help and financial assistance. What is of greater note, the Beda College itself is directly connected with his benefactions, for the old House of the Convertendi in the Piazza Scossacavalli which saw the beginnings of the Beda College was " at least partly built with English money by Sir Thomas Dereham".[2]

[1] The Obit Book ventures nothing more than the bald statement that he was " a follower of the Stuarts".

[2] Cardinal Gasquet's *History*, Letter to Mgr Talbot, Feb. 8th, 1852.

Nor is the Convertendi the only institution connected with his name, since by a clause of his will he gave 12,000 scudi for the provision of two burses to maintain, at Rome, two destitute ministers of the Anglican or Presbyterian clergy, who should embrace the Faith and be ordained to the Catholic Priesthood.

The first record of the use of these burses is in 1743, when one of them was granted to a certain John Atkinson who, after being an Anabaptist[1] minister at Gunnerside in Yorkshire for some years, was converted to the Church and forced to flee to Rome where he was later ordained Priest.

Atkinson himself is a most interesting character, and might well be made the subject of an article later. His letters abound in the archives, full of chatty information, and written in a graceful, delicate style which is full of quiet humour. He resided permanently it seems at the College, studying deeply, especially in the controversies of Bellarmine, from which we are told he derived no small profit both for himself and for the souls of others. He died in 1751 and is also buried in the College church.

While but little is to be found on the life of Sir Thomas, there exists among the *scritture* an interesting and somewhat quaint document relating to his death, some items from which may be given :

"nota di spese occosse, e funzioni fatte, per il funorale fatto alla bo : me : del Cavalier Tommaso Diram Sepolto nella V. Chiesa di S. Tommaso dell'Inglesi, il 7 g. Febraro, 1739.

Per num° 200 : arme poiccole . . .	2 (scudi)
Per num° 100 : grandi	2
Per Messa Solenne con assistenza del Diacono e Sudiacono, Mr'o di Ceremonie, acoliti, Turiferario, et alunni con cotta . . .	3.50
Per Utensili di Paramenti Sagri, consumo di ostie e vino per le Messe celebrate in d° giorno per l'anima del sud° Diram in d chiesa . .	1.

[1] Or, as the document in the archives has it : "fuisse ministrum seu Praedicatorem Verbi, ut vocant, in Secta Haereticorum vulgo Dippers".

Per num° otto Torcie di Cera di 18.4 ; L'una dota alto Festaroli per l'onorare, tutta le notte, nella paratura di d chiesa . . 9.60.

Per Sepoltura del Sud° cadaveri con cassa di piombo, e colore . . . . . 5.

Pagati a M'ro Antonio Castiglioni, Capo M'ro muratore, dal Ra° Pre' Rettore, scudi cinque l'intiero pagamento della sepoltura fatta di novo al sud° cadavere come da Ric . . 5.

From this list a nice sense of values is indicated, nothing apparently has been forgotten, and with all due respect for the dead there is a scrupulous appreciation of what is owing to the living. It does however seem a little unfair to include the " alunni " in the number of those to whom a consideration is forthcoming for services rendered, as we can be morally certain that in their case at any rate virtue was its own reward. It remains a matter of true regret indeed that we have so little knowledge of one who was so prominent in the history of the College and of Catholic interests in Rome during the penal days, and who appears to have been better known as recently as in Cardinal Wiseman's time, but it is to be hoped that his imposing monument in the chapel as also the memory of his past generosity to the Venerabile will preserve his memory among us.

THE ARA PACIS AUGUSTAE

'Cum ex Hispania Galliaque, rebus in iis provinciis prospere gestis, Romam redi, Ti. Neronis et P. Quintilio consulibus, aram Pacis Augustae Senatus pro reditu meo consecrandam censuit ad Campum Martium, in quo magistratus et sacerdotes virginesque Vestales anniversarium sacrificium facere jussit . . .'

Augustus wrote these words in 15 A.D., about twenty-eight years after the consecration of the altar. Today the reconstructed Ara Pacis stands on the Tiber bank near to the tomb of Augustus, which has recently broken through the stucco

shell of the *Augusteo* and reveals its circular mass to challenge comparison with Hadrian's mausoleum on the far bank of the river.

It is ironical that this altar, consecrated to the unity of the Pax Romana, should have been broken up and scattered between Rome, Vienna, Tuscany and Paris ; but if this dispersion destroyed the altar as a symbolic monument it also served to spread its fame as one of the greatest artistic achievements of the Augustan period.

In Rome fragments of the altar have been excavated at various times from beneath the Palazzo Ottoboni-Fiano, near to the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina. Further discoveries were made in 1903 and the pieces then extracted gave valuable information as to the shape and size of the monument. The work had however soon to be given up because of the permeation of water through the cavity and danger to the buildings above. In 1937, when the Council of Ministers decided on a further search with a view to the reconstruction of the altar, an ingenious solution was found to the difficulty. An enormous freezing plant was installed, which soon turned the soaked earth into a solid wall and left the actual field for excavation perfectly dry. All these fragments have now been joined to those collected from the various museums of Italy and, with the aid of measurements taken from the original site, an accurate restoration has been completed. The whole stands enclosed in a great, glass-walled building so that, while protected from the weather, it remains clearly visible to the passer-by.

The altar itself is surrounded by a quadrilateral screen of *marmo lunense*, the side walls facing the Tiber and the Mausoleum of Augustus, the end walls the Via Flaminia and the Campus Martius. Both end walls are pierced by door-ways about ten feet square, the Campus Martius door being approached by a flight of shallow steps. The victims for the sacrifices were brought in through the Flaminian door, which approached from the level to make things easier.

The decoration of the outer walls is divided horizontally, the bottom half being a delicate and regular design of acanthus scrolls, and the upper half consisting of the sculptured slabs,

which are the chief glory of the monument. To the right of the first door is represented the sacrifice of Aeneas on his arrival in Latium. Aeneas, a stately bearded figure wearing the toga, stands on the right of a rustic altar of roughly piled stones. On the left stand two attendants, one carrying a jug and a dish of fruit, the other attending to the sow, which is to be the victim of the sacrifice. Above the heads of the attendants a miniature temple is set in the rock and within it can be seen the figures of the Penates.[1] The panel on the left is almost entirely lost but from the few fragments that remain a drawing of the original subject, the Lupercale, has been made. Fortunately these remains include a very fine head of Mars. On the left of the Flaminian door-way is the delicate sculpture of the "Tellus" —perhaps the best known example of Augustan art.[2] The Tellus is represented by a woman sitting on a stony bank, holding in her lap two young children. On either side are female figures allegorical of air and water, the one seated on a flying swan, the other on the back of a marine monster. The panel on the right of this door is merely a conjectural drawing, with one or two fragments of a figure, which may possibly represent Rome.

These four subjects complete the mythological part of the monument, and on the side walls we come face to face with history—a complete representation of the procession to the consecration of the altar. The part of the procession in which the Emperor himself walks is towards the mausoleum of Augustus and is the most interesting. One of the fragments includes a fine portrait of Augustus, preceded by the lictors with their fasces and accompanied by a young man, who may possibly be Tiberius. He is followed by a group of *flamina* and the imperial family. The interior walls are decorated with conventional panelling and a festoon of fruit hanging from bullocks' skulls forms a dignified symbol of sacrifice.

The altar itself is approached by a flight of steep steps and is almost wholly a reconstruction left undecorated. The upper

[1] For a survey of the historical, idealistic and artistic value of the various parts of the Ara Pacis cf., *Cambridge Ancient History X*, xvii, 2.

[2] See *Cambridge Ancient History*, Vol. of Plates iv, 120a.

part of the end walls, however, are original and are finely carved with scrolls and a frieze representing the sacrificial procession.

The whole monument has been rebuilt with great skill and the unity given to the many beautiful parts does credit to those responsible. Perhaps too there may be something of good omen in this reconstruction of the shrine of the Pax Romana.

> " . . . dirae ferro et compagibus artis
> claudentur Belli portae."

MR CHAMBERLAIN'S VISIT

Ever since its foundation, before the sanctum of Christianity had been entrusted to her, Rome had been a city of special eminence and a centre which attracted the great men of every nation. The coming of Christianity made safe her perpetuity, and rendered her proof against the passing of temporal empires, for then she housed a unique treasure, a spiritual one, and became the city of light for every Christian. Kings and scholars, poets and statesmen came to her shrine. Indeed our own house keeps the memory of the hospice where many of the English pilgrims stayed on English soil and under English patronage. And so, to us, the visit of our two leading statesmen was but an echo of history, and the continuance of a tradition when, in January, they came to pay court to the double sovereignty.

But the event was of even greater significance and of a more personal nature when Lord Halifax accepted an invitation to visit the college, and arrived, heralded by out-riders, shortly after two o'clock on Thursday afternoon. He was met by the Rector, and after a visit to the Martyrs' chapel, came up to the Cardinals' corridor, where we assembled in solemn phalanx. On his appearance he was greeted with cheers, and was introduced by the Rector, who expressed our joy at receiving a visit from one so distinguished. He then mentioned that the college was the oldest English institution in Italy, its soil

hallowed by six centuries of English life and activity. This grand institution was a symbol of our loyalty, and the inspiration of a life so thoroughly English that one Pope had called our home a " Little England in Italy". Lord Halifax replied, and first conveyed to us a message of goodwill from Mr Chamberlain who, through lack of time, was unable to come personally. He was pleased, he said, to be able to visit the college, for this was the fulfilment of a desire, as he had always heard of the English College and its spirit in connection with the Eternal City. We sang Ad Multos Annos, and its rather chatty translation " For he's a Jolly Good Fellow", and then went down to join the crowd of Monserratians who had gathered to see him leave. The motor-bicycles roared, and the cars drove off followed by our cheers and our best thanks for a very memorable courtesy.

On the following morning we took part in a ceremony no less enjoyable when Mr Chamberlain and Lord Halifax arrived at the Vatican to be received in audience by the Holy Father. Along with the other British and Empire students we assembled in the marbled splendour of the Sala Clementina to welcome their coming. As they entered, the Swiss Guards presented arms, and then the vice-rector, Mgr Smith, called for three cheers which shattered the serene stillness of the hall. As Mr Chamberlain passed along he was introduced to the Rector of each college by Archbishop Godfrey, and spoke a few words to the students thanking us for our warm welcome "of which", he said, " you left me in no doubt".

The morning was golden when we came out: the great piazza was paved with sunlight, and the fountains plashed softly, so that Nature seemed to share our joy at the meeting of the two ministers with our beloved Holy Father. Rarely have we felt so hopeful. And on the last day of their visit the Roman skies smiled again, an encouraging omen, for Rome of all cities, she who has so often rung with the clash of arms, can appraise a peace-maker.

Hae tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem—and perhaps the second Ara Pacis will bear the sign of a British umbrella.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 8th. *Friday*. Palazzola, magic word, in one short hour emptied the Venerabile, whose increasing resemblance to an oven during the past few weeks stifled the regrets of even the most ardent Rome-lovers. Fifty heat-worn students, who but yesterday were dragging leaden limbs over the Via Garibaldi, and wondering why people made so much fuss about the Gold Coast, became galvanized into action and rushed up and down stairs borrowing labels, books and anything that they could get from the open-handed few who were to spend the summer in England. At half-past eight the first camerata crossed the threshold; at half-past nine the last hustler, who had packed his tin box after breakfast, bob-sleighed gaily down the staircase, much to the annoyance of the miserable few who, while waiting to face the firing-squad in the Piazza Pilotta, were trying to maintain that atmosphere of sepulchral gloom that one associates with a condemned cell or the Venerabile in early July. We *examinati* did not tread the shady Albano paths until afternoon, where by the cool lake-side we breathed air strangely free from petrol-fumes and filled instead with the welcoming chorus of glutinous horse-flies, a sound which reminded us of that song of three Villas past " Now to the banquet we press, now for the eggs and the ham ". But thus early in our rustication we took little notice of this danger-signal, as we gleefully pointed out to one another things that nobody could possibly miss anyway—the stream coming out of the rock, the Madonna looking a shade more worn after yet another winter, the caves stretching out invitingly we knew not whither, and so on until we reached the Villa wall and round to the new chapel and to supper in the new refectory, whose praises have already been sung in worthier strains than we could ever utter. And, as we fit ourselves into the room in which for the next four months we must reluctantly forego the exhilarating pastime of swinging cats, and listen in vain for the familiar sound of the open exhaust,

heated argument or unseasonable serenade, we are filled with appreciation for the blessed solitude which is ours again for this short space.

9th. *Saturday*. It was fitting that the first Mass at the new High Altar should be that of St John Fisher and St Thomas More. We celebrated the feast with coffee and *rosolio*. A cheery song dies on the lips of the emancipated student returning from the Sforza and beholding the grim silence of the garden windows, for this first day is essentially a quiet one for those who have unpacked only toothbrush and text-books. After supper, we succumbed to the primordial instinct of laughing at brethren in misfortune, and revelled in the skiing efforts of the Vice-Rector's Terminillo gita, thrown on to the wall of the Piazza Venezia.

10th. *Sunday*. Febo has invented a new game. He lies, full length across the corridor, one eye open, one ear cocked for the rustle of approaching cassock. Cassock stoops to renew acquaintance, and Febo rolls over to display on his collar a card " I am a cow ". We drank the health of Dr T. Duggan who today celebrated the sixth anniversary of his ordination and reminisced with the ease of an honorary canon.

11th. *Monday*. We find ourselves today unable to do anything strenuous and it does not really matter because there is nothing much to do anyway for a few days yet, so we borrow a deck-chair, and in company with other kindred spirits, spend the whole day in the shade of the cypresses. We cannot see the lake, and are thankful for it. Twinkling waters would help to keep our eyes open. We did rouse ourselves to say good-bye to Mr Gallagher, who is leaving for England. For the rest, gentle slumber claims us, and we feel that it were ungracious to deny her call.

12th. *Tuesday*. Examinations have been proceeding so slowly that " second series " men seemed in danger of being mixed up in the October session. The Delegate returned last night with a full list of names and dates. Consequently the " Dawn Patrol " this morning was exceptionally large. This evening there is all the usual talk of " not-so-bad-as-I-thought " and " Couldn't-remember-the-proof " ; but they are all greatly relieved, trying to create a fool's paradise at least until the results come ; while we try to soften the impending blow by pointing out that it was fatal to miss that proof and that Fr So-and-So always marks harder that you expect. So great was our own relief that we have already sold our poor services to the golf captain.

14th. *Thursday*. We did not work very hard this morning. Instead we strolled slowly down the garden, exchanged a word or two on beetroots with Luigi, saw the same line of chairs beneath the cypresses, passed the time of day with a lizard or two on the Sforza steps and viewed commiseratingly the stricken faces of those who had slipped down to the usual spot for a brief respite, while their fingers, torn reluctantly from the pages of Denzinger, twitched pathetically, and tousled hair bore the mark of Scholasticism. We passed on, noting approvingly the iron steps in the then new green coat and the flower beds of gladioli, late roses

and marigolds displaying a dazzle of colour to the morning sunshine. The tennis court is beyond the means of human aid. Games should not be taken seriously anywhere, least of all at Palazzola. Albeit, we cannot even hope for the court as it has always been—slow and not very level—a fact which was considered to introduce a pleasurable element of chance into the game, and counteract any mean advantage of skill, size or strength on the part of the other player. " We (I quote a correspondent) held a tournament there. It was an epic. The finalists had to play 127 games to decide it. One of the contestants smoked all the time—a truly debonair attitude and much commended ". The Sforza is in fine condition, green as Lords, though slightly more *marcellé*. The Cricket Committee are hard at work, lying prone on their stomachs critically estimating *oculo clauso* a patch of concrete. The spirit level lies unregarded on the bench.

15th. *Friday*. One of the " second series " men dived into the swimming pool wearing a pre-occupied expression and his spectacles.

16th. *Saturday*. Rev. A. Atkins and Rev. E. Murphy arrived today and intend to stay until the end of the " Regency " period.

17th. *Sunday*. Congratulations to Messrs Wells and Duggan who received the priesthood in Sant' Ignazio today. At the first cricket match, enhanced by the substantial presence of our guests, the Vice-Rector, after the manner of cinematographers, risked life and limb at first slip to take slow motion films.

18th. *Monday*. *Primitiae Missarum*. To dinner Mr Duggan, Dr T. Duggan and Rev. L. Duggan. We are very sorry to hear that the Cardinal Protector is too ill to pay his annual visit. After dinner Messrs Lescher and Jackson prepared to leave for England ; as the few minutes of waiting for a conveyance swelled into an hour, the standard-bearer's enthusiasm flagged, the impromptu rugby match was played to a conclusion, to be followed by a Wild West turn starring Domenico's mule—but still no car. Finally, feeling that all good things have an end, we pushed them into the *biga* and cheered until they disappeared round the bend of the Via dei Laghi. The Senior Student opened the golf course with a nice brassie shot, thus spoiling an old tradition.

19th. *Tuesday*. Torrents of rain, thunder rolling overhead, lightning playing round the well, four minor cataracts of water pouring into the cortile give that pleasant cool effect of standing beneath a *doccia* without actually getting wet. We heard, later, that the metal cross on M. Tusculum had been struck. Some, who remember our own wooden relic, opine that this is just one more example of poetic justice.

20th. *Wednesday*. First Sforza gita day sent a large party to reopen the path to the lake ; Faete claimed her hob-nailed victims ; a trio actually walked round the lake, while near the " Earwig's Nest " two of the world's workers laid a fire, heated thereon a cauldron of murky mien, and finally hung out to dry a collection of coloured garments. Last of all the golf addicts partook of eighteen holes.

21st. *Thursday*. One day's stagnation suffices to revive the powers of our young minds, as we discovered on our return to the Golf-house. Discussion waxed keenly and tempers were not a little strained, simply on the question of old and new methods for exterminating our domestic enemies, the scorpion, the centipede and the sand fly. Advocates of the more recent schools of thought were given a respectful hearing—especially the ingenious strategy whereby a pail of water is manoeuvered beneath the unsuspecting insect, which is then flicked to a watery grave. But authoritative pronouncements in favour of the mashie niblick won the day.

22nd. *Friday*. " It takes all sorts to make a villa," murmured a senior member looking down on the herculean figure at work on the rustic benches. He is made of sterner stuff, shuns the conventional games of golf and cricket, wanders around in search of real handwork. He has repaired the pergola, thatched the Golf-house, and now is busy making bow and arrows.

24th. *Sunday*. Sitting on the terrace, on such a crystal clear morning as this, we felt that nothing could disturb the calm which was a result of Sunday morning, the after-breakfast feeling and just Palazzola—until we saw a snake peeping coyly from a cassock pocket. We scattered strategically until we heard that he lived there and his name was Rupert. However we felt more comfortable when, Rupert having modestly retired up the sleeve of one of our guests, the favoured one retired to disentangle the affectionate reptile from his braces. At lunch five tomato-hued complexions betokened the first ascent of Monte Cavo. The British Minister paid us a brief but very welcome visit this afternoon.

26th. *Tuesday*. Do you remember the big rock-gully, where three years ago a small wooden cross was erected by some missionary spirits ? Finding that it had disappeared, two intrepid climbers this morning repaired the loss.

27th. *Wednesday*. We gladly sacrificed a few minutes of our room-time to give Fr Atkins and Fr Murphy a rousing send off. Domenico's mule has joined the tennis club, or at least he has found a shelter from the golfers, whom he eyes quizzically as they pass.

28th. *Thursday*. We donned " clean bibs and tuckers " to welcome the Rector on his return from England. A small army of amateur photographers stood in readiness to " snap " the appearance of the first smile which has captivated the English seminaries. At supper the Vice-Rector performing his last act as " Regent " ordered an extra glass of wine to toast the Rector.

29th. *Friday*. Before the commencement of hostilities on the cricket field the Vice-Rector solemnly presented the Captain with the keys of the new, small, greystone hut, which Tobias and henchman have built on the spare ground below the tennis court. It is destined to house our cricket apparatus, but it already harbours four goal posts in the viridescent

stage, a *ronga* and three deck chairs. The cricket captain received the keys with becoming modesty and promptly put them into someone else's pocket and lost them for the day. Rev. G. Sweeney, on a motor tour with his family, looked in during the match this afternoon and left for Naples, via Nemi.

30th. *Saturday*. On descending from our cell, we discovered Rev. M. Grace shepherding his pilgrims through the cloisters, and pointing out the beauties of the refectory; he very kindly left a gift of English cigarettes. The *Osservatore Romano* states that the temperature in Rome is 115°. We are not surprised, for even here the heat is stifling; heat waves dance along the garden wall, play across the cypresses so that they seem to be growing in mid-air; the Madre gives us lemonade on cricket days (I wish she knew about the existence of golf), while decadent youth makes a dusty trek to Rocca di Papa in quest of ice-cream.

AUGUST 1st. *Monday*. Notice: "Toad, Ferrets and Weasels—Common Room, 10 a.m.". Gilbert and Sullivan? Fr Rope came back from his holiday this evening.

3rd. *Wednesday*. We abandoned a fourth cup of coffee to say good-bye to the Vice-Rector leaving (*et dico lacrimis*, with his golf clubs) for his holiday in England. *Prosciutto* was sizzling in the pan, the servants were trying to coax water from an unwilling tap, Piccolo Bill, mindful of a former day at Ostia, was making sand castles out of mole hills, and our friend the mule had retired to a distant corner of the Sforza. Came a thunder shower, closely followed by a breathless Senior Student to transfer our Sforza gita to the refectory. But the sun reappeared, and we enjoyed a garden gita.

5th. *Friday*. Feast of Our Lady of the Snows. We enjoyed the feast too much to feel the urge to "diarise". By a happy coincidence (or was it?) at lunch we ate bay leaves, disguised as puffed-up monsters wearing crinkling yellow coats, and a bay leaf fell into our coffee afterwards.

6th. *Saturday*. Five function fiends walked to Albano to assist at the High Mass, sung by Cardinal Belmonte to celebrate the restoration of the Madonna della Rotonda chapel.

7th. *Sunday*. As we poked a bemused head into the garden to dispel the mist of sleep the *vento tramontano* buffeted us in his usual uncouth fashion and then raced roaring down the garden and over the wall with a wild whoop, unrolling a silver carpet on the upturned beech leaves, and finally spending his fury among the high-spirited white horses that pawed the surface of the lake. The dawn seemed more than usually still and I suddenly realized that it was a sympathetic silence, for it is our first day of recollection—which finished at ten o'clock.

9th. *Tuesday*. Dame Philosophy smiled on the steady procession of Theologians to and from the wicket, easy victims of medium-paced bowling. It remained for a public spirited golfer to show the Philosophers

the beauty and effectiveness of sound slogging with eye on the ball and plenty of follow-through, which sent the ball soaring on to the first green, and the echoes bounding up the slopes of Monte Cavo. Even his heroic efforts could not stem the tide of wickets, for a feeble-hearted moralist poked at a rising ball on the off. We should have beaten the Philosophers, for their winning hit coincided with our fourteenth no-ball.

10th. *Wednesday*. We welcomed to our midst Rev. W. Purdy, and a large pair of hob-nailed boots (built according to the best traditions of our English shipyards) in, which rumour hath it, he purposes to walk to Loreto.

11th. *Thursday*. More visitors ; the Rector talks of extending the New Wing, or camping on the Sforza. As we returned to the garden this evening we beheld on the terrace, silhouetted against the sunset, the welcome figures of Dr Dwyer, Revv. R. Foster and J. Coyne of Oscott, accompanied by two Divines from the same College. I cannot say precisely when we first noticed it, but, for some time past speculation among the Golf-house intellectuals has been centred on this focal point of interest: " Should he, and if not, why does the Senior Student have a yellow complexion ? " The question has been solved by his sudden departure for the Blue Nuns, his malady, jaundice.

14th. *Sunday*. Our saintly Cricket Captain's appetite for heavenly protection resulted in the elevens taking the field under the usual Epistle v. Gospel division, plus the aegis of St John Fisher and St Thomas More.

15th. *Monday*. The Feast of the Assumption. The Rector sang the High Mass, wearing a new vestment presented by Mother Clare. Our one and only Villa function was restored to us again. Mr Duggan sang High Mass at Rocca and we assisted from the organ gallery, receiving unwelcome reinforcement from the laboured breathing and ponderous sighs of the venerable organ. Afterwards there took place a procession of almost the whole town. Third Orders appeared in abundance with a rappresentanza of military, and, of course, the schoolchildren, some as future aspirants to the Third Orders, others ambitious as St Gerard Majella, St Aloysius, Franciscans and Dominicans, Faith, Hope, Charity (with one wing aslant), and various kindred spirits. We could not decide whether the Rocca cobbler's son was intended to be an Avenging Angel or Mephistopheles. We hurried back to a fine Villa *pranzone*. A siesta on the Sforza requires various devices to escape from the ubiquitous ants. One man has produced a portable couch, strongly resembling one of the Nuns' ironing tables, another slings his hammock in the Golf-house. Fourteen students from Ampleforth returned this year to spend a short time under canvas.

16th. *Tuesday*. " Tomatoes will not grow small red ! They all tend to large emerald embonpoint without passing through the state of rosy, rotund parvulosity." Thus may we literally translate Luigi's explanation of the breakfast table phenomena.

18th. *Thursday*. Handball has gained in popularity since the discovery that a ball, well pitched to the back of the court, reaps a rich reward from the thickly-laden plum trees. All our fruit trees are bearing well this year. Walk down the garden, and you pass through an avenue of small pear trees, large pears on every one of them (we are expecting a notice *de fructibus* any day now). Even the apple trees on the Sforza have awakened from their pre-war coma. One of the students, in a moment of R.S.P.C.A. gave an apple to a cow, and consequently he cannot appear without playing the part of " Tommy and his little cow ".

19th. *Friday*. The organist spends his day limping about the garden, wearing a house shoe and a carpet slipper. Rumour has it that he sprained his foot in an excess of zeal on the harmonium's pedals.

20th. *Saturday*. Mr Plowden and Mr Grey fled from Rome to Palazzola for the week-end and admired the evening campagna, a fairy patchwork of green, brown and purple.

21st. *Sunday*. " Oggi festa a Rocca di Pa," said Rinaldo, so off we went to the Tufo. No sign of the festa, because festa means brass band and of this we could find no trace ; finally we discovered the component parts in church and we all heard Mass together. To our great edification the owner of the big drum placed the fulfilment of his obligation even before the obviously intense desire to castigate the satanically inspired *ragazzi* outside, who were making the most of their opportunity to put in a little practice on the pigskin.

23rd. *Tuesday*. Oh Horror ! Our mediaevalist has confessed to owning a typewriter and has sought by lengthy dialectic to persuade us that it is a tool and not a machine.

24th. *Wednesday*. Rain caused us to transfer our Sforza gita to the garden—and produced the kind of sunset which caused one enthusiastic listener in to the Fifth Test Match to liken it to a ball rolling over the boundary.

25th. *Thursday*. A hectic day for the " Props ". They dash to and fro with various articles of apparel, pursue a principal to the ninth hole for his head measurements, borrow Luigi's *ronga* to cut decorations, trip over electricians' wire and on the whole are tremendously efficient. We, poor laymen, excluded from participation in these activities, hang around the various doors, discover nothing, and climb to the golf course to prod an unresponsive golf ball.

26th. *Friday*. " Toad of Toad Hall ". We enjoyed it exceedingly, although a cold breeze made us fondle our cup of hot wine, and the man in front of us had toothache. The stage was set up beneath the bay trees, Badger rising from beneath a bundle of faggots and—but we will restrain our critical faculty for the performance at Christmas.

27th. *Saturday*. Alfred, the encyclopaedic horse from " Toad of Toad Hall ", while posing for his photograph in the garden was attacked

and chased off the scene by the jealous Febo. And, thank goodness, the Public Meeting died a natural death today.

28th. *Sunday*. The Cricket Captain's theory was that our " rabbits " needed encouragement, else they would cease to play at all. Therefore they should receive a mild tonic from the bowling. Instead of a demon bowler, versed in every trick of the matting, they received fairly gentle deliveries from the second strings. Unfortunately, it happened that the Venerabile rabbit was on form for the day and gave the fielders many a run for their money before his time expired. We drank the health of Dr Dwyer in an extra *bicchiere* and—

29th. *Monday*. He left this morning, the heavens shedding tears in a very Mancunian downpour.

30th. *Tuesday*. The last Sforza gita was abandoned because of the rain. Conversation centres on gitas; even Third Year Philosophers are debating as to the prospective merits of the Abruzzi and Savoia.

31st. *Wednesday*. The majority of the *gitanti* left today.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Thursday*. We bade good-bye to Dr Purdy and his two henchmen at the outset of their spectacular effort to walk to Loreto. It was quite surprising that for once our rousing cheers had left them only a few yards away from our front door and not whisked them away round the bend in a cloud of dust. After tea we played our first game of soccer. Studded boots and the vibrations of the referee's whistle soon reduced Marco's concrete wicket to an historic ruin.

3rd. *Saturday*. Each morning after breakfast we cast an aggrieved look towards the shoulder of the hill above the Capuccini. A little house is a-building there—perhaps the first sign of an invasion which may one day destroy our woods and solitude.

4th. *Sunday*. That air of superiority which Chesterton associates with those living in high places received a certain justification this morning, when, fitting in a constitutional before meditation, we saw distant Rome and the Campagna sleeping beneath billowing blankets of cloud, while Palazzola was wreathed in sunshine; from the pergola came the joyful notes of a small thrush, who little knew or cared that Luigi was abroad with his shot-gun.

5th. *Monday*. *De mortuis*—we carried the cricket gear from its summer place of concealment, the bracken, and solemnly stored it away until next year. This funereal operation was enlivened by the antics of the latest addition to the Sforza's fauna—a young donkey which, with a sense of discrimination commendable in one of such tender years, has chosen the better of our cricket mats whereon to recline at ease, admiring the view of the lake through the trees. Today he was rudely disturbed, but refused to move an inch. Finally when he saw that events were shaping towards a minor war—one of the committee was in the act of uprooting a goal post—he rose with dignity and retired to clip a succulent herb or two.

6th. *Tuesday*. Handball tournament holds us in its grip. As a result novices are wandering around with unnaturally large and swollen hands, while tried and trusty warriors of the game indulge in a form of shadow boxing on every possible occasion.

7th. *Wednesday*. The *gitanti* have been away for a week now, and we have all arrived at the stage when we don't particularly want them to come back. Today is the first gita day. A fine rollicking windy morning, with sun beaming encouragement as we followed the scudding, racing white clouds along the Latin Vale to Algidus. With the wind at our backs we soon reached the fountain. We discovered that the summit has been encircled with barbed wire, which means another *zona vietata*.

8th. *Thursday*. The Nativity of Our Lady. A peaceful morning; we bask in the sunshine, while the perspiring combatants dash to and fro in the white glare of the handball tournament. Coffee and *rosolio* in honour of the feast.

9th. *Friday*. Carnevale's cows showed an especial desire to join in our football.

10th. *Saturday*. The students of the North American College paid their annual visit. We hope they enjoyed it as much as we. Several golfers are thinking in terms of the American swing. We furnished an impromptu concert, and at seven o'clock, feeling rather "jammy" after a large tea, we cheered our guests on their way back to Castel Gandolfo.

11th. *Sunday*. Strange beings, these bridge fiends, who sit stolidly night after night, doing the same old thing. They miss the evening breeze, the starlit sky is not theirs, nor wireless, nor newspaper, they do not rush out of doors to assist at an entertainment by the fish pond —a monosyllabic tribe of adding machines. But tonight we disturbed their stolidity with the ping, ping of a new darts board.

12th. *Monday*. Third Year Philosophers departed for their first great adventure, six to Savoy, eight to the wilds of the Abruzzi.

13th. *Tuesday*. *Lutto contro le mosche* has penetrated to the kitchen and Mother Letitia has suspended a sticky flypaper from the chandelier in the refectory.

15th. *Thursday*. Theologians returned from gite, sunburnt, down at heel, cassocks muddy, and hats misshapen, and, of course, practically penniless. The problem of these excursions seems to have been their efforts to wring *permessi di soggiorno* from suspicious parish priests. One being requested to give a recommendation firmly replied that he could not think of giving them any money. The students of the press crowd into the Quiet Room, feverishly working through the last fortnight's newspapers.

17th. *Saturday*. First rumours of a coming European crisis have made us rather anxious and—

18th. *Sunday*. We had a day of prayer for peace, with Holy Hour in the evening.

19th. *Monday*. The Scots College visit. After luncheon we played football, while the rest of us entertained the single non-playing Scot.

20th. *Tuesday*. Rev. G. Rickaby has joined us for a few days.

21st. *Wednesday*. Ember Day. We derive a camel-like satisfaction from the thought that tomorrow, a gita day, will provide opportunity for us to fortify the inner man against the two days of fasting and abstinence to follow. Can British summer time apply in Italy ? We still don't know, though we argued the point from *minestra* to *frutta*.

22nd. *Thursday*. A gita day. Valmontone is a dusty trek and waterless, especially when the Second Year Philosopher maintains that the Boy Scout " Run a mile, walk a mile " is the easiest means of travel, and he " lippety-lops " along in a cloud of dust which he shares Boy-Scout-like with us.

23rd. *Friday*. *Ab. et jej*. A Black Friday indeed : after a morning of inertia, waiting for lunch, we awoke from siesta to find ourselves surrounded by that uncanny silence which usually means that the community is gathered together elsewhere, and we creep into church for the third mystery. To round things off the sun forgot to set ; he moodily lost himself in a large black cloud. Perhaps he too is fasting.

24th. *Saturday*. Third Year Philosophers returned from their wanderings ; tunefully carolling " The Jolly Roger ", bringing strange stories of Abruzzi bears, Scanno costumes and Scottish Italians. We are deeply grieved to receive news of the death of His Lordship Bishop Henshaw. May he rest in peace.

25th. *Sunday*. The Rector's birthday. Mother Letitia's birthday present was a large box of chocolates, which, after a brief sojourn on the middle table, was passed round the refectory. In the evening we watched with critical enjoyment the behaviour of the " Yank at Oxford ".

27th. *Tuesday*. We listened to Mr Chamberlain's speech during supper—and straightway fell to discussing what we should do when the inevitable war broke out. It was difficult to choose between Red Cross and Secret Service.

28th. *Wednesday*. We lunched on top of M. Tusculum, frying eggs and bacon in the very teeth of the storm, while others performed prodigious walks through the Castelli ; a party endured sand in their tea at Prattica, and the usual sluggards who never stray far from the Villa played golf in the morning, lunched near the meadow, and returned to the pergola for a fire and banjo. News of the crisis is reassuring tonight.

29th. *Thursday*. Today, a day of special prayer for the success of the Munich conference, the rain came down with that thoroughness peculiar to Palazzola, and we were not among the fortunate ones to visit the Scots Villa. We whiled away the morning with a little pastime of our own.

It is played thus : put on a pair of tennis shoes, go to the golf course and allow the feet to become pleasantly damp ; return to the garden and attempt to canalise the flooded paths. The rules are elastic, the main point being to induce that feeling of melancholia suitable to such a morning. In the evening we had exposition of the ciborium from 6.30 to 7.30, and then listened-in to the Holy Father's message of peace, afterwards hearing a well-known voice reading the English translation.

30th. *Friday*. Early this morning Pierleoni brought round a paper from Albano with news of the success of the Munich conference, and at breakfast the Rector exhibited the *Messaggero* headline "PACE". The relief was tremendous, for we hear that the Rector had provisionally ordered tickets to England. In the evening we listened to Mr Chamberlain's triumphant return to Downing Street, and heard stories of Union Jacks waving in the Piazza Venezia.

OCTOBER 1st. *Saturday*. A number of us visited the American College today ; and returned singing " I like to whistle ". We found that in our absence a large body of English pilgrims had been entertained at Palazzola after their audience at Castel Gandolfo. It was they who had carried a Union Jack through enthusiastic bands of Italians on Friday.

2nd. *Sunday*. Marino panders to the thirst of the Castelli. Tramcars packed to bursting point, with young and old travelling on the steps and buffers, motor-cars, their canvas covers bulging with crowded humanity, cyclists and pedestrians by the hundred, wearing kerchiefs or headcloths, shirts or blouses of every conceivable colour, all poured into Marino for the *Sagra dell'Uva*. Each house makes valiant efforts to disguise itself as a *ristorante*, every stick of furniture being placed out of doors—rickety tables, chairs and stools of all shapes and sizes. If, perchance, you are unwilling to enjoy yourself in the open air you can pass through this laurel-strewn doorway and descend a precipitous stone staircase to a dusky wine cellar.

The crowd is thickest in the main piazza, where wine-tasting is loudest and merriest, and the band (a communal affair—Marino-Grottaferrata) plays Italian marches to Jazz time. " The tasteful fountain " (Baedeker) —how true today !—is decorated with laurels, grapes and four large casks of wine. We spend a pleasant hour walking through the streets, admiring the different varieties of grapes, black, white and red, plump grapes and finger grapes. 'Tis a great pity that we must leave before the fountain begins to flow with wine, before the result of the *tombola*, and, most of all, before the fireworks—the finest in Italy, a carabiniere tells us ; they explode once—red, twice—white, thrice—green !

3rd. *Monday*. " The walls are beginning to show signs of these darts."

4th. *Tuesday*. To luncheon Rev. N. Curmi of Malta, while in the evening we renewed acquaintance with " I like to whistle ".

5th. *Wednesday*. Second Year Philosophy are off to Subiaco. We, who preceded them, know that they were well and truly drenched. Further-

more, we would warn you that the 5.55 train from Genazzano does not return to Frascati, but stops at San Cesario, where you will be obliged to wait for two hours before proceeding to Frascati, to a villa in total darkness and Febo on the prowl.

6th. *Thursday*. Hey presto ! Mr Torr was in the middle of the refectory before we noticed him.

7th. *Friday*. We are very pleased to see the Vice-Rector, back again from England. Today was our thanksgiving day for peace.

8th. *Saturday*. Second Year Philosophers returned in time to join us in welcoming Bishop Griffin and Dom Basil Griffin, O.S.B.

10th. *Monday*. " Ibant obscuri " Faetewards to see the sunrise. His Phaetonic Majesty preferred to nestle beneath a fleecy blanket of cloud, which only reminded them of the dear little cot they had left.

13th. *Thursday*. *St Edward's*. The Rector sang High Mass, accompanied by the sheep in the stalls and the goats in the benches. To luncheon Mgr Babcock, Dr Flanagan, Fr Brady (of Hexham and Newcastle) and our old friend, Dr Sabatucci.

14th. *Friday*. The Rector and fortunate five chosen to keep an eye on him on his gita, left today on the first stage of his Loreto pilgrimage. They call it a pioneer gita, because they hope, with the help of Pierleoni's car, to cram a fortnight's gita into five days. A certain dweller on the superiors' table considers that no pioneering or pilgrimaging can be done in a mechanically propelled vehicle.

16th. *Sunday*. Coffee and *rosolio* in honour of Bishop Griffin.

17th. *Monday*. Last gita day. Coming home along the Albano path one notices how far autumn has advanced : the ground is thick with leaves and chestnut husks, Monte Cavo looms ahead with its bare grey ridges showing through the leafless trees and the lake is taking on yet another of its many colours. Monsignor Cogan, V.G., who is to guide us through the retreat, arrived today.

18th. *Tuesday*. We sit round the fire in the Golf-house and await the inevitable. Those who have been maintaining lengthy correspondence with the new men, anent linen numbers, old school ties, etc., have gone to Rocca to meet the cigarettes they mentioned in the postscript. Old faces and new bring us English cigarettes, the Lambeth Walk and congestion (now in the refectory 'tis a case of unity of respiration, unity in manipulation of the knife and fork or starvation). The noise of words is simply deafening. I move from my shoulder the tear-stained face of the oldest member, who has seen his last villa, that I may write down a list of the new men : Messrs Cawley (Shrewsbury), Groarke (Salford), Finigan (S'bury), Clark A. (Southwark), Sowerby (Lancaster), Rawcliffe (Nottingham), Kelly (Westminster), Connolly M. (S'bury), Campbell (W'minster), McCann J. (S'bury)—for Philosophy; and Messrs Whitehouse and Le Blanc Smith, both of Nottingham, for Theology.

Fr Rope has fled to Rome, and a wire from Assisi tells us that the Rectorial party intends to return from the flesh-pots only just in time for retreat. We suspected that.

19th. *Wednesday*. I saw five new pairs of plus-fours on the Golf-course this morning, and

20th. *Thursday*, I am not going to waste another minute of this glorious day on the diary. Mgr Cogan will do all the talking for the next seven days.

27th. *Thursday*. Retreat ended and we applied ourselves to the difficult task of working off all the jokes we had thought of during the ever fertile time of retreat, as though they had just struck us and we were always brilliant like that. But not even the new men were deceived.

28th. *Friday*. Nature begrudges us another day at Palazzola, for it rained very hard this morning. We spent a delightful hour in the Golf-house, doing our best to shelter an English cigarette from the rain-drops. The cortile is rather muddy, and footprints of particular neatness, in fact " two waking baths, two weeping motions, portable and compendious oceans " (success at last—a quotation !) indicate that the gentleman who pined for a last taste of the flesh-pots was drowned for his pains. We were intrigued by the mysterious behaviour of several workmen who, without opposition from our superiors, began to dig large holes outside the Chapel —apparently without reason, since we rarely see an elephant along the lake path. Later they planted in them four young cypresses, and we learned that this was a gesture of our good neighbour, Signor De Cupis.

The Common-room door bore the following notice in Latin (Whose ? Well, we suspect *Chi Lo Sa* ?) " Quod tot per saeculuncula, laudabiliter felicibus confectis feriis aestivis, pridie urbem reditum nobis antiquioribusque non spernendis usum est ignibus illum sic dictum studentem inter nos seniorem tradere. Sciant omnes hanc hodie traditionem perplere re-enacturam, Puteolaque illum saecularibus quidem ignibus traditum iri, nos omnes, pie sperant quod ita aeterne res aliter se habebunt." *Aliis verbis*, the Senior Student met a fiery end this evening.

29th. *Saturday*. The cortile is a jumble of trunks, haversacks, violins and goal-posts. We who remained to lock up the rooms enjoyed a large luncheon, followed by coffee and *rosolio*. It was a nice meal, but all the time it seemed rather like a feast after a funeral with the lately deceased playing the part of skeleton. When we left the refectory the cortile was white with hail, and Palazzola, battened down for the winter, mutely implored us to go and leave her to her meditations on one more *villegiatura* ended, one more page in her history ready for a future Editor. More golf-balls lie hidden in the secret places of the Sforza—I lost one yesterday ! —another cement cricket-pitch will sink through the Sforza grass, to reminisce with the pitch of '37. The poor old tennis court has had no experiences this year ; it will, we hope, shine with a new splendour in 1939.

When we drove away I noticed that " *o beata solitudo, o sola beatitudo* " was beginning to reappear through the whitening over the porch. Eight months !

30th. *Sunday.* Feast of Christ the King. Coffee and *rosolio* in a newly decorated common-room. It is comforting to be back in Rome with one's feet under a table and to look again on the familiar gallery of celebrities. Why, it almost dispels the feeling of Palazzola sickness which assails one during the first few days. On the way to our first *ad limina* visit, we noticed that all trams, except the *circolare* lines, have been replaced by trolley buses, a change necessitating a double overhead wire, which gives the Via di Penitenzieri almost the appearance of a subway. The College has been made still more comfortable and pleasing to the eye with a new carpet on the stairs and the whole stairway resplendent with a new coat of whitening with " marble " border, while the system of lighting now shows us where the stairs end and *pianoterreno* begins. The large crucifix at the foot of the stairs has been painted to imitate carved oak and now shows to great advantage. The empty well is still empty —meaning, of course, that our humble suggestion (for a lift or a gleaming steel " fire brigade " pole reaching from the ground floor to the roof) has been politely shelved.

31st. *Monday.* After supper the weighing machine appeared, as did the traditional *levia pondera* on its account. Mob persuasion alone induced the local heavy-weight to reveal his ponderous secret to the world. He tipped the scale at fifteen stone ! The telescopic table in the middle of the refectory is now used by an assorted selection of Sixth Year Theologians and Canonists.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Tuesday. All Saints.* Monsignor Cogan sang High Mass to celebrate the Silver Jubilee of his priesthood. His speech in the common-room showed that he can use a text in lighter vein, and apply the choicest flowers of metaphor to our own favourite Elysian fields of Pamphilj and the Arcadian Olympus of Palazzola. *Ad multos annos !*

2nd. *Wednesday. All Souls.* To lunch Bishop Gonzi of Gozo. We ought to have visited San Lorenzo but a modern-minded milk enthusiast cajoled us on to the Via Appia Antica for a long walk to a farm " flowing with milk and honey ". The first part of the walk was most enjoyable apart from an encounter with a bird fancier who, thinking that no clergy could possibly be abroad on this day, wanted to fill us with a load of shot. When we did reach the farm, the owner politely informed us that all milk went to the very city we had left.

3rd. *Thursday.* Our immemorial bronze containers, used vicariously for tea, coffee and hot wine (on Christmas morning after Lauds) sport new string handles. Rumour has it that the only surviving member of this dying handicraft came forth from the far reaches of Trastevere to perform this labour of love and to save future generations from hot

hands and tempers. After supper we listened to a paper on Samuel Johnson. The elucidations made us feel rather like Johnson's black servant.

4th. *Friday*. As yet there are no signs of life in the Piazza della Pilotta, so we are forced to listen for the third year in succession to the contralto on the Capellar' fluting away at La Villanelle.

5th. *Saturday*. Lectio Brevis, and a final blow was struck at the heart of mediaevalism. The lecturer fortifies his utterances by means of a microphone and four loud-speakers. To lunch Mgr Payne and Canon Winder.

6th. *Sunday*. We performed a morning's recollection while five members of Fourth Year Theology received the diaconate at the Leonine College. This evening's recollection was dispensed with, that we might see the Holy Father enter St Peter's for the veneration of the relics of the new Beata, Blessed Maria Guiseppe Rosello.

7th. *Monday*. With the 8.30 walk to the University life begins exactly where it was interrupted in July. We get a certain satisfaction from the familiar faces, the flower man on the Campo, who wears his fur-collared jacket, winter and summer, the traffic policeman with the bushy eyebrows and the others who lend a human touch even to the road to the Gregorian. Moreover the air of Palazzola is still in our lungs and our books are not so heavy. In the afternoon were held Premiations at the University; we assisted at the distribution of *numismata aurea* and admired the Ciceronian exhortation of Cardinal Pacelli, representing the Holy Father, who is Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. After supper we had our own Premiation and learned, among other things, that "ipsum nomen Newman sapit Modernismum"—but perhaps the refectory reading ("The Wilfred Wards and the Transition") is responsible for that.

8th. *Tuesday*. An eclipse last night which many of us viewed perforce

10th. *Thursday*. You would not believe that the new goal-posts, standing so firm and straight in their wooden sockets, were a month ago rising young chestnut trees on the Sforza. The white crossbar has improved our shooting, because it is visible against any background, whereas a piece of string was not. All this is a prelude to the announcement that the Theologians were trounced by the Philosophers to the extent of two goals to two goals. They were rescued from an ignominious defeat by the College veteran, who is making physical preparation for his grande finale at the University.

11th. *Friday*. Mgr O'Shea, Archbishop of Wellington N.Z., came to dinner. Another recruit to the ranks of First Year Philosophy, Mr W. Buxton (Lancaster) arrived this evening.

13th. *Sunday*. Yet another Beatification and several of our number assisted at the High Mass of Bd. Mother Cabrini in St Peter's, sung by Cardinal Mundelein.

14th. *Monday*. An interesting discussion took place at lunch between the Rector and the reader on the quantitative merits of *castigo* and *redigo*.

15th. *Tuesday*. The O.N.D. Exhibition ended a few weeks ago. This afternoon we strolled along the Tiber bank to see a new exhibition rising Phoenix-like from the asbestos of the old. The entrance is embellished with a real railway engine ; in the largest pavilion we can see three aeroplanes ; a hugh oil shaft rears an attractive, if not beautiful, head while a large anti-aircraft gun points towards the Palatine. Evidently this " Mostra delle Minerale Italiane " is going to be worth a visit. The tame humorist we have brought with us tries to spoil the effect by pointing to a busy workman nailing up marble veneer at the rate of many square yards a minute.

16th. *Wednesday*. Campo day. " Malum est, malum est, dicit omnis emptor ; et cum recesserit, tunc gloriabitur." (Prov. c. 20, v. 14).

17th. *Thursday*. Premiation coffee and *rosolio*. As there are no new *doctorati* this year, we toasted the *doctorandi in actu primo proximo*. After the customary review of the scholastic year, the Rector announced the result of the Apostolic Visitation, a clean bill of health for all except the electricians. After supper Father Dyson, S.J., of the Biblical Institute, gave an interesting and enlightening lantern-lecture on "Archeology and the Bible ".

18th. *Friday*. *Oggi per la prima volta*—Radio Rosadini ! He peered at the queer little black devil on its scarlet throne and murmured, " Be', quoniam adest, utar illo," and thundered anathemas and laryngeal clearances with added emphasis and conviction. It was by far the best lecture we have had for many a day.

19th. *Saturday*. To dinner Mr Dixie. Since the restoration of the crucifix on the stairs, the cardboard plaque has looked too shabby but it had an historical interest, being the work of Bishop Dunn on one of his visits to the College as secretary to Cardinal Vaughan. One of our handy men has taken off the letters, gilded them and replaced them on a neat oak board, where they look very well.

21st. *Sunday*. First Year Philosophers enhance their conspicuous absence from the common-room by a conspiratorial appearance at 9.25.

22nd. *Tuesday*. This first feast of the Roman year draws us to the church of S. Cecilia. Even hardened " Pamites ", whose souls are rugged as the Via Garibaldi, pull themselves together and cross the Ponte Emilio instead of the well-worn Sisto. The Trastevere district transports us from *Rowa Imperiale* to familiar Abruzzese hamlets, in which the basilica shines out with greater brilliance ; there are crowds in the crypt and a brave array of crimson hanging, mitres beyond reckoning and a Roman choir in a gilded cage. We hear that one First Year Philosopher, unable to restrain his unholy curiosity, peeped through the curtain to catch a glimpse of the infant prodigy responsible for such sopranic flights and was rewarded with a sharp rap on the nose from an elderly cleric.

23rd. *Wednesday*. The news is out! and has been fully confirmed, because the Vice-Rector walked into the refectory with two copies of the *Osservatore*, one for the Rector and one for the nuns, which is, of course, officially confirming the *voce corrente* in yesterday's *Giornale d'Italia*. Then there was a handshake between the Rector and Vice-Rector and the canonist who shares their ambrosia was seen to give a significant wink. That was at tea time. At supper we did allow the Vice-Rector to make an official announcement before giving vent to our feelings in cheers that must have reminded St George of the day when he began the immortal combat with the Dragon which he is still finishing on our ceiling. The Rector made a short speech of thanks and we adjourned to the common-room, where the Rector was presented by a motley assembly of Swiss Guard, Yeomen and the Senior Student with the insignia of his office; replying to the Senior Student's Latin oration, the Rector said that the Illustrissimus Gamarelli would indeed envy the new robes so speedily furnished by the *sic dicto loco proprietatum Ven. Collegii Anglorum*. After night prayers we heard for the first time the *Sit nomen Domini benedictum* of the Archbishop-elect of the diocese of Cius *in partibus*. *Ad multos annos*.

24th. *Thursday*. The Rector chanced to be in the *portineria* when the postman delivered the nine hundredth telegram, and of course he expressed his apologies for being the unwitting cause of so much extra work. An interesting "duel de la politesse" would have continued for we know not how long, had not the weighty postbag reminded the postman that others were awaiting his arrival, and he made an elegant exit, echoing "*auguri*" down the Monserrato.

25th. *Friday*. *S. Catherine's Day*. And a very full day indeed. In addition to a complete programme of lectures, we had coffee and *rosolio*, a speech of welcome from the Rector to the new man and eight speeches in reply, speeches which alas! were only too well prepared, speeches which tripped blithely off the tongues of seemingly fully vintaged after-dinner speakers but which drove us from common-room to lecture hall. In the evening the Rector gave his first Pontifical Benediction at Santa Caterina. We listened once more to the fulled-throated tenor's solo, while, at his supple-he-he-mentum, our candles were moved to weep hot wax on our hands and wings. Afterwards we fought our way (not without a feeling of pride) through a crowd of devotees trying desperately to wear away the fifty days' indulgence attached to an episcopal ring. Supper was followed by the Philosophers' concert. The audience mistook the *bierhaus* origin of the First Year Song for an excerpt from the Hymns Ancient and Modern and rounded off each chorus with a prolonged and well-developed Amen. The programme bore resemblances to the examination papers that these earnest youths have now put resolutely behind them:

Illustrissimo et Reverendissimo Domino, Domino Rectori Scias nos, Rector Dilectissime, cum primum accepissemus te Domini Nostri Pii Papae XI sanctissima summaque tremenda maiestate in Patriam

ad Divinam pacem impertiendam delegatum, necnon Chianae Urbi, totius scilicet Bithyniae lumini Archiepiscopum praefectum, testimonium aliquod praestandum, cum paternitati amoris, tum Excellentiae tuae venerationis una omnium sententia decrevisse. Quanta nos igitur indulgentia, quanta adhuc benignitate es prosecutus tanta jam his spectaculis cantibusque festivis favere digneris et respicere, tuae humiliter praestantiae dedicatis.

1. First Year Song
   Chorus: Caelicolos Jerusalem beata
   Splendore urbs laetificat;
   Inter mortales Roma collocata
   Adami filios beat.
   Te Venerabilis arx eminens
   Diligit jugiter Anglica gens.
2. Octet . . . *Boot and Saddle* . . Messrs Hannon, Groarke, Brown, Pledger, Holland, Murtagh, Hills, Kelly
3. Item . . . . . Dr McNeill
4. First Year Interlude
   Conspirators . . . . . Messrs Campbell, Sowerby
   Papal Emissaries . . . . . Messrs Clark, Cawley
   Venerabilini . . . . . Messrs Buxton, Groarke
   Retainer . . . . . Mr Connolly
   Props Men . . . . . Messrs Finigan, Rawcliffe
   Rector . . . . . Mr McCann
5. Song . . . *Four Jolly Sailormen* Mr Kelly
6. Piano Solo . *Fantasie Impromptu* (*Chopin*) Mr Rawcliffe
7. Sketch
   Henry Peters (*Sheriff*) . . . . Mr Brown
   George Henderson (*County Attorney*) Mr. Hills
   Louis Hale . . . . . Mr Holland
   Mrs Peters . . . . . Mr Murtagh
   Mrs Hale . . . . . Mr Pledger

26th. *Saturday*. The more hardy members of our community crawled out of *zimarra* into *soprana* to attend Mass at the tomb of S. John Berchmans.

27th. *Sunday*. We rejoiced to hear that the Holy Father has so speedily recovered from his recent illness that he is granting audiences today.

29th. *Tuesday*. Abbot Vonier shared our supper and gave us a heartening talk on " The Prospects of Catholicism in England ".

DECEMBER 1st. *Thursday*. *The Feast of the College Martyrs*. To Lunch Mr Algernon Bowring and Count Riccardi-Cubbitt. After supper we laughed heartily at " Merrily We Live ".

2nd. *Friday*. With deep regret we heard of the death of His Lordship the Bishop of Lancaster. May he rest in peace.

3rd. *Saturday*. A *dies non*. We spent the morning at the Catacombs of San Callisto, but not in the company of Bro Connelly who has returned to Dublin.

5th. *Monday*. *Durumst!* (as Terence would say). When we return from three lectures, feeling that some immediate steps should be taken about the restoration of our tissues, why should the small red-faced man who keeps the Jack-of-all-trades stall in the Baulari choose that very moment to pull out of a little drawer a pan containing a goodly portion of spaghetti? We murmur a wistful "buon appetito" and hurry off to spiritual reading.

6th. *Tuesday*. Strange to relate, the Public Meeting finished in one day.

7th. *Wednesday*. Every morning now we have to thread our way through ranks of *carabinieri*, *metropolitani* and soldiers, who are guarding the French Embassy at all approaches to the Piazza Farnese.

8th. *Thursday*. *The Immaculate Conception*.—A Thursday like many of our holidays this year. Football in Pamphilj was hampered by the presence of inmates of nearly every juvenile institution in Rome. When our kind-hearted captain allowed one batch to play, the tide once released developed into a general melee.

9th. *Friday*. *Quarant' Ore* began today. The Rector said the Midnight Mass for the Confraternity, who, after their usual prayers for the needs of the world, added a string of Paters and Aves for the Archbishop-elect.

10th. *Saturday*. As we left church after singing the *Missa pro Pace*, we saw the Monserrato full of cheering, flag-waving University students —their object the French Embassy. But mounted *carabinieri*, advancing firmly in spite of well aimed cabbage-stalks, and at one time breaking into a trot, soon cleared the street and we were left with no good reason why we should not attend last lecture.

11th. *Sunday*. The Rector and ordinands left by car for Vicarello, where the Rector is to make a retreat and (as a First Year man put it) "jolly well see that Fourth Year make theirs".

14th. *Wednesday*. The soldiers on guard outside San Girolamo often seek shelter from the cold in the nuns' cortile, where they produce some quite good harmony—though we doubt if the nuns really appreciate these efforts to bring a little more sunshine into the business of pan-washing.

15th. *Thursday*. Time has cracked the altar stone at San Girolamo, and this morning we assisted at the consecration of the new High Altar. The officiating bishop steadily worked his way through a high pile of towels and we thought that with the last towel he was finished. Yet

he called for another and relieved our puzzlement by using a large roller towel to clean his spectacles.

17th. *Saturday*. Dr McNeill entertained six professors to an hour's lecture. Nobody would cavil at his constant recourse to the lecturer's friend, since he excused himself so beautifully, " propter vocis raucitatem uti constringor liquido tam puro et innocenti ". Fr Cappello informed me that he had acquitted himself with credit.

18th. *Sunday*. The Vice-Rector is marshalling his forces in preparation for the *consecrazione episcopale*. He took counsel with the Big Three and, we believe, decided who will be sufficiently Anglo-Saxon to receive the guests.

19th. *Monday*. Mgr Canon Bickford, as Cardinal Hinsley's representative, and Canon Myler, representing Archbishop Downey, arrived today. We have been driven to the Martyrs' Chapel by the zeal of the decorators in the Church ; the idea seems to be to remove all portable altars and to dismantle the rest—in order to provide accommodation for the large numbers who are expected to assist at the consecration. The Rector and Fourth Year Theology returned from Vicarello to find the more spectacular part of the Campo dei Fiori transplanted to the main corridor, and beside the floral decoration of last year, there is a cunning array of fern, palm, and cactus plants beyond the refectory—a warning that visitors will not be allowed to see the goldfish. During supper the Rector was called to the reception-room to receive the gift of a pectoral cross from Cardinal Pizzardo.

20th. *Tuesday*. Cardinal Rossi paid a short visit to the College. The Rector is so busy that he must suspend onslaught on a hard-boiled egg to try on a pair of buckskin gloves. Mgr Terzariol put us through our paces for tomorrow's function. The main thing to remember is " di essere sempre tranquillo. Il Cardinale è calmo e tranquillo ; io sono calmo e tranquillo ; loro devono essere tranquilli." Sounds like a syllogism, doesn't it ?

21st. *Wednesday*. We rejoice " with exceeding great joy " that today the Rector received the fulness of the priesthood. The Consecrator was Cardinal Rossi, Secretary of the Consistorial Congregation. Mgr Traglia, titular Archbishop of Cesarea, Vicegerent of Rome, and Mgr Hayes, titular Bishop of Geropolis, Rector of the North American College, were co-consecrators. The *assistenza* included students from all but two of the English dioceses ; these two had but one representative each, both of whom were claimed by the Choirmaster. Cardinals Pizzardo and Caccia-Dominioni were present, Bishops Balconi and Suhard, the Abbot Primate of the Benedictines, the General of the Jesuit Order, the Provincial of the Redemptorists, Lord Perth, Mr d'Arcy Osborne, the Rectors of the Gregorian University and the Angelicum, the Rectors of the Beda, the Scots and the Canadian Colleges, Mgri Heard, Hemmick, Hurley, Moss, Messrs Sullivan, Grey, Acton, Plowden and a long line of priests, nuns and laity, among whom we noticed a very old friend of the Venerabile,

Mgr Respighi, standing unobtrusively at the back of the church. The ceremony itself was performed smoothly and efficiently—and for once the Schola was a help to devotion rather than a distraction. Outside the church the Vice-Rector had planned his campaign with precision. Chosen ushers waited on the threshold to lead special guests to the reception-room, others waited to take guests to the tribune. The peak of efficiency was reached when an usher conducted our own *suore* from the kitchen to the tribune. After the ceremony we established the guests in the refectory and plied them with light refreshments, then took them to view the presents laid out in the library : pectoral crosses from Cardinal Pizzardo and the Holy Child Order, a ring from the Vice-Rector, a ring from the English Congregation of Benedictines, a set of breviaries bound in red from the Cardinal Protector, mitres from Mr Bowring, Pontificale Romanum from the Rector and students of the Scots College ; and a long row of very beautiful albs and rochets from the many communities of nuns with whom the Archbishop has had cordial acquaintance. We next presented the guests to the new Archbishop. Then feeling that such devoted labourers were worthy of their hire, we retraced our steps to the refectory and entertained ourselves with great hospitality. The Rector sent the following telegram to the Holy Father : " Ven. Collegio Inglese, occasione consecrazione del Rettore ringrazia Iddio dei lunghi anni fecondo sacerdozio di Santita Vostra, rinnova filiali amore, inalterabile devozione Vicario di Cristo ; " and received in reply : " Assai gradito fervido omaggio augurale Santo Padre di tutto cuore imparte Vostra Excellenza intero caro Instituto speciale Benedizione Apostolica propitiatrice abbondante celesti favori."—Cardinale Pacelli.

Dinner in the evening was a " family " affair and our guests were old friends, Mgri Duchemin, Clapperton and Moss, Dom Philip Langdon, O.S.B., and Fr MacClement of Malta.

22nd. *Thursday*. The Rector was received in private audience by the Holy Father ; but not so private that we were not able to secure a complete account of what took place. His Holiness received the Rector with great benevolence, spoke of his great love for England and the English people, whom he remembers daily at the altar ; dwelt with affection on the memory of His Majesty King George V, and invited the Rector to go to a part of his study where was the triptych of SS John Fisher and Thomas More, saying that he always kept it near him. He sent his blessing to the College and a special blessing to the six students whom the Rector will ordain, and said that he would be specially mindful of them and deeply interested in their future ministry.

23rd. *Friday*. Today, being a day of recollection for the ordinands, we can take advantage of the unusual quiet to slip into the common-room, where the decorators and their advisors have been hard at work. We are glad to see the old, stout, bulging ropes of holly have gone. Delicate festoons of holly bearing an unprecedented crop of berries are looped gracefully from the centre to each corner. The celebrities, having had

their faces carefully washed, are crowned with three holly leaves and two berries per person. The general background of the proscenium is dark blue, dotted with perennial stars; gazelle-eyed moose peep from either corner; in the centre Hardy's rubicund face smiles engagingly from over a snowy roof, and Laurel, presumably disguised as a Christmas present, is half-way down the chimney. The *pièce de résistance* has been placed on the walls. On one side a masterly reproduction of Snow White and her seven dwarfs; on the other are Badger, Toad, Rat and Mole, all so exceedingly well drawn that we cannot complain of too much cinema. At the other end of the room, hanging amid red and white curtains, is the Rector's coat of arms, the red rose of Lancaster, two crosses separated by an olive branch, the motto Pax a Deo—a comprehensive interpretation of the Rector's name. We will now steal quietly away before we are co-opted by one of the committee-men, who are already so efficient that it would be an impertinence to offer them one's assistance. With our supper we had the wireless, broadcasting from the Vatican station English Christmas carols sung by some of our own choir companions; we basked in a blaze of reflected glory.

24th. *Saturday*. Ordination Day. The Rector ordained priests: Messrs Cashman, Wilkins, McKeever, Swinburne, Pedrick and Ashworth. He conferred the first two minor orders on Second Year Theologians, while First Year Theology received the tonsure. At lunch appeared another welcome visitor, Dr Charlier, who will spend Christmas with us. The Vice-Rector sang High Mass at midnight and—

25th. *Sunday*. *Christmas Day*. Happy Christmas. After Lauds sung by one of our new priests, we had *torrone* and hot wine and the common-room fire added to the general feeling of heat and made us bubble over into song, so that we readily changed *Cantet nunc Io!* to *Cantet nunc Cio!* Another guest arrived, Dr Halsall, and while he retired to the "Polish Corridor Suite" we sang and told ghost stories until 3.30—then realizing that once again *Chi lo Sa?* had failed us, we sought the sheets. First Masses in the morning with a spate of Veni Creator renderings in various weird harmonies left us very husky at High Mass. The pantomime in the evening touched the original story in old patches and then as usual wandered away among local celebrities.

CINDERELLA: AN INTERPRETATION

CAST:

Herald		Mr Connolly
King Dagobert XLII of Saxophonia		Mr Sowerby
Princess Maggie	*His daughters*	Mr Iggleden
Princess Lizzie	*His daughters*	Mr Holloway
Princess Cinderella	*His daughters*	Mr Walker
Prince Charming		Mr Key
Baron Vermouth von Hugel (*Maggie's Suitor*)		Mr Holland
Roland Milk (*Lizzie's Suitor*)		Mr Brown
Dame Ermyntrude (*Housekeeper*)		Mr McKenna

The Fairy Queen	Mr Connolly
The Ogre Bel Paese	Mr Pitt
Simple Simon	Mr Franklyn
Chorus of Courtiers	Messrs Coonan, O'Leary F., Daley, Keegan, Hiscoe, O'Leary M., Cawley, O'Connell

ACT I Scene 1—A room in the Royal Palace.
Scene 2—The same.
ACT II Scene 1—Antechamber of the Ball-room.
Scene 2—Room in the Palace (next morning).
ACT III Scene 1—The Ogre's Lair.
Scene 2—The Court Room at the Palace.

26th. *Monday. Chi lo Sa?* made a shamefaced appearance after breakfast. We brushed aside the editor who was murmuring something about shortage of labour, and dived into the seething mass of " first sighters ". The North American College with princely hospitality invited the whole house to see " Biancaneve ed i sette nani ".

27th. *Tuesday.* To the *pranzone* in honour of the neo-sacerdoti, in addition to the House guests came Fr Potts, Mr Ashworth, Mr Cashman, Fr J. Ashworth and Mr J. Cashman. The evening's play, a serious one, was as successful as the traditional farce could have hoped to be; as the committee are producing only two plays, the cast gained correspondingly in strength.

1.	Sextet	*I Got a Robe*	Messrs. Gibb, Brown, Hannon, Groarke, Iggleden, Kelly
2.	Nonet	*Old King Cole*	Ditto plus Messrs Grasar, Hills and Murtagh
3.	Solo	*Il Mio Tesoro* (*Mozart*)	Mr Gibb
4.	Piano Solo	*Sonate Pathètique* (*First Movement*) (*Beethoven*)	Mr Le Blanc Smith
5.	Sketch		

Characters:

Nurse Ann	Mr Rawcliffe
Dr Clitterhouse	Mr Pledger
Inspector Charles	Mr Fallon
Kellerman	Mr Auchinleck
Daisy	Mr Campbell
Pal Green	Mr Hills
Police Sergeant	Mr Dawson
Police Constable	Mr Finigan
Oakie	Mr Gannon
Tug Wilson	Mr P. Storey

Badger Lee . . . . . Mr Hulme
Sir William Grant K.C. . . . . . Mr Firth

ACT I Scene 1—Dr Clitterhouse's Study 1 a.m.
Scene 2—Kellerman's Bar (next evening).
ACT II Scene 1 and 2—The Same. Some time later.
ACT III Scene 1—Dr Clitterhouse's Study (next evening).
Scene 2—The same. Two days later.

29th. *Thursday. S. Thomas's Day.* The Rector pontificated for the first time. To the luncheon in honour of his consecration came Cardinal Pizzardo and our Cardinal Protector; Archbishop Traglia and Bishop Hayes; Mgri Ruffini, Santoro, Duchemin, Clapperton, Moss, Perrin, Capoferri, Terzariol, Fr Gough, Marchese Pacelli. During coffee and *rosolio* the Cardinal Protector set a further seal on his popularity by refusing a cigar for himself but having the box passed round the circle. In the evening Grumpy and Susan headed a cast whose combined efforts made the laughs almost continuous throughout the play.

1. Piano Solo . *Andante e capriccioso* (*Mendelssohn*) . . Mr Rawcliffe
2. Solo . . . *The Yeomen of England* (*Merrie England : German*) The Rector
3. Violin Solo . *Rondo* (*Mozart-Kreisler*) . Mr Ekbery (accompanied by the Vice-Rector)
4. Sketch
Characters :
Keble . . . . . Mr Buxton
Susan . . . . . Mr Gibb
Merridew . . . . . Mr Kelly
Ernest . . . . . Mr A. Storey
Mr Jarvis . . . . . Mr McEnroe
Mr Bullivant (*Grumpy*) . . . . . Mr Buckley
Virginia . . . . . Mr Murtagh
Dr Maclaren . . . . . Mr Whitehouse
Valentine Wolfe . . . . . Mr A. Clark

ACT 1. Drawing Room of Mr Bullivant's House.
ACT 2. The Same. Next Morning.
ACT 3. Mr Jarvis's Flat, London.
ACT 4. Same as Act 1.

Dr Wroe arrived too late for this entertainment, so we, who had done all the entertaining so far, encouraged the guests to amuse us.

30th. *Friday.* All the fun of the Fair! Knock down nine tobacco tins and you get a free drink. Score a bull's eye on our pocket rifle range and you get your money back. Roll this ball into one of these holes and win a prize—or buy a raffle ticket for a tin of cigarettes—or buy yourself a paper-hat. We prefer to linger on the stage near the *bombe* and Frascati.

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The custodians wear the servants' white coats, but whence the tall white hats ? There is no tea this year but wine from every town in the Castelli. Fortune telling is here again but no Telegrams—just when I wanted to send a message of congratulations to the Common-room Committee.

31st. *Saturday*. We bade a regretful but hearty good-bye to Mgr Bickford and Canon Myler. Dr. Halsall had left earlier but we still had Drs Charlier and Wroe to help us to sing Auld Lang Syne.

JANUARY 1st. *Sunday*. Happy New Year ! or as Domenico put it, " Goomorninowaru ? " We strolled to Sta Maria in Aracoeli to hear the children's sermons and perhaps pick up a point or two for our next effort. One dark-eyed child, prompted by a pious parent, ended her propitiatory litany with one eye in our direction and " Dio benedica *i preti* ". We retired in some confusion. At the concert tonight, the play from St John's night was restaged. This was in reply to the suggestion put forward last year that something be done to relieve the hard-worked Concert Committees ; the experiment was successful as the play was received with even more enthusiasm than on the first night.

The rest of the programme was :

1.	Octet . . .	*The Skye Boat-Song* . . .	Messrs Gibb, Brown, Hannon, McNamara Hanlon, O'Leary, McKenna, Iggleden
2.	Item		The Vice-Rector
3.	Duet . . .	*The Merrie Month of May* (*Merrie England*) .	Messrs Grasar and Gibb

2nd. *Monday*. We are back in harness with holly leaves in our hair —which means that the scholastic machine is again working while the common-room remains decorated for Christmas. The most unkindest cut of all—our *permesso* for Pamphilj has not arrived.

4th. *Tuesday*. The Editor ushered himself obsequiously into our cell and condemned us to a further term of " penal " servitude—until the departure of the Apostolic Delegate, in fact.

5th. *Thursday*. Twenty lucky ones enjoyed the Beda pantomime, " Dick Whittington ".

6th. *Friday*. *The Epiphany*. Dr Charlier sang High Mass ; to luncheon came Mgri Hurley, Babcock and Hemmick, Frs Renard and Dyson, S.J. In the evening " Toad of Toad Hall " was played to an enthusiastic audience.

It is in no spirit of disparagement that we begin this critique with a loving glance at " The Wind in the Willows " on our book shelf and a moment's pleasant anticipation of next villa's opera—the one is as unique as the other ; and any substitute, even a combination of both, is bound to suffer in the comparison. In fairness " Toad of Toad Hall " must be allowed to stand on its own merits and applause is then as sincere and enthusiastic as that which was heard this evening as the curtain came

down on the last echoes of " When the Toad came Home " and the pantomime horse, neatly trapped, was left to do a highly diverting cake walk before the foot lights in its efforts to escape. Though the first act may have its periods of hesitation, the true spirit of topsyturveydom, rampant and glorious, comes in with the Court Scene and from then on the fun is fast and furious.

Toads are notoriously " nasty, horrid, crawly things " and finery and braggadocio are hardly enough to win our sympathy for one of them. Mr. Holland tackled the hardest part in the play with immense gusto, showing plainly that this one could indeed be " a good fellow in many respects ". Toad being what he was, the real heroes are those honest comrades, Badger, Mole and Rat. As the Badger Mr Auchinleck gave a really masterly performance and the other two did plenty of good work.

The Court Scene, perhaps because it owes least to Kenneth Grahame, is unquestionably the most successful. Judged by an exquisite blend of Judge Jeffreys, Mr Justice Stareleigh, the King of Hearts—and Mr Pledger, on the evidence of the model of outraged officialdom, P. C. Fatface (Mr Iggleden), and nobly ushered by a type of irascible bumbledom in Mr Wilkins, the miserable Toad is consigned to a dungeon, speedily released by the delicate Phoebe (Mr Murtagh) and her truculent washerwoman of an aunt (Mr Buckley), and with his faithful allies Badger, Rat and Mole in a mighty fight regains Toad Hall from the villainous Chief Weasel (Mr Hills) and his minions, including the Field Mice.

The names of the rest of the cast—whose numbers forbid a mention that might else be acceded to merit—may be read below together with those hidden geniuses responsible for the production, scenery, stage, costumes and lights. All combined in effecting the final state of excellence and we congratulate them heartily.

TOAD OF TOAD HALL

By A. A. Milne

The Mole	Mr. Hannon
The Water Rat	Mr Duggan
Mr Badger	Mr Auchinleck
Toad	Mr Holland
Alfred	Messrs Wells and Hulme
Chief Weasel	Mr Hills
Chief Stoat	Mr Gannon
Chief Ferret	Mr Hanlon
Usher	Mr Wilkins
Policeman	Mr Iggledon
Judge	Mr Pledger
Phoebe	Mr Murtagh
Washerwoman	Mr Buckley
Weasels	Messrs Fallon and P. Clark
Ferrets	Messrs P. Storey and F. O'Leary

Rabbits	Messrs M. O'Leary, Key and Morris
Lizard	Mr Jones
Stoat	Mr O'Connell
Field Mice	Messrs Coonan, Daley and Fraser
Producers	Messrs McKenna and Auchinleck
Piano	Mr Rawcliffe
Conductor	Mr Gibb
Costumes	Messrs T. Harrison, Pledger, Jones and Finigan
Scenery	Messrs P. Storey, Murtagh and J. Harrison
Lighting	Messrs McEnroe, Wyche and O'Connell
Stage	Messrs Hiscoe and Clarke

7th. *Saturday.* To luncheon, Archbishop Sir Maurus Caruana, O.S.B., Bishop of Malta.

8th. *Sunday.* Fr Scott-James gave us a most interesting and enlivening talk on " The Worth of Walsingham ".

10th. *Tuesday.* To ensure our admission to the Station for the arrival of Mr Chamberlain, we have been furnished with tickets so large and so unforgettable, that we are almost certain to forget them.

11th. *Wednesday.* We added the full force of the English College vocal powers to the warm welcome given to Mr Chamberlain. When he arrived, I think he must have heard the cheers coming from the clerical corner, for, after a word with the Duce and reviewing the Guard of Honour, he walked the full length of the platform and acknowledged our welcome. As soon as his back was turned, we stood not on the order of our going, but fled towards the Via Nazionale to see him drive past the cheering crowds, who seemed exceedingly pleased to see him. One Franciscan even waved his skull-cap !

12th. *Thursday.* The majority of the students spent this morning following the Prime Minister from Pantheon to Piazza Venezia. After lunch, Lord Halifax paid a visit to the College, spoke to us (between cheers) of his especial desire to see the College. Every inhabitant of the Via Monserrato (even the good lady who has to descend fifteen flights of stairs) assisted us in giving him a tremendous cheer when he departed.

13th. *Friday.* The English, Scots, Beda, Canadian and Propaganda Colleges assembled in the Sala Clementina, and gave three cheers (thereby creating a Vatican precedent) for Mr. Chamberlain who was on his way to be received in audience by the Holy Father. He stopped and greeted Archbishop Godfrey and by him was introduced to the Rectors of the

Colleges present; he also had a few pleasant words for some of those in the front row and a charming smile for those who were perched precariously on benches behind.

After Mr Chamberlain and Lord Halifax had had their audience, the other members of the British party were also presented to the Pope, who received them graciously; during the course of the audience the Holy Father walked to where a bronze diptych with the portraits of SS John Fisher and Thomas More stood near the bookcase. "This," he said, "reminds me of two great Englishmen. I have it always near me, and it is never closed. So it keeps England always in my heart. I would like Their Majesties to know that I have England constantly in my thoughts and pray for her."

14th. *Saturday*. Once more to the Station to cheer the Prime Minister on his way to England. Again Signor Mussolini was at the station and nobody could have been more gracious than he as he waved a party of students onto the red-carpeted platform to give Mr Chamberlain a last cheer.

Meanwhile the Film Committee have been scouring Rome for a patriotic film, and

15th. *Sunday*. they found one, "The Drum", a stirring tale of the N.W. Frontier.

16th. *Monday*. Fr Rope left us for a brief respite apud Vicum Aurelii, and

17th. *Tuesday*. the exodus continued, the Vice-Rector and Mr McDonald embarking for Malta.

18th. *Wednesday*. Mr Walker defended at the Menstrua and quoted St John of the Cross in Spanish to prove his point.

19th. *Thursday*. A gita day and, while we were still wrestling with the second point, a party of thirty set off for a day's ski-ing on the Terminillo. Far be it for us to criticize this sport—inane as it may seem to the merely rational mind. Nor would we seek to cavil at the apparent aimlessness of shooting down a mountain on two planks of the most awkward design imaginable, and who shall say what nameless pleasures lie carefully in cold-storage in the ice-bound wine flask or the frozen sardine.

For us, more simple souls, all we ask of life is an electric train to speed us for the tenacious Roman suburbs, a gentle walk to Campagnano, a smack of adventure in the negotiation of mountain-path, mule path and sheep track and a princely repast at Anguillara, sweetened and savoured by conversation such as only a Roman castelli wine can provoke, prolong and finally merge into yet another even more intriguing point.

20th. *Friday*. A smile flitted round the refectory in the train of a notice which announced that the long delayed permesso for Pamphilj had at last arrived; which news added vigour to our annual "Faith of Our Fathers" at S. Paolo alla Regola.

21st. *Saturday*. The Rector said farewell Mass for the nuns of Trinità dei Monti.

23rd. *Monday*. After supper Mr French spoke to the Literary Society on " Political India ", and survived a barrage of questions ranging from Aga Khan to cotton mills and the N.W. Frontier.

24th. *Tuesday*. Today, the anniversary of the translation of the relics of St John Baptist de la Salle ; we assisted the Rector at High Mass and procession in the new House on the via Aurelia. Sad to relate, the Rector and Fourth Year Theology took advantage of our absorption in the grande collazione to steal away to Vicarello for a day's gita !

This evening, we can hear the cheers in the Piazza Venezia for the capture of Barcelona.

26th. *Thursday*. The Vice-Rector and companion returned from Malta looking bronzed and fit.

The Rector gave Benediction at the Church of St George and the English Saints, and joined us in the sing-song after tea—which in fact assumed almost the proportions of a concert.

30th. *Monday*. Rumour ever ahead of official news is busy coupling the dignity of the Rectorship with the name of Dr MacMillan and today this rumour receives confirmation in the press, so there may be something in it—though sceptics say not.

FEBRUARY 1st. *Wednesday*. The Rector, who was received in farewell audience by the Holy Father, returned, pockets bulging with Vatican santini.

2nd. *Thursday*. *The Purification*. Pontifical High Mass. Fourth Year Theologians, whose sole function these days seems to be that of sharing in the lustre of the Delegate, attended the reception in his honour at the house of the British Minister.

3rd. *Friday*. Somewhere—but exactly where we know not—Rome has sprung a leak. We are not alone in our ignorance. The authorities are in the same plight and are doing their best to find out. There are sporadic excavations all over the city, but those affecting us are, a twenty foot hole in the via Argentina and a line of trenches in front of the barracks on the via Pilotta. We are beginning to sigh for the real thing, canals and gondolas.

After supper Prince Rospigliosi spoke to the Literary Society on Spain.

4th. *Saturday*. The Rector was guest of honour at the legation luncheon.

This evening he announced that his successor had been appointed in the person of Dr John MacMillan, who, from the cares of the Vice-Rectorship at Upholland, was even now speeding on his way to join us. We drank to the new regime and from afar wished the approaching Rector as distinguished a career as that of the departing Delegate.

5th. *Sunday*. The Rector celebrated Pontifical High Mass at San Gregorio al Celio for the conversion of England.

Flags out to welcome Dr MacMillan, the new Rector, who arrived in time for tea. The meeting of the two Rectors had in it a flavour of history—and Canonists are busy deciding to a second when the rectorial dignity took its leave from one brow and began to add spendour to the other; the new Rector pleasantly suspended our recollection in favour of smoking in the Common Room and after supper the old Rector's farewell concert served as an introduction to the new of the vocal talent which he has at his command.

6th. *Monday*. Today we had our own private celebration over coffee and *rosolio* of the rectorial changes; when the Vice-Rector had welcomed the new Rector and he had replied, the Senior Student, in the name of the House, voiced our good wishes for the future and gratitude for the past to Archbishop Godfrey and presented him with yet another pectoral cross, a plain gold one of a design chosen by His Grace from several submitted by our artists. During his speech of thanks and reminiscence we expanded pleasantly, grateful for the respite from afternoon schools.

7th. *Monday*. To the Apostolic Delegate's farewell luncheon, Bishop Hayes, Mgrs Heard, Clapperton, Moss and Fr P. Langdon, O.S.B.

After supper ad multos annos for Mr McNeill who is accompanying the Rector to England tomorrow, thence to the Mission fields of Hexham. We are sorry to lose one who has indeed earned the venerable title of "Father of the House".

8th. *Wednesday*. We formed only a small part of the gathering at the station to bid Archbishop Godfrey "God speed". We cheered until the train passed from our sight, sorry that he is leaving us yet happy that he should be chosen for so high an office. We who knew Palazzola in the dusty days will never forget the debt of gratitude we owe him. We wish him every assistance from God in his future ministry. Ad multos annos.

H. MARTINDALE.

PERSONAL

His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate for Great Britain, to whom we renew our loyal good wishes, has appointed Rev. G. T. RICKABY (1928–1935) to be his private secretary. The Delegation has now a roof of its own and is housed, albeit temporarily, at 35 Sheffield Terrace, Kensington ; and we are assured that all Venerabilini are promised an enthusiastic welcome should they call there.

We offer our hearty congratulations to two veterans who celebrate their golden jubilees this semester: Rev. J. M. MURPHY, D.D. (1883–1889) on April 6th and Canon WILLIBRORD BUSCOT (1882–1885) on April 23rd. Dr MURPHY is *parocco* of St Oswald's, Bellingham, Northumberland, whilst Canon BUSCOT has already celebrated his jubilee by coming from retirement to help in the work of the Church of Christ the King, Coventry. *Prosit* also to Rev. ALBERT WOOD, D.D. (1910–1915), now parish priest of St Patrick's, Plumstead, who celebrates his silver jubilee on July 19th.

Rev. JAMES REA, D.D., Ph.D. (1926–1934) has been appointed secretary to the Bishop of Clifton and Diocesan Chancellor.

Rev. W. SEWELL, D.D. (1922–1929) is now parish priest of St Columba's, Selsdon.

In the learned sphere Rev. J. CAMPBELL, D.D., Ph.D. (1925–1932) is now Professor of Philosophy at Upholland and Rev BERNARD JACKSON (1931–1938) is professing classics at St Bede's, Manchester.

We send all best wishes for the future to Dr HUGH MCNEILL (1928–1939) who has left for the vineyard after some ten years of trudging to and from the Gregorian. However he has in his pocket the first D.C.L. to be gained under the new rules.

There are many changes to be recorded amongst the curates :—

Rev. A. CLAYTON, D.D. (1919–1926) is at Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, Morecambe.

Rev. W. PARK, D.D., Ph.D. (1923–1930) is at St Helen's, Great Crosby.

Rev. B. CUNNINGHAM, Ph.D. (1927–1934) is at St Mary's, Fleetwood.

Rev. E. A. NEARY, Ph.D. (1929–1936), whose health we are glad to hear is much improved, is at St Mary's, Uttoxeter.

Rev. G. ROBERTS (1930–1938), who acted as secretary to Archbishop Godfrey during his apostolic visitation last year, is at Our Lady Help of Christians, Luton.

And of those who left last year :—

Rev. B. FOLEY is at St George's, Shoeburyness.

Rev. J. MULLIN is at St Mary's, Douglas, I.O.M.

Rev. R. HENSHAW is at the English Martyrs', Preston.

May the burden and the heats of the day rest lightly on their labours !

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

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

As a precaution we apologise now for the possibly late appearance of this number, which it will be realized is due rather to circumstances beyond our control than to any negligence on the part of the staff, our contributors, or our very obliging and efficient printers.

Since the majority of its members will be in England next summer an extra member has been called in to even matters up on the Staff, which now consists of :—

Editor : Mr Firth
Sub-editor : Mr Pledger
Fifth Member : Mr Lavery
Secretary : Mr Hanlon
Under-secretary : Mr Brown
Without Portfolio : Mr T. Harrison

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Baeda, *The Beda Review*, *The Cottonian*, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Millhillian*, *The Oratory School Magazine*, *The Prior Park Magazine*, *The Ratcliffian*, *Roman Echoes*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Wonersh Magazine*.

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

NOTICE

Fr Scott-James, who is in charge of the Slipper Chapel at Walsingham, has suggested that we should arrange a Venerabile pilgrimage to the national shrine of Our Blessed Lady. No doubt there are some in England

who would be glad to join in such a pilgrimage. It is not possible to give any details as yet but the pilgrimage would be short and would have to take place between July and October—the actual date depending on the wishes of those wanting to join. Suggestions or requests for information can be sent to anyone at the College or to Mr D. R. Roche, 43 Manor Court Road, Hanwell, W.7.

The pilgrimage would be a quite small, homely affair with no restrictions on anyone joining it.

A. HULME.

SPORTS

CRICKET

It may seem at first almost impossible to do justice to last season's cricket, writing as we do from Rome, and in the middle of the scholastic year. Memory is a proverbially deceptive thing but in this case we are helped by a very full score-book—its somewhat frigid and mathematical appearance relieved by comments from the marker's hand.

We had three full games in Pamphilj this year, which must be something of a record. To commemorate the Coronation we played a match, North v South, at which the South were rather badly beaten—a defeat which they threaten to atone for this year. Owing to various circumstances it was impossible to play the Baeda on the usual day, May 4th, the feast of the English Martyrs, but eventually the match was played in June. The finish was very exciting for, although our batsmen made quite a good score, our opponents gallantly defied the bowling, and almost forced us to a draw, their last wicket falling at the fourth ball of the last over. Tradition was again on the side of Theologians when they beat Philosophers by six wickets—a defeat which was avenged later at the Villa.

We arrived at Palazzola to find ourselves faced with the stern task of transforming into playable wickets two grey, baked patches of ground overgrown by weeds of every description. Just at that time the builder was hard at work at Palazzola, and we promptly seized this golden opportunity. In silent awe we stood around and watched his expert trowel rapidly and dexterously shaping out for us two perfect cement wickets. While the wickets were setting we had a most exciting time. In spite of all our zeal, however, one of Carnevale's cows and a donkey (which proved a very difficult proposition) managed to cross our barricades, and left their hoof-marks on the wickets before they were perfectly dry —a circumstance which caused much anxiety to timorous batsmen and provided bowlers with a ready made "spot". Fortunately very few of them managed to find it. The wicket became a great success and played very truly.

In the games, as we said, Philosophers revenged their defeat sustained in Pamphilj. The Old Wing maintained their traditional superiority over

the " Annexe ", while the Golfers, although putting up a gallant show, were forced to admit that this was not their game. We were pleased to welcome to our ranks several Amplefordians who joined us in a game. Other visitors included Fr Atkins, Fr Murphy and Dr Holland from Valladolid ; all of whom contributed greatly to the success and enjoyment of a very successful season—an enjoyment we feel sure they shared. On the other hand we were very sorry to say goodbye to Mr Lescher, one of the Venerabile's greatest stalwarts on the cricketfield. He managed to stay a short time with us and play a few games before leaving for England. We were compensated for this loss by the re-appearance of Fr W. Purdy, who showed us that he has more than retained his former skill with the willow.

Before ending we should like to thank Fr E. Doyle for his generous help, and also Fr Purdy for his valuable gift of a pair of batting pads. Amongst all the many helpers whom we should like to thank sincerely it will not be invidious if we single for special praise and gratitude Mr Pedrick, who for years has acted as our official scorer. We hope his place will be worthily filled in the coming years.

M. Cassidy.

GOLF

Golf started rather late this year on account of examinations. When we did start we found that, though the equipment was probably as good as any the club has ever had, the standard of play was lower than usual. Messrs Swinburne and Martindale, it is true, continued to show us that golf was a game to be taken seriously, and daily they battled their way round the course in a vain effort to beat the record of 32. Nevertheless, until the end of the cricket season in September, few respond to the call of the mashie niblick ; then there is a swift reaction in favour of the Royal and Ancient Game, and after the gita all the salt-cellars are pressed into service as each enthusiast explains unblushingly to his table-companion why precisely he failed to hole in two.

Our old enemy, the mole, must have thought the Millennium had come this summer, until Messrs Swinburne and Storey decided to look into the matter, when his continued existence became an affair of honour between him and his would-be slayers. For every one slain a fit of especially virulent malevolence would seize the rest and the spade and roller were again brought into play.

In a very successful tournament Mr Swinburne, in spite of rather heavy handicaps, won the singles, while Messrs Dawson and Daley shared the honours of the foursomes. Six new steel-shafted clubs, brought from England by Mr MacDonald, have helped us a great deal and next year should see a great improvement in play. At the end of the villeggiatura,

feeling on a few occasions a certain self-consciousness about our swing, we traced the cause to the Vice-Rector with his Cine camera ! These wretched machines are doing away even with that venerable institution, the golfing lie !

I. MURTAGH.

TENNIS

Although the tennis court has now lain fallow for its fourth villeggiatura, a prey to jonquils, daffodils and Carnevale's cows, we are confident that this period of stagnation is over. Last year the Rector very kindly allowed the appeal to be sent to England, and we would like very gratefully to thank all Romans for their help. The account stands at 5,000 lire, for which we are more than grateful. This year, we hope to turn this sum to very good use, and to build a tennis court which will withstand the heat of summer, the rains of September, and the snow of winter. It remains with the next tennis committee to carry on the good work of constructing a court of hard wearing material. More power to their elbow !

H. MARTINDALE.

ASSOCIATION

At long last we have our own goal posts—and through the winter they stand, a little bit of Palazzola in Pamphilj. The many hours of hard work to cut down and hack into shape two healthy young chestnut trees are forgotten in the pleasure of having something permanent and firm at which to shoot. We have one fear : that they begin to sprout chestnuts despite the expenditure of so many gallons of creosote and white paint. They may not be so very straight but then, as Giobbe said, this made it so much easier for the lorry to negotiate the corners on its way to Rome. All things considered we are well content.

The corner flags would hardly meet with the approval of the F.A., for they are somewhat on the small side. Out on the field however they make a brave show in their red, white and blue. To complete our psychological campaign we need several new sets of shirts, shorts and stockings. Such things add to the enjoyment of the game ; the greater the enjoyment, the higher the standard ; the higher the standard, the keener ; and so on, in a beautiful and virtuous circle. *Quae cum ita sint*, what would we fear from the Foe ?

At present we can record a draw (2—2) and a win (4—0) in two splendid matches against our friends the Americans, and the Scots match is still a thing of the future. May it be a fine game, a ninety minute struggle with both sides playing all they know, and a win for the best side.

We would like to thank Dr Cunningham, Dr Lennon and Rev. E. Doyle for their generous donations to our funds, which made possible the tools, paints and other expenses for the new goal posts, and also the purchase of new balls. Perhaps this year we may have news of victory for these and for our other supporters.

A. FRANKLIN.

RUGBY

The opening of the season was rather dispiriting, as many old Rugby players retired to the ignominy of the touchline. In spite of this, however, the games in Pamphilj have lost none of their speed and vigour ; in fact the forwards are now a definite menace to the backs. Still we aimed at having as many games as possible with a view to meeting Rugby Roma Club soon after Christmas. On no occasion did we have full numbers in the practice games, so we faced Roma Club on February 23rd with some trepidation, wondering how the team would hold together and feeling especially nervous about the pack.

Roma kicked off and within ten minutes their forwards were no doubt wondering where on earth this pack of extremely determined young men had sprung from. Before they had recovered from their surprise, Mr Gannon had scored a fine penalty-goal from well out on the twenty-five line. 3—0 in the first ten minutes ! The confidence which we gained from this rapid advantage remained for the rest of the game and spurred us on to increase our lead. But the backs were too slow to avoid being caught in possession and we had to rely on the forwards. Against a faster and heavier pack they showed good team work ; mercilessly they hammered their opponents, never letting them pass the ball, making some glorious dribbles down the field and being prevented from scoring only by quick kicking to touch. Our pack, under Mr Morris's able leadership, played like men possessed, so that no-side came with the score still 3—0 in our favour.

The team was composed as follows :—

McEnroe, McNamara, Gannon, Storey A., Hills, Murtagh, Key, McKeever, Storey P., McDonagh, Dawson, O'Leary F., Swinburne, Wells, Morris.

Our chief difficulty this year is with regard to numbers and we hope that English Superiors will allow no conservative attitude towards academic abilities to prevent their sending us a few Rugger men next October.

I. MURTAGH.

OBITUARY

James Canon Mahoney

James Canon Mahoney, Ph.D., was born in the year 1873 and died on September 28th, 1938. He was educated at Cotton College and the Venerable English College, Rome. He was ordained in December, 1900, and in 1901 he went as curate to Woolwich under Father Doubleday, who is now Bishop of Brentwood. His zeal and ability already proved him to be a priest of exceptional merit and after only five years he was made Rector of Dartford, working up the Mission for a period of eleven years. From Dartford he was transferred in 1916 as Rector to Deptford and was later granted the status of Parish Priest. In 1927 he became the Dean of Bermondsey, and in 1933, to the joy of all his friends, he received the dignity of Honorary Canon of the Diocese of Southwark.

His election to the Depford Board of Guardians on the London County Council and his appointment to the London County Council Education Committee gave his varied talents a wide scope amongst both Catholics and Protestants.

From his student days at the Venerabile to the end of his life both in his priestly outlook and in his virile qualities he proved himself a man of energy and considerable ability. In manners he was downright but not boastful, joyous and mirthful, quick at repartee but never wounding, kind and never sharp-tongued, sincere and hating humbug, a friend to all the poor, a champion to their cause, fearless of criticism, never vengeful or bitter towards opponents, a man who by his not infrequent excess of explosive humours might repel and yet who never made an enemy. He was a truly spiritual man. He was above all things a priest.

A few days before his death a neighbouring Parish Priest saw him in meditation in the Church of the Assumption, Deptford, which the Canon had recently beautified. Turning to greet his priest friend he said " What do you think of the decorations ? Are they not lovely ? I

thank God I have lived to see the work finished ". That was the real man, the real priest.

Dilexi decorem domus tuae. May the beauty of God's countenance shine upon him and may he rest in peace.

ST. GEORGE KIERAN HYLAND.

FATHER JAMES COTTER, C.SS.R.

Past members of the College will be sorry to hear of the death of Father Cotter, which took place on November the 14th. Many will remember him as confessor, coming regularly every Saturday despite his busy life as a Consultor General of his Congregation : and he it was who usually gave the Ordination retreats at Sant' Alfonso. We used to extract a certain amount of amusement out of these, for he had a pawky sense of humour and a staccato utterance to emphasise his often very pointed remarks. But this was by no means the only reason which made us look forward to his talks, for they were packed with excellent material, and so practical that it did not take him many minutes to get most of his audience below the belt.

He was the most unassuming of men, and though invited to every Venerabile feast, as was his right considering all that he did for us, he could never quite overcome an air of apology whenever he entered the refectory. His humility matches with Father Welsby, each bowing the other to take precedence, were famous ; and on one grand day rumour reported that he shook hands with a resplendent personage, who was nevertheless only a waiter hired for the occasion. His greatest material service to the College was when he heard that Palazzola was for sale and rushed down with the news to the Rector. For this alone his name deserves to be held in everlasting benediction.

His life was an example and an inspiration : he really was the perfect religious, dedicated to God in thought, word and deed. A nervous breakdown, some ten years ago, made it necessary for him to leave his community and live in a sanatorium. This was a cruel separation for one so devoted to the rule, to which he had vowed himself as a young man. He never complained throughout the long years of suffering, and when God called him at last he went with the same simple patience he had shown all his life. " If thy eye be single, my whole body shall be lightsome." May he rest in peace.

R. L. SMITH.

OUR BOOK SHELF

The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures : The Book of Jona. By the Rev T. E. Bird, D.D., Ph.D. (1907–1914). Pp. xxxiv+18. (Longmans). 2*s*. 6*d*.

THE Exegete who tries to defend the historical nature of the *Book of Jona* has to run the gauntlet of almost all non-Catholic opinion. The book has at various times been regarded as a satire on Jeremias, as a legend containing perhaps a kernel of historical truth, as a fairy-tale or, according to Renan, as the only piece of downright *drôlerie* in Hebrew literature. Each of the four short chapters of the text contains a difficulty : there is the problem of the big fish which swallowed Jona who then, in chapter 2, sings from the fish's belly a canticle of thanksgiving to God but makes no reference to his peculiar predicament : the conversion of Ninive—a city of 175,000 souls (p. 14)—was apparently accomplished by a total stranger in a remarkably short time, and is not mentioned in any other part of the Old Testament : finally what is one to say about Jona's seemingly implacable hatred of those whom he was meant to convert ?

Dr Bird in his commentary gives a fair presentation of these difficulties and suggests that it is not chiefly a matter of discovering whether this or that extraordinary event could have happened, but of deciding what *genre* of literature the author was writing. He himself is of the opinion that the book must be classed as a historical narrative, and to this view, which he considers to be the preponderant one in the tradition of the Church, he cites Mt. xii 38–41, Mt. xvi 4 and Lk. xi 29–33, where our Lord gives as a sign of His Resurrection Jona in the whale's belly three days and three nights. However there is no steam-rollering over other opinions such as that of van Hoonacker, who declares that our Lord here accommodated Himself to an error commonly held by His audience by using a *suppositio terminorum*. Indeed all Dr Bird's interpretations are set down with reasonable and agreeable moderation. He

is for the historicity of the book of Jona, but he does not exclude the possibility that the narrative is the result of a dream: he emphasises i 5 " Jona fell into a deep sleep (*tardema*) ", and says rightly that " It is a solution which up to the present does not seem to have had the attention it deserves ".

This discussion gives a definite *point-de-depart* for the interpretation of the text. Dr Bird, while leaving the question of the book's publication open, identifies the author with Jona, the son of Amittay, who prophesied to Jeroboam (4 Kings xiv 25) and sees as its chief lesson the fact that God's love and mercy are not confined to the Jews but extend to all mankind, even to those hated enemies of Israel, the Assyrians.

In the *Notes* the difficulties, which confront the reader approaching the text from the narrative and historical standpoint, are dealt with in a masterly fashion. These *Notes*, which are twice as long as the text, are the most valuable part of Dr Bird's work, and the critic will notice that their compiler knows how to handle textual criticism, a feature whose importance the late Pope Pius XI never failed to stress, when he addressed Professors or Students of the Pontifical Biblical Institute.

In the translation Dr Bird courageously uses good English words connected with ships, which the Hebrews could only clumsily describe. Thus we find " hold " of the ship taking the place of " the inner part " or " the sides ", " went on board " instead of " went down into it ", " mate " instead of " fellow ", etc.

Dr Bird observes in the *Introduction* that the Catholic Exegete, by reason of the decree of the Pontifical Biblical Commission, June 23rd, 1905, may not *a priori* rule out the historical features of a book of the Old Testament which in tradition is held to be historical, until solid arguments are discovered for deciding that the book was not meant by its author to be regarded as such. He himself decides in accordance with what he considers the preponderance of Catholic tradition. Though he mentions the view held by St Gregory Nazianzen that the book was meant as an " allegory " (better to call it a parable), it is a pity that he does not tell us more about this view of a very orthodox Doctor of the Church, since many biblical scholars seem now to be tending to St Gregory's position. In this connection it is sufficient to compare the article written in *The Catholic Encyclopedia* with that in the more recent *Lexikon für Theologie und Kirche*, as well as with the notes in the recently published *Initiation Biblique*, and at the same time to bear in mind the interpretations given by scholars of repute such as P. Condamin and van Hoonacker. Probably, however, Dr Bird had only a limited space at his disposal.

This book in the Westminster Version series is as usual excellently printed, and the price is reasonable.

D. J. Leahy.

Causality and Implication. By the Rev D. J. B. Hawkins, D.D., Ph.D. (Sheed & Ward).

THE obvious importance of the principle of Causality and the uncertainty and doubt, with which, since the time of Hume, it has been regarded by many philosophers, make a scientific analysis of its meaning absolutely essential. Furthermore, if the traditional view, as held by Aristotle and St Thomas, is to be maintained as the only sound solution to the problem, it is quite evident that it must be presented in such a way as to be made intelligible to our contemporaries. So far very little has been accomplished in England and it is in the hope of remedying this defect that the present book has been written. Dr Hawkins does not intend to offer a complete treatise on Causality; his aim is rather to substantiate the general outline of the traditional view, while paying special attention to those points which seem to be more fundamental. The notion which he chooses for the presentation of this view is that of Implication, a notion subject at the present day to elaborate investigation.

The first two chapters of the book are devoted to a brief exposition of Aristotle's theory of causation as stated in his Physics, followed by a short outline of Hume's objections. The unsatisfactory nature of the solutions given by several schools is briefly shown, and then the author passes on to the analysis of Causality in terms of Implication. Implication is defined as the conjunction of two *isolates*. *Isolate* is the author's term for a direct universal idea, *i.e.*, the essence of a concrete being, represented in the mind in an absolute manner, *isolated* from the individual concrete beings in which it is verified, or the various instances in which it occurs. If such an *isolate* is seen to be of itself related to another *isolate*, it is said to imply it, and in every concrete instance of the first (*implicans*) the second will also be found as implied by the first. Dr Hawkins insists that not all judgments are analytic in the Kantian sense. On the other hand we need not admit Kant's theory of knowledge to explain the possibility of synthetic judgments; it is sufficient to admit that the mind is capable of apprehending the presence of real implications in the complex reality presented to the mind by the senses.

There can be two kinds of Implication. That which is peculiar to causality is distinguished by the fact that the two terms possess independent concreteness, and because the *implicans* is prior in being to the *implicate*. The statement "A is the cause of B" may therefore be analysed as "A implies B". As a criterion, to enable us to distinguish between necessary and contingent, a beginning in time is conclusive but not absolutely unique. The ultimate criterion is to be found in the presence in a contingent being of some internal incoherance, in so far as the elements, which constitute such a being, do not absolutely imply each other.

The book concludes with a short review of the problem of Induction, the solution of which is to be sought along lines suggested by the conception of reality, as being composed of various implicative factors.

In so far as he intends to give an analysis of what we mean when we say "A is the cause of B", Dr Hawkins achieves his object. The value of

the idea of implication cannot be doubted after reading this book, and he is to be congratulated on the way in which he manages to give a really rational and intelligible interpretation to this idea, by reducing it to an intensional rather than an extensional relation. He has the power of expressing and explaining scholastic ideas in a very clear and simple manner, and is not satisfied with a mere translation of technical terms, which often have a different meaning for a non-scholastic reader: he seeks always to find a word suitable to show the idea hidden in the technicality.

The analysis of Causality in terms of Implication needs, however, to be completed by a further analysis of the metaphysical realities which make up Causality. It is not sufficient to admit that the cause implies the effect; it must be shown what precisely in the cause is the root of the implying. It can only be conceived as implying its effect when considered in conjunction with this effect, and the question naturally arises as to the cause of this conjunction. It is not enough to affirm such a conjunction, or to explain it by an intensional relation: the relation in its turn must have some ground, for every relation between two distinct realities is consequent upon some peculiarity in its terms. A further criticism might be that Dr Hawkins seems to relate his analysis of Causality to the causality, which is found between various phenomena. The analysis of Causality does not end when we can see why one event should follow another, or one being another being, but it must show how one being can constitute another in its being. This latter question is much more fundamental and calls for a more metaphysical analysis. If causation is to be conceived as implying, it must be shown not only how cause and effect are related, as two concrete realities, but further how one depends for its very reality upon the other—for every effect demands not only a cause of its becoming but a cause of its being.

Approach to Philosophy. By D. J. B. Hawkins. (Sands, 1938).

In this book Dr Hawkins sets out to give a general outline of the form which any philosophy must take if it hopes to be a rational explanation of the reality which we know. One of the most pleasing features of the book is the insistence of the author on the value of common sense. While not detracting from the transcendental nature of philosophy, he succeeds in showing how every structure of thought erected by the mind must have as its basis the scientific analysis of the data of common sense, and must make innumerable points of contact with them. Neglect of the facts provided by common sense, has led to many systems of philosophy becoming mere castles in the air. For example, a system of thought which ignores the outside world, or the substantial existence of the ego, is from the outset turning its back on facts established by common sense; and as such hardly merits the name of philosophy. The opposite extreme, that of overrating the value of common sense and experience, is equally dangerous, and, if insisted upon, leads to the denial of the transcendental nature of the mind. For the mind, though dependent on experience,

can transcend it ; and to deny this fact opposes the evidence both of common sense and experience, and renders all philosophy an impossibility.

Beginning then with the actual data of which we may become conscious by simple reflection, and by an accurate analysis of these data, Dr Hawkins shows how justified we are in our acceptance of the material world as a positive reality. The different functions of the mind in the distinct apprehension of this reality are shown with commendable clearness. In our apprehension of this material world we are given the existence of the ego as compound of mind and matter, and then the further step to the presence of other beings, like ourselves, compound of mind and matter is easily vindicated. A further chapter is devoted to the philosophical idea of time and history. He then passes on to the idea of God. If our mind is at all capable of understanding reality an absolutely necessary Being must exist, and the apprehension, no matter how imperfect, of this eternal and necessary Being provides us with the key to a better understanding of the problems which the world presents, notably the problem of evil.

Human values and free will are discussed, and, eventually, in a final chapter the author develops the conclusions which naturally follow this conception of reality.

Obviously such a rapid and brief treatment of the problems to be considered in philosophy does not pretend to be the last word on the subject. Dr Hawkins' aim is much more modest. He has set out to outline the scheme of things which becomes obvious to the mind when it first begins to reflect. Every philosophy, no matter how high it may fly, must of necessity be governed by that scheme, since the general outlines of reality are absolutely certain, and philosophy that departs from the essentials of that scheme can be excluded as untrue. The book is not only valuable for the beginner in philosophy as the map of the way he must travel, and for the uninitiated as a general outline of a science with which he is unacquainted, but is also of use to the advanced in that it recalls the mind which has travelled into deeper realms, back to the first concept of reality, which though clear to the mind when it first began to theorise, may afterwards have become obscured. Especially does it impress on the mind two salient facts, that we depend on experience for our knowledge, and that philosophy must never contradict such experience.

Guida d'Italia, 13 *Roma e dintorni*. (C.T.I. Milano).

For those who have even a smattering of Italian there is no better guide to Rome than that of the Touring Club of Italy, compiled by L. V. Bertarelli and now in its fourth edition. The present volume is brought up to date to May, 1938, and the rapid changes taking place everywhere in Rome have made necessary an enormous amount of re-casting of the information, which will be found to be in the main accurate. The extension of Rome to the north has been recognised by the addition of an extra

strip to the map of the city, and the reclamation and development of the Pontine Marshes is fully described in a special section. Though there are the same number of pages as in the previous edition the use of Indian paper has produced a book of half the former size, which can really be slipped into a pocket without inconvenience. All things considered the price of L30 (23 for members of the C.T.I.), is ridiculously cheap.

In Victorian Days, and other Papers. By the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Bt., O.S.B., M.A., Abbot of Dunfermline. (Longmans).

THIS latest volume of reminiscences, which can only add to their author's already high reputation as a story-teller, contains an interesting study of Rome in the last years of the Temporal Power, crowded with dispossessed monks and nuns from the convents of Italy, and of those last tragic days of resistance to the overwhelming might of the Risorgimento. Abbot Hunter Blair describes vividly what he saw of the few days of fighting and how he won the Mentana medal, presented to him by Cardinal Antonelli for his part in bringing wounded soldiers from the firing line and wheeling them on a barrow to the neighbouring houses. We are indeed grateful for any recollections of those long vanished days of the Rome where Pio Nono could be seen from the dome of St Peter's as he walked through the Corso with his people kneeling for his blessing, and at the same time the white tents of the invading armies could be descried beyond the walls.

G. EKBERY.