

THE VENERABLE

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

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THE VENERABLE

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VENERABLE ENGLISH COLLEGE

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Photograph by Norman K. Harrison, Topical Press Agency, London.

EDITORIAL

It was during Monsignor Hinsley's rectorship of the English College that the Magazine was first published. He had been rather diffident when the scheme was proposed to him, but he soon became its leading supporter and chief inspiration. It is fitting, therefore, that we should in this number endeavour to show our appreciation of one who not only ranks as one of the greatest Rectors the College has had, and gave us so many of the things we hold most dear, but who, at a critical period, as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, "proved himself", in the words of the Oxford Public Orator, "a leader not only in his own Church, but of the nation at large". May he rest in peace.

When our last number went to Press, Fr Grasar had not arrived; but he is now well established and, as Vice-Rector and Professor of Canon Law, fills two important posts *digne et competenter*. There is no need to say how pleased we are to have him with us in the Common Room, but we should like to say here, as we said it shortly after his arrival, *Ad Multos Annos!*

This number contains an article on Blessed Henry Morse. Though the Roman archives are at present lost to us, we have been fortunate in having the Stonyhurst Library put at our disposal, an indulgence for which we are most grateful. We hope thus to collect much matter that was lacking in the Roman archives, to carry on research in the Martyrs' period and, from time to time, to publish in the pages of THE VENERABLE the results of our investigations.

CARDINAL HINSLEY

The love and admiration felt for Cardinal Hinsley by all men of good will are daily being given the most generous expression. This is natural and right. Each one who laments his death, praises his character and deeds, or rejoices to recall friendship with him, does so by a true and special title. The Rector of the English College, by that title alone, would be bound to bear witness to the affectionate loyalty and gratitude of the College towards one who was so great a Rector, who loved it so truly, and did so very much for it. But I write these words also as one whose student life was lived under his rule, and who in all the succeeding years enjoyed his warm, unflinching friendship. Others who have the power will, and indeed must, write adequately of the lovable and inspiring character of the great Cardinal, the "dear old Boss", and must assess the work he did for God. But I cannot rest without just saying, simply and openly, that I loved the Cardinal, and felt inspired by him as by no other man. I realise, with joy, that very many others shared the same feelings towards him, and I wish him to know all this now that he is beyond the temptation of vainglory. This, however, I will say, that nowhere will his memory live more green and fruitfully than in the warm-hearted family of the Venerable.

Of the grief of the College there is no need to speak, but only of its continuing with courage to face, as he always did, the testing of fiery days. There is encouragement, however, in remembering that the Cardinal loved his friends, and that this love will never fail them. In the name of all sons of the Venerable I say to him: "Goodbye, sir—for the present; and may God receive you into His joy."

JOHN MACMILLAN.

Cardinal Hinsley's rectorship is already a legend of a golden age. Nor is it a legend which has grown up only since he ceased to be Rector. We, who were his students, fully appreciated our good fortune at the time, and succeeding generations have continued to envy us the experience. But when it comes to analysing on paper the grounds of this legend, considerable difficulties arise. I know of no one who has yet succeeded in writing an article on the "Gilee" which did not paint the portrait of a stubborn and rather stupid reactionary. The character which won affectionate reverence from his students apparently would not go on paper; affection sounded contemptuous in print, and in their own despite all that these writers could do was to be funny about him. It is easy to string together a list of Cardinal Hinsley's qualities, good and less good, but the man was so much more than the sum of his qualities that, like his predecessor, he will, I fear, escape the best meaning attempts at portraiture.

And, at the beginning, one is faced with a paradox—or a problem. For it is a curious fact that though Monsignor Hinsley was one of the very few Rectors of the Venerabile whose rule unquestionably achieved greatness, none the less he lacked many of the qualities which are considered indispensable in a superior. For instance, he could often be managed. More than one generation of students learned to read the barometer of his chin and to seize the acceptable time. It was even possible to soften his defences with the right approach, solicitude that he should have a cigarette well alight, pleasant enquiries about his pet scheme of the moment, gentle gossip of initiative in the House, all leading up to the moment when one popped the vital question. Again, he would allow himself to be drawn into argument with a petitioner, and he was not a good arguer; as a result, the more quick-witted won far more permissions than was good for them. Moreover, he was not always just—far from it! His leaves, his refusals, his wrath were, on occasion, quite unaccountable. An inoffensive member of the community once asked to be allowed to buy a pair of shoes from anyone other than the College cobbler, on the ground that the latter always under-estimated the size of our feet—which was perfectly true. But the Rector, in a towering rage, turned on him: "You're discontented—yes, you are! And you're not the only one—there are eight of you—I know you—well, the quicker you all

get out, the better!" The student's astonishment was both genuine and, in this case, justified.

To get at once to the node of this business : those who thought they knew him best were often most surprised at his success. He had not always succeeded. Indeed, his early years as a priest had been a series of false starts, so that he was threatened with the reputation of not being able to stay any one course. His cronies gave him six months at this new post in Rome. But whoever was responsible for Father Hinsley's appointment was a man of deep discernment.

The new Rector found a down-at-heels College with a great past, an unworthy present and a problematical future. The finances were chaotic, the building dirty and inadequate. War had reduced the number of students to apostolic proportions. There was little tradition of official encouragement to intellectual effort, and the reputation of the Venerable stood low at the University.

The measure of Monsignor Hinsley's success is that he changed all this. The modernisation of the House was seriously taken in hand and a progressive outlook became the hall-mark of the College. After the stagnant pools of O'Callaghan and Giles and McIntyre, came the clear flow of fresh water, cleansing and invigorating, that has never since dried up. The Common Room was made into a worthy *focolare*, a true family hearth. Central heating was installed, to the disquiet of previous generations who had withstood the Arctic conditions of winter and stone floors. Here was a new broom who would sweep away all the old familiar grumbles! Meanwhile, the Rector went on his way, cleaning the Augean stables of the slums and supplying them with furniture which has certainly lasted, but which was not his happiest investment. The chairs threw you forward and the tables knocked you back; in this condition of unstable equilibrium you were expected to wrestle with the subtleties of Remer. The elder generation need not have worried lest we should lack for grumbles. New rooms were added, some of them surprisingly original in that they lacked doors altogether. The entrance corridor was furbished up and respect paid to the dignity of its proportions; the *salone* was achieved from a rabbit-warren of rooms, and new benches in the Church displaced the motley collection of kneelers that had hitherto done service there. Again, I must confess that these benches were not all

that they might have been. Small men were apt to slip off and catch their chins a devastating thwack. So strips of carpet were added which did nothing to prevent frequent epidemics of water on the knee. But there was one definite gain—the volley of locker-shutting at the *Fiat, fiat*. That is a memory which will remain for life, a most emphatic form of grace before meals. The Tank was built in the garden with its Mediterranean blue water. And the day it was blessed, before the last *Amen* had died away, an unexpected figure thrust through the ranks of worshippers and the Rector plunged in, first of all his students, to come up with a large fig-leaf plastered on his bald head.

But of all the material benefits we received at his hands, Palazzola was undoubtedly the greatest. The hegira from Monte Porzio, with its interlude at Montopoli, is history: and even the hardest-crust-ed traditionalists are to-day converted. All who have joined the lizards on that sun-baked wall to stare at the lake and the Capucci' and the Campagna beyond; all who have watched September sunsets over the sea; all who have trained the old telescope on St Peter's dome, shimmering below in the heat of the plain; all who have fought the bracken on the Sforza and tramped the chestnut woods in the cool of the evening; all who remember the smell of bay leaves and the shape of the Gothic windows upstairs and the peace of the Church in the early morning, hold the name of Arthur Hinsley in undying benison. Palazzola was a princely gift, and in princely fashion have succeeding Rectors dealt with it.

This tremendous programme was evidence both of initiative and vision. Monsignor Hinsley was building and planning with faith in a great future. He could have done none of this if he had not solved the financial crisis that met him in his first beginnings. Gone were the days when Cardinal Rossi, then a simple Carmelite Friar, daily trudged along the Monserra' to struggle with a medieval system of accountancy. Years of living from hand to mouth, when one Rector would steal out in the dawn to the Monte di Pietà, or when another would put his hand in his own pocket to balance the books, had left a legacy of chaos and insolvency. Monsignor Hinsley put everything on a firm basis with such success as to incur the accusation of being over keen. But he needed to be keen to investigate a mort of pensions that ante-dated the flood and obligations to the very dead like Cardinal Pole and the Old Pretender. He bequeathed

a sound system to his successor, and despite the claims of rapid expansion and the ravages of war, the Venerable has never since known what it is to be in debt.

Before leaving the material evidence of progress, one should mention the introduction of nuns to the laundry and the kitchen. At the time, this move was a *res inaudita* which caused the retrograde to hold their hands to heaven, to prate of protocols and Lehmkuhl, to whisper that these English were as amoral as they were mad. To-day the majority of Colleges have followed suit. He is the true pioneer who is justified by the compliment of imitation. Where Bishop Giles boasted of being the last to change, Monsignor Hinsley led the van. But his changes were not made just for the sake of change, and the proof thereof is that they lasted. *Ex fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos.*

Still, all this is only the husk of rectorship. A Rector stands or falls by the outlook with which he inoculated his men, and now we reach the realm where words are so inadequate. Monsignor Hinsley was not gifted—if it is a gift—with the power of epigram, but several years before the end of his rectorship he boasted that whereas on his coming he had found the twelve apostles, now he could contemplate in our crowded Refectory the number of the disciples. Moreover, he was not content only with quantity. Once, just before the summer examinations, when he passed me intent upon my books, he said: “Don’t overdo it, now—go gently!” “Right, Sir”, I said, “but if I go down, don’t blame me.” “Go down?”, he swivelled round and faced me: “if you go down, I’ll take the hide off you!” There could be no mistake about the effect of his interest in our studies. Father Geny came from the Gregorian and made a startling confession in the Common Room: that he had experienced two great conversions in his life, one from Suarezianism to Thomism, and the other from a conviction that the English College had no more serious interest in life than football to a realisation that we were *fra i migliori collegii all’Università*. Later, Father Grisar went much further than that and put us at the top of the tree without rival. I recount these verdicts for the praise they bestow on Monsignor Hinsley; it was he who broke an unworthy tradition, about which Barry could speak so blisteringly, and established in its stead a healthy public opinion. It was the thing to praise the Villa and to enjoy spaghetti; it was also the thing to be dissatisfied with a low

mark. The Old Man made a ceremony of opening those fateful envelopes from the Gregorian, blessing them punctiliously as if he would raise the numbers inside. And if it was a good mark, how he exulted! If it was not, one could only wilt piteously before the storm.

The fact that he was able to create such a public opinion, and in so short a time, is proof of the influence he exerted on the House. Though he might let us manage him, it was only over very small beer: those who thought he did not rule were judging from superficial observation. And yet this was said at the time and is said by some even to-day. I wish the critics could have lived in the College when the Boss was displeased: such a cloud hung over the place, such an air of tension and distress, that none might doubt who was master. And despite his short sight he saw most of what was going on. Once he quoted to me the old aphorism of rulership: *omnia vide, multa dissimula, pauca corrige*. Many little incidents showed that he lived up to all three.

He had done a good course in his own day, and all his contemporaries said that he worked like a beaver. Yet he was not a scholar and made no pretensions to scholarship. Indeed, his modesty was such that men easily underrated the powers of his mind. I remember being struck by the way he quoted John Stuart Mill at a debate, years after having read him for a London degree. In the Literary Society he would never fail to cap the giant of the night, whatever his subject. Even if the talk were of some remoter country, the Rector had always been there. We thought he was beaten when Archbishop Goodier was the speaker, but no: Monsignor Hinsley had once made the trip to Bombay on a troopship—and we were left to wait for a lecture on the Great Ice Barrier before we could hope to see the Rector at a loss. Incidentally, the power of succinct exposition, which he showed so clearly in his last years, was of late growth. In the Roman days he had a tendency to spoonerisms, invariably proposing a “votey heart of thanks”. Dates were a fatal pitfall, 1569 becoming 1695 and making nonsense of his remarks. And he was already Archbishop of Westminster when he addressed an Irish pilgrimage at Downside on their glorious martyr, Blessed Oliver Cromwell!

That parenthesis has led me away from the fact that his width of interests was one of the elements in his influence over

us. It was his habit of mind to encourage initiative in others. How many of the things we prize to-day owe their existence to his unselfish enthusiasm! Concerts in their modern form, the Opera, this magazine itself, the extension of gitas, the organ in the Church. These were all the ideas originally of the students, but that only increased their appeal to him. When one bright lad made a golf course with nine tin mugs and a pair of nail-scissors, no one was more delighted than the Rector. He raced down from the Sforza and gathered a party to come and see the new miracle.

The gift of enthusiasm kept him young at heart all his days, enthusiasm for God's cause, enthusiasm for every project that aimed at furthering God's cause; and that it was not his own idea made no difference. The whole trend of his mind was positive; he never threw cold water on a scheme unless he absolutely had to. In fact, his generosity of judgment led him into quixotic actions—the one virtue he lacked was prudence. That was why he was not always just. He had none of the cold temperament which weighs men and things and refrains from an immediate verdict on principle. Arthur Hinsley's mistakes were the result of impulsiveness; but because this impulsiveness was the flower of generous roots, in the end it did infinite good, not harm—it was, quite truly, *felix culpa*. This is no literary conceit. He triumphed in Rome, in Africa and at Westminster, not by reason of any outstanding qualities of statesmanship, but by sheer greatness of heart. So much was it part of him that even the impersonality of the microphone could not block it. That is why he was the supreme broadcaster. Utterly unself-conscious, without artifice or any knowledge of window-dressing, he came through to the listening millions as a living character, sincere, generous and human; and as such they took the Cardinal to their hearts.

It was exactly the same gift that made a triumph of his rectorship and implanted such a fine spirit of openness in the Venerable. He could come into the Common Room, announce that he had been completely wrong about something, likely as not describe himself as a doddering old footler and rouse us to a warmth of affectionate reverence that would never have been engendered without the original mistake. None of this is according to Cocker. Most people would say it is better for a superior not to make mistakes. In this case they would have

been egregiously wrong. Ordinary men cannot afford many mistakes ; it was Arthur Hinsley's secret to thrive on them. Most people would say that principle, not personality, should rule a college. But why not both ? He might lack prudence ; he might, through generosity of mind, take mistaken decisions, but he never lacked principle. What he succeeded in doing, above all things, was to clothe principle in a warmth of affection and devotion that made it a thousand times more effective. And that was sheer gain.

The consequence was that his students revered him and loved him. There was no "agin the Government" complex in the men he trained.

Many colleges run comic magazines, but they are usually shy of the light of day. In the Venerable of Monsignor Hinsley *Chi Lo Sa* ? not only began a long and distinguished career, but was shown to the Rector as a matter of course. This was a tribute to the relationship he had established, which secured that the poison of misguided humour be eliminated by drawing the fangs of secrecy. Despite his straightforwardness—and he loathed hypocrisy with all his soul—he could be subtle in his methods when he so pleased.

Everyone in the House was concerned in the same great task, whether superior or student, the fostering of a true priestly spirit. Something of the bond between Allen and the generous men of Douai was recreated by Monsignor Hinsley's rectorship—a human bond, sublimated by the grace of vocation. What a gift was his ! The power of appealing immediately to the goodwill of others. When the Gregorian fêted his red hat with the traditionally formal programme of speeches and musical extracts, the great hall and the galleries above buzzed with the private conversations of uninterested thousands. Then it came to the turn of the new Cardinal to express his thanks. Scorning the microphone, he stood up to his full height and started to bellow—no more elegant word really describes it. There was silence, the silence of stupefaction ; then a burst of delighted merriment. And after that, all those different nationalities, German, Italian, French, Spaniard—*omnes gentes* in fact—settled down to listen to his creed, love of God and of man, loyalty to the Church, universality and an abiding ideal of hard work. It was the only speech at the Gregorian which was heard out to the end, and then it was answered with such a storm of applause as bewildered

the ossified officials on the dais. Catholicism is of the heart as well as of the head. And I do not believe he knew he had done anything extraordinary that night.

Bishop Burton had a habit of cracking one across the knuckles with his ring. When Monsignor Hinsley was made a Bishop, to his own amusing astonishment, he got at least one satisfaction out of his new dignity. George Ambrose arrived for his annual visit, and that night at supper we were electrified by the spectacle of two Bishops apparently wielding knuckle-dusters. The Rector did not believe that dignity and solemnity were convertible terms: in his own case at least he was absolutely right. He never lost his grip or lacked for authority. That must be repeated. It is the one criticism that sticks to his rectorship, and all his students will testify to its unfoundedness. The sort of thing that perhaps gave rise to this myth was his pleasure in noise. "The blackguards are rowdy tonight", he would say with a grin on his face, "there can't be much wrong in the House." When he met anyone with a long face, in the corridors or on the stairs, he would stop him and ask what was the matter. Then woe betide the man who relapsed into slang and said he was just generally fed-up. "Fed-up!"—this with a great roar. "Damnable phrase—never let me hear it again! It just shows that you're utterly unspiritual. What you want is to work harder and to pray harder. That's the remedy for bile."

I have said little of the ideal he put before us and nothing of the spiritual wells of his own life. One shrinks from putting these things into print. It is the crowning glory of Monsignor Hinsley's rectorship that he breathed a noble spirit into the body politic. If his course, dictated at times by impulsiveness, might on that account seem erratic, it never really lost its sense of direction. It takes more than a great heart to make a great leader, and he was one who could fire us with the wonder of his vision. Always he had a clear view of the end and of the means. His whole purpose was to help each of us to acquire the spirit of God's apostles to men; to develop charity, which issues in unselfishness, zeal, energy, sympathy, knowledge and the width of interests to be found in culture. And he never failed to hold this vision before our eyes while he explained the purpose of everything in our lives, and showed how this or that in detail would contribute to the winning of our goal. His power over us

was compounded of wide vision, deep conviction and generosity of heart. Nor must I shirk the witness of his own example. If ever a man was a priest whole-heartedly and all the time, that man was Arthur Hinsley. His natural character and his supernatural growth both alike knew no interest outside the service of God's creatures. It was written on the Martyrs' Picture over the High Altar: *Ignem veni mittere in terram, et quid volo nisi ut accendatur?* That might well have been the motto of his rectorship. As for his prayer, it was—like everything about him—utterly unself-conscious. My very first morning at meditation, I was disturbed to hear, nearby at my left hand, the sounds of unspeakable groaning. Puzzled by the whole religious exercise, I looked up cautiously to find my Rector smiting his bald pate and muttering: "O my God, I am a blighter!" As he grew older, he grew more and more a man of prayer. At Hare Street he was always slipping out into the garden to say his rosary. I can see him now, bent a little and short-sighted, pacing the path with his breviary and savouring aloud the words of the psalms. He suffered from no inhibitions or other psychological luxuries of our times; when he wanted to say his prayers, he said them; and increasingly he wanted to say his prayers.

I am not concerned here with his Englishry, his love of cricket, his pride in Yorkshire, even his devotion to the Martyrs. These things are the common property of all who cherish his memory. But one last word must be said of his favourite theme, *pietas*, the mutual obligations of ruler and ruled, obligations of affection and reverence and responsibility. He had immense appreciation for an immortal soul; God made the soul for joy of it and died for love of it. And that was something Arthur Hinsley could never forget. So, whether the soul inhabited the body of an English street urchin, or of a smutty piccaninny, or only of a Church student, its worth dictated a courtesy of approach and a charity of treatment which made him a father always to his people and the ideal shepherd of his flock.

When he went to Africa, he met a far bigger horizon. All his power of sympathy was called out by the plight of the native peoples. All his enthusiasm for the Faith was aroused by its prospects, for instance, in Uganda. All his devotion to the Papacy was satisfied in official service, direct service of the Holy See; and all the strength of him, the chin on him, was used to combat anyone who, through ignorance, stupidity or male-

volence, would frustrate the progress of God's cause.

When he came back after two years, the Venerable was too small for him. Missionary zeal had taken hold, and new enthusiasms had overlaid the old. That hurt a little, but unreasonably. We even felt jealously towards little Father Englebert, who was as much a mother to him as a secretary, and when they disappeared together on their way back to Mombasa, it was as if a link were broken. But it was he himself who was broken—by the climate of Africa—and he came back to Rome to be consigned to the living grave of the Canonica, which emphasises its own character by such inscriptions as *hodie mihi cras tibi*. Father Englebert made one of the best speeches which have ever been made in the Common Room—an account of his stewardship, resigning to our care the man who, he said, had always been ours; and that afternoon we felt it was again true.

The poor Archbishop was left to wander disconsolately to St. Peter's for Office; disarmingly he asked leave of his successor to walk the Cardinals' gallery in the College where he himself had once ruled. There was the finger of decay upon him, as on one who has finished with life. Then, one astonishing day in the early Spring of 1935, the true humility of the man was revealed. For he came to one who had been his own student and said they wanted to send him to Westminster. "Now I am old; I am not well; I have been out of England for years; I have no special intellectual attainments; it is obvious to me that they only want me as a stopgap, but am I capable even of that much? *Nemo sibi iudex*. Just you tell me what I should answer, and I'll do exactly as you say." That is the measure of the man. And a few days later, at supper in the Refectory, Monsignor Godfrey announced the appointment of the new Archbishop of Westminster.

Most of you who read this will remember that night; the greatest cheers that have ever threatened the stability of Pozzi's ceiling. But the astonishing thing is the change that had come over Archbishop Hinsley. He had got a job to do again, and ten years seemed to have dropped from him. He stood erect, he stuck out his chin, his voice resounded—there was vigour and conviction and courage back in the man. Here indeed was resurrection.

And so he went to London, and we saw him only at intervals, such as the canonisation of Fisher and More and on his own

election to the Sacred College, when his speeches were anything but diplomatic yet achieved the highest diplomacy by making everyone love him. That Christmas night, mischievous conspirators hung up the scarlet stockings he had not yet worn and filled them with pipes and tobacco and a black chocolate baby. He loved that sort of simple joke, and showed the baby next day to many high Italian prelates, who did not in the least know what to make of it.

And always he preached to us the same message, manly piety, loyalty to the Church and to the Pope without qualification or clever distinctions; and zeal, burning zeal, for the souls of men. At the Conclave he seemed literally to see the Church as the Bride of Christ, when he was caught up into the miracle of her perpetual rejuvenation until it was all a re-enacting of the "Te Deum". And the last picture is of a frail, old man, fighting against weakness and pain, distressed to the very soul by the miseries of the war, by any scandal or opposition in the Church, worrying about these things and yet, when the time came for action or for public speech, so vigorous, so clear-seeing, so down-right.

He was not a naturally patient man, but he won to boundless patience with the bearing of pain. His tropical eczema was like a hair-shirt that he might never put off; he was handicapped in his work by partial blindness and deafness; he was liable to sudden sharp heart attacks which left him prostrate. All of this he bore with great gentleness; he was so grateful for the devoted attention he received. And because he battled all the time to do his work despite his ailments, there was nothing weak or senile in his gentleness. He did not lack for life while he lived. The contrast was pitiful between his physical appearance and the resonance of his voice when he proclaimed his convictions. One was put in mind of Pius XI in his last years, the triumph of a high spirit over the weakness of a body that was tired out. The Cardinal would sit in his chair smoking matches—for he never succeeded in smoking a pipe through—listening to the petty interests of others. Perhaps he was a trifle more remote than he had once been; but it was because his mind was filled with the giant issues of a world in convulsion. The news on the wireless might not be missed on any account. Defeat would depress him, till he consciously straightened his shoulders, thrust out his chin, and announced his faith in the providence of God.

Victory would elate him, give a sparkle back to his eye and the old grin to his mouth. He would put his pipe down, look for his breviary, get up and make for the door. "We're doing well—eh?" And then he'd go to say his prayers—for justice and charity, victory and peace.

He was so very human and so very near to God in his faith, in his humility, in his love of men and of the good things of life. "All things to all men"; what priest could ask a better epitaph? But the war years brought him a new responsibility and a wider opportunity which he seized with both hands. In that high place, as representative of the Church before a nation, bared to the bone, his triumph merits the reverential application of Our Lord's own words: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself."

RICHARD L. SMITH.

BLESSED HENRY MORSE

It was over half a century since Henry VIII had prohibited the reading of Canon Law to students at the Inns of Court when Henry Morse began his studies for the Bar. But although in a day the basis of Catholic Common Law had been severed at its root, the outlook and traditions of the Inns of Court long resisted the pagan Roman code of absolutism which took its place, and the common lawyers in the reign of James I, steeped in the history of pre-reformation days, were still largely Catholic in outlook and sympathy. It is not surprising therefore to find that open-minded men, brought up in the new religion and entering the Inns of Court, should soon be moved to doubt the orthodoxy of the Protestant faith. One of these, Henry Morse, was so tormented by increasing doubts that he went abroad to Belgium, where he might the more freely apply himself to so grave a matter and satisfy his conscience.

After long and careful study of the whole question, he was received into the Church at Douai in June 1614,¹ being then in his twentieth year. He returned to England but was arrested on landing and presented with the oath of allegiance, which he refused to take. Accordingly, after imprisonment, he went into his first exile.

His destination was Rome. Under the name of Warde he passed through Douai in August 1618,² and entered Rome on St John's Day of the same year. He was received at the English College under the alias of his mother's maiden name, Claxton, by that illustrious Rector, Fr Thomas Fitzherbert S.J.,³ who had

¹ Douai Diary, 1614

² Ibid. 1618

³ Liber Ruber, 1618

been appointed that summer and was to rule the College till his death twenty years later.

Henry Morse started his studies at once, and took the missionary oath on May 1st, 1619. This he attests in the *Liber Ruber* with his own hand. His course was remarkable not so much for his studies as for his holiness and modest charity, and for his friendship with everybody. Both Fr. Corby¹ and the College diary make special mention of this and leave no doubt at all but that he was a champion of the Common Room, which is all the more creditable in view of his ultimate confession to God on the scaffold, where he states that one of his chief struggles in life had been against impatience and hastiness of temper. Writing some ten years after Fr Morse's martyrdom, his *ripetitore* in Ontology praises his zealous study of the Faith and his unusual care for the discipline of the House. "Erga moderatores observantissime obediens, quorum partes firmissime si quid existeret cum Alumniis dissidii, ut res humanae habentur, defenderet atque sequeretur."² In bodily mortification he was "haudquaquam modicus", and he seems to have been eager to dispute in the Faith with any visitors from England.

It would seem that he took a holiday after finishing his philosophy, as he is mentioned as a visitor to Douai on his way to England in 1620.³ However, he was back in Rome for his theology, was ordained, and departed for the English mission in June 1624.

He landed at Newcastle, and served at the chapel of St. Anthony, Walker-on-Tyne. For more than two centuries a shrine of St. Anthony had existed there, and his picture hung from a tree on the river bank for the benefit of sailors entering the Tyne. To preserve this shrine and to constitute a rendezvous for the Catholics of the district a private chapel had been built a few years before by Mrs Dorothy Lawson of Heaton.⁴

Mrs Lawson was a most remarkable lady. A Constable of Burton-Constable in Yorkshire, she inherited to the full that great strength of faith and Catholic tradition which has marked that family since Norman times until the present day. Her husband, James Lawson of Brough, died soon after their mar-

¹ In *Certamen Triplex*, Antwerp 1645—from which most of this article is taken. For the use of this and other MSS. I would like to record my thanks to the Stonyhurst authorities for allowing free admission to the Library and Archives.

² Alegambe-Nadasi *Mortes Illustres*, S.J., 1557.

³ Douai Diary, 1620.

⁴ *Life of Mrs. Dorothy Lawson*, Richardson.

riage, and at Heaton she lived alone the life of a saint. She championed the Catholic cause quite openly, and when she built St Anthony's she substituted for his picture a great sign, "Jesus", in capitals on the end of the house, visible to all who passed on the river. Many said this was folly as it was certain to attract the pursuivants, but the Holy Name spelt safety to her, and though it was publicly known to the magistrates that priests were in residence there and hundreds of Catholics came to Mass, she was not once molested, nor were any priests serving the chapel ever arrested while actually in her service.

Fr Morse remained at St Anthony's a year, being termed by Mrs Lawson's biographer "a touchstone of patience", which again speaks eloquently for the conquest over his short temper which so worried him on the scaffold. In 1625 he was arrested and imprisoned, being sent to York with Fr John Robinson S.J. who had been at the Venerabile from 1616 to 1620, in which year he joined the Jesuits.

For three years these two were companions in the Castle. At the end of this period, however, Fr Morse was so weakened by the cold, dirt and constant hunger, that he was almost at the point of death. But it had been an ideal novitiate for the Society of Jesus, which he now joined. Fr Vitelleschi, the general of the Society, had given him permission before he left Rome and, with Fr Robinson as his novice-master, he found a place of retreat which proved a perfect school of sanctity, far from all noise and distraction, and here he took his simple vows. Every day he spent himself in assisting fellow-prisoners in works of perfection with such zeal that during his confinement scarcely a single malefactor went to the scaffold without first being reconciled to God. The gallows conversion of a man and wife who had been hardened blasphemers led to a complaint being made to the judges on circuit. Their lordships replied that at least these criminals had mended their ways, showing in their death the respect and humble bearing of Christians such as they had never shown during life, and that the man who had managed to teach them this had done very well, whoever he was.¹

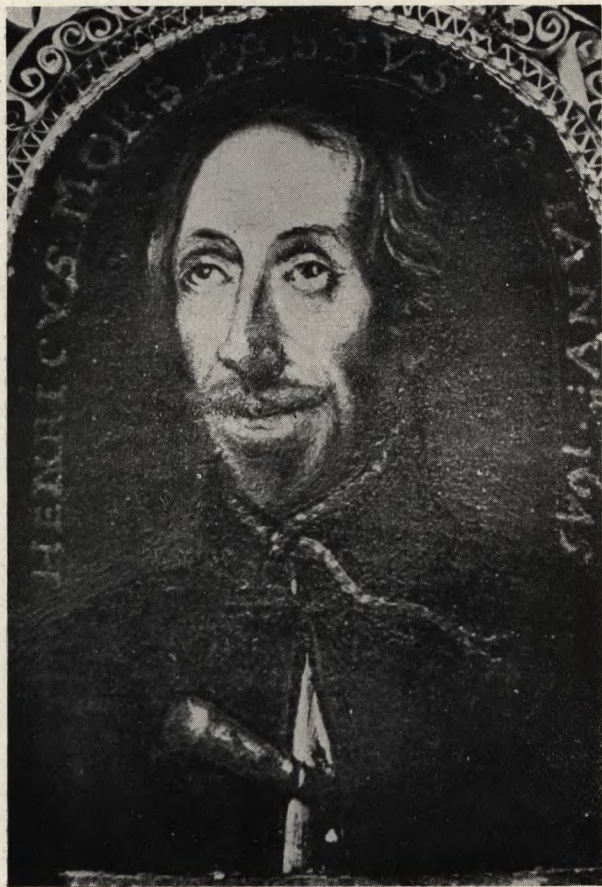
Sent from York into exile for a second time, Fr Morse went to the Jesuit house of Wutten to recuperate his health. From here he used to go out among the English soldiers serving with the Emperor, and so overworked his weakened constitution

¹ Foley Records vol. I, p. 566, vol. III, p. 49 sq.

by instructing, preaching in the towns and giving the sacraments that he again collapsed, and only by the grace of God, as he afterwards declared, and the labours of the good fathers of the college of Cassell was he saved from death. When sufficiently recovered he was appointed to Wutten and then to Liège as minister, where he not only fulfilled his office with that prudent and balanced efficiency so characteristic of Jesuit houses, but also manifested a personal love of being everyone's servant, and himself observed the domestic discipline more perfectly than anyone else in the house. However, his zeal for the conversion of England was not such as could be satisfied within the walls of a Belgian college, and great was his joy when, in 1636, he was ordered to return to England.

The Plague, which in a greater or less degree constantly menaced London until after the Great Fire, was rife in 1636, and it was to this field that Fr Morse was now sent. Fortified by a Retreat and the renewal of his vows, he started work by compiling a list of the Catholic houses of London, and in the first four months assisted over forty plague-stricken families. Living conditions were often appalling and he frequently had to work amid abject squalor in rooms thick with foul and pestilential air, other details of which, recorded by Tanner, are too revolting to be described. The pursuivants, too, had to be avoided, and on one occasion, as he was approaching a house, the maid warned him by a signal of an ambush prepared for him. As she was one of those he was coming to visit, he briefly heard her confession, reconciled her to the Church and gave her absolution over the garden wall before slipping away unseen.

At this time work on the London mission was gravely hindered through lack of means, and a fund was started among the laity for the relief of the Catholic poor who, of course, under the penal laws did not share what public benefit there was. As the plague grew worse, the clergy asked for the appointment of definite persons to administer the London district and organise relief work. To this post Fr John Southworth was appointed, with Fr Morse of the Society of Jesus for his colleague. The funds were first allotted to the care of souls, and any superfluity went to the bodily relief of the poor. They converted hundreds, reconfessed many who had been absolved by the Queen's Capuchin chaplains who could not understand English, and put many marriages right. What is more, their work seems to have been



tacitly recognised by some of the magistrates, for it was they who ordered the benefit to be restored to one very poor woman who had been openly converted and was suffering considerably through being deprived, as a Catholic, of any further alms.

The success of the work seems to have roused the devil to new activity, and he now engineered what might have proved a fatal dispute between Fr Morse and Fr Southworth.¹ Considering the character and zeal of these two martyrs, it is very hard to see how the trouble arose; but perhaps impetuosity on one side and jealousy on the other were the means used by the devil to stir it up. It was occasioned by Fr Southworth being informed that Fr Morse was administering Penance and Viaticum to the dying, but not Extreme Unction. Actually, Fr Morse omitted Extreme Unction for reasons of security, but he submitted at once when upbraided by his colleague, and from then onwards gave Extreme Unction as well. Fr Southworth next cast doubts on the validity of Fr Morse's faculties, and began warning Catholics not to go to him for confession. This was too much, and Fr Morse decided to end the trouble once and for all, since it was seriously impeding their work and was in distinct opposition to Papal authority. The two met and the affair was amicably settled, with the result that perfect harmony afterwards existed between them.

Shortly after this Fr Morse contracted the plague, and the work was again interrupted; but a friend of his obtained the services of Dr. Turner, a capable and seemingly well-known physician, who attended him personally, cut out the ulcer, and dressed and cured the wound. Moreover, in recognition of the great work Fr Morse was doing, he refused to accept any fee, and gave the money back for the use of the poor. As usual, Fr Morse gave himself no time to convalesce, and in September he went down again, growing steadily worse until all hope of recovery was given up. At this moment, rather ironically, a letter arrived from his superior telling him to take care of his health and not to overdo things. He read the letter, and immediately sat up and declared himself cured. And in point of fact he was indeed soon on the way to recovery. This cure he himself considered miraculous and, in obedience to the letter, he did take some precautions for his health, and recommenced work gradually.

¹Tanner. Soc. Iesu, pp. 126-131.

¹Foley, vol. I, p. 566 sq.

But even now he was not to be allowed to work in peace. While visiting a sick family during his convalescence, he was arrested and shut up in a room where, while awaiting his summons before the magistrate and knowing he would be searched, he hid the Blessed Sacrament. Asked by the magistrate whether he was a priest, whether he was entering infected houses, and whether he celebrated Mass, he avoided the first question, admitted that he distributed alms, and volunteered the information that no priest might say Mass after midday ! The magistrate commended him. He was then released, and he returned to the room for his pyx, gave his keeper £1 and converted him, and returned at once to his work.

Fr Morse now found his sphere of activity doubled in size by the capture of Fr Southworth, who was imprisoned until his execution in 1654. In January 1637 Fr Morse had five hundred families to attend, and so many Protestants demanding instruction that he simply could not deal with all the sick.

As he returned home one night towards the end of February, he met Francis Newton and John Cook, two notorious informers, the latter of whom had accosted him before, releasing him only on the payment of money. This time, as he offered resistance, they summoned a constable to arrest him. Actually, the man was not a constable at all but an attorney, John Thompson, a friend of Newton, posing as a constable to give Newton's violence the semblance of authority. The four of them first repaired to a tavern to drink, needless to say on Fr Morse's pocket, and then set out ostensibly for Whitehall ; but in fact they crossed the river to Westminster, and in the house of one John Spencer in Broad Sanctuary they confined Fr Morse, as yet on no authority whatsoever.

As the following events show, neither zeal for Protestantism nor loyalty to the law motivated Cook and Newton, but purely the opportunity of gain, and on the very next day they came to strike a bargain with him. While he was negotiating with these two scoundrels a maid, who had tracked him down to this house, arrived and asked to see him. Fr Morse at once slipped forward to show himself and ordered the servant to tell the Queen of his arrest, hoping by this means to impress his captors and obtain his freedom at least a little more cheaply. The Queen actually was informed, but in the meantime Fr Morse, worried by his own bad health and eager to continue his work, agreed on a bargain,

and with Cook, Newton and Spencer, went over to the Sunne Tavern to seal it with a drink, as before "on Fr Morse his pocket". The arrangement was that Fr Morse should collect £5 within twenty-four hours or, failing that, return to custody; that he should not tell anyone of the transaction, and that if ever the Council summoned him he should give himself up at once. Newton, on the other hand, promised never to accost him again unless the Council summoned him, and to prevent all other pursuivants or informers from molesting him in future.

Fr Morse must have realized by this time that Newton could not be acting on authority in this matter, but he was not yet aware that no authority whatever had been informed; and though it was very unlikely that Newton would keep his part of the contract, he deemed his own immediate release worth the risk. Accordingly, he accepted the terms and set out at once with Cook to obtain the money, while the other two sat on to finish their drink.

He first visited a chemist in the Strand in order to purchase some medicine, but also because he hoped to obtain from the chemist, who was a friend of his, the ransom necessary to rid himself of his scoundrelly companion. The chemist, however, had not the ready money, so they set out across the fields to W. Hodson, a cutler, in Holborn. While Fr Morse was explaining the situation to him, two other friends indoors heard the conversation, drew their swords and rushed out on Cook, who tore off in terror, hotly pursued down a side street.

Mr Hodson relieved Fr Morse of the embarrassing task of begging the £5 by informing him that the Queen had pardoned him and that he was free. However, because of his obligation to the Queen for her kindness—lest by freeing himself he should seem to have slighted her gracious assistance—and also because of his contract to return to his captors if he was unable to pay the £5, he returned to Spencer's house on March 1st to await his official release.

On March 2nd he wrote in his diary: "This was indeed sore intelligence to Newton. So much so that, under pretext that this exercise of mercy by the Queen through the petitioners to Her Majesty was prejudicial to the Royal Cause, he went the next day to the King's Secretary, a man who had long been extremely hostile to Catholics. He represented to him what he had done, and the other not only commended him, but promised

him a large reward ; but, moreover, strictly enjoined him to make diligent enquiries about my habits and proceedings, and not to restore me to my liberty, even by order of the Queen, unless he first saw Her Majesty's own hand signifying her will."

On March 4th therefore he was still a prisoner, now officially so, and appearing before the Privy Council. At this meeting the Protestants of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields laid a complaint before the Council because of the great increase in the number of Roman Catholics, so great in fact that in Bloomsbury they were as many again as the Protestants. In consequence of this complaint, which was signed by the people and their parson, the Council appointed an enquiry of twenty days, while in the meantime Fr Morse returned to his confinement in the Sunne Tavern, where he spent Lent fasting and praying in solitude. March 26th saw him transferred to Newgate, where he was at last out of the control of Newton and Cook who, enraged at having obtained nothing except two drinks, now visited him and demanded £10 each for services rendered. Fr Morse was now in a position to tell them his mind, and his diary hints that he did so with some vigour, so that they departed unrewarded for their pains.

The enquiry completed, he was called to the Bar for trial in April. "On the 22nd of April I was brought up in custody before the judges and a crowded court, and according to custom, being called upon by the crier of the Court, I held up my hand at the criminal bar. Two counts of an indictment were read out ; the one charging me with the priesthood as contrary to the law of the land, and that I had taken Holy Orders from Rome ; the other that I had withdrawn His Majesty's liege subjects from their due faith and allegiance. Being demanded if I was guilty or not guilty of either, I answered : By no means guilty, and that I referred my cause according to custom to be tried by God and the country. Evidence was then called. I was ordered to draw near that I might hear more conveniently what was said. Witnesses for the prosecution appeared, amongst whom were the two pursuivants Newton and Gray, both of them men of infamous character ; the former according to public report had been dismissed by the Bench as unworthy of credit for his perjuries ; the latter some years before was charged by the lawyers of London with some great offence, I know not what, and had been detained in prison. With these came also a certain watchman

named Pope and one Bayley whom I know not. Also three women of the lower class, viz. one Madderson, another Hall, with another from Westminster.

“Newton swore directly and boldly that I was a priest, having on one occasion clearly acknowledged it when he had asked me if I was a Jesuit, and I had denied being so; but on his asking me if I were a priest, I had replied that I would not deny it. Upon this I earnestly protested to the Bench that the evidence of such an infamous and notorious scoundrel could not be accepted as worthy of credit. ‘But’, said the Chief Judge, ‘admitting him to be such, yet it is possible you may be hung upon his evidence.’ His Lordship adding: ‘But come on: what say you? Are you a priest?’ I replied that I was unworthy of that office. But on his again thrusting the same question upon me, I replied, ‘I am, my Lord, altogether unworthy of that function’. ‘But’, rejoined the judge, ‘some may be priests, and yet altogether unworthy of that office; swear, therefore, on the word of a priest that you are not one.’ I replied that the laws of the realm did not permit an oath to be exacted from the accused. ‘Unless you swear this’, he answered, ‘it is a clear proof that you are guilty.’ ‘Be it so’, I replied. ‘To me, meanwhile, it clearly appears to be no proof of guilt whatever.’ Then this judge, turning to another, asserted that I was a priest, committed to the Privy Council. ‘Neither does this’, I said, ‘prove anything; the assertions of Newton are not entitled to credit.’ Being again demanded by the same judge whether I was a priest, I persisted in my former answer. ‘But from this very fact that while you boldly deny everything else, in this one point you equivocate, it is manifest that you are a priest.’ ‘Certainly’, I replied, ‘this is no proof.’

“Upon this, Newton asserted that he had learnt from three sources that I was a Jesuit etc. . . He moreover added that I was a dangerous man, and a consultor among the Jesuits, on which account he was specially charged by him they call the Archbishop of Canterbury to use great caution in apprehending me, and, when arrested, in carefully guarding me, as he tendered his own life!

“The woman Madderson was then called up, and affirmed that I had carried something, she knew not what, in a small piece of red cloth round my neck. I replied that this contained a certain medicine which I had applied to a plague-stricken

person, and which I had carried in a little purple bag. Upon this a discussion arose among the judges whether this was to the point ; but one of them seriously interrogated me, and urged me to give a direct answer, was not this medicine holy water ? I replied that it was not.

“ Gray then swore that he had seen a certain gentleman of rank on his knees making his confession to me ; and the woman Hall added that she had heard me, after having confessed a dying person, distinctly inviting her to confess to me.

“ After these things, being demanded if I was a Catholic, I replied that I was. ‘ A Roman Catholic ? ’ said another. ‘ Yes ’, I replied, ‘ a Roman Catholic, for a Catholic cannot be anything else.’ ”

To Gray’s accusation he replied that it was true that the nobleman had talked aside with him, as it was more convenient, but that Gray could know he had made his confession was impossible, since such took place in secret ; he had helped a dying person to examine her conscience and elicit an act of contrition, but the evidence of Hall concerning confession was valueless, as she did not even know what confession was.

“ Therefore I argued that the witnesses had proved nothing against me, but on the contrary had rather cleared me, except Newton, a wretched man of no credit, who on a previous occasion had been dismissed from the court in disgrace ; in support of which fact I named some of the judges present as being cognizant of it, and I proved that it was a matter of common report. I added that what he had sworn regarding my having acknowledged to him that I was a priest was most false. It was contrary to reason that I should have done so to a most wicked man and at the same time most hostile informer, knowing it to be a capital offence ; especially when at the same time I so cautiously denied being a Jesuit, as he affirmed. Lastly, I declared that I should feel greatly aggrieved if less credit were attached to my word than to his, although he had the advantage of having sworn upon oath.”

On the second indictment against him, namely that of seduction, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, but they convicted him of the priesthood. On hearing this Fr Morse was delighted and warmly thanked the judge, who turned in amazement to the assessors : “ Look, he is thanking me that he is found guilty.” “ Indeed I do, my Lord ”, said Fr. Morse, “ from my inmost heart.”

Called to the Bar for sentence on the 24th—having taken his solemn vows before Fr Ed. Lusher S.J. the day before—he boldly awaited the pronouncement of the expected death penalty, but to his astonishment and disappointment he was remanded from court with marks of respect and honour. The reason for this, though he did not know it at the time, was due to the King's expressed indignation at the proceedings of the trial. His Majesty, on the intercession of Queen Henrietta Maria, would have waived the prosecution when Fr Morse had been imprisoned the previous March, had not the Privy Council informed him that Fr Morse, a priest and conspirator guilty of many crimes, would be exposed as such at the trial. But, as we have seen, the trial exposed nothing; and the King, at the Queen's instigation, readily granted a reprieve.

Bail was paid for him by some noble Catholics, and a fine of 10,000 florins was imposed should he fail to appear on summons; but in order to relieve his friends of so heavy a responsibility, and because of the Royal Edict commanding all priests to leave the country before April 1641, he went once more into exile in Belgium. There, in the camp of the English Legion, he once more worked as a chaplain to the troops, serving under Sir Henry Gage who was later, under Charles I, to become Governor of Oxford, and who was at that time serving the King of Spain.¹ Fr Morse soon became very popular and was known always in the camp as the "Holy Father", but his zeal again demanded wider fields than a single legion camp, and he implored his superiors' permission to go back to England.² Not until two years later, when he was in the Jesuit house at Ghent, was his request granted, and then he was unable to contain himself for joy. He immediately knelt down to thank God, and then rushed off round the rooms of the fathers and even down through the kitchens to the servants to tell everyone the great news, for he seemed certain that this time he was going to martyrdom. As he said goodbye to all his friends he bound himself by a promise to remember them all on the scaffold.

Back in England, he worked in the northern district for some months—natural prudence and fear of embarrassing his old friends must have made a return to London inadvisable—until, somewhere in Cumberland, he was captured, apparently by

¹ Gillow's Dictionary.

² *Certamen Triplex.*

mistake. The pursuivants were searching a house for some other priest who was supposed to be in the district when Fr Morse arrived. He was immediately suspected of being a priest and was despatched under guard towards Durham; but the party was still a long way from that city when night fell and they were obliged to take shelter at a local constabulary. The constable was not at home, but his wife, learning who the prisoner was and being at heart a Catholic, received him with great kindness and prepared his supper without telling her household of his presence. Once alone with him she asked him outright whether he was a priest, offering to release him at once before her husband's return. Fr Morse admitted his priesthood, but declined to escape lest she should suffer in consequence. However, the good lady would brook no refusal, and Fr Morse eventually consented to act according to her plan. He learned from her the whereabouts of all local Catholics, arranged a meeting-place, and then set out with her in secret from the back of the house. That night by devious paths he travelled about thirty miles, and for the next five or six weeks lay hid in the lakeland hills. Late in December 1644 he decided he could safely emerge from his hiding-place; he secured a guide and set out for a new district. Their destination was well known to the guide and they had almost arrived when suddenly, at a junction of paths, the guide in some unaccountable way seemed to lose his memory entirely. Fr Morse approached a nearby cottage to make enquiries. In his account of the incident, Fr Corby insists that the guide was a faithful fellow and well acquainted with the district, so that it would seem that no blame must be attached to him for the events that followed. Fr Morse was met on the threshold of the cottage by a man who appeared to be waiting for him and who, before Fr Morse even spoke, demanded whether he was not the priest who escaped some weeks ago on the way to Durham. Unable in his astonishment to reply, Fr Morse was once more taken prisoner.

This time there was no escape. After some weeks amid the squalor and filth of a Durham prison, he was removed to Newcastle and then by ship to London. At sea they were almost wrecked by a severe storm during which a companion ship sank before their eyes; but the discomfort of the weather was little compared to what Fr Morse had to put up with from the sailors. At Yarmouth—a port of call on the way south—he came as near

to a visit to his family as he had been for years, for he was a Norfolk man and his family apparently still lived there. His brother, a wealthy Protestant lawyer, did all in his power to gain his freedom, but his efforts met with no success. He also bribed the sailors into a promise to treat Fr Morse better, but that they did so seems doubtful, for on arrival at London they handed him over to the officers saying: "We've done our part; it's your turn now. And if it will amuse you, hang the man."

Their journey through London took them past the house of Count Egmont, who was then living in London; and Fr Morse, on parole, received the permission of his guard to call in and pay his respects. The future Duke of Guildres received him with great honour and led him to a private room, where he served his Mass and received his blessing. After Mass the Count elicited a further permission from the guard—he must have been a good host to them—for Fr Morse to visit other friends; and not till several hours later did the party resume its journey to Newgate Gaol.

His brother, in the meantime, had hastened to town and was trying through friends and an offer of 3,000 florins to procure his release, promising to pay 20,000 florins should he ever return. Hearing of this, Fr Morse wrote to his superiors asking whether he should allow such fidelity and enormous expense to be exercised on his behalf, or should he leave all things in the hands of Providence. "Equidem", he concludes, "quod ad me attinet, cupio dissolvi. Si tamen populo sim necessarius, non recuso laborem." Events soon decided what course he should take, for the next day, January 30th, he was accused before the Bar of having been already convicted of the priesthood and banished. In defence, he replied that that conviction was valueless as there had been insufficient evidence. "Are you not a priest then? Or do you think you can just ignore your previous conviction?" "I don't make any judgment of myself", was his reply, "but submit all to this honoured assembly of judges to decide." And without more ado he was condemned on the previous conviction of being a priest, and in spite of all his brother's endeavours he was sentenced and led back to prison.

So crowded with visitors was his prison during the next two days that the scene is described as being like a market, for men and women of every rank and station came to seek comfort and consolation or beg some little relic from the condemned priest.

Fr Corby tells us that on the last day from dawn to dusk "hundreds and hundreds" came to congratulate him and to ask his prayers. The two raging calumnies against Catholics at this time were that they considered Christ's merits insufficient for salvation, and that none of them could ever be found sincerely to die for his faith; and one day a certain Protestant came and openly asked Fr Morse whether anyone could be saved by Christ's merits without the invocation of the saints, and whether he really believed he would go to hell if he apostatised and died outside the Church. To the first question he answered that anyone, even though in fact he happens not to invoke the saints, can indeed be saved, since Christ's merits are superabundant and infinite, provided, however, that he firmly believes, as the Church commands him to believe, that it is not only permissible to ask the intercession of the saints but also a pious and praiseworthy custom, and very beneficial to us creatures. To the second he replied that he was indeed going to testify with his blood the evident truth of the Catholic Religion, without which none could be saved.

Evening wore on, and though he had taken no food or drink all day he still continued to receive the crowds who sought to see him until, for fear of a popular demonstration, a government order came down authorizing the detainment for the night of all these people who, incidentally, were let out the next day on the payment of a fine. This order worried Fr Morse much more than the people themselves, for he hated that others should suffer on his account. He earnestly pleaded for their release, but in vain; so he promised that since he could avail them nothing with these inexorable guards, he would do better on the morrow as suppliant before the throne of God.

Noblemen and foreign ambassadors however, owing presumably to their rank, were still permitted entry, and it seems that scarcely any of the representatives of European Catholic countries failed to visit him. The French Ambassador sent two messengers before him begging permission to visit the prisoner, but when he arrived himself he was unable to see him as Fr Morse was engaged with the Earl of Holland. He therefore returned to supper. After supper he sent four gentlemen to apologise, and the good father was so impressed by his politeness that he sent him a silver crucifix blessed with the indulgence of the five saints, imploring him to continue in his labours for

the Catholic religion in England. The secretary of the German Legation came three times, and said afterwards that Fr Morse was in such high spirits that he might have been preparing to go to a wedding. A Portuguese nobleman and his wife came in disguise and on foot through the pouring rain to visit him. So the procession went on, and Fr Morse sat up all night giving counsel, answering questions, putting right everybody else's troubles and taking not a moment's rest. At 4 a.m. he went aside to prepare for his last Mass, saying before it, as was his custom, the Litany of Our Lady and the Litany of the Saints for the conversion of England. Served by the Emperor's Secretary, he offered a votive Mass of the Holy Trinity in thanksgiving for the grace of dying for Christ, and having distributed Holy Communion to those present he preached a short sermon and retired to rest. An hour later he rose to say his Office for the day, and then went round all the cells to bid adieu to the prisoners, who were not a little surprised to see a man showing such greatness of soul and radiant joy in going to the gallows.

Shortly afterwards a messenger, sent to command him prepare for the journey to Tyburn, found him praying with Fr Thomas Worsley S.J., who was working at that time in disguise among the prisoners. On receiving this communication Fr Morse thanked God on his knees for his many graces, and consecrated himself wholly a victim to Him. Fr Worsley then congratulated him on being about to enter the loving embrace of Jesus Christ, and spoke of his forthcoming meeting with Our Lady and all the saints who were witnessing his glorious fight. Upon which Fr Morse exclaimed: "Come, my most sweet Jesus, that bound in indissoluble union with Thee I may never for all eternity be separated from Thee by any force whatever. *Venite vincula, crates, tormenta, probiosae mortis lamina, venite*—you are above all things joy and gladness to me for the sake of Jesus, my Saviour." Fr Christopher Ultan O.S.F., a fellow-prisoner who had been captured and brought from Ireland, bid him a final farewell, and in after years used to say that he had never seen anyone so full of happiness as was Fr Morse that morning: "*O bone Jesu, qualis ille vultus erat!*"

The Sheriff arrived at nine o'clock and courteously accompanied Fr Morse to the hurdle. Here he arranged the wicker-work of reeds on the top and made the straw as comfortable as he could before allowing the priest to be laid upon it.

The French Ambassador and Count Egmont followed the procession in their carriages. At Tyburn the Sheriff ordered back the crowd to make way for the ambassador, who walked over to the sledge and commended the peace of the Christian world, and especially the Kingdom and rulers of France, to Fr Morse's prayers. The priest gave his handkerchief to the ambassador as a relic, and various coins bent with his teeth to the gentlemen-in-waiting who were kept busy going to and fro among the crowd with messages. Catching sight of the Count in his carriage close by, Fr Morse called out: "Illustrissime Domine, memor ero promissi mei, nec ero ingratus coram Deo pro benevolentia et caritate quam mihi Dignitas Vestra exhibuit." Egmont replied in Latin, congratulating him on his glorious triumph and bidding him farewell, and Fr Morse, having asked the Sheriff not to molest any of his friends who had come to town to see him, climbed on to the waggon under the gallows.

His address to the crowd we quote chiefly from Challoner: "I am come hither to die for that religion which is professed by the Catholic Roman Church, founded by Christ, established by the Apostles, propagated through all ages by a hierarchy always visible to this day, grounded on the testimonies of Holy Scriptures; upheld by the authority of Fathers and Councils, out of which, in fine, there can be no hopes of salvation." At this point the Sheriff interrupted: "Mr Morse, please let nothing of this sort be said with offence to the people, but rather, if you have known of any treason against the King or Parliament, speak out before you die." So Fr Morse proceeded to give a short history of his early life and conversion and to tell how he "went to Rome and studied the space of seven years, and profited much, though perhaps I was no great clerk. Moved only by zeal for souls I returned to my country where, most willingly and joyfully, while the late plague was raging, I devoted myself to the assistance of poor Catholics and others infested by the plague; nor, I hope, did I overlook anything that could conduce to their spiritual comfort." "You should not glory in such things", interrupted the Sheriff and the Calvinist minister who stood by him frowning. "I will glory in nothing", replied Fr Morse, "but in my infirmities; but all glory I ascribe to God, who was pleased to make use of so weak an instrument in so pious a ministry; and who is pleased now to favour me so far as to allow me this day to seal the Catholic faith with my blood;

a favour which I have begged of him these thirty years." "Then you have got what you asked for." "Indeed I have, and therefore I give Almighty God the greatest thanks I can and pray that my death may be some kind of atonement for the sins of this nation; and if I had as many lives as there are sands in the sea, I would most willingly lay them all down for this end and in testimony of the Catholic faith" (here in spite of the minister's attempts to interrupt him, he continued), "which faith is the only true, the only certain faith, the only faith confirmed by miracles and still continuing; in which to this day the blind see, the dumb speak, the dead are raised to life. What, Mr Sheriff, do you say to this? Were you to see the dead rise again would you not believe? Would you not assert that to be the true church where these things are done? Testimonia tua, Domine, credibilia facta sunt nimis.

"But since you asked me whether I knew of any hidden conspiracy against the King or Parliament, I ask you, Mr Sheriff, to attend carefully to what I am about to say as it is of great moment, and before God I speak sincerely." A witness—the Emperor's Secretary—recounts that at this point they all crowded round to hear. "Never in all my life have I known any treason, much less have I partaken in any. But one thing I am quite certain of: the cause of all these tumults and calamitous times in England is heresy and the vile medley of sects; and as long as they seep like poison through the very bowels of this kingdom, in vain may you expect any quiet, peace, or remedy for your ills."

The Sheriff then forbade him to proceed further, but told him to say his prayers and prepare to die. "Yes, I will prepare myself", he said, "and indeed have done so these thirty years." And recollecting himself a little, he raised his hands and his eyes and prayed: "Eternal God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I humbly ask pardon for my sins; I am a great sinner and have much offended Thy divine goodness through human frailty, especially in hastiness of temper and lack of pious attention in my prayers. I am heartily sorry, and as I forgive all who have ever offended me, and those especially who have stained their hands with my blood, so humbly do I seek pardon from all to whom I have in any way at all given offence." He then offered his life to Almighty God for all Christian States and Princes of Europe, and in particular for England, his own beloved country,

declaring he would continue to pray for them all in Heaven. This done, he asked for a nightcap in order to shield his eyes, and a nobleman friend of Count Egmont offered him one, giving the executioner a shilling to return it to him afterwards as a relic.

“In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.” As the cart was drawn away, a priest among the bystanders breathed the words of absolution. He hung there motionless, nor did the hangman attempt to cut him down till he was quite dead.

Courteously the Sheriff kept back the crowd, allowing only the ambassador and Count Egmont to approach as the butcher carried out his bestial task, while the servants moistened handkerchiefs in the martyr's blood to preserve as relics. “My Lord”, said the Sheriff, “I am sorry you should behold so sad a spectacle, but our miseries are such that it must be done.”

ANTHONY J. STOREY.

ROMANESQUES

36.—THE ROMANS

To the Italian of north and south, the being who inhabits the City and Campagna is said proverbially to be of a haughty disposition. But surely envy of his greatness has suggested this to all too willing ears. I wonder is there a *true* formula to contain all the rich essence and to give the specific difference of the Roman from all others, especially from ourselves? Is there a special quality, an ingredient of greatness that grows only in this one magic City?

It is not easy to recall those first bewildering expeditions into the City, the wonder at the first Campo days and the first *Befana*. But surely what first astonished and delighted about this people was their appearance, and first of all their dress. It is to be remarked and regretted that the Englishman is allowed to dress colourfully only when he is going to bed. Our ladies, to be "smart", must go in black, which is indeed no colour at all but the negation of colour, in which by God's courtesy no creature was clad, excepting one or two baser specimens for a sign and an example. Oh, when will it again be realised amongst us that colour is the crown of all creation? How sad indeed if English lanes and fields were dressed as drab as English coats. And how right is the Church not to forego her pageantry, but to make her ministers go still in scarlets and in purples—even to their stockinged feet. It was surely part of God's providence for His Church to set it amid a people who should understand these things. And perhaps Fascism was only displaying its origins when it dared to parade in black shirt in the City of light and colour. At any rate, this first attracted about the Roman: that whereas hitherto we had always assumed that colours

might be tolerated only if decently subdued (rather like religion) here our eyes were abruptly educated out of this bleak northern heresy. The value of a cloth was again biblical, namely, in the variety and intensity of hue. It used to be said, a little unkindly, that Italy had never bothered creating a Minister of Finance, there never being any finances to be administered. If, however, there is such a person, what percentage of his revenue goes to dressing up the King's subjects! Every Roman possesses at least one gorgeous uniform that must cost the country a mountain of lire. But it was not merely the uniform but the ordinary dress which was so extraordinary. To walk one week by the Thames and the next by the Tiber was to pass by a "transformation scene" into an enchanted land. There, then, is the first note to define the Roman: his boyish delight in dressing up and—that purest ecstasy!—his being allowed to don the hues of all the rainbow.

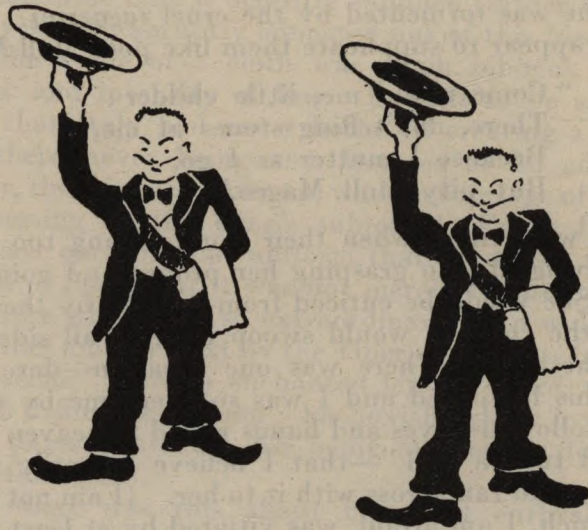
Next, there was this about him that enthralled by its novelty: everyone who passed seemed to possess a private mystery all his own, hugging either a hatred or a personal tragedy or gaiety which simply haunted him. Rome was one vast theatre, and everybody in it seemed not so much to be seeking a livelihood as taking a part in a play, either as duke or duchess, brigand or conspirator. To begin at our own doorstep: who is there of the last decade (and perhaps much earlier) who does not recall a little wistfully the figure of "The Duchess of the Monserrà"? She used to occupy any patch of sunlit cobbles that there was between S. Girolamo and S. Maria in Monserrato, a matter of a hundred yards. All her days were spent there; half of them at the rosary. What a praying-machine she was! In winter she toasted chestnuts, tending them with an enormous pair of prongs like a witch at her cauldron. In summer she knitted and prayed endlessly. She never would sit against our wall; I suppose that would have been too much of a familiarity. Consequently, any window framed her figure against the opposite buildings. She seemed to hold the humblest of us in a reverent awe, rising as each camerata left the door or passed her by, and bowing us on our way like a queen, but never venturing to speak. She must have been immensely old when we arrived, and wore a fixed look of such tragic pathos as would have made her a perfect model for a Pietà. Some blight had fallen on her long ago and she never smiled again. It was sad

the way she was tormented by the cruel *ragazzini*. Sometimes she would appear to supplicate them like poor Moll Magee :

“Come round me, little childer ;
There, don't fling stones at me,
Because I mutter as I go,
But pity Moll Magee.”

But there were times when their taunts stung too deeply and she was inveigled into grasping her prongs and going after the offender. She would be enticed from her fire by the ringleader, and then the children would swoop in from all sides and steal her few chestnuts. There was one occasion—dare I write it down?—this happened and I was so overcome by the flood of grief that followed—eyes and hands raised to heaven and “tears that would turn a mill”—that I believe I hastily borrowed a shining coin and ran across with it to her. (I am not applauding this act which, I am afraid, was vitiated by at least one human frailty.) It is difficult, even now, to recall the Monserrato without her. There was a custom to bribe her to say a decade to see us through an examination or even, I believe, to ensure the success of a concert or any similar enterprise. It was in this way many were first brought to notice her. She would listen to the instructions with a distant wonder in her eyes that such exalted mortals could be troubled by such trifles. No doubt she had much to do with the right thesis turning up. So, all ye holy doctors and licentiates. . . Latterly, she came to set out her paraphernalia only at longer intervals and for less and less time. And it was said that after a severe winter she did not appear again.

There, I have used more than a page on only one Roman, and were they not all dukes and duchesses in disguise? I suppose most people, excepting only ourselves, look upon their condition as a temporary misfortune which will eventually somehow right itself. The Roman not only feels that ; he manages to convey it by a hundred postures and gestures. There clings about him a kind of faded and tattered greatness, the aura of a glory that is temporarily eclipsed. You find, to begin with, that the man whom you have been abusing as “Sam” or “Joe” to get your spaghetti more briskly, in reality should be addressed by some such distinguished name as “Il Signor Giuseppe di Gonfalone”. Our *camerieri* have numbered at least two minor

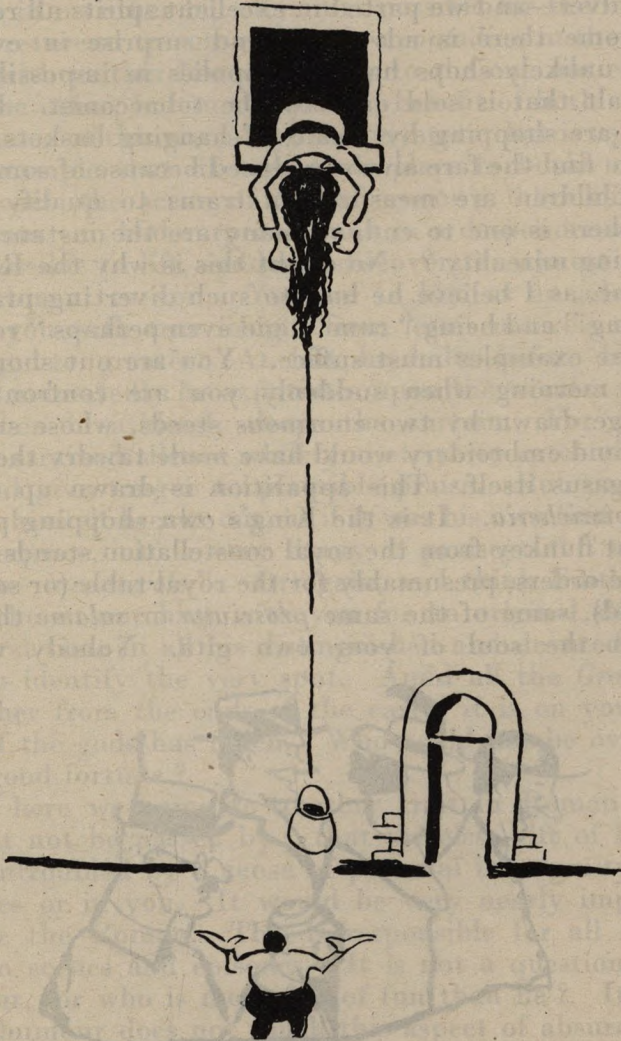


. . . two minor Counts . . .

Counts in their ranks. These people are only dressed as waiters or shop-assistants, that is all. It is manifestly wrong that they should be so occupied, and the grace and resignation, if not the efficiency, of their performance is but part of their greatness of soul. As you move about, it is like Alice in a real new Wonderland, finding people getting "curiouser and curiouser". There is an air of unreality upon them all. I hope it may not sound too foolish—it is certainly the nearest I can get to a comparison—to say that Rome transported me back to the London theatres at Christmas-time, to "Peter Pan" and "Mother Goose" and "Cinderella", and all that magic host of pantos, bringing back by its colours, its curiosities and its impossible situations, that first, best gift of wonderment that elsewhere dies with childhood.

To take a few examples. Even business, you find, that should be so practical, is quite unreal. You ask for something like a frying-pan or a piece of rope, and watch it solemnly weighed before your eyes. Or you ask a shop-assistant to price an article. Furtively, he looks to see there is no eavesdropper, then, with apologetic gesture he says: "*Ma, é caro, Signore—ma per Lei un prezzo speciale. Diciamo venti-tre, venti-due—venti lire.*" It is done so disarmingly that who could remonstrate when a few *soldi* are added for brown paper and string?

Or it may be, as has been told not infrequently in the travel books, having made your purchase, you are about to go on your way rejoicing, when you catch an altercation. Then the *fattore* comes in quickly to apologise. There has been an egregious mistake. The *sotto-assistente generale di bottega* (what alarming titles they bear!) had not realised that the signore was *Inglese*. It was preposterous of him. It is a commonplace that the



... shopping by means of hanging baskets ...

Inglese has the honour of paying more. Such has ever been the prerogative of the Signore's race. "*Il prezzo va a cinque lire di piu.*" Once we were actually similarly overpowered. The price was raised to thirty lire and, as we paid, our vanquisher moralised—as who but a Roman would dare?—that it reminded him of the age of *Il Signore*; to which a companion in camerata made the marvellous retort that it reminded him of the thirty pieces of silver—and we parted in excellent spirits all round.

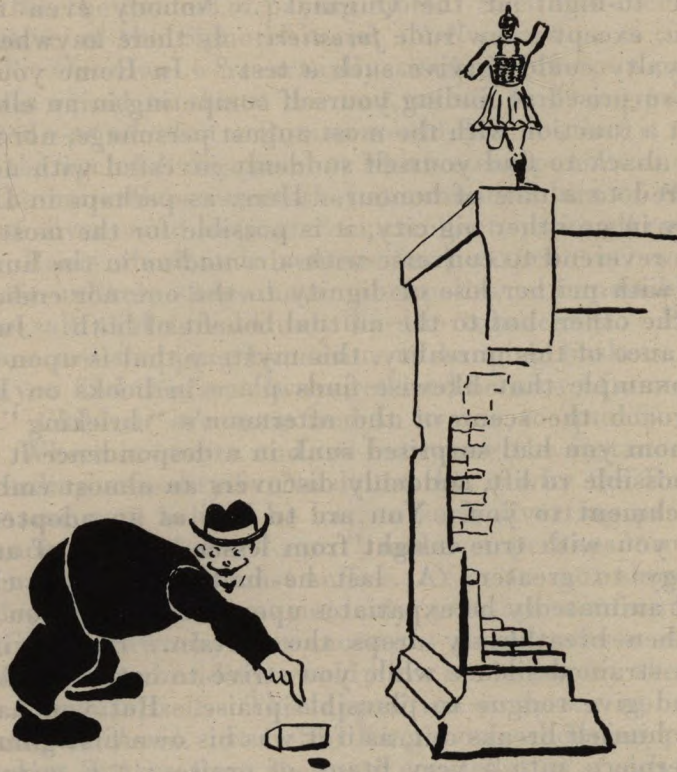
In Rome there is adventure and surprise in everything. The most unlikely shops have monopolies in impossible goods, like the salt that is sold only by the tobacconist. People on top floors are shopping by means of hanging baskets. At the station you find the fare always reduced because of some obscure *mostra*. Children are measured in trams to qualify for half-price. Where is one to end, so many are the instances of this all-pervading unreality? No doubt this is why the Roman has given name, as I believe he has, to such diverting practices as "romancing" and being "rum", and even perhaps "romping". A few more examples must suffice. You are out shopping one Thursday morning when suddenly you are confronted by a gilt carriage drawn by two enormous steeds, whose sumptuous trappings and embroidery would have made tawdry the bedizen- ing of Pegasus itself. This apparition is drawn up outside a common *pizzicheria*. It is the King's own shopping party. A resplendent flunkey from the royal constellation stands on guard as someone orders, presumably for the royal table (or so we were always told), some of the same *prosciutto* or *salame* that might have been the soul of your own gita. Nobody whispers:



... A few rude forestieri.

“Sausage to-night at the Quirinal”. Nobody even notices the vision, except a few rude *forestieri*. Is there anywhere else where royalty could survive such a test? In Rome you must never be surprised at finding yourself competing in an elbowing contest at a function with the most august personage, nor indeed be taken aback to find yourself suddenly invested with nobility and ushered to a daïs of honour. Here, as perhaps in Dublin, but surely in no other big city, it is possible for the most noble and most reverend to converse with a *contadino* in the humblest trattoria with neither loss of dignity to the one nor embarrassment to the other, but to the mutual benefit of both. Just one more instance of this unreality, this mystery that is upon everyone, an example that likewise finds place in books on Rome: you approach the scene of the afternoon’s “bricking”; the guide, whom you had surprised sunk in a despondence it would seem impossible to lift, suddenly discovers an almost embarrassing attachment to you. You are to him as an adopted son. He leads you with true insight from lesser marvels of art and archaeology to greater. At last he halts before his climax. Long and animatedly he expatiates upon the wonder you are to behold, then breathlessly drops the curtain. For an instant there is a strained silence while you strive to catch the flash of genius and give tongue to plausible praise. But you have no need; he himself breaks out, as if it was his own first glimpse of the masterpiece, into a very litany of praises: “*E miracoloso, è stupendo—incantevole*”. Or again, as I think Edith Wharton narrates, he is searching with you for an original site and lo! for the first time in all his distinguished and devoted career he is able to identify the very spot. Amid all the *Gran’ Signori* come hither from the ends of the earth, it is on you that the mantle of the gods has fallen. Who could not be overpowered at such good fortune?

And here we come to another trait in Roman character that must not be passed by: that priceless gift of being completely untroubled by a sense of personal incongruity either in themselves or in you. It would be very nearly impossible to scandalise the Roman. This is responsible for all manner of Gilbertian scenes and episodes. It is not a question of a lack of humour, for who is more full of fun than he? It is simply that his humour does not touch this aspect of absurdity. One morning—it was evidently someone’s birthday—a camerata



. . . the very spot.

was bargaining on the Campo for an enormous clock-face. Negotiations breaking down, these three shoppers found themselves relentlessly pursued into the Via Baullari by a very irate and vociferous stall-keeper with the article in question. First the pace would quicken, then the spokesman of the unhappy camerata would fatally stop to drive off his pursuer, thereby becoming himself embroiled in an even more murderous dispute, until finally there was nothing for it but full retreat to the Colle and trust Raniero to keep the door. This glorious sight meant nothing to the multitudes around. It was just worth a grave *occhiata* but no comment. A better example, perhaps, comes back from a Good Friday scene at the Scala Santa. It was already very warm and there was the usual crowd surging up the steps. All of us were kept constantly on the move with our devotions by an attendant at the top, defaulters being picked out with apt

description—one poor woman especially. “The Signora there with the *fazzoletto azzurro*! Does the Signora not realise that there are multitudes of other sinners *sotto sole in piazza*?” (No sign of answering concern in the offender, save perhaps a slightly deafer attitudinising and louder praying). Attendant turns to irony: “But perhaps the Signora is in ecstasy”. (Still she continues archly ignoring her heckler, not however, it was said by one strategically placed, without audibly inserting a petition for those who persecute the saints). Suddenly there is a terrific uproar; attendant, all patience gone, clambers over us all and hauls out the unrepentant *devota* in a storm of abuse on both sides. See, how impious and incongruous a performance to English eyes, at such a time and in such a place!

And now that we have glanced at the Roman, it is time to make our judgment of him. I remember someone once saying on the terrace at the Villa when coffee and *rosolio* had led us on to higher criticism, as it so often used to do: “The Roman must always have a gallery; he is always play-acting.” It is true that even with modern invention he must dramatise, as when a passing plane dips in homage to Vatican and Quirinal. Yet I wonder if that was not a superficial judgment. Is not the outward appearance of acting a part rather like the façade that so delights the Roman eye? Paradoxical though it seem, I believe it would be truer to say that it is we who are the actors and they only themselves. Though to us there is an air of unreality about the Roman as if he were an actor on the world’s most imposing stage, and though all he does would seem to be “staged” perhaps for the world that comes to his pilgrim city, yet, in reality, the Roman is only being his own irrepressible, unself-conscious self. He would assuredly still dramatise his every act even though, as with the Palazzola Opera Players, there were scarcely an audience to applaud. It is, on the other hand, we who play a part—we who are imprisoned in the dull, colourless tyranny of respectability and shyness which the Roman’s greatness could never permit to enclose him. Where we refuse our eyes the bliss of colour and of curiosity, the Roman declares: “*Gl’occhi son fatti per guardar*’.” That is the reason, perhaps, why he is so often crude and callous—and sometimes cruel, too—to his beasts, and quite embarrassingly shameless in displaying domesticities abroad. In that he is too much the realist. But at least he is always his own delightful self.

And that is why in Rome, city of shrine and monument, it is still people and not, as elsewhere in less monumental cities, things that are of chief interest to the foreigner.

How long will it last? There were already signs of the change to the drab uniformity in dress and habit of a modern city population. The wireless and cinema and newspaper, that would seem to have been responsible for the general regimentation, were already invading the Roman home. The war may well complete or hasten the end. One could wish that this people, that has taught the world of men so much, would be able to show how modern "progress" may be absorbed without depersonalising everyone, making robots of mankind. But at least this may be our boast: that we have seen men still exuberantly themselves, seen spontaneity and native originality still surviving in the magic City where it had taken up its last stronghold.



... exuberantly themselves ...

When thoughts turn Romewards, as they often must in these sad days, we shall all recall different faces and voices. Perhaps all this will appear very strange and unreal to others. For myself, I see the Roman of my fancy and hear him whispering again with an air of prodigious secrecy: "*Caro mio, questa è una cosa fra i governi. Non ci sono nemici nel mondo che in palazzi*"—words once overheard during "Sanctions". You may have your opinion that the Roman is only an actor, if you will. But there is one part in which you can never imagine him masquerading, and that is in the part of an enemy.

BRIAN FOLEY.

NOVA ET VETERA

A NEW ACQUISITION

In our efforts to make St Mary's Hall as furnished as the restrictions of war and the temporary nature of our stay here allow, we have had the pleasure of seeing a number of pictures hung on the walls, notably the very fine and colourful pair in the entrance hall, presented by Mgr Smith, and an engraving of the Roman garden as it was in 1825, viewed from what is now the Nuns' Chapel. But lately we have added a splendid treasure to our little gallery. Through the persuasive eloquence of the Rector and the self-sacrificing generosity of Mrs. Rope, we now possess the cartoon of one of the lancets of the English Martyrs' window on the Gospel side of the chancel of Shrewsbury Cathedral, and of the quatrefoil above it. This window is the work of Sister Margaret of the Mother of God, whose glorious Ralph Sherwin window so beautified the staircase of the College in Rome. She has coloured the cartoons for us, so that, short of possessing the window itself, we have the next best thing.

This part of the window is devoted to the Venerabile Martyrs. The quatrefoil illustrates Sherwin's jest with Campion in the Tower: "I shall shortly be above yon fellow." The setting is suggested by crenellated towers and two Yeomen of the Guard. To make the point of the remark clear to those who do not know the story, the sun has to be shown; and to do this the artist has been forced to depict the two martyrs almost with their backs towards us. Campion's face is seen as he turns his head to look at his companion, but only the back of Sherwin's head is in view. In the circumstances, the pose and gesture of

Sherwin has to be the vehicle of his mood, and it has been very successfully done: the left arm thrown carelessly across his companion's shoulders, the airy wave of the right hand towards the sun, the head cocked slightly on one side, the jaunty carriage of the whole body, all tell us that here is a man in joyously expansive mood rallying a more sober friend.

The lancet treats of the College in Rome. At the head appear the arms of Gregory XIII above palms and crowns. The rest is divided into two halves. The upper panel depicts two of the students receiving the blessing of St. Philip Neri before setting out for England: and in the corners are inset two medallions, the one on the left showing the two striding out sturdily towards Ostia, and the other a ship bearing them on their way to England. St. Philip is in the hall of his house in the Via Monserrato, a very Italian hall with walls panelled in pink-grained marble, Medici chairs like those on the Superiors' table at the Villa, and a doorway with jambs and lintel of fluted stone. Through the open doorway we glimpse the scene which is shown more fully in the lower panel. Here St. Philip is outside the house in the Monserrato and is saluting a camerata of six students who are on their way from the College to lectures, judging by the books in their hands. The students are shown wearing belts, as they probably did in those days. It would be interesting to discover if this be so, and when and why they were discarded. They also wear buckled shoes, another marked difference from our modern dress: indeed, the present generation was once warned against committing such a crime, and advised to wait until monsignorial rank entitled it to such baubles! The Monserrato is not the road we know. A splendid stone pine, which carries the mind irresistibly back to Pamphili, shades the students from the glare of the sun. The buildings of the College are those of the old Hospice as shown in the drawing in Gasquet's History; a row of cypresses stands before it, and a distant dome can be seen framed between its two tall square towers. We understand that this was intended by the artist to represent St. Peter's. Although this is a chronological and a geographical inexactitude, the symbolism of St Peter's overshadowing the College justifies the liberty. In actual fact, the position and shape of the dome suggest the Chiesa Nuova, an alternative which will do equally well as emphasising the influence of St. Philip on the College, and which will perhaps be more

satisfying to those who wish to preserve strict historical accuracy.

It will be readily understood from this brief description that much of the work in this window is not stained glass proper, but painting on glass. Yet this is not really a fault, for the detail of the subject treated makes it absolutely necessary. We miss the rich and lavish colouring of the Ralph Sherwin window where the background gives real scope for the full use of stained glass : in this window the grey-black of the cassocks naturally predominates. Yet the colouring in general, if more restrained, is harmonious and pleasing. And every detail of the scene is entirely Roman : the effect of sunlight produced in the lower panel, the deep, startlingly deep green of the stone pine, the terra-cotta tiles on the roofs and the warm glow of sun-bathed walls, all combine to create so authentic an atmosphere that one is amazed to learn that Sister Margaret of the Mother of God has never seen Rome or Italy. The faces of the students and St. Philip display the same clearness and simplicity of line that we used to admire in the Roman window. St. Philip looks just like what one imagines the early Fathers to be, dignified, patriarchal. It might be objected that the faces of the students are all of the classical type ; but although the features of most of the martyrs were probably nothing like that, judging either by the rather conventional portraits of those who joined the Society of Jesus, or by the features of their successors in the College to-day, yet it must be admitted that this is a case where fiction is preferable to fact : they do add to the beauty of the window, and besides, they are first and foremost truly manly faces, free from all expression of that sickly piety so beloved of repository art.

This cartoon is not only an adornment for our walls ; it is also a reminder of those who went before, and of the high standard which they set us. We are most grateful to Mrs Rope for her splendid gift, and we look forward to the day when it will hang in its rightful place, in our Roman home.

BERNARD CHAPMAN.

WHIT SUNDAY, MAY 11th, 1913

To appreciate these notes, written when he was a student by Dr Albert Wood of St Patrick's, Plumstead, the reader must go back in spirit to the days of "Fairy Lamps" when flood-lighting was unknown, and to the Rome of Pope Pius the Tenth in the years before the Lateran Treaty.

For several days there have been two notices at all the churches of Rome, proclaiming in the usual style, the one that all Romans are invited to show their faith and devotion to the sign of our Redemption by illuminating their houses on this evening, the other that at 5.30 this evening in St Peter's there will be a solemn "Te Deum" in thanksgiving for the restoration of good health to the Pope, and inviting all the people of Rome to gather there as a proof of their devotion to the Vicar of Christ and to pray earnestly that he may live and reign yet for many years.

On Friday our College had some workmen in to decorate the Monserrato side, and they were busy until midday to-day. The decorations consisted of three electric bulbs above and below each window on the first and second *pianos*, three bulbs at each of the church tribune windows, a whole set of bulbs around the church porch, outlining the door-posts and arch, and above the church porch a labarum symbol in red, white and yellow bulbs with a cross above it in red and white lights.

This morning I visited St Peter's. There was no special function and the Capitular Mass had just concluded. There were many visitors, and French and English were heard frequently. There was also a large pilgrimage of Spanish people. I saw two cameratas of South Americans, each student wearing a medal with a badge of white and yellow ribbon. I visited the Blessed Sacrament Chapel and St Peter's Confessional, and then came out and walked up and down with another student watching the people passing in and out. Some of the people from the country districts were very noticeable by their queer dress and hard-worn weather-beaten appearance. Here, too, as at the College, the decorating workmen had not yet finished their task, and Sunday was going to be anything but a day of rest for them.

In the evening I went to St Peter's for the function advertised at 5.30. Many people thought the "Te Deum" would

commence then, but our Vice-Rector told us otherwise and he was correct, for at 5.30 Vespers were commenced in the Capitular chapel. The crowd by this time was pouring into the church continuously. Sloping gangways had been set down leading to the main doors to make easier the passage of the stream of people ascending the steps. I arrived with others at about 5.15, and having made an appointment to be at the obelisk at 7 p.m. at the latest, I joined the throng passing into the church. Inside, however, there was plenty of room for all, and the crowd scattered freely all over the broad pavement. I passed round by the Blessed Sacrament Chapel to the Confessional, and decided to stand there with another student near the barrier on the Gospel side of the Papal Altar. Already the crowd was solid here for some distance from the barriers, which were so arranged as to prevent anyone passing further up the church than the far side of the Papal Altar and the transept. This left all the space between the Papal Altar and the Chair Altar vacant for those assisting at the Benediction. The candles were set on the Papal Altar, but there was a long time to wait and at about 5.45 the people began to be a little dissatisfied, having presumed that the "Te Deum" would begin at 5.30. At about 6 a man and boy began lighting the candles, and at 6.15 a small procession came from the Sacristy exit within the barrier, under Leo the Thirteenth's tomb, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. This was then set in the monstrance, exposed and incensed, while the choir sang some motets. Then we noticed a body of carabinieri, wearing helmets, pushing their way through the crowd. They worked their way up to the barrier and then made a passage from the barrier gateway to the main sacristy door. Along this passage there came a procession. Fortunately, the passage had been made just a little way behind where I was standing and so, by turning round, I could easily watch the procession. First came about one hundred and fifty men of the Circolo di S. Pietro, walking two by two and carrying full-sized torches, then a cross-bearer and acolytes followed by students of the Apollinari in cottas, next the Canons and dignitaries of St Peter's, and finally Cardinal Rampolla, vested for Benediction. The procession passed by, through the barrier, and out of sight as far as I was concerned, but I could not see over the heads of the crowd.

Having seen the function at St John's a few weeks ago, and having taken part in one of them, I knew well what would follow

at St Peter's. All the torch-bearers would kneel around in a large space within the barrier. They would probably kneel two deep on this occasion, judging from their numbers. The Benediction would proceed in the usual Roman fashion with the singing of the "Tantum Ergo". The "Te Deum", however, was to come first. It was intoned by the Cardinal when he had reached the altar steps and was then taken up by the choir, and alternated between the people and the choir. Unfortunately, being in the crowd, I was unable to enjoy the full sound of the singing, and I could only envy those lucky people up in the balconies some one hundred feet above me. The "Te Deum" having been concluded by the usual prayers, the "Tantum Ergo" was intoned and taken up by the choir. It was a harmonized piece, and I was just beginning to appreciate it when my friend reminded me that it was seven o'clock. As we were obliged to be home by 7.30, nothing was left for us but to retire from this most interesting Benediction service before it was finished.

By so doing, however, we had one advantage, namely, that we saw the crowd as we pushed our way from the Papal Altar to the porch. There seemed to be hardly a few square yards of the paving within the aisle not occupied by the crowd. Nor were the people of the sightseeing type that one meets in Holy Week. They were Italians and Romans for the most part, some standing, some kneeling where the crowd was thinner, and all adoring their Lord in the monstrance lost to view in the confusion of candles and lights on the distant Papal Altar. It was the largest crowd I had yet seen; and with a last look back from the doorway to the cluster of lights below the baldachino, I passed into the Piazza. Here, too, there were many people, although comparatively few had as yet come out from St Peter's. Having joined my group at the obelisk, we walked through the usual confusion of *carrozze* and tram-cars along the Borgo Vecchio, and so home to supper.

We came out again at about 8.15 and were free until 9.30 p.m. Night had now settled down; but there was no darkness in the streets, for there was scarcely a house which had not its Chinese lanterns or electric lights at the windows, while all the churches had "fats" flaring in the pans set out for the occasion. Most conspicuous, however, were the illuminated crosses, set above the churches for the most part and showing clearly and

brightly above all the other lights. The labarum symbol, too, was frequently seen. My camera passed down the Monserrato, crossed the bridge of Sant' Angelo and made for the Borgo. By this time the glare from the Piazza of St Peter's had given us a foretaste of something good in store for us, and we had already observed that the cross above the dome was illuminated, but not the dome itself. The passage along the Borgo was a difficult one, as may well be imagined—a stream of carriages, a tram-car here and there, and everywhere a host of people. From the roof of the photographer's shop nearby a man was taking cinematograph pictures, by means of a powerful limelight, of the crowds moving up and down the Borgo. We passed the offices of the Circolo Cattolico Leonino, which exhibited in lights the words "Dio conservi Pio Decimo", and soon afterwards entered the Piazza. The scene here beggars description. We made our way to the centre at the foot of the obelisk before pausing to feast our eyes. The colonnade was so illuminated with hanging pans of "fats" between the pillars that there were three rows of lights, one above the other, running along the whole circuit of the Piazza. That in itself was a tasteful decoration, but it was surpassed by the façade of St Peter's. Right and left of the columns there was a stream of lights from top to bottom, while rows of lights were arranged above the columns and along the steps below. On the balcony of the Apostles lights were set in every available place, and so the whole of St Peter's was illuminated as far as the base of the cupola. This, as I have said, was in darkness, which only served to enhance the beauty of the cross of light set above the ball. The night was dark, the moon being but a crescent, and so the outline of the cupola was scarcely visible against the sky as one stood in the Piazza. The desired effect was thus veritably obtained, namely, a large cross of light, apparently floating in the air, far above all other lights and quite unconnected with them, four hundred feet above the ground and visible from any vantage-point in Rome, the symbol of Redemption to all Romans and to the whole world, high up above the Vatican Hill.

The general effect of the illuminations in the Piazza is beyond description. There being no electric lights in the Piazza itself, the darkness served to improve the effect and make of it a scene not easily to be forgotten. Having gazed admiringly upon it for some moments, we decided to go and see some other

parts of Rome and so made our way along the Borgo Vecchio, the Corso Emmanuele and the Piazza Venezia to the summit of the Capitol, and thence home by the side streets. Everywhere the houses were decorated, and in the side streets, there being no electric lights, the effect was better than in the main thoroughfares. The Gesù was very well illumined, two crosses being noticeable high above the roof. At the Ara Coeli the brothers were burning benzol lights with good effect, and in the Piazza Farnese the lighting of the Bridgettine House had been most tastefully arranged. Finally, with a glance along the Via Giulia, which looked very well indeed, we returned home, admiring as we entered the College our own brilliant illuminations, but always in our minds reverting to that dark Piazza of St Peter's with its thousands of burning "fats" and its bright cross floating far above all else.

Truly this has been a day of victory for the symbol of our Faith, and if the Faith but burns as brightly in the hearts of those who set their lamps in the streets and windows of Rome this evening, the City may well be called the Centre of Catholicity. One thing only was lacking—the presence of the Holy Father, the prisoner of the Vatican, the one person in the world who had not the liberty to enter that Piazza of St Peter's where so many thousands had gathered to testify their loyalty and devotion to him.

ON FOOT TO LORETO

The gita to Loreto was the one I enjoyed most of all. I had not intended going there, but finding that nearly everyone else had made plans for the north, and being accustomed to choose Central Italy, I rather reluctantly agreed to "make a third" with S. and P. Mind you, I was handicapped at the start. They had spent three strenuous weeks previous to September in a series of route marches, making dusty treks to Zagarolo, Valmontone, Colonna and the like, while I had employed the time keeping my head down and eye on the ball.

Being our own porters, we carried as little as possible. The only superfluous item of our impedimenta, a spirit-lamp of perverse inclinations, was forced into my protesting haversack. Throughout the journey it refused to stay in position, but would constantly insinuate itself upon my suffering spine. S. carried the maps and a camera; P. carried, on his feet for the first day and in his sack for the remaining fourteen, an enormous pair of boots, liberally studded by the Rocca cobbler. Thus equipped, we left Palazzola on foot—the only party to do so—pouring forth the vials of our scorn on the poor simpletons who were doomed to spend this first day either negotiating with the C.I.T. in Rome, or frizzling in a stuffy train, all bound on a routine gita with everything planned and arranged from start to finish; whereas we, our own masters, were free to choose our own way, to billet wherever we could, to walk from door to door, eschewing all conveyance, and our only aim being to arrive in time for the feast on the eighth of September.

The walk through the woods to Rocca is never more pleasant than on an early autumn morning. But on this occasion I had little opportunity for nature-study. The twain rushed ahead like hounds unleashed, as if intent on reaching their goal that very night. I pleaded caution and a short stay in Rocca, but they heeded not; and only the growing heat compelled them to pause for a brief libation at Frascati, whence we descended to the Campagna and followed the road which crosses the Casilina and eventually meets the Tiburtina. It is a long monotonous road, threading its way through vineyard after vineyard, up and down an infinite number of small hills and valleys, a hot, dusty, blinding road, heart-breaking to any pedestrian. We were tremendously relieved to reach the Tiburtina just below Hadrian's villa, and made short work of the hill into Tivoli, where we sat down to our first full meal of the day. Fain would I have remained in peace and comfort awaiting supper, but the fever of the road still possessed the twain, who insisted on another dozen kilometres to Vicovaro. I followed with a creaking of the joints and a sense of grim foreboding, though I must admit that the evening walk along the mountain road was invigorating. We climbed into the town as the sun was setting, and straightway went to the church to seek the advice of the parish priest—a custom well tried and found successful in the Abruzzi. (I once enjoyed five days as the guest of the parish priest of Roccaraso, and all he asked in return was a copy of Vermeersch, vol. II!). Here, however, we were disappointed. The place was simply swarming with *villeggianti*, and every room was occupied. We would get accommodation at the monastery, he informed us, which lay *pocchi passi* (ipsissima verba) further on. We thanked him weakly, and staggered into the gathering dusk. Those *pocchi passi* lengthened into several kilometres; thinking we must have passed the place, we retraced our steps and then went on. S. became delirious at the sight of a passing railway train and mumbled something expressive of a desire to return to Tivoli. P. strode ahead, his boots echoing on the silent road. We seemed to be at the end of the world. But at last we did find our monastery. I have forgotten its name, but I remember there is a painting of the friary by Bishop Giles hanging outside the Common Room in Rome. We approached the main entrance, rang the bell and waited a considerable time before the tiny eye-hole opened and a voice demanded our business. We explained,

and were refused admittance : but having borne the burden of the day and the heat thereof, we were not to be put off so easily. Even so, it was not till we had explained the nature of our journey, offered to sleep on the floor and made various other appeals to their sympathies that the Friars consented to open their doors to us. But they were too poor to give us supper, and we had to take ourselves off to a nearby trattoria where we sampled their salted herring, red wine and chocolate.

It was a party much sobered and subdued by its previous day's experiences that left the monastery next morning and took the road that led to Orvinio. The energy on which we had set such store when we left Palazzola had deserted us, and a passerby might have wondered why we showed a marked preference for walking on the grass rather than on the stony surface of the road.

Orvinio has an outstanding position, dominating the height of the pass between two valleys, one of brown rocky hillside, the other a green luxuriant plain, full five miles in length. We stopped at the river to make a cup of tea, using the spirit-lamp for the first and last time. P. also signalized the occasion by taking off his boots and vowing never to wear them again. Thus refreshed, we enjoyed the evening's walk to Ascrea. We said our Rosary like good pilgrims, and then sang all the songs we knew, arranging the tempo to suit our stride ; and the mile-stones passed by unnoticed.

As we approached the town the entire juvenile population came out to meet us and accompanied us to the presbytery, where the parish priest welcomed us warmly, gave us vast quantities of liquid refreshment, found us suitable accommodation and dispensed us from the abstinence. We ate a terrific meal served on plates as big as dinner-dishes and retired to our quarters—a large one-roomed mansion furnished with every modern convenience, to wit, one large bed. After some argument as to allocation we retired.

The sun was already high in the heavens when we awoke, but we were just in time to see the valley beneath us bathed in the glory of the morning, a golden mass of cloud which, even as we watched, rose slowly heavenwards.

Our next move was the crossing of the Monti Carseolani in order to reach the main road to Rieti. There was no path, and we soon found ourselves groping through the woods. We lost our way, lost our tempers, and finally pushed straight

through the woods until we came across a height whence we could take our bearings. The first village we discovered was Marcetelli, a place I would visit again if I could ever find it. A tiny place of some fifty houses, built on the flat summit of a rock, it has no room for further expansion, bounded as it is on three sides by the edges of the rock and on the fourth by a narrow stone track leading to the road. We drank the local wine on the balcony of a trattoria, suspended five hundred feet above the valley.

No one could blame us for taking the 'bus to Rieti. We tried as long as possible to walk in the blinding glare of the sunshine, but the very marrow seemed to melt in our bones, and finally we had no hesitation in pocketing our pride and stopping the first 'bus that came along. From Rieti we went to Androdoco, a miserable place, which we left without regret: the day was Sunday, but nobody seemed to notice it. A misty rain accompanied us as far as Posta, the village beneath the bridge, where we changed course to the north-west.

In one part or another Italy seems to possess every variety of countryside. Here we might have been in Scotland, passing through a land of purple hills and moor, the road winding through ravines, crossing and recrossing the river by numerous bridges. We tarried so long in admiration that it was dark when we reached Leonessa.

Next day one of the party complained of sickness, so we walked slowly to Cascia, visited the shrine of St Rita, and wandered on to Norcia where we dosed our sick brother with aspirins and hot wine and put him to bed. By next morning he had recovered, but we did not travel far, contenting ourselves with the climb over Monte Patino into the welcoming town of Visso. The last stage of our pilgrimage was uneventful, save that we tried to race into Camerino before the rain caught us and got soaked to the skin in the process.

We arrived at Loreto on the eve of the feast. The basilica was already closed, but the piazza and the steps were crowded with pilgrims who were preparing to spend the night there in order to enter as soon as the doors opened next morning. All the smaller restaurants had afforded hospitality, the peasants sleeping on the bare tables and on the floor. Pride in our long walk grew dim before the hardship of these poor people. That night we were lulled to sleep by the sound of tramping feet and



the chanting of voices. At five next morning I hopped out of bed to watch the arrival of a village procession, headed by the father of the community, bundle on shoulder and rosary in hand. They were singing their usual hymn to Our Lady, in which the leader extemporises verse after verse while the followers chant the chorus, *Evviva Maria*. Not wishing to miss any of this, I left the other two fast asleep and hurried to the basilica, where the crowds of *contadine* in their local costumes brightened the church with an ever-changing rainbow of colour. A constant stream of communicants flowed to the altar-rails, and a long procession was waiting to enter the Santa Casa.

The shrine itself has been preserved in its simplicity, a small red brick room, with an altar and statue of the Madonna di Loreto, the whole being enclosed in a marble edifice with a narrow pavement surround, along which male and female followed on their knees the two deep grooves worn therein by generations of pilgrims. Even the most sophisticated would have been impressed to see those poor folk praying with such child-like devotion.

In the evening, from the roof of the Palazzolo we watched the procession, a long line of many coloured lights, which slowly wound its way round the walls of the town, through the streets and into the square to receive the Bishop's parting blessing before the whole assembly saluted Our Lady and departed homewards through the night.

Thus ends a very inadequate account of eight days of gita. The remainder of our holiday was spent at Assisi, at Todi—"Tuderti in Umbria"—and at Orvieto, where the last of our substance went to help swell the coffers of the local wine-shops.

Gitanti who indulge in long walks are usually a silent crowd, not given to over-expression or eloquent description of their travels, but from Central Italy they derive great satisfaction and peace of soul, due largely to meeting the homely and kind people who are fond of the simple things of life, of woods, mountains, wine and their religion; and whose temperament approaches so much more to Rome's and to ours than does that of the Northern Italians, who have experienced German and French influence, or that of the Southerners, who have seen the passage of Greek and Spaniard. When the Venerabile returns to Rome and to gitas in Italy, the towns and villages of the Abruzzi and of Umbria will still be ready to welcome the English College men with open arms.

HENRY MARTINDALE.

COLLEGE DIARY

SEPTEMBER 25th *Friday*. "As a bird wandereth from his nest, so is a man that leaveth his place", and after flitting hither and thither for eight weeks we flocked back to the arms of Alma Mater. As we stepped from the train at Preston, we took stock of things with a jaundiced eye—one always does that at Preston. An icy cold east wind had supplanted the summer warmth just for our benefit and with a glassy stare, red-tipped nose and chattering teeth we rushed quickly to the wilds of Stonyhurst, there to be met with a cheerful greeting from the Rector, who decided that our fuel target would allow us a fire, albeit a small one.

As we tripped around the corridors, moved furniture and chatted with our neighbours, we were constantly interrupted by the apologetic looks from new men—a really big First Year, thirteen of them, whose names we shall fix during the retreat. But not even the now unusual phenomena of a big First Year can atone for the departure of Mgr. Smith—somehow we felt we were lost.

An appreciation has already been given but we must also pay him some tribute here. To try and assess the many and varied benefits he conferred on the House would be a gigantic task—we prefer to stress his outstanding quality. By common consent he was the greatest Common Room man we have ever had, and it is there that we shall miss him most,

Tunc valeas fama felix multosque per annos

Vivas egregie capiens praeconia vita. . .

Sis semper felix utinam quocunque recedas

Sis memor et nostri—semper ubique vale!

Fr Leeming also departed, but only temporarily, we hope; so we wish him *arriverderci*! And so to bed . . .

26th *Saturday*. One of those peculiar days when you wake up with a strange, ghastly feeling of unreality, till it slowly dawns on you that these were the walls you distempered, this the room you furnished, this, *in somma*, is your Alma Mater; "the warning bell next drops a hint. . ."

The icy chill of yesterday gave place to some perfect September weather which enabled soccer enthusiasts to open the season in grand style. We are still waiting for our three new pianists to oust our Tiger Rag expert from the piano, but

27th *Sunday*, we were wrong, for there are four pianists, so our friends tell us. Anyway, one of them broke the ice tonight and led us, with breezy insouciance, through our limited repertoire until 6.30 p.m. when Fr. Agnellus O.F.M. took us "to linger amid the gleams, the shadows and the peace profound" of a six day Retreat, until

OCTOBER 4th *Sunday*. When we emerged with great *éclat* to the light of day for a brief respite before plunging into the ordination ceremony at 9.30 a.m. A hearty *Prosit* to Top Year who received the Diaconate from Bishop Marshall and to Second Year Theology who received First Minors. No Tonsurati? you ask. No—that is a pleasure to come.

Our staff has increased during the Retreat. Fr Gutwenger S.J. (we have the name right now—we hope) arrived with Fr Dyson, and succeeds Fr Leeming in the dogmatic chair.

To dinner, Fr Glyn of Leagram Hall (accompanied by four of his students who received Major Orders this morning), Fr Ashworth and—to our great delight—Lieut. Ignatius Clarke R.A., who had popped in a few days earlier, but finding we were in earnest about this Retreat, retired from the scene rather quickly. He is now telling huge circles how we shall win the war.

5th *Monday*. We submitted our necks to the yoke and rose at 6 a.m. As a consequence Lieut. Clarke made a boisterous exit during breakfast; he is off overseas. *Buon' viaggio!*

High Mass *Ad Instaurandum Novum Annum* followed by *lectiones breves*. Fr Dyson spent his session apologising for the small number of lectures we theologians have, but we were not deceived by this subtle form of Jesuit humour. Having thus taken the edge off the mighty scholastic year before us, we relaxed gently back into the Thursday programme.

6th *Tuesday*. We started in earnest "to scorn delights and live laborious days". A very old friend made a welcome return to-day—the British Martyrology, which the timid and dubious reader announced as the English Martyrology. The Rector, who is sensitive on such points of national importance, firmly converted him.

8th *Thursday*. Upholland has two cases of diphtheria and the rest of the students have gone home. Meanwhile our infirmarians cast a roving eye for a similar excuse.

9th *Friday*. "The man that is not moved by a concord of sweet sounds hath affections as dark as Cerberus—let him not be trusted", says Shakespeare. We were moved, but in quite a different way—by the shrill blast of the new electric bells which made their *début* this morning at 6 a.m. We felt quite Rome-sick.

Men may come and men may go, but the Greg. goes on for ever, and to-night this little piece of the Gregorian in England held its premiation *more Romano*. The débacle at the end saw the new Common Room rule in operation—you must not throw a man out in his chair but take him out first and save the chair for salvage.

10th *Saturday*. “If the clouds be full, they will pour out rain upon the earth.” They were and did.

11th *Sunday*. The new bells are still a favourite topic. They uttered their sweet summons at 2 a.m. this morning, and when we woke up again at the right time we found the lights fused. Bizarre, is it not? But our ill-feeling towards the electricians was dispelled when we were told of the man whose Retreat resolutions sent him dashing off at 2 a.m. for water, and was well under way with his ablutions before he realised the enormity of his error.

To dinner Mr Walsh of the *Catholic Times*, who later gave us a provocative and stimulating talk on the trials of the Catholic Press.

13th *Tuesday*. *Feast of St. Edward*. At the mere mention of which we began to discuss the dignified ease of Villa life—but tush! we are puling.

To dinner Fr Brodrick S.J., who afterwards shared our coffee *senza rosolio*.

The Common Room this evening displayed that restlessness which is the inevitable prelude to a rough house, and when someone rashly stage-whispered “Any six?”, the fun began, much to the enlightenment and education of First Year.

15th *Thursday*. “Music hath charms”—and variety. Into our room this morning stole the wailful sweetness of a violin, the loud tones of a trumpet accompanied by a mouth-organ virtuoso and, to complete the cacophony of sound, a mandolin added some jazz. Somebody ought to write a symphony on this theme—well, a Silly Symphony anyway.

16th *Friday*. “*Hora consueta convenient omnes theologi in Aulam I*”—these words introduce a notice which appears every Friday to summon all would-be moralists to a casuistry class under the aegis of Dr Butterfield.

18th *Mission Sunday*, and, to celebrate, the Literary Society announced a lecture on “The Church in India”. We lolled back in our chairs with that quanta-patimur-pro-Ecclesia-Dei expression until the speakers entered—a tall, sparsely built Bishop with badly-cropped black whiskers and, close upon his heels, a young Indian complete with turban. We then blinked again and it quickly dawned on us that two of the more infamous of our wits (sic) were leading us up the garden. “L’audace, encore l’audace et toujours l’audace.” We let them say their piece, even answer questions, and then took the liberty of baptising them with the speaker’s water before flinging them into the corridor—a practice which might well serve as a precedent for other provocative talks!

19th *Monday*. Mr J. Campbell returned to the fold after a somewhat substantial recuperation from a mysterious disease, and on

20th *Tuesday* Dr W. Park popped in for a few hours, quickly disappearing on his motor cycle during Night Prayers. Stalingrad and the wet weather still hold.

21st *Wednesday*. Archbishop Ullathorne continues to entertain us at meals. The Debating Society held its opening session, which was well attended by an eager crowd of first-nighters.

22nd *Thursday*. To dinner, Archbishop MacDonald O.S.B. of Edinburgh, who is staying at Stonyhurst. The spell of bad weather (constituting a record even for Lancashire) prevented us from giving a rousing welcome to Fr Grasar, our new Vice-Rector, who slipped in almost unnoticed this evening; but he is so well known to most of us that he needed no formal introduction. However we gave him an encouraging cheer when he made his first appearance in the Common Room after supper.

24th *Saturday*. Do you remember that eventful year in Rome when each student had over 400 oranges? Well, history looks like repeating itself in the form of pears. A huge bowlful is presented to us at each meal, breakfast included, and we willingly complied with the Rector's permission that we take some out of the Refectory to make sure that they are not wasted.

25th *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. Another of our coffee *senza rosolio festas*. The Rector formally welcomed Fr Grasar in the name of the House, and we thereupon toasted him *Ad Multos Annos* with coffee.

Early supper for a talk (genuine, this time) by a prelate (also genuine), to wit, Archbishop MacDonald, who told us how the Scots tackle their educational problem.

26th *Monday*. "High tide, King Alfred cried
High tide and the turn"—

which is just to let you know that it has stopped raining for the first time in many weeks. The annual book auction started to-day. C.T.S. pamphlets? Yes, they were there, but unbound. Yes, yes, the bowler hat was there too. But even with all its customary trappings, the auction was a mere shadow of its Roman self. There were not even Soccorsi notes to liven up the proceedings.

27th *Tuesday*. A *diesnon* in honore Novi Vicis-Rectoris. The crisply dry but warm day tempted many to take their first gita of the year to all their favourite haunts, whilst the rest of us stayed behind to finish off the book auction and continue the attack on the pear problem.

28th *Wednesday*. To dinner Fr E. Murphy (whom many of us had met at Palazzola a few villas ago) and Fr T. McKenna. This afternoon we had a soccer match extraordinary in which Ye Bottome Yeare challenged Ye Toppe Yeare. A *loteria* on the result lured everyone to the scene of

the combat, whilst the Props. men added a dash of local colour by handing out various articles of dress to all. Every one of the spectators was sporting a hat which could have been worn without exciting comment by any scarecrow. The spectators seemed a trifle embarrassed when the Rector appeared in the faultless attire of the Liverpool cleric, but the ceaseless din of bells and gongs, cheering and jeering, hid a multitude of blushes. Ye Toppe Yeare won by four goals to one—a thrilling game in more senses than one.

A day of events (we forgot to mention the *menstrua* this morning) was rounded off with parlour (?) games in the Common Room.

29th *Thursday*. To dinner Fr B. O'Neill. Fires again, rain again, but no more pears—yet. Strange noises in addition to the already existing variety of musical talent (cf. *supra*) warn us that practices for the impromptu (sic) concert are in full swing.

30th *Friday*. To lunch, Fr Hill S.J. “A sweet word multiplieth friends”, but not so quickly as free cigarettes—our thanks to Frs Murphy and McKenna.

31st *Saturday*. A list for suggestions for new gramophone records is taxing the limited imagination of *Chi Lo Sa?* subscribers.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Feast of All Saints*. An air of gaiety hung over the House all day and culminated in a lightsome impromptu concert, in which the “*Gaudeamus Igitur*” and “*The Bathroom Tap*” were outstandingly good. Perhaps we wished for more musical items, but the small orchestra certainly gave hopes of a bright future. Here is the bill of fare :—

- | | | |
|----------|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1. OCTET | (a) <i>Beating up the Channel</i> | Messrs Pledger, Haynes, |
| | (b) <i>Gaudeamus Igitur</i> | Groarke, Buxton, Clark,
Harris, Sowerby, Peters. |

2. SKETCH “*The Elopement*”
A domestic drama in one short act.

<i>Mr Brown</i>	Mr Barry
<i>Mrs Brown</i>	Mr Buxton

Mixed chorus in the background played by select members of the Orpheus.
Time : The early days of wireless. *Scene* : The Brown's 'umble 'omestead.

3. SEXTET (a) *Entr'acte No. 2—Rosamunde (Schubert)*
(b) *Minuet—Berenice (Handel)*

Leader : Fr Ekbery.

4. SKETCH “*The Bathroom Tap*”

A single episode played in three national styles

<i>Father</i>	Mr Kelly
<i>Mother</i>	Mr Peters
<i>Ethel and Ethelnova</i>	Mr Harris
No. 1	Anglo-Saxon
No. 2	Irish
No. 3	Slavonic

5. INTERLUDE " *I want to be an actor* " . Mr Richards, assisted by the audience
6. TOPICAL SONGS Messrs Buxton and Clark.
7. SKETCH " *Three Parts Bad* "
- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <i>Sir Gilbert Goodenough</i> (pron. <i>Goof</i>) | . | Mr Pledger |
| <i>Jasper Jooks</i> | . | Mr Fallon |
| <i>Simpson, the Butler</i> | . | } All very kindly played
by Mr Hannon |
| <i>Rosie, Sir Gilbert's daughter</i> | } | |
| <i>Harold, his scamp of a son</i> | | |
| <i>Bill Brown, a Policeman</i> | | |

2nd *All Souls*. We viewed life to-day with the air of a man weighed down by the maximum amount of care that a human being can bear, for we are both house-cleaning and serving in the Refectory this week. We are engulfed, too, by that morning-after-the-night-before feeling which sat very heavily upon us.

3rd *Tuesday*. It seemed that the Public Meeting would be polished off in a matter of minutes, but a few men of infinite resource and sagacity kept feeding the dying embers, and we adjourned till the morrow. This evening we enjoyed a *bella funzione* in which some of First Year were admitted to the ranks of the Clergy under the watchful eye of Bishop Flynn.

4th *Wednesday*. "What would people think", said G. B. Shaw, "if I were to turn up at the opera with a grouse in my hair?"—probably the same as we did to-day when the Refectory servers (complete with aprons and mouths full) stalked in during a lull in the Public Meeting. Their spokesman proposed a motion and then all retired amidst wild applause. In the absence of its sponsor, the motion, poor thing, was rejected.

Bishop Flynn and Fr B. O'Neill left us to-day.

5th *Thursday*. Fr Agnellus returned this evening to give us the first of a series of monthly conferences. The electric bells continue to claim kinship with the Villa clock; the latest spasm occurred in the middle of night prayers. We displayed the same nonchalance as a more renowned diarist, whose sole remark for the day was—"Earthquakes as usual".

6th *Friday*. Fr Gutwenger is a little worried by our abysmal ignorance of the names of various outlandish modern philosophers, but he was undeniably impressed by our lively interest in Heidegger, and told us to read about him "when we got back to our flats".

7th *Saturday*. A suspected case of mumps has passed into the certified class and many compare the situation favourably with the diphtheria outbreak at Upholland.

10th *Tuesday*. "Much study is an affliction of the flesh", so the Powers That Be decreed a *dies non*. A score or two of gitanti, urged on by the sharp nip in the air, decided that country quiet is better for the spirit

than the jangling of men, and strode out to Whitewell, Chipping and the moors.

11th *Wednesday*. Oh, incident unprecedented! The Defensor in our weekly *menstrua* tentatively denied the Major of one of the objections. "Most men must toil for it", says Tacitus, "but this man loitered into fame." While the Objector was slowly recovering, Fr Gutwenger jumped into the breach and rattled off a quick proof. We *auditores* enjoyed it.

To tea and supper, Drs Halsall and Garvin; the latter addressed the House on his experiences on the Motor Mission, with a sprinkling of highly diverting anecdotes.

12th *Thursday*. "Smoking is a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs; and in the black, stinking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless"—thus did we meditate as we laboriously swept the Common Room, daintily picking up crushed cigarette ends and tobacco droppings.

13th *Friday*. O formosa dies! One of those early November mornings that transplant one to the Villa and the woods round Albano. A light morning mist hovering low in the Clitheroe valley slowly vanished to leave the surrounding hills standing out in bold relief against a fresh, cloudless sky, with a thick hoar frost sparkling in the meadows. As we drank in the cool freshness of it all, Pendle seemed to call us to its summit, but a holy deacon reciting Office rudely shattered our Utopian dream. It is Friday the 13th, and everything but the weather fits perfectly. However, the Common Room this evening was bright enough with the inevitable query for somebody's crowbar.

15th *Sunday*. The bells rang a merry peal for our victory in Libya—but here a hushed peace, a soundless calm descends, with students gliding about and obviously thinking great and grave thoughts. Of course—it is a day of recollection.

We tested the Army's defences on the soccer pitch and found them not so good, beating them 3—1. Still, they showed considerable enterprise in laying out our goalkeeper, who retired with slight concussion.

17th *Tuesday*. Practices for St Catherine's are, as usual, very much *sub rosa*, but First Year still receive the traditional catcalls when they enter the Common Room at night.

18th *Wednesday*. Skating enthusiasts, with bated breath, tell us of the soupçon of ice in the garden; the more optimistic dogmatically state that we shall be skating before Christmas.

We advanced en masse to Stonyhurst for a Blandyke concert, and amongst other items witnessed a good performance of the evergreen "Monkey's Paw."

20th *Friday*. Whilst taking our round-the-block constitutional we noticed a plough busily at work, and were amazed to see that nearly all the surrounding fields had been overturned. "And", said the farmer, with the intonation of a Druid chanting at the altar previous to knifing the human sacrifice, "we shall probably plough up your football field soon." Hence much meditative brooding as to where a new pitch can be found.

22nd *Sunday*. "Sole dehinc gelido cum ninguida bruma propinquat", or, as the Roman diarist would describe it—a marrow-searching *tramontana* is blowing. A chilly game of soccer was livened up by the amazing antics of the ball jumping off the frozen furrows at odd angles. *Si stava meglio, quando si stava in peggio*, i.e. we prefer our usual mud bath.

23rd *Monday*. To dinner, Mgr R. Knox, who later read us an extremely interesting paper on "The Convulsionaries of St Médard", which shed new light on Jansenism and caused Dr Butterfield to give us a few anecdotes from his past life as examples of miracles.

25th *Wednesday*. *Feast of St Catherine*. With the usual spate of speeches given by six of the following: Messrs Scantlebury and Gallagher (Portsmouth), Farrow and Alexander (Clifton), Johnson and Sefton (Northampton), Tarpey and Dunford (Shrewsbury), Dickenson and Hamilton (Salford), Groarke M. (Westminster), McDonnell (Liverpool), Rogers (Menevia).

The hymn to Santa Caterina showed a dangerous tendency to eradicate the *con slanciò*—how the gold has gone dim! This must be remedied.

The concert, with its pleasing variety of items, was first-rate. The final sketch was a little out of place with the light tone of the rest of the concert—more probably, the audience, which had been worked up into a gay mood by some excellent cider, found it difficult to appreciate a serious sketch. The First Year interlude was undoubtedly the *pièce de résistance*, and could have been encored despite its length.

1. FIRST YEAR SONG

Chorus: Hic imbres inter Lancastrenses
Fortiter perambulamus
Ad aestus mox Pamphilienses
In dulcem requiem
Venturos nos speramus.

2. INTERLUDE "The Changing Face of Britain"

Herbert Mr Gallagher

Mother Mr Crissell

Headmaster Mr Hamilton

3. ITEM The Vice-Rector

4. FIRST YEAR INTERLUDE

"Macbeth" or "Come Vuole"

Macbeth Mr Johnson

Lady Macbeth Mr Sefton

<i>King Duncan</i>	Mr Dickenson
<i>Three Witches</i>	Messrs Hamilton, Gallagher, Tarpey
<i>Banquo</i>	Mr Dunford
<i>Macduff</i>	Mr Alexander
<i>Malcolm</i>	Mr Rogers
<i>Army of the King of Scotland</i>	Messrs Groarke, Mc- Donnell
Scenes : The Blasted Heath.				The Lounge, Castle Macbeth.	
5. ITEM	The Rector
6. QUARTET	"When I was a Student at Cadiz"			Messrs Haynes, Anglim, Hamilton, Scantlebury	
7. INTERLUDE	"Don't Misunderstand Me"				
<i>Scoutmaster</i>	Mr Harris
<i>Shop-Assistant</i>	Mr Haynes
<i>Manager</i>	Mr Anglim
8. TOPICAL SONG	Messrs Peters, Scantle- bury
9. PIANO SOLO					
(a)	<i>Sonata VII in C Major (Mozart)</i>				.
(b)	<i>Nocturne in F Sharp Major (Chopin)</i>				Mr McDonnell
10. ONE ACT PLAY	"The Ghost of Jerry Bundler"				
	by				
	W. W. JACOBS				
<i>Somers</i>	Mr Peters
<i>Malcolm</i>	Mr Scantlebury
<i>Hirst</i>	Mr Farrow
<i>Beldon</i>	Mr Swan
<i>Penfold</i>	Mr Dickenson
<i>Dr Leek</i>	Mr Anglim
<i>George</i>	Mr Williams
Scene : The Commercial Room, the Bell Inn.					

26th *Thursday*, found us sunk in a roseate trance after yesterday's rapid tempo.

27th *Friday*. Archbishop Ullathorne has been supplanted by Fr Brodrick S.J., who is taking us with him to the "Origin of the Jesuits".. Bishop Parker has arrived for a few days. Not even the Friday programme and menu can crush our spirits, for to-night we shouted the Philosophers to their feet to re-enact their more successful items, including First Year's interlude.

29th *Sunday*. Three more of First Year received the Tonsure and Mr Campbell the First Minors from Bishop Parker, who bravely fought his way through a weirdly printed Pontificale. We had hardly shouted a

loud *Prosit* before we were whisked back again for a full-length Benediction. Mr Churchill addressed the House after supper on the progress of the war—through the medium of the radio of course.

DECEMBER 1st. *Feast of the College Martyrs.* With regret we said adieu but not good-bye to Bishop Parker. "Small cheer and a great welcome make a happy feast"—that was the principle which guided us through the day.

Stonyhurst invited us to their Grammar play—"Cottage to Let"—a good play well acted.

2nd *Wednesday.* We still watch with interest the last-minute dash of the rearguard for meditation each morning. But two oil-stoves in the aisle to-day gave them pause. The idea is to introduce a little warmth, since our main boiler has burst, but the Chapel still remains the ideal refrigerator.

6th *Sunday.* Yesterday's torrential rainfall left the pitch rather soggy for a soccer match with a Clitheroe factory team. They confided in us (before the game) that they were unbeaten in their league, but we attacked *con spirito* and won 14—1. Perhaps our new goal-posts helped us a little.

7th *Monday.* "Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana." So learnt First Year from the Rector at their first Italian class.

8th *Tuesday.* *Feast of the Immaculate Conception.* To dinner as our guest of honour, Mgr Smith, whom we afterwards toasted *Ad Multos Annos.* Amidst prolonged applause he rose to address us with real ardour and sincerity on the true spirit and traditions of the College. Unfortunately he could only remain for a part of the day, but we hope he will be a frequent visitor to the College he has served so well.

"For we who now behold these present days
Have eyes to wonder but lack tongues to praise."

In the afternoon we cheered our rugby team to a 12—0 victory over the Stonyhurst 2nd XV, and both Colleges celebrated the occasion still further by an excellent film in the Academy Room.

9th *Wednesday.* Mr Eric Barber of the Collegio Beda, a former Shakespearean actor, addressed the Literary Society on "Enjoying Shakespeare". The passages selected to illustrate the beauty and rhythm of Shakespeare's language and Mr Barber's subtle portrayal of characters, were ample evidence of the masterly touch of a real actor and lover of Shakespeare. This will surely rank as one of the most outstanding lectures we have had.

10th *Thursday.* "There are no coals wherewith they may be warmed nor fire that they may sit thereat"—hence the ration of three buckets is increased to five.

11th *Friday*. Conversation languished as we settled down to read the VENERABLE, which is celebrating a belated twenty-first birthday.

12th *Saturday*. "Curiouser and curiouser", said Alice as she found herself opening out like a telescope. A similar surprise was ours when we watched our 2nd XV (yes, really) beat the Stonyhurst 3rd XV by 6 points to 3 this afternoon.

13th *Sunday*. Rev. W. Kelly arrived for a few days.

17th *Thursday*. Once again we joined the audience at Stonyhurst. This time it was for a most enjoyable concert and pantomime, throughout which our pantomime producers sat with hawk-like vigilance.

20th *Sunday*. *Retiro Mensile*.

21st *Monday*. Our long coveted film machine has at last materialised through the kindness of Fr Begley and the hard-working efficiency of Mr Brown. The trial run-through has drawn yips of ecstasy from the electricians, who assure us that the prospects are Elysian.

23rd *Wednesday*. *Obmittamus studia, dulce est desipere*—and so we cheerfully closed our books at the last lecture this morning.

Not content with our string of victories, we joined in combat with a Jesuit soccer team and, with youth and mud on our side, won 11—4. The teams then retired to tea at Stonyhurst to discuss the finer points of the game.

24th *Thursday*. *Christmas Eve*. With all its usual holly-chaining, berry-slinging and last minute shopping expeditions. The pantomime cast are galumphing about the theatre and rending the air with warbling wild.

We learnt to-day that Sgt-Observers Rawcliffe R.A.F., is reported missing on an operational flight.

Our Christmas programme began with the full liturgy. Though many had spent a few hours in bed beforehand, the singing of Matins and Lauds was good, and we were pleased to hear our more tuneful brethren give a good account of themselves in the *tonus lectionis sollempnis ad libitum*.

25th *Friday*. *Christmas Day*. After a tasty *merenda* we quickly grouped ourselves round a crackling log fire and wished everyone within speaking distance a Merry Christmas. And then, of course, somebody intoned "Good King Wenceslaus" and we carolled gaily through our repertoire, making the most of long sustained notes. We became so engrossed in harmonies that the entrance of *Chi Lo Sa?* failed to break up the party, though we stole away gradually in twos and threes to read the latest *bons mots* and funniosities. The sounding of the curfew at 3 a.m. sent most of us to bed in a deliciously semi-conscious state, until 8 a.m., when breakfast set the seal on our mood of well-being. A huge post left everyone quiet and contented till dinner, which was a magnificent effort on the part

of the nuns. Eventually we retired to the Common Room for one of our rare glasses of port, whose absence makes the heart grow fonder. Perhaps it dulled our appreciation of the concert this evening and even the first half-hour of the panto, but the Crusoe Bros quickly changed all that and whipped us up into a state of boisterous excitement. Their songs and dancing throughout left no doubt that when it comes to pantomime they are *facile principes*. The rest of the cast were good, especially the Cannibal King trained at a public school, but the Crusoe Bros contrived to steal the honours every time, and fittingly so, for this was their swan song in Christmas pantomime.

1. QUARTET (a) *That's Susetta* . Messrs Buxton, Haynes,
(b) *Simple Simon* . Peters, Kelly
2. ORCHESTRA *King Arthur Suite (Purcell)*
3. CAROLS (a) *Coventry Carol* . Messrs Pledger, Groarke,
(b) *I saw Three Ships* . Clark, Kelly
4. PANTOMIME "Robinson Crusoe"

or
The Positively Last Appearance

by
Daniel Defoe
Additional Dialogue and Production

by
B. Hannon, B. Fallon, and B. Brown

<i>Robinson Crusoe (noble-hearted but bone-headed)</i>	Mr Brown
<i>Billie Crusoe (his twin brother—even bonier)</i>	Mr Holland
<i>Mrs Crusoe (proprietress of the Rosehill Laundry)</i>	Mr Shelton
<i>Baron Waste</i>	Mr Hamilton
<i>Cissie (his daughter)</i>	Mr Buxton
<i>Captain William Barnacle (alias Barnacle Bill, the Pirate Chief)</i>	Mr Fallon
<i>Esmeralda (the Captain's conscience)</i>	Mr Hannon
<i>Friday XIII (the Cannibal King)</i>	Mr Swaby
<i>The Loch Ness Monster</i>	Messrs Fraser, Dockery
<i>Chorus of Pirates</i>	Messrs O'Leary F., Daley, Walsh, Farrow, Scantlebury, Dickenson
<i>Chorus of Cannibals</i>	Messrs Harrison, Crissel, Tarpey, Dunford, Alexander, Rogers.
<i>Orchestra</i>	Messrs Chapman, Haynes
<i>Scenes : ACT I.—Outside the Crusoes' House</i>	
<i>ACT II.—On board ship</i>	
<i>ACT III.—On the island</i>	

Here, as is customary, we should like to thank those "back-stage men" whose talents have been placed at the service of the House for concerts.

<i>Theatre Committee</i>	.	Messrs Swan, Anglim, Crissell
<i>Stage Committee</i>	.	Messrs Sowerby, Harris
<i>Properties</i>	.	Messrs Peters, Williams
<i>Make-up</i>	.	Messrs Harrison, Hannon, Richards
<i>Lighting</i>	.	Messrs Barry, Haynes
<i>Scenery</i>	.	Mr Tolkien

26th *Saturday*. Rev. F. Dawson rejoined us for a few days. The Common Room fair must rank as one of the best efforts ever. A gaily bedecked trattoria gave it a delightful Roman air, though the bad Italian inscription brought forth scandalized mutterings from many! Amongst a variety of attractive side-shows, the anonymous telegram stall did a roaring trade—even the Rector and Vice did not go unscathed. From the fair we passed on to Stonyhurst for a very good film, "South Riding".

27th *Sunday*. More visitors—Dr W. Park and Sub-Lieut. J. Walker, R.N.V.R.—arrived in time for the concert, which put us in a very receptive mood for the farce which, despite a well-worn plot, was a first class success. Messrs Richards and Peters were superb and were well supported by the seemingly endless stream of minor characters. It was a tribute both to producer and actors that the whole play went through without a hitch, despite the huge cast and complicated staging.

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|----------|-------------------------------|---|---------------------------|
| 1. OCTET | (a) <i>Port of Many Ships</i> | . | Messrs Pledger, Hannon, |
| | (b) <i>Johnny Sands</i> | . | Groarke J., Rogers, Clark |
| | | . | Barry, Sowerby, Harris |
| 2. SONG | . | . | Mr Walsh |

3. PIANOFORTE SOLO

Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2 (Liszt) Mr McDonnell

4. "Plunder"

A farce in three acts

by

Ben Travers

<i>Oswald Veal</i>	.	.	Mr Williams
<i>Prudence Malone</i>	.	.	Mr Kelly
<i>Mrs Hewlett</i>	.	.	Mr Chapman
<i>Simon Veal</i>	.	.	Mr Holloway
<i>Freddie Malone</i>	.	.	Mr Richards
<i>Mabel, a maid</i>	.	.	Mr Groarke, M.
<i>Joan Hewlett</i>	.	.	Mr Tyler
<i>D'Arcy Tuck</i>	.	.	Mr Peters
<i>Sir George Chudleigh</i>	.	.	Mr Storey
<i>Lady Chudleigh</i>	.	.	Mr Anglim
<i>Harry Kenward</i>	.	.	Mr Swan
<i>Ruth Bennett</i>	.	.	Mr Sefton
<i>Buckley, the Butler</i>	.	.	Mr Sowerby
<i>William Rood, a footman</i>	.	.	Mr McDonnell
<i>Mrs Orlock, housekeeper</i>	.	.	Mr O'Leary, M.

<i>Chief Constable Grierson</i>	.	.	Mr Fahy
<i>Detective Inspector Sibley</i>	.	.	Mr Campbell
<i>P.C. Davis</i>	.	.	Mr Wyche
<i>Detective Sergeant Marchant</i>	.	.	Mr Fooks
<i>Detective Sergeant Bryant</i>	.	.	Mr Chadwick

Scenes : ACT I.—Library at Mervin Court, near Horsham

ACT II.—Scene 1 : The Hall at Freddie Malone's house; The Gables,
Walton Hall.

Scene 2 : Mrs Hewlett's Bedroom at the Gables.

Scene 3 : The Hall at the Gables.

ACT III.—Scene 1 : Chief Constable Grierson's Office at New
Scotland Yard.

Scene 2 : The Hall at the Gables

28th *Monday*. Fr Hiscoe, who had stolen in late last night, appeared at breakfast this morning and was soon busily engaged in distributing cigarettes by the boxful. A steady downpour of rain made us feel very snug and cosy round the blazing fire, where we swopped yarns and experiences with our visitors, whose numbers were increased by a Jesuit soccer team. A game, arranged for the afternoon, was cancelled because of the weather, so we discussed what might have been over tea and in the Common Room. Mgr Smith arrived in time for lunch. He was quickly planked in his seat of honour at the piano, and we rattled merrily through our old favourites until the bell sounded for Vespers in preparation for

29th *Tuesday*. *Feast of St Thomas*. To dinner Fr Belton S.J., who afterwards shared another of our rare bottles of port.

The concert was short because of the length of the play, but we enjoyed the orchestra immensely. The play was a rare piece of fine writing, ingenious plot and subtle characterisation. The acting was of a high standard, with Ellen Creed and her two sisters outstandingly good. Perhaps one or two situations were marred by faltering dialogue, but the general excellence of the play helped us to forget these slips.

1. ORCHESTRA *Sinfonietta in D (Mozart)*
2. OCTET *Mihi est Propositum* . Messrs Brown, Alexander
Scantlebury, Dickenson,
Haynes, Dunford,
Richards, Hamilton .
3. PLAY " *Ladies in Retirement* "
by
Edward Percy and Reginald Denham

<i>Lucy Gilham, a maid</i>	.	.	Mr Johnson
<i>Leonora Fiske</i>	.	.	Mr Clark
<i>Ellen Creed, her housekeeper</i>	.	.	Mr Pledger
<i>Albert Feather, Miss Creed's nephew</i>	.	.	Mr Harris

<i>Louisa Creed</i>	Mr Groarke J.
<i>Emily Creed</i>	Mr Jones
<i>Sister Theresa, a Nun</i>	Mr Roche
<i>Bates, Carriage man, and Effects</i>	Mr Harrison

Scene : A living room of an old house on the marshes of the Thames estuary, ten miles to the east of Gravesend

Time : 1885

ACT I.—Scene 1 : A June morning in 1885

Scene 2 : An afternoon in the following September

Scene 3 : Late afternoon, a week later

ACT II.—Scene 1 : Saturday, a wild night in mid-November.

Scene 2 : Sunday morning

ACT III.—Scene 1 : Following Wednesday night

Scene 2 : Thursday morning

After supper, fun and games in the Common Room were superintended by Fr Hiscoe, though most of us were content to watch the lively antics of the few. We wound up our Christmas and the year with Auld Lang Syne and its traditional hop skip and a jump. And so to bed till

30th *Wednesday*, when we awoke heavy and lethargic at 5.30 a.m., but quickly shook off the mists of sleep at the thought of that early train. Having completed all the preparations incident to our departure, viz. sweeping of room, dusting of same, stripping of bed, *et hoc genus omne*, we were amazed to find that our special 'bus had defied all tradition by arriving at the scheduled hour. In the dim morning-light we bade a hasty farewell to our visitors and sped away with much boisterous singing for home via Preston.

JANUARY 21st *Thursday*. Oh! the whirligig of time! Perfect weather with a warm hint of Spring heralded our return; no snowstorms, train delays, suspended 'bus services or other usually reliable excuses could hold us back. Even so, we missed a few familiar faces in the Refectory, but most of them put in an appearance before Night Prayers, whilst the remainder crept in with the milk.

22nd *Friday*. A *dies non* at which we purred with pleasure. You may recall that conversation we had with the local farmer on November 20th—rather one-sided, you thought. Well, he has made good that threat, and now we are minus our soccer-cum-rugger pitch. Life is stern.

23rd *Saturday*. "Ultima vice dicebam"—the old ones are always best.

24th *Sunday*. To dinner Mr Abbot and Mr Molloy. We have been intrigued for the last day or so by a small blue badge sported by one of the Theologians with an air of juvenile jauntiness. On closer inspection we find that he is our fuel inspector, which, roughly translated, means that he is in charge of the coal.

27th *Wednesday*. If you should see a man gesticulating wildly or tottering about with palms outstretched in the Refectory, Common Room, aula or corridor, you know it is a holy deacon explaining carefully how not to say Mass. They nail you in any odd corner with what seems unfair discrimination, and though you try to slither away with a groan of despair, you know that there is no release until you have heard a pitiless analysis of O'Connell.

28th *Thursday*. Grace before supper was delayed a space owing to a complicated round of hand-shaking *al'italiano* between the Superiors and Frs Duggan and Firth—the latter resplendent in a comfortable Army Chaplain's uniform. Free cigarettes from Fr Duggan soon found him a wide circle of friends, exchanging reminiscences about the brave old days.

30th *Saturday*. Which is the Rector's birthday; but the celebration is transferred to an unspecified date. An amateurish *pericolo di morte* notice warns us that we have a mumps case and all the attendant evils.

Bishop Mathew arrived this afternoon and on

31st *Sunday* addressed the Literary Society on "The English Catholic Tradition and Literature." His wide variety of material and infectious good humour gave pleasure to all.

FEBRUARY 2nd *Tuesday*. *Candlemas Day*. The procession round the corridors, with candles inevitably spluttering grease over everything within range, was marked by an air of limp despondency, due, no doubts to a small ration of singing. How we sighed for a few lusty Italian voices to add a touch of variety. Still, the schola made a valiant effort with their Offertory piece.

3rd *Wednesday*. The Rector conferred an impromptu blessing of St Blaise on our mumps case, and we now await the miracle. But the only visible effect was an overpowering smell of Dettol from the candles during the blessing after supper.

The first social event of the New Year took the form of a debate in which members discussed what to do with Germany after the war—many weird people spoke, including Stalin, a Christian Scientist and a reporter from the *Liverpool Echo*.

4th *Thursday*. Two weeks of uninterrupted rain were broken to-day by some fine, brisk weather. Many took the hint and made a day of it.

5th *Friday*. Fr T. McKenna arrived for a few days' respite from his secretarial labours.

6th *Saturday*. The willing horse never needs the spur, and to-night the accidental fall of an ash-tray provided the excuse for a merry Common Room. One pacifist sat on the outer fringe of the ring with the pleasant feeling of having circumvented Fate; but Fate is not so easily out-man-

oeuvred, for a flying missile suddenly found its mark on the top of his head. He sat there mumbling wordlessly until 9.30 p.m. when Top Year, buoyed up by the revelry, entered upon their week's Retreat.

7th *Sunday*. The dull red edge of the sunrise over the bare slopes of Pendle, made many sigh for Faete. The day was so warm and fair that we climbed right to the top of Longridge Fell to look out upon the whole scene in the clear winter sunshine, and then clambered down into the woods to inspect the streams swollen from the recent heavy rain.

8th *Monday*. A *dies non* for the Rector's birthday. A ragged, slag grey sky did not defer the more energetic from setting out on a gita, but we preferred to curl up snugly before a glowing fire. (Lest the fuel purist should blush for shame, we must point out that we do not light our fire every day—*contento*?) After dinner we toasted the Rector *Ad Multos Annos*, and he replied with some interesting facts about Rome contained in a letter from Mgr Carroll-Abbing.

10th *Wednesday*. A friendly little note from Lord Woolton was pinned on the notice board for all to enjoy. Amongst other things he tells us to eat more eggs and vegetables, and concludes with a cheery admonition to make the cooking attractive. This is calculated to provoke remark.

11th *Thursday*. As we took the air this morning amidst the almost inevitable rain, we stumbled across the electricians in the College woods, wandering about like lost souls. But all is well, for, on closer inspection, we noticed they were fixing up the wire for the film machine.

12th *Friday*. Fr Dyson swelled with pride as he ushered three American sergeants into the Refectory for tea. They seemed to suffer from a slight inferiority complex at first when they noticed the number of clerical collars around them, but they quickly recovered their customary homeliness to tell us rather boisterously, "Gee, these are the best buns we've tasted in a long time". We took the hint and brought some more.

13th *Saturday*. Six of Top Year stole away at daybreak to various parts of England, but their places were soon filled by several visitors and *ordinandi* who streamed in this evening. To supper were Bishop Marshall, Fr Camillus C.P., Dr Holland, Frs Pippet, P. Storey, Ashworth and Mr Gibb. With so many visitors it was impossible to miss a sing-song, and we made it somewhat cosmopolitan, Dr Holland providing the Spanish element and Mr Gibb the Italian.

14th *Sunday*. Bishop Marshall officiated at the ordinations, which were held at Stonyhurst. *Prosit* to Messrs A. Storey (Middlesbrough), Holland (Liverpool) and Daley (Shrewsbury), ordained priests here, and to Messrs Lavery (Hexham and Newcastle), Brown and Roche (Westminster), F. O'Leary and Cotter (Clifton), and Pledger (Southwark), ordained elsewhere. An additional *Prosit* to Second Year Theology who received Second Minors.

A very satisfactory meal helped us to forget the weather temporarily but, true to form, the rain ceased at 2 p.m. ; and to bring apoplexy a step closer, one of the visitors casually remarked how lucky we were to have so much fresh air here !

In the evening Mr Storey gave Benediction, and we celebrated in fitting manner with a half-hour's extra smoking.

15th *Monday*. The Community Mass was said by Mr Storey. Half the House suddenly disappeared after dinner, and the closely-guarded secret (!) is now public knowledge—the Opera has resumed its rightful place in our traditions.

16th *Tuesday*. A day of steady sunshine ; our pleasure was materially heightened when a holiday was announced. In a short space men were skimming to and fro in search of gita parties and, what is more essential, the alfresco *minumum quid*.

We welcomed Rev. A. Iggleden, who arrived this evening for a brief visit *ad limina*. His departure on

17th *Wednesday* almost coincided with the entry of Rev. H. Martindale who also made a quick exit after tea.

18th *Thursday*. Our first game of soccer since Christmas was played on our new pitch, where gentle undulations and unexpected pot-holes remind one rather forcibly of football at the Villa.

19th *Friday*. Ever since last September the handball court has been used as a barn for storing grain. We have viewed the situation with a certain justifiable impatience, but we were full of élan to-day when a huge threshing machine, of which Heath Robinson might justly be proud, was planted next to the court. This mood of elation did not last long, for it was quickly nipped in the bud by the dismal tidings that the *machina* (if it works at all) will operate once a week over a period of months !

20th *Saturday*. There has been a refreshing outburst of art in the House recently, and its latest form is some very impressive mural decoration in the theatre. Three artists, all home produced, are working away in quiet contentment, oblivious, we hope, of the airy persiflage of many captious critics who drop in every few minutes to give their views on art.

21st *Sunday*. Another form of art in the House is book-binding, and two specialists have been busy at work for the last few weeks turning out neatly bound copies of the abridged *Preces*. Their work was on view to-day at Benediction, and again the result is impressive.

22nd *Monday*. *Ben' tornati* to Top Year, who found some peculiar and perhaps unnerving surprises awaiting them in their rooms. Also a very special *ben' tornato* to Mr Molloy, who has rejoined Second Year Theology after five years' absence.

The Film Committee invited us to a preview of part of to-morrow's film-show in the Common Room. The old cries of "Focus", "Sound" etc. were still in evidence, but we agree that the machine is excellent except for the sound, which was rather deafening and almost unintelligible.

23rd *Tuesday*. A holiday in anticipation of the Feast of St Thomas Aquinas, which falls on a Sunday this year. Loud noises, musical and otherwise, from the Common Room, announced a full-length opera practice which reminded one, however vaguely, of the sforza-gita days; but eheu! there is no break now for *limonata* and *biscotti*.

Top Year provided a sumptuous tea, the film-show and cigarettes in *abbondanza*—the latter were doubly welcome owing to an acute shortage in this district.

The Rector formally opened the film season with a few choice words at the microphone to fortify us against any break-down. Fortunately, his fears were unjustified, though there is still room for improvement on the sound. We renewed acquaintance with the Crazy Gang in "The Frozen Limits", and three short films rounded off a perfect evening and a still more perfect holiday.

24th *Wednesday*. We attended a Blandyke concert at Stonyhurst this evening. The second half of the programme was occupied by a miniature version of *The Mikado*, presented by the trebles "in a fashion most entrancing". Rarely have we heard such a charming and delicate rendering of the music of this opera.

After supper we had the Kissing of Hands of the *novelli sacerdoti*, followed by the "Te Deum."

25th *Thursday*. Life is peculiar, not to say odd—you never know what is waiting for you round the corner. This evening as we chatted quietly of this and that, the peace of the Common Room was shattered by the boisterous entrance of the 6 Wonder Boys 6—a faint echo of Tuesday's film. The first few minutes of their entertainment were uproarious, but unfortunately the end was too far from the beginning, and as they continued to crack their way with ghoulish gusto through a series of jokes and general business, the silence became deadly and threatening—a pity, for the jokes were really funny. But the old College spirit still flourishes in spite of rationing, and a throwing-out party soon rose to perform their task efficiently and mercilessly.

26th *Friday*. The Casuistry class took a different line this week—the "Anvil" questions replaced the usual case, and Aula I was converted into a B.B.C. studio. The Brains Trust gave a brief solution of the various problems, whilst the ordinary listener, that is, the rest of us, told them openly what we thought of their answers.

27th *Saturday*. Dr Holland and Rev. B. O'Neill arrived for the weekend, and we also caught our first glimpse of Fr Courtney S.J., who is to lecture on *De Deo Uno*.

28th *Sunday*. *Ritiro mensile*, but also *dies celebrationis* for the new priests. A very ample meal, reminiscent of Christmas, was followed by coffee and port, with which we toasted the priests *Ad Multos Annos*. A quiet stroll was indicated after all this festivity, but many stalwarts worked off what little remaining energy they had in a game of rugger—it takes all sorts to make a world.

MARCH 1st *Monday*. The Community Mass this morning was offered for Cardinal Hinsley, who is very seriously ill.

A huge daffodil, proudly flaunted by one of our two Welsh representatives, helped to remind us of St David. Fr Lawson S.J., a frequent visitor to the College in our Roman days, has taken up residence with us here, for he will be telling us all we ought to know about Church History.

2nd *Tuesday*. Dr Holland left us this morning for Lisbon via Southport. He was followed later by Fr Gutwenger, who is leaving us until after Easter.

The reading this evening was of universal interest; we were told of the tender affection of St Ignatius for his novices—extra sleep here, special food there and so on. The Jesuits smiled approvingly, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that life is full of compensations.

3rd *Wednesday*. Having learnt all there is to be known about the early Jesuits, we switched over to a more secular subject—"The Surgeon's Log"—which, despite some purple passages, promises to make long reading somewhat fascinating.

Mr Arnold Lunn is staying at Stonyhurst. We renewed our acquaintance with him this evening when he came across to give us a refreshing talk on America and various other countries.

5th *Friday*. "*Sic namque repente omnia mutantur ordinibus variis.*" At the Public Meeting, Mr Storey vacated the chair of office in favour of Mr Fallon; the many committees were replaced with new blood, and on

6th *Saturday* we too, the diarist, have come to the "last of many days." The last event we record is yet another victory over the Stonyhurst 2nd XV by 9 points to 6.

And now the sands are running out fast. Our successor is creeping up behind us with a superior curl of the lip, but we can afford to turn upon him an amused and indulgent look. All this, though of absorbing interest, is not really germane to the issue; and so let a few words from *The Gondoliers* fade us out:

"With a pleasure that's emphatic

We retire to our attic

With the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done!"

BRIAN J. HANNON.

PERSONAL

The death of Cardinal HINSLEY has been mourned far outside the realm of the Catholic communion, so that it may seem trivial here to mention what his passing means to us. Yet we do feel the Cardinal's death as a personal loss, a domestic sorrow, for he belonged to us in an intimate way, and looked on the Venerable as his home. We of this generation knew him first as something of a legend. He was already Archbishop of Westminster when we arrived, and no student in the College had known him as Rector. But somehow all seemed to know him, and what he stood for, to have an almost personal regard for "the Hinner". We soon heard the old songs of his desert wanderings: "Along the desert sands the Boss is roaming, On the camel's hump he's feeling blue. . ."—and how he loved those songs, but, most of all, what they implied, a spirit of confidence and collaboration between superior and student, oneness of aim and boundless joy in pursuing it; these were the fruits of a wide vision and a belief in freedom that has spelt its own justification in success. Arriving years after his rectorship, we could appraise what it had achieved; high standards all round, a masculine, English piety, love of enterprise, and tangible evidence in such acquisitions as Palazzola, the Tank, an efficient cuisine, all testifying to the realisation of his ideal, and the mark of a loyal and united House.

So it was as a giant that he came to us on his visits to the College, yet how kindly and lovable a giant! Straight to the Common Room on each occasion despite infirmity, always present at concerts, revelling in *Chi Lo Sa?* and its innumerable jokes centred on his cardinalitial hat and scarlet plumage! I remember one of our guests at a Christmas concert, a student from the American College, amazed that the Cardinal should come to the concert and sit in the midst of the audience without any fuss or fanfare, said he would like to speak to him, as he had never spoken to a Cardinal before. At the interval he approached, and the Cardinal immediately made him sit down and talked as man to man, to the American's delight.

That was the Cardinal, homely to everyone, first and foremost a priest, always at another's disposal, always, too, an Englishman, above all in his

belief in freedom; and that spirit of freedom which he first infused into the Venerable he carried to the African colonies when Delegate and, lastly, in an England beleaguered and at bay, he emerged (how grandly!) as the champion of the cause which had always been nearest his heart.

Now that he is gone we feel genuine sorrow; but we are not entirely bereaved, for he has left much behind him which we of the Venerable are determined shall endure. The spirit of this College is his memorial and our responsibility; while it lasts the name of Cardinal Hinsley will be honoured, and the House to which he gave so much of his energy and life will flourish and ably serve the end to which it has for centuries been dedicated.

The College was represented at the Dirge and the Solemn Requiem Mass for the Cardinal in Westminster Cathedral by the Rector, the Senior Student and the senior Westminster student.

Mgr DUCHEMIN, Rector of the Beda College, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on February 23rd. We were happy to have the opportunity of congratulating him and wishing him *Ad Multos Annos* when he visited us shortly after the event. The occasion was signalised, and the friendship between the Beda and the Venerable symbolised, by his saying our Community Mass, which on that day, by a happy coincidence, happened to be the Mass of Jesus Christ the Eternal High Priest.

Another jubilarian to whom we tender our sincere good wishes is Reverend Mother Clare, Superior of St Winefride's Convent, Shrewsbury. She celebrated the golden jubilee of her reception of the religious habit during Easter week. Many more English College students than those of the present generation remember with gratitude and pleasure the bran-tubs at the Christmas fair, the threepenny pieces in the Christmas pudding and the hundred and one little surprises that arrived at other times of celebration, for it is eighteen years since Mother Clare became the Fairy God-mother of the College. We feel sure that all who have been the recipients of her bounty will join with us in wishing her well and asking God's blessing upon her and her community.

Very Rev. Mgr R. L. SMITH, Ph.D., M.A. (1922-29) is now parish priest of the Church of Our Lady and St Joseph, Carlisle.

To Mgr A. ATKINS (1921-28) we offer our congratulations on his appointment as Vicar General of the Liverpool diocese in succession to the late Bishop Dobson. Mgr Atkins is also parish priest of the Sacred Heart parish in Liverpool.

Very Rev. W. Canon DENNETT (1895-98) of St George's, Maghull, has succeeded the late Bishop Dobson as Provost of the Liverpool Diocesan Chapter.

Rev. W. O'GRADY (1919-23) has published a little book of poems entitled *The Fountain of Life*, which is reviewed in this number. We have also reviewed a booklet on the serving of Mass by Rev. H. E. CALNAN, D.D. (1907-12).

Revv. V. M. FAY (1925-32), P. J. MCGEE (1925-32), J. SLATER (1926-32), J. TICKLE (1928-35), M. ELCOCK (1930-37), S. LESCHER (1932-38), G. HISCOE (1934-41), and P. FIRTH (1935-41), have recently been appointed Chaplains in the Army. Rev. H. MARTINDALE (1933-40) is a Chaplain in the Royal Navy.

Friends of Rev. T. J. E. LYNCH, C.F., who is a prisoner of war in Italy, are asked to note his change of address: Capt. the Rev. T. J. E. Lynch, Campo Concentramento 57, Posta Militare 3200, Gruppignano.

The new Administrator at the Cathedral, Northampton, is Rev. J. RUDDERHAM, D.D., M.A. (1923-27).

Revv. W. PARK, D.D., and V. MARSH, Ph.D., have been appointed to St Patrick's, Earlestown, and St John's, Kirkdale, Liverpool, respectively.

We ask prayers for the safety of Sgt-Observed R. RAWCLIFFE, R.A.F. (1938-41), who was reported missing on an operational flight in December 1942.

FR COURTNEY S.J. was with us during March and April to pilot us through the tract *De Deo Uno*. After Easter Fr GUTWENGER will return to take the tract on the Trinity. Fr LAWSON S.J., whom many will remember at the University in Rome, is now teaching us Church History.

The Senior Student for the year 1943-44 is Mr ROBERT FALLON.

We thank all who lent us text books for this year's work, and assure them that the arrangements made for their return will be carried out. We would be grateful for the loan of copies of Billot's *De Sacramentis* for the academic year commencing next September.

The Executors of the late Cardinal Hinsley would be grateful if past students of the English College who may know from *personal* experience any special anecdote, either of the late Cardinal's student days or of his time as Rector, which would be useful when the time comes for His Eminence's life to be written, would be kind enough to send a brief account of it to:—

The Executors of the late Cardinal Hinsley,
Archbishop's House,
Westminster,
London, S.W.1.

Any original letters of the late Cardinal which may be sent will be copied and returned to the sender.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

Mr Chapman and Mr Harrison have retired from the staff, the former after two years on the editorial side, the latter with five years' service on the secretarial side to his credit. Together they guided the destinies of the Magazine through what proved to be a critical period, and it was largely due to Mr Harrison's resource and indefatigability that THE VENERABLE was secured on a firm financial basis and thus enabled to come safely through the days of difficulty.

Will subscribers please note that it has been considered necessary to raise the price of the Magazine to 6s. yearly. This does not apply to payments which have already been made in advance.

The staff now consists of the following :—

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|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| Editor : Mr Buxton | Secretary : Mr Barry |
| Sub-editor : Mr Tyler | Under-secretary : Mr Williams |

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Baeda (2), The Beda Review, The Cottonian, The Downside Review, The Edmundian, The Lisbonian, The Oscotian, Pax (2), St Peter's College Magazine, (Bearsden), The Ratcliffian, The Ushaw Magazine (2), The Wonersh Magazine.

MUSIC NOTES

To-day, even as yesterday, music remains one of the most active interests in the House. The Chant retains a good level of excellence, and all the singing connected with the liturgy is virile and firm. Perhaps it is because of this masculine spirit that all other music in the House possesses a vivacity and gaiety that is its most attractive quality. The range of interest in the House has always been catholic, but now the individual no longer restricts his curiosity to what is high or to what is low, but samples both.

Naturally enough, our enclosed life has made us make our own music. In chapel we have fitted Tenebrae into our Ordo. Last year we tried about a dozen responses on Ingegneri and Vittoria. Some emerged from the crude metabolism that transforms S.A.T.B. to T.T.B.B.; some did not. In future we can afford to be eclectic. This year, for instance, we intend to sing more of the Chant, which in our opinion, expresses far more deeply the tragedy of the Holy Week liturgy. At Christmas we were as merry as ever. The programme has become a tradition: "‘Be We Merry’. Continuous from 10.15 p.m., December 24th." As a general criticism, one would say that the House has begun to understand the meaning of rhythm and voice.

This year we have put two links in the chain of continuity that binds us to Rome. The Opera has been tried and not found wanting. "The Gondoliers", chosen for its brilliant music, has re-opened the tradition. The work was all done in free time, and in spite of a cast of twenty-six, not to mention the underworld of pianist and producer, the Common Room did not suffer too harshly.

The other link is the re-birth of the orchestra, Stonyhurst generously supplying us with a viola and a double-bass. Pianists, whose scarcity caused anxiety and strain a year ago, have now inundated the place. It is no joy to say Office in the chapel these days with anything from Bach to Jerome Kern tinkling up through the floor-boards. The orchestra itself, with the aid of Fr Ekbery, has co-operated in the production of the Opera, and the presence of strings has given colour and sparkle to music already gay and scintillating.

But the lack of a gramophone—caused by unavoidable delay due to war conditions—has been felt. We hope, however, for its speedy arrival, and we owe a great debt of thanks to Mr McDonnell for such a munificent gift. Another generous donor has provided the capital with which to buy records. Suggestions were asked as to how best to spend this £13, and the total cost of records listed was something in the region of £70!

These few facts do not prove the statement in our first paragraph, but they give some idea of the musical inclinations of the House. We regret the loss of Mgr Smith's genius, but his influence still steadies the cranks—if any there be—among us; and it is not too much to say that the future bears promise of much fruit for those who take part or are interested in the musical endeavours of the English College.

C.A.P.A.C.

This year the committee decided to direct the study of Catholic Action on more practical lines. There has been a good deal of speculation among some Catholic writers as to the form in which Catholic teaching should be dressed in order to be accepted by what is called the "modern mind", and during the last few years much time has been spent in discussing this subject *per longum et latum*. But as we have not the necessary experience upon which to draw, it was thought to be more useful if C.A.P.A.C. were

to study the means available to the Church in England in her Apostolic work.

Having made this decision, it was arranged to have one circle for the study of Youth Clubs—what the Government wants and what the Church's part is—another for the detailed study of some of the more important parish societies, and a third for the study of the rite of Holy Mass. This last proved the most popular and was probably the most successful. As usual, there was an introductory circle for newcomers, the purpose being to give them some idea of what the Popes have asked us to do in the way of Catholic Action. Plans had been made for studying some of the non-Catholic religions in England and Fr Leeming had promised his help; even after his departure from our midst we intended to carry on, but in the end the scheme had to be abandoned.

The study of Catholic Action has not been made any easier by our coming to England. Problems which seemed to admit of easy solution in far-away Rome are now seen to be far more complicated, and theories which before may have met with only slight opposition have now to prove themselves on home ground. But at least we have the advantage of being on the spot and can observe for ourselves during the holidays how Catholic Action is faring in practice.

SPORTS

ASSOCIATION

For two years we have been playing soccer on what is really a rugby pitch; and the disadvantages of this are evident. Our forwards, instead of concentrating on accurate, low-level placing, have tended to lob the ball over the goal-keeper's head, taking full advantage of the high cross-bar of the rugby posts—much too high for any goal-keeper to reach—and much to the annoyance and disgust of the hapless wight between the posts. The effect upon our style in particular and on the games in general can well be imagined. This season, however, we were able to secure our own soccer posts, which we erected some feet in front of the rigger "props". But long habit dies hard: time and time again the ball was sent sailing over the cross-bar when a goal should have been a certainty; but the tendency has been cured to some extent, and we are gradually adapting ourselves to the change.

A good proportion of our thirteen new men have proved themselves ardent soccer fans. Their enthusiasm led the eleven men of First Year Philosophy to challenge the hoary ancients of Fourth Year Theology to a match. Bath chairs were cranked up and liberal doses of embrocation were applied to limbs "bent but not broken by age" in preparation for a game well calculated to make or mar the reputation of Top Year. The rest of the House turned out as spectators; and many, regarding the occasion as one which called for some celebration, donned fancy dress and armed themselves with bells and rattles! Wagers were laid and fortunes were staked on the issue of this game which, throughout the first half, looked

like ending in a victory for the youthful brethren. But when the final whistle blew it was a somewhat crestfallen First Year that left the field defeated by four goals to one.

From the window of the 'bus which brought us from Preston at the end of the Christmas holidays, we noticed that our pitch had been called up for national service and had shed its erstwhile green for khaki; but another was put at our disposal which, although serving its purpose, is not as level as the old one and will take some getting used to. There has been a marked difference in our play since the change-over, but that is only to be expected. The games have altogether lost what vigour and sparkle they had before Christmas.

Before Christmas we won three games against teams from outside. The first, against an Army XI, reflected our last season's defect of lack of co-operation between half-backs and forwards, but in spite of this we managed to win 3—1. Our second fixture was with the Rover Club from Clitheroe, over whom—we speak subject to correction—we secured the biggest victory the College has ever had. The score was 11—1. The third match was played a few days before Christmas against the Jesuit Fathers and Scholastics of Stonyhurst. The score of 11—4 in our favour rather flatters us, as it was not till the second half, when our opponents began to tire, that we piled up a substantial lead. Rain prevented a return match a few days later. In March we had another game with the Rover Club, defeating them this time by 4 goals to 2. As yet we are unbeaten, but we cannot rest on our laurels as we hope to have a couple more fixtures before the season closes.

The following have played for the House:—

Fraser (Captain), Brown, Dunford, Fallon, Farrow, Hannon, Holland, O'Connell, O'Leary (F.), Peters, Rogers, Scantlebury, Sefton, Storey, Walsh, Wyche.

RUGBY

It is with a certain feeling of pleasure that we sit back and review the achievements of the past season. It has been quite an eventful one; we even dare to assert that it has been one of the most successful that the Venerable has ever seen. Our satisfaction is the keener because the outlook in September was so unpromising; indeed, many had prophesied an early death for ruggar, and even the weather was against us in the beginning. Imagine our surprise, then, when half the House offered their services for the first game! Naturally enough, such a record was impossible to maintain throughout the year, but the response was adequate. By dint of shortening the pitch and warning the referee to keep a kindly eye on his watch, we made the games with reduced numbers quite as enjoyable as those with full sides. Our thanks are due to all who have turned out and spent themselves, and especially to those who have just taken up the game—they are always sure of a warm welcome.

The high spots of the season were three matches played against Stonyhurst teams, each of which we won. Taking into consideration the fact that our representatives had no previous opportunity of working as a team, we can say we gave a good account of ourselves. The forwards worked hard throughout, and the three often astounded us by some really first-class movements. One of our outstanding weaknesses was in place-kicking. This was not just an occasional weakness but a fault consistently evident during the whole of the season. Perhaps someone will turn his attention to this most important part of rugby—it only needs patience and practice. Tackling on the whole was extremely keen, although in each game a slackening-off (the weight of old age!) was noticeable towards the end. We thank the Stonyhurst team for those fine games and hope they derived as much enjoyment from them as we did. We appreciate, too, the hospitality shown to us each time by the Jesuit Fathers, and in particular by Fr Rooney who arranged the games.

These matches were the occasion of a successful innovation, namely, scientific practices on one or two afternoons beforehand. They proved to be quite popular. We offer, therefore, a suggestion to the new captain that he utilise this latent passion for running up and down the field and indulging in leap-frog. He will surely find some enthusiasts who will be prepared to demonstrate to the interested how it is done. To them and to him we wish every success in 1943—1944.

OBITUARY

FATHER R. W. FINNESEY.

Father Richard Wilfrid Finnesey died at the age of 55 at Manchester Royal Infirmary on February 10th, 1943, the eve of the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. His death brought to an unexpectedly early end a life of great promise.

As a young boy he attended the Catholic Institute, Liverpool, and went to St. Edward's College—then the junior seminary for the Liverpool diocese—in September 1898. He was unusually young for the College, but even in those days he had a knowledge and taste in literature that was remarkable. He made no great reputation in athletics and probably had no ambition to do so; he was rather of the scholarly type, and yet always so bright and witty in speech that he was always a most entertaining companion. He was fortunate in having in his Year an unusual proportion of very able boys, and towards the end of his student days at St Edward's he had the advantage of being taught by Dr John Cotton, M.A.—one of the greatest masters St Edward's ever produced. During his time also Fr George Gorman taught there and Fr Gorman's influence upon him was plainly noticeable. Fr Gorman's high ideal of priestly dignity was visible in Fr Finnesey; and though he was himself by nature dignified, he would have been the first to acknowledge his debt to Fr Gorman.

He took London Matriculation and Intermediate, and in 1905 was appointed minor professor. He was then able to give special attention to his linguistic abilities, and in 1909 he took English and French honours in the London B.A. He spoke French extremely well. During this time a change came over him, and though he was always the same witty and bright companion, he became much more rigorous with himself.

The reward of his success at St Edward's was that he was sent to do his professional studies at the Venerable. Rome went straight to his heart. Unfortunately, I cannot speak with inside knowledge of the Venerable, but if it seeks to inculcate devotion to the Church, loyalty to the Holy Father and zeal for the conversion of England, its work was eminently successful in Richard Wilfrid Finnesey. Rome, the home of the Holy Father, became his home; its shrines and its churches, its memories of saints and martyrs, were the joy of his life, and the title that he valued most in later life was that he was a "Roman".

Unfortunately, his previous studies had been a great strain upon him and his health broke down, so that he was not able to take the Ph.D., and he had to return to England in 1912. He did his theological studies at St Joseph's College, Upholland, and though he was distinguished by his great goodness and high principles he had not the strength to extend himself in the intellectual field. He was ordained priest at Upholland in 1916 and was appointed professor at the old college of St Edward's.

He remained at St Edward's till in January 1920 the junior seminary was transferred to Upholland, and there he continued teaching until 1926. The students who came under his care had the good fortune to find in him a most competent master—and students and professors alike regarded him as a model of all priestly perfection. His dignity, his unpretentious and profound piety, his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to Our Lady had an immense influence on all who came in contact with him, and during these years he did a great work for the diocese.

While he was at Upholland the extension of the college began, and in preparation for the new chapel he inaugurated the scheme for the English Martyrs' altar. It is due largely to his initiative, his energy and his generosity that this most beautiful piece of work stands there to-day; and as befitted a son of the Venerabile he saw to it that the incident of St Philip blessing the English College students should be portrayed in exquisite sculpture. It is at once a monument to his own zeal and an inspiration to succeeding generations.

He left the college in 1926 and went to St James', Bootle, where he worked with great devotion till 1929, when he was made parish priest of St Mary's, Blackbrook, St Helen's. Here again he left a monument to his love for the beauty of God's house in a new high altar erected to the memory of his predecessor, Canon O'Sullivan. In 1940 he was appointed parish priest of the Sacred Heart parish, Liverpool, one of the most important parishes in the city, and his friends looked forward to his magnificent priestly spirit having now full scope and producing results in keeping with his wonderful character.

Alas! it was not to be. A paralysing affliction struck him almost at once. He suffered from intense head-aches and had frequent periods of unconsciousness. The specialists could find nothing definitely wrong with him, and the Archbishop with great kindness gave him three months' leave, hoping that a complete rest would restore him. At Colwyn Bay he seemed to improve, and when the attacks were not on him he talked with all his old verve and brilliance. Yet on his return to Liverpool it was clear that he was really no better; he resigned the parish of the Sacred Heart and was appointed Chaplain of La Sagesse Convent, Grassendale. But even that was beyond his strength and he went to rest again at St Joseph's Convent, Old Swan. Here the medical attendant suspected a serious affection of the brain and he was sent to The Private Patients' Home, Manchester Royal Infirmary, for observation. He lived only ten days and died during one of his attacks, apparently through the bursting of a tumour or abscess on the brain.

It is consoling to think that in his last months he met with great kindness and consideration from all about him. He bore his sufferings—and his headaches were very severe—with the greatest patience and his inability to work with great humility.

In sickness as in health, he gave to all who were privileged to know him the example of a splendid priest. May he rest in peace.

C. L. WARING.

BOOK REVIEWS

Our Living Faith. By Rev. S. M. Shaw. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 5s.

Fr Shaw has succeeded in producing a sound exposition of Christian dogma in intelligible language. *Our Living Faith*, as the title implies, is written not only from the apologetical but also from the devotional and practical standpoints.

To be commended is the treatment of Faith, Hope and Charity, and also of what might be termed "the lesser known" virtues, such as Understanding, Wisdom and Knowledge. The chapter on prayer is excellent. Fr Shaw dispels several erroneous but prevalent conceptions of the subject. Prayer is not a narcotic or charm, but union with God; and if we pray sincerely our spiritual growth will develop without reference to our wishes, which may not be in accordance with God's will for us.

The author's explanation of the Eucharist, in which he follows Père de la Taille, is clear, though perhaps too much space is devoted to prayers after Communion.

This book should prove a valuable help to all classes of the faithful.

A. COTTER.

Catholic Directory 1943. 731+240 pp. Burns Oates & Washbourne. 7s. 6d.

The war has forced upon us many forms of "Utility" ware. The publishers are therefore to be congratulated on the production of this edition of the *Catholic Directory*. It is identical in form, paper, and printing with the pre-war editions. It contains all the usual relevant information, and for compactness of size compares favourably with previous editions.

The Manual of Prayers. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 16s. (Morocco 30s.).

Revision and re-translation of standard works has been carried on in spite of war difficulties, and may well be a measure of the urgent desire of Catholics to see their devotions in more up-to-date form. The revised *Manual of Prayers* is a welcome addition to this new Catholic library, which already contains the new hymnal and the Westminster Version, and will soon possess a re-translated Vulgate. Discussion in the Catholic Press has often urged the need of revising our popular devotions and may have stimulated this effort. Not only were many of the prayers archaic and un-English in form, but the number of variant readings was an embarrassment to many wishing to join in their public recitation; instance the number of the versions, of the "Deus qui corda fidelium"; the phrase "recta sapere" might be ranked among the great untranslatables so many and various were its renderings.

This is the standard work for England and Wales. A shorter work than the other, it still contains all the most common prayers, omitting those which have dropped from ordinary use. There are many re-translations, particularly of the longer devotions such as St Alphonsus' Way of the Cross, which has been brought into line with the less florid taste of our own day. The Litany of the Sacred Heart has many considerable alterations, and the unfortunate juxtaposition in the Litany of the Holy Name—"Sun of Justice", "Son of the Virgin Mary"—has been avoided. (The second of these two invocations now reads: "Child of the Virgin Mary".) An attachment to old phrases and familiar rhythms may at first reading hinder our appreciation of some of the changes; but there is no doubt of a general improvement in the whole manual. Indeed, if criticism were offered, it might be voiced in a plea for more radical treatment of some prayers.

On reading through the devotions, one cannot but notice that it is the common Latin hymns—"O Salutaris", "Tantum Ergo", "Stabat Mater"—that defy translation and give weight to the epigram "Traddutore traditore". Champions of the liturgy in English might well be dissuaded if "O Salutaris" were to yield to "Great Victim whose deserts avail". Rather, a little instruction in the meaning of these Latin hymns would be the solution.

The book is well bound in buckram and excellently printed—creditable achievements in war-time, and a tribute to the publishers who have given us so many valuable productions in spite of difficulties.

H. LAVERY.

Correct Mass-Serving Made Easy. By Rev. H. E. Calnan, D.D.
B. F. Widdowson and Co. Second Edition 1942. Price 6d.

We recommend Dr Calnan's little book as an excellent guide to the faultless serving of Low Mass. The general lay-out of the book is good: the responses to be made by the server are printed in large, heavy type, which springs clearly to the eye; the word-accent marks are marked and practical hints are given on the pronunciation of Latin; instructions for the actions

and positions of the server, printed in italics, are inserted in the appropriate places between the responses.

The author proposes a very exact manner of serving which can easily be followed by small boys. As the approved liturgical writers themselves differ on some points, it is not to be expected that all will agree with everything Dr Calnan says; but he has presented one traditional method of serving Mass which is based to a great extent on Roman authorsd Martinucci and Menghini—and on Roman custom. Especially to be praised is the emphasis which the author lays on the great graces which can flow from serving Mass with devotion, and on the privilege of the server in being able to help the priest actively in offering the Divine Sacrifice of the Mass.

I. JONES.

The Fountain of Life. By Rev. W. O'Grady. Lavery & Sons. 1s.

The title of his new booklet of sacred verse Fr O'Grady has chosen from the 35th Psalm: "For with thee is the fountain of life: and in thy light we shall see light"—a pleasant enough invitation to thoughtful prayer; and in the preface, packed with good things, he broaches the need and ease of meditation. The poems themselves provide the food for reflection in an appealing form. They are all centred round the Person of Christ, and most are inspired by Christ Suffering. Out of a Lenten theme they fashion a joyous experience.

In style, the keynote, as with all true lyrics, is simplicity. It is this quality that gives *In Manus Tuas* its convincing sincerity and guards the austere loneliness of *Good Friday*. Occasionally a phrase is loaded with an echo of Scriptural language with telling effect. Thus:

"Thou art The Lord of my inheritance,
The fulness of my cup of blessedness";

and in the same piece:

"Preserve me from the fool who, in his heart,
Denies Thee";

or even better:

"There was no beauty in His face,
Nor comeliness we might admire".

Perhaps the author is happiest in his sonnets, *Eden—Gethsemani* and *If I could see myself as Thou dost see*. It may be that the high demands the sonnet makes on craftsmanship, its satisfying unity and wholeness, compel the fullest response from the artist in Fr O'Grady; but whatever the reason, we hope we have not read the last of his achievements in this form.

E. TYLER.

The Second Spring 1818—1852: A Study of the Catholic Revival in England.
By Denis Gwynn. Burns, Oates & Washbourne. 9s.

"Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis" is an engaging theme, and Mr Gwynn does it full justice. Those who have dined well on Ward

will find this book a glass of ripe port, enlivening the memory of that solid meal; those who have not will find it a potent aperitif. Mr Gwynn has a gift for vivid brevity not conspicuous in his nineteenth-century predecessors, and his book is fascinating even beyond what one expects from that busy time. He has captured in a quite remarkable way all its zealous optimism. His story moves rapidly without ever being scrappy, and is most liberally stocked with quotations, from the delightful extravagances of Augustus Welby to the saintly courage of Fr Dominic's letters to his superiors in Italy. Once taken up, it is an inconveniently difficult book to put down.

If one yields to the urge to criticise, it is to question as much our accepted picture of the "Second Spring" as Mr Gwynn's presentation of it. We hear so much of Wiseman, so much of the Converts, of the Passionists, of Pugin and his churches: we hear so little of the old English Catholicism upon which they built. The thing that Allen rescued from the ruins, that the Martyrs bought so dear, that Challoner cherished through the bleakness of the eighteenth century—all this is forgotten. With 1850 a new era begins: all but the immediate past is of no account. But 1850 could never have been but for 1568, when Allen started his college at Douai: there had to be a Catholic Survival if there was to be a Catholic Revival. In this book you will find very little of the old Catholicism: little more than a passing notice of a Vicar Apostolic or an isolated priest, against the background of Newman's famous but faulty description in the Oscott sermon. You begin with Wiseman's arrival at the College in Rome in 1818, but for all you hear both might almost have dropped that moment from the blue sky above.

And one wonders sometimes whether we are really justified in talking of the *Second Spring*. "Ver proferit aestas"; in this case it is a long time at it. At present it seems more like early March than late May: or was it a "midwinter spring"?

T. FOOKS.

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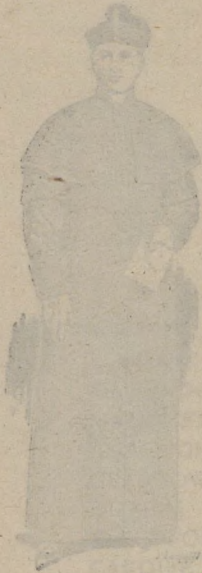
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