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THE UNVEILING OF THE INSCRIPTION, 14TH MARCH, 1951

EDITORIAL

'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.' Life in a seminary is composed for the most part of a well-balanced mixture of the ordinary and the extraordinary, and even the extraordinary happenings are soon lost in the stream of the commonplace. A Holy Year comes but four times in a century, for instance, and a residence in England has come upon the College only once in four hundred years, so that we may be pardoned for thinking that in the end the normal life of the College, with its gitas and lectures, afternoon walks and occasional films, is probably more important than any unusual event.

It is this normal current of life which is reflected by this number of The Venerabile. Our Cities of Italy brings us to Florence, where so many men have begun their gita life; and the Diary once more traces our history from the morning-after feeling of the day after the Epiphany to the tense expectation of the last day in Rome. Two historical articles throw some light on personalities of the past, both distant and recent; and the Exile at St Mary's Hall is recalled by the text of two inscriptions which have been put up by the College to commemorate the stay in England.

The one event which can give this issue a claim to uniqueness is the appearance of the fiftieth Romanesque. We hope that the happy completion of the half century is a good omen for the future, and that future writers in this genre will not lack the piquancy of wit flavoured with nostalgic reminiscence which have made this series so popular in the past.

THE MASTER OF US ALL

'On that black and white day, September the Third 1651, when the ashamed sun had blushed in his setting and plunged his affrighted head into the depths of luckless Severn, and the night, ready to stain and spot her guilty sables with loyal blood, was attiring herself for the tragedy, the King was compelled to abandon the city of Worcester.' So does the official Restoration account¹ set the stage for the drama of King Charles II's escape from the battle of Worcester; and so does it prepare us for the entrance into history of a hitherto unknown

secular priest, Fr John Huddleston.

In the year 1651, John Huddleston, a Lancashire man of forty-three years, held the post of chaplain to the Catholic family of Whitgreave, of Moseley Hall, Staffordshire. Like most recusants, he was a staunch Royalist, and his family had suffered much in the Civil War.² Now old King Charles was dead, slain by the rebels, and the Whitgreaves and their chaplain had watched with interest and anxiety the efforts which his son had made to take possession of his troubled inheritance. They had heard of his league with the Scots, of his temporary success in gathering an army, of his last great march on Worcester. There, they knew, Cromwell's troops had met him, and all that Wednesday they had waited in anxious suspense to hear the result of the battle which was to decide the fortunes of England for the next decade.

1 True narrative of His Majesty's miraculous escape; 1660.

² They were 'fined, their real estate sold and their personal estate plundered' by the rebels. State Papers Chas II, 395). Snow's Necrology preserves an unlikely tradition that John himself fought for the King.

Next day the news was brought in a manner which admitted of no doubt; for Cromwell's soldiers were swarming over the country-side, bragging of their victory and offering a thousand pounds reward for the capture of 'Charles Stuart, a long dark man, over two yards high'. In spite of their presence Huddleston had to go in the afternoon to visit some of his flock at Northcote. and there he met a friend of his, John Penderel, a poor Catholic woodcutter from the ruined monastery of Whiteladies some eight miles away. Penderel, delighted to find someone he could trust, told the priest how he and his brothers had been wakened before dawn by a Catholic gentleman, Mr Giffard, who without ceremony had presented to them a tired and hungry boy and told them they must look after him, for he was the King of England. The Penderels had restored Charles' spirits with food and drink; they had disguised him as a woodman and he was now filling in the daylight hours practising a Shropshire accent. John had been sent out to find shelter for one of the nobles who had accompanied the King-the gay and cynical Lord Wilmot. Would Fr Huddleston try to persuade his landlord, Mr Whitgreave, to look after this weary fugitive ?1

Huddleston at once returned with Penderel to Moseley and told the story to Mr Whitgreave. They went together to the sandy pit where my Lord was hiding and brought him home. By ten o'clock he was safely in bed while his horse (which would have given the game away if left in front of the house) had been sent on to the neighbouring manor of the Lanes at

Bentley.

Next morning Wilmot declared himself well pleased with his refuge, and wished he could give twenty thousand pounds that the King might be in as safe hands. John Penderel was accordingly sent back to Whiteladies, but returned with the news that the King had left for Wales. So Wilmot went on to Colonel Lane's house, intending to use a free pass which Mistress Jane Lane had obtained to go and visit a cousin in Bristol who was expecting a baby.²

John Penderel saw him safely there and then went home. There he found his family in a turmoil. The King, it seemed,

¹ The sources for this first part of the article, dealing with the King's escape, are as follows: Whitgreave and Huddleston's own account, given by Foley, Records of the English Province, S.J., v. 439-46; True Narrative of His Majesty's miraculous Escape, Harleian Miscellany 378; Dodd, Church History, iii, 179; Fea, Hiding Places, 150 sqq.; Stapleton, Post-Reformation Catholic Missions in Oxfordshire, 193; Huddleston, Short and Plain Way to the Faith and Church, note at the conclusion of the book; Clarendon, History of the Rebellion (very inaccurate).

had been unable to cross the Severn, had returned and was now hiding in a hollow oak while the Parliamentary soldiers searched the woods below. Was there any hope that the King might find shelter with the Whitgreaves as Wilmot had done? So early next morning-it was a Sunday, the 7th-Penderel went to Moseley to tell Whitgreave and Huddleston what had happened. The three of them, when the priest had offered Mass for the King's safety, went over to Bentley to ask Wilmot to return and to arrange a rendezvous for eleven that evening. The woodcutter returned once more to Whiteladies to escort

the King.1

Charles' feet were too blistered to permit him to walk, so he rode on the local mill-horse, a decrepit animal who gave him a fearful jolting; but the miller remarked that it was small wonder he stumbled, since he carried the weight of three kingdoms on his back. Huddleston and Whitgreave met the party and took the King to his room, where Wilmot was waiting anxiously. There in the candlelight reflected in the quaint old oak panelling the squire and the priest greeted their sovereign. Instead of the laughing boy with the handsome features and the long black curls which Vandyke had loved to paint they saw a lame and weary youth clad in a muddy green coat, patched breeches, old stockings and shoes slashed to ribbons; with his face smeared with walnut juice and his sadly mangled hair2 crowned with a greasy steeple hat. But Wilmot said simply 'Gentlemen, this is your master and mine, and the master of us all'; and they both knelt and kissed the King's hands.3

Charles then sat down on the bed and refreshed himself with sack and biscuits. His nose began to bleed, and he took out a coarse rag to catch the blood; but Huddleston gave him a clean handkerchief and kept the rag as a precious souvenir. He then sat the King down by the fire and set about changing his clothes. They talked for an hour, and then at five in the morning the King went to sleep. Next day Huddleston served at table (Charles taking all his meals in the priest's study) and as he was too busy to attend to three young nobles to whom he was tutor they were told he was indisposed and spent the day playing at sentry-go in the attic windows. That evening

¹ Foley, pp. 442-43; Dodd, 179; Broadley, The Royal Miracle, c. 3.

² Wilmot had tried a little amateur barbering with a carving knife, and had 'untowardly notched his Majesty's hair' (Harl. Misc., 379).

³ Broadley, Royal Miracle, c. 3; Foley 442.

one of them observed more truly than he knew 'Eat lustily,

lads, for we have been on the life-guard to-day'.1

It had been decided that the King should take advantage of the Government pass which the Lanes had offered to Wilmot. so the latter rode over to Bentley to arrange that the Colonel should come to escort the King at midnight on Tuesday. On Tuesday morning Charles was in good spirits, and talked pleasantly with Huddleston in his study. He enquired what was the position of Catholics under the Puritan Government: the priest replied that they were persecuted both for Catholicism and lovalty to the Crown, but his Majesty should see that they did not neglect their duties to the Church. So saving he led him upstairs to the neat but tiny chapel, with a crucifix and candles upon the wooden altar. Charles remarked 'I had an altar, crucifix, and silver candlesticks of my own, till my Lord of Holland brake them, which he hath now paid for'. They returned to the study, and Charles' attention was caught by a copy of The Short and Plain Way to the Faith and Church, a manual of apologetics written by Huddleston's uncle.2 After glancing at it he observed 'I have not seen anything more plain and clear on this subject. The arguments here drawn from succession are so conclusive I do not conceive how they can be denied.'3

As the King was settling down for his siesta, there was a knock at the door and Parliamentary troops demanded entrance. They hurried him into Huddleston's own hiding-hole, while Whitgreave went down to deal with the soldiers. This proved a long business and the King thought he had been abandoned for ever by the time they were finally able to let him out. Now he realized by experience what discomforts and dangers men like Huddleston risked to minister to their flock, and he looked at the priest with a new respect. 'If it please God I come to my crown, you and your persuasion shall never more need privacies', he vowed.⁴

But the time had come for his departure, and they disguised him and dyed his skin with walnut juice. At midnight Lane arrived with a pair of horses, and they led Charles to the end

¹ Foley 443; Missions in Oxfordshire, 193=Blount, Boscobel 46.

² Richard Huddleston, student of the Venerabile 1601–03, when he left for Flanders due to ill health. 'Fuit facillimus ad regulas infringendas; visus est paulo ante discessum resipuisse et cum lacrimis veniam petere' says the *Liber Ruber*. The reform was permanent—as a Benedictine on the mission he did excellent work, converting many to the Faith.

³ Short and Plain Way-'Note to the Reader' and notes at end.

⁴ Ibid.

of the orchard. Here he thanked them for their loyal service, and they in turn knelt down and begged forgiveness for any fault they might have committed during his stay. As a last gift Huddleston insisted that the King should take his cloak to protect him from the night air. Once more they knelt and prayed for his preservation; then Penderel held the stirrup and the King rode off. The safety of the Crown of England had

passed into other hands.1

But Huddleston had not seen the last of the King. After the Restoration he was received at Court and given a princely reward; and so that he could live as a priest without hindrance he was given rooms at Somerset House, at first as chaplain to the Dowager Queen Henrietta Maria, and after her deathas one of Catherine of Braganza's household.2 Meanwhile he had been professed as a Benedictine and at the chapter of the English Congregation, held at Douay in 1661, he was elected titular Prior of Worcester.3 During the Titus Oates scare he was expressly exempted from the recusant laws by a resolution of the House of Lords dated 21st November 1678. After the tumult ended he settled down to a quiet old age (he was just seventy-two) among the royal chaplains at Somerset House.4

But the greatest moment of his life was yet to come. On 2nd February 1685, Charles II was seized with apoplexy, and during the next few days, as he was dosed, bled and burnt with all the fiendish ingenuity of the physicians of the age, his condition grew steadily worse. His brother, James Duke of York, was in constant attendance and was approached by his pious and persistent wife, Mary of Modena, with a request from the Queen that he should sound the King on the matter of religion; for, she said, he was well disposed to Catholicism. 'I know', he replied, 'I am thinking of nothing else.' But an opportunity was difficult to find, as the room was always full, and the days slipped by.5

¹ Charles reached Bristol after a number of narrow escapes, disguised as Jane Lane's servant, and eventually made his way safely to France.

² Dictionary of National Biography, x, 143. The Catholic Record Soc., Vol. XXXVIII, pp. 2-29 records about fifty marriages which he performed there.

³ Weldon, History of English Benedictines, 198.

⁴ The Lords' Resolution is given in Missions in Oxfordshire, p. 193, quoting eleventh report

⁵ The sources for the King's conversion are: Letter of Barillon to Louis, given Turner James II, p. 226 sqq.; Huddleston's own statement, Dodd 229; Statement of James and Mary to the nuns of Chaillot, given Haile, Mary of Modena, p. 117; James' memoirs, p. 745 sq.; Letters of Rizzini to Duke of Modena, Haile 119; Short and Plain Way-appendix.

But on Thursday, 5th February, it was obvious that the King was dying; and while James delayed, there was another person in the Palace who was determined that Charles should not die without the Last Sacraments. This was the latest of the King's mistresses, the chubby and kind-hearted Louise de Kérouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth. She drew Barillon, the French ambassador, into her room and explained tearfully that she knew a great secret: the King was, at the bottom of his heart, a Catholic. Would Barillon ask the Duke of York to make a last effort to find an opportunity to speak to Charles of religion?¹

The sleek Barillon hurried away to give James Louise's message. The Duke, rousing himself, replied, 'You are right—there is not a moment to lose. I would sooner hazard anything than not do my duty on this occasion.' Returning to his brother's bedside, he knelt down and whispered in his ear. It took a quarter of an hour to make the dying man understand; and then the reply came clearly: 'Yes, with all my heart'. Charles was anxious that his brother should not expose himself to danger, but James reassured him. 'Sir, though it cost me my

life, I will bring a priest to you.'2

The Duke came out and gave Barillon the good news and asked him to fetch a priest. The task was no simple one, for naturally no English priest lived in the palace; but to the ambassador's great delight the Marquis of Castel Melhor reported that Fr Huddleston was sitting talking to the Queen's Portuguese chaplains. The old priest was hurriedly disguised in a long gown, with a periwig to cover his baldness, and followed Castel Melhor by a back staircase to the King's room. Meanwhile the Duke had announced in a loud voice that his Majesty wished all to withdraw save the Earl of Bath (first Lord of the Bedchamber) and the Earl of Feversham (Captain of the Guard).3 The King did not at first recognize Huddleston, and James said, 'Sire, here is a man who saved your life and who now comes to save your soul'. 'He is very welcome', whispered the King. The priest knelt beside the bed and asked if he wished to be reconciled. Charles replied, 'with great joy and satisfaction, telling him he desired to die in the faith and communion of the Catholic Church; that he was most heartily sorry for the

Barillon's Letter, Turner 226. James' statement ignores Louise's part.
 James' statement at Chaillot, Haile 119; Turner 226; James' Memoirs, 747.
 Both men were Protestants, but could be trusted. Feversham indeed was so impressed by what

³ Both men were Protestants, but could be trusted. Feversham indeed was so impressed by what he saw that he became a Catholic.

sins of his past life, and particularly for having deferred his conversion for so long; but he hoped nevertheless in the merits of Christ'. Then he made his confession; Huddleston testified later that he did so with full consciousness and with a compunction that could not have been greater if he had been a Catholic all his life. Before giving absolution, he made the King promise, in the event of recovery, publicly to declare himself a Catholic.²

When the Sacrament of Extreme Unction had been administered, Huddleston asked his Majesty if he wished to receive Communion; Charles replied that he did most earnestly, if he was thought to be worthy. As the priest approached he strove to raise himself: 'Let me meet my Lord in a better posture than in my bed', he whispered; but Huddleston bade him be still. Having given the King Viaticum he withdrew, holding the crucifix before his eyes that he might fix his last thoughts on his Redeemer. The wondering courtiers were admitted, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells asked if he would like to receive the Sacrament. 'I hope I have already made my peace with God' was the answer. Next day the King diedat peace with God and man, for a weight had been lifted from his mind which had lain there ever since that day in the chapel at Moseley when he had been brought face to face with the religion of his fathers.3

The old priest lingered on. He too remembered the day when Charles had been visibly moved by his uncle's Short and Plain Way, and now he published the manuscript to the world with an appendix of his own: 'A brief account of Particulars occurring at the Happy Death of King Charles II'. He lived to see the brief period of liberty for Catholics under James II, and survived the bloodless Revolution which killed the old religion more effectively than any persecution. Towards the end of his life his mind failed, and he was placed under the care of the Earl of Feversham who had been present at Charles' deathbed. At length, in September 1698, while still in residence

at Somerset House, he died.4

That is all we know of the adult history of John Huddleston. What of his early life? From an examination of the recognized

¹ Dodd, 229.

Barillon, Turner 227. Letter preserved at Everingham, CRS, 4, 271.
 Huddleston, Dodd 230. Adventures of James II, 301. Turner 227.

⁴ D.N.B., s.v., X, 143. His will in Jackson, Papers and Pedigrees of Cumberland, p. 344.

authorities1 we can see that little is known, except that he was born at Farrington, near Preston, on 15th April 1608; that his father was Joseph Huddleston, who succeeded his father Andrew as owner of Farrington in Lancashire and Hutton John in Cumberland; and that he had ten sisters and five brothers, all Catholics.2 We are told by Dodd3 that he was ordained as a secular at Douay after completing his studies there at an unspecified date. No further information is available.

But in the Liber Ruber in the College Archives there is a

rather interesting entry under the year 1632. It runs:

723. Ioannes Sandfordus, vero nomine Huddlestonus, Lancastrensis, e Cumbria oriundus, annos habens 22, habens Confirmatnm. admissus est inter alumnos S.D.N. a R. P. Thoma Fitzherb. Rectore, de mandato em. Card. Barberini Protectoris, die 17 Oct 1632. Accepit lam tonsuram et ordines min. eod. die 21 Maji 1633, in S. Ioann Lat. Factus est subdiaconus die 7 Mart. 1637, in Basil S. Ioannis Lateranensis. Diaconus die 15 et Sacer. die 22 eiusdem mensis. Missus in Angliam 28 Martii 1639. Bene se hic gessit. Accepit facultates ordinarias subscriptas ab Em. Protectore nostro.

In his answers to the questions which were asked of all First Year men, this John Sandford wrote: (Scritture 23)

- 1. Joannes Huddlestonus, natus ffarringtoni, in comitatu Lancastriae, tria milliaria a Prestono distantis: educatus Huttoniohn, in comitatu Cumbriae: vigesimum 2um agit aetatis annum.
- 2. Parentes habet nobiles, quorum status cum praeteritis tum praesentibus haereticorum persecutionibus, ac undecim natorum cura oneratus nonnihil debilitatur. ffratres habet tres, sorores autem octo, catholica fide educatos: cognatos, multos catholicos, multos etiam haereticos.
- 3. Studuit in comitatu Cumbriae ad decimum quintum aetatis annum, sub praeceptore haeretico; absolutis tunc temporis in ista schola humanioribus studiis, domum a parentibus revocatur: ex quo tempore vixit aliquando domi, aliquando Londini, aliquando in comitatu Eboracensi, pro beneplacito parentum, ubi patrui sui sacerdotis olim in hoc collegio educati, salutari consilio adiutus, Stum Andomarum vigesimo aetatis anno petiit: ibique plus quam integrum annum in schola syntaxios insumpsit.

¹ V.g., Gillow's Biographical Dictionary; Birt's Necrology; the D.N.B.; CRS, Vol. I, which prints the family obits in his Missal.

² Jackson, p. 338, gives the family memoranda which are the original sources.

³ Church History, Vol. III; James II: Lives of Regulars, s.v. Huddleston.

Who is this John Huddleston, alias Sandford? Is he the same as the man we have been discussing? The authorities¹ are unanimous that he was not. Foley says that John Sandford (we shall call him by that name henceforth to distinguish him from the Huddleston who reconciled Charles) was Huddleston's cousin, being the son of Andrew Huddleston the younger of Hutton John. The family tree, according to him, is as follows:

Andrew Huddleston the elder, died 1601

Joseph, of Farrington.

| John Huddleston, who reconciled Chas II.

| Andrew, of H. John. Richard, O.S.B. (author of Short and Plain Way, VEC Student)

Foley goes on to state² that John Sandford later joined the Jesuits, and that he wrote a manuscript of 1,200 pages giving a detailed account of events relating to English Catholics in general, and to the Colleges and missionaries of the Society in particular, from the accession of Elizabeth to 1649.³ He clinches the matter by stating that Sandford died on 2nd August 1667. There seems therefore no ground for the Venerabile to claim as one of its students the man whose life we considered in the earlier part of the article.

But it is interesting to note how on examination Foley's circumstantial life of John Sandford fades away. The details we have given are taken from his fifth volume of Records, written in 1879. By 1883, when the seventh volume appeared, he had discovered that the date of Sandford's death was unknown and that the one he had previously given was due to a confusion with Fr John Stafford s.j.4 He also remarks that 'no trace of Sandford appears in the records of the English province of the Society'. Gillow, writing his dictionary four years later, pointed out that the only reason why he had ever been supposed to have joined the Jesuits was that his manuscript dealt largely with Jesuit colleges; and he rightly suggests that this proof is inconclusive. It thus appears that we know nothing of John Sandford after his Ordination.

¹ Foley, Gillow, Birt, the D.N.B. ² Records, v. 591.

³ This MS, of which Challoner spoke highly, was lost at the suppression of the Jesuits. Oliver, Collections, s.v. Saundford.

⁴ Records, vii, 378.

⁵ We agree with Gillow's conclusion, but not with his premiss, that the MS was written while Sandford was at the College. (How could a history dealing with the years up to 1649 be written in 1639?) But it is natural that Sandford should dwell rather on the triumphs of Rome and St Omer, where he had studied, than on the history of those other colleges in which he had a merely academic interest.

Further examination shows that we know nothing of John Huddleston before his Ordination (except for the few items of family history given above). Dodd, it is true, states that he was educated at Douay, and Gillow and the Dictionary of National Biography follow him, but this statement cannot be accepted since Huddleston's name does not appear in any of the Douay diaries. There is, however, mention of one John Carey, alias Huddleston, son of Thomas Carey of Lancashire, who was a convictor and philosopher at Douay from 1623 to 1627, and it seems obvious that this is the man responsible for Dodd's mistake. Thus we have a dovetailing of the lives of Sandford and Huddleston which makes identification of them very tempting if the difficulties can be surmounted.

The greatest of these is, of course, Foley's statement that John Sandford was the son of Andrew Huddleston, whereas the father of the famous Huddleston was certainly called Joseph. 1 Dom Roger Huddleston, writing in the Catholic Encyclopedia in 1905, pointed out that there is no evidence in the Huddleston pedigrees2 that Andrew ever had a son called John at all. Accordingly he favours the identification of the two men, though on the evidence he had before him it still remains far from certain-a fact which led Birt, in his Necrology and Gasquet in the Obit Book to continue to oppose the

identification after 1905.

But since Dom Roger wrote his notice in the Catholic Encyclopedia³ a document has come to light in the College archives which seems to put it beyond reasonable doubt that John Huddleston and John Sandford are one and the same person. This is the Iuramentum which he wrote himself on the 1st May 1633. In the first place, it supplies us with an excellent specimen of his handwriting, which I was able to have compared with the writing of the Obits which John Huddleston entered in his Missal during the period when he was chaplain at Ulverston before he came to Moseley. The similarity between the two hands is remarkable.4 In the second place, it gives his father's name, which, alone among his year, he had forgotten to give in his responsa. 'Ego, Joannes Huddlestonus filius

² Given by Jackson, p. 338, and Burke's Landed Gentry for 1900, s.v. 3 Vol. VII, p. 511.

¹ Among many proofs, one of the most convincing is his Missal (CRS, i, 123).

⁴ The differences—a tendency to flourish in the capital E', the small 'g' and 'd'—are easily

explained since the Iuramentum was a formal document written in youth, the missal entries mere notes written years later.

Iosephi, diocesis Carliolensis, plenam habens huius Collegii notitiam . . . legibus . . . ipsius me sponte subjicio.' At last, therefore, we know that John Sandford was the son of Joseph Huddleston of Farrington and so identical with John Huddleston the son of Joseph Huddleston of Farrington, who reconciled Charles II; and John Sandford, the son of Andrew Huddleston, is seen to be a purely mythical personage.

Though the identification of the two men seems certain, there remain difficulties to solve. John Huddleston had ten sisters and five brothers. John Sandford's responsa state that his parents were 'undecim natorum cura onerati' and immediately afterwards that he had 'ffratres tres, sorores autem octo'. Is his arithmetic sadly deficient, or has he forgotten to count himself? The answer is surely that he is giving the number of children who were an 'onus' on his parents (he is explaining how their 'nobilis status debilitatur') and hence does not include himself who is an 'alumnus Dni. Nostri Papae'. This fits excellently with John Huddleston, whose parents then had only eight daughters and three sons still dependent on them (two daughters having died in infancy and two sons come of age).

There is a further difficulty. John Huddleston's family is known to have lived at Farrington between 1603 and 1635; yet John Sandford, though born there, states that he was brought up at Hutton John which was the residence of Andrew Huddleston after he left Farrington about 1613.3 This is probably what gave Foley the idea that Sandford was the son of Andrew. What really happened was probably something like this: when Andrew left Farrington (owing to Joseph's rapidly expanding family?) he took his nephew John to live with him at Hutton John. This will explain why later Huddleston will mention him, alone of his many lay uncles, among the obits in his Missal. It also gives the reason for a strange remark in Barillon's letter to Louis XIV that Huddleston was 'a Scottish priest'. If Huddleston lived at Preston all his life, this is unintelligible, but if he was the same man as the John Sandford who spent his childhood in the Border vale of Dacre, it is simply explained. Moreover, a careful reading of the 'Responsa' confirms our hypothesis: 'absolutis . . . humanioribus studiis, domum a

¹ Jackson, 338.

² Burke's Landed Gentry, 1900, s.v. Huddleston.

³ Gillow, Biographical Dictionary, s.v. Huddleston, on the evidence of the recusant rolls.

parentibus revocatur'-which suggests that he has been living

away from his parents all these years.1

One point remains to be elucidated, and it is one for which we must admit that we can find no plausible explanation. There can be no doubt that John Huddleston was born in April, 1608.² Yet in the *Liber Ruber*, dated 1632, in October, his age is given as 22, which would mean that he was born not earlier than October 1609. The only solution seems to be that he, or his parents, had forgotten his age, which even when we take into account the fact that his parents had sixteen children and that most of his life had been spent away from home, seems unlikely.

Nevertheless it seems impossible to doubt that Huddleston and Sandford are the same person. The only hypothesis otherwise possible is that Joseph Huddleston of Farrington Hall had two sons, both called John, within two years of each other; that the first of these, having been educated at no known College and destroyed all record of his Ordination, suddenly appears from nowhere at the age of forty; while the second, bearing a remarkably similar handwriting, not only escaped inclusion in the exceedingly complete Huddleston genealogies and disappeared from history after his Ordination, but entered the world within six months after his mother had borne another child.3 To those to whom this seems unacceptable, there can be little doubt that the Venerabile may claim among its sons one who rendered the highest services to Faith and Country and must be counted one of the most interesting of the Catholic clergy of seventeenth century England.

ANTHONY KENNY

¹ A final confirmation of this hypothesis comes from a handwritten note made in the eighteenth century in the copy of *The Short and Plain Way* which is now in the Ryland Library at Manchester. This states that the man who saved Charles II's life was brought up at Hutton John.

Jackson, loc. cit.; CRS., 20, 4; Birt's Necrology; Haile 119.
 John Sandford was born, if the Responsa are correct, between October 1609 and October 1610.
 His brother, Richard, was born on 22nd March 1610.

CITIES OF ITALY

2. FLORENCE

Florence is a city in flame. See it one summer evening when the setting sun catches the red roof-tops of the churches and palaces and transforms the whole into a furnace of fire. Fire is a fitting symbol for Florence. The thousand fires lit at the Renaissance seem to meet there in one great blaze, burning as fiercely to-day as they did when they were first lit. You may have been disappointed with your first view of the city; you may have expected, as I did, something more delicate in outline, something less cosmopolitan, something more resembling the cities of fairy tales, walled and turreted, than this solid and four-square city built on either side of a river only slightly more prepossessing than the Tiber. You cannot long, however, escape its magic. If it is no fairy city, it nevertheless has power to cast a spell, to inflame us with something of that same enthusiasm which to-day has taken hold of its own citizens. For the one aim of modern Florence seems to be to preserve for us the age which made it glorious, to remind us it is still the city of Dante, of Michelangelo, of the Medici, and of the rest of that great host of writers, artists and politicians who did so much to give shape and permanence to the Renaissance and who earned for their city the titles of 'Athens of the West' and 'Cradle of the New Learning'.

Florence, as I have said, could be called a city of preservation. Its present has been absorbed into and seems to exist only for its past. Rome, in contrast, could be called a city of revolution; its past is being continually destroyed to make way for the dreams of political visionaries who, to

light new fires before them, starve the old ones behind. Old and new, classical and modern, good and bad taste lie side by side, a surrealist's paradise. There is nothing surrealist about Florence. There, no one is allowed to build even a house unless the city's architect is convinced it will blend with the old city; and, indeed, every new building seems to be there for the sole purpose of preserving and supporting the old. 'To be perfect is to have changed often' is the cry of Rome; her sister replies 'When one has already reached perfection

there is no need for change'.

There is no better symbol of the spirit of the age which Florence has preserved for us than the Duomo; the spirit of civic pride, pride in its citizens' wealth, in its prowess in war, in its heroes and artists, joined to a spirit of violence which was almost pagan, was yet tempered by a devotion to beauty and art which has been rivalled in hardly any other city or age. They still show you the place where Dante used to sit and watch the new cathedral rise, and many others must have shared his pride as they saw it take shape. 'I cannot tell what to think of it', wrote Ruskin in his diary after his first view of it, 'but the wealth of its exterior marbles is quite overwhelming.' It was meant to overwhelm the world. Arnolfo di Cambio, its first architect, was ordered 'to raise the loftiest, most sumptuous and most magnificent edifice that human genius could devise, or human labour execute'. But like many other buildings raised to give expression to a city's or a ruler's pride, the Duomo loses in artistic beauty what it has gained in size. Its facade. gay though it is with many-coloured marbles, is without inspiration in its design, and the statues which decorate it are undistinguished; the interior is severe, almost barbaric in the starkness of its lines and the absence of all decoration. If you would see it at its best, go on one of the city's feast days for High Mass; they have an orchestra as well as a choir, and to add to the festivity some of its citizens are dressed in the brilliant colours of the guild uniforms of Dante's time.

Civic pride will often manifest itself in political factions, and the resulting rivalries produce in their turn scenes of violence, sometimes of bloodshed. The Duomo witnessed the Pazzi conspiracy, an attempt to end the political and commercial supremacy of the Medici by completely exterminating the family itself. Imagine yourself on a fine April morning in the year of our Lord 1478. The heads of the congregation are bowed

for the Consecration when suddenly there is a scuffle, shouts and screams, and out of the choir stalls races a young nobleman who, reaching the sacristy, slams the great bronze doors in the face of his assailants. You recognize him as Lorenzo di Medici, surnamed the Magnificent. His brother Giuliano has been less fortunate than he and lies dead by the altar 'with one stab in his heart and nineteen elsewhere'. And it was in the Duomo that Savonarola used to preach to the thousands gathered to hear him. So eager were they to be nearest the pulpit that they would crowd round the Cathedral doors all night long, and as soon as they were opened, the waiting throng would hurtle in with a violence which was in itself sufficient to earn the rebuke of the preacher. Savonarola himself is described as a lean, intense, ascetic figure who spoke with such force when upbraiding Florence for its unfaithfulness to the ideals of the Faith it professed that he would draw tears and groans from those he assailed. But that same crowd later grew tired of the ardour with which he had inflamed them, and the first thrills of religious fervour later gave place to a bitter disillusionment and furtive glances behind them to the pleasures he had persuaded them to forsake. Eventually he was condemned to death for heresy. He was led out with two of his brethren to be hanged and burned before the Palazzo Vecchio, in the same spot which only a few months before had witnessed the bonfire of vanities. Then carnival costumes, illuminated manuscripts, musical instruments and the rest of the trumperies he had so eloquently condemned had been committed to the flames; now the same crowd added their savage enthusiasm to the trumpets and bells and psalmsinging which accompanied his death. Perhaps Savonarola can be considered as but another of their vanities, the religious enthusiasm he preached as only one more emotion to be experienced and then thrust aside once the novelty had vanished and their fickle minds had begun to crave after yet another

Above the Duomo there rises Brunelleschi's dome and by its side Giotto's campanile, two expressions of that devotion to art which has secured for Florence the name of 'Italy's fairest city'. Brunelleschi did more perhaps than any one artist to make Florence the city we know to-day. He designed the churches of S. Lorenzo and of Santo Spirito, the cloisters of S. Croce, the Pazzi chapel and the Spedale degli Innocenti; but the dome of the cathedral, his first architectural masterpiece,

remains his greatest. When Michelangelo was told that in designing Saint Peter's dome he would be able to surpass that of Florence, he replied with indignation, 'I will make her sister dome larger, but not more beautiful'. And beside the Duomo. reaching upwards past the dome and making with it one of the finest architectural groups in Europe, there rises the campanile. Giotto received a commission very similar to that of Arnolfo di Cambio: 'The campanile should be built so as to exceed in magnificence, height and excellence of workmanship everything of the kind that had been achieved of old by the Greeks and Romans when at the zenith of their greatness'. Whether he succeeded or not in realizing these ambitions is a matter for discussion, perhaps a matter of taste; but that he produced one of the world's greatest architectural masterpieces is beyond dispute. It is a triumph of the creative imagination and it stimulates the onlooker to regard it in the light of the most delicate fancy. It is a leap from earth to heaven; like Chesterton's tree it seems 'to stand on tip-toe as if ready to soar into the air'. The windows increase in height as the building rises, so that the whole tower seems to be straining and stretching towards a point beyond its reach. It is a marble image of life and endeavour, of that endeavour of so many of Florence's sons to reach beyond the beauty created in works of art previous to their time, of that endeavour of which the Uffizi and Pitti collections of paintings, the architectural splendour of the churches and palaces, the frescoes, the mosaics and the gems of sculpture which they contain are a lasting memorial. Such has been the endeavour of every artist in every age, but never before and, alas! never since, has it been so richly rewarded.

That period of almost unbelievable artistic fertility was made possible (though to say 'made possible' is not to solve the difficult problem of assigning causes to it) by a twofold emancipation of art, first from the deadening influence of Byzantine formalism and then from the religious subject-matter with which for centuries it had been connected. The former was begun by Cimabue, who on this account is called 'the father of Italian art' and reached perfection in the works of Fra Angelico. The latter, which arose out of the artist's need to flatter his patron by introducing him and his family into traditional religious scenes, was hastened by the rediscovery of pagan art and completed by Michelangelo. Of him it could be said that he extended the range of expression in the visual

arts in very much the same way as Beethoven over two centuries later was to extend it in music.

The frescoes and easel paintings of the gentle Dominican friar who even before his death was known as 'Il Beato Angelico' constitute without a doubt the most perfect expression of religious art hitherto realized. He allowed both the artist and the saint in him to influence his work. Whatever may be the answer to the much-discussed problem of deciding the criteria by which religious art is to be judged, it can hardly be called into question that a deep sympathy between the artist and his subject is, if not necessary, then at least desirable, in all representative art; and it is of the essence of all religious art to be representative, a fact to which the almost universal failure of the attempt to apply modern symbolic art to religious subjects bears ample testimony. This sympathy is revealed in every one of Fra Angelico's paintings. He unites in himself the simplicity, the directness, the complete understanding of the saint, and the artist's genius in colour and design. The statement 'Christ is scourged' is in itself sufficient to draw tears from a saint; in the same way a painting of the scourging by Angelico is a restrained portrayal of the fact. There is very little blood, no agonized face or contortion of the body, but merely the picture of a Saviour who, despite the pain he suffers, is still God-made-man. In his crucifixions, the artist represents resignation to suffering, a willingness to suffer rather than the horrors of the suffering. His Madonnas are not like the Madonnas of later artists, the portrait of some living woman with the halo added and a child placed in her arms; they seem to be rather an attempt to fix a vision, the portrayal of an ideal. And above all his work there reigns a spiritual joy, that joy which he has represented to us in his 'Last Judgment' with such joy and simplicity: the blessed with the faces of children embrace each other in fields full of brightly coloured flowers and before the gates of Paradise two angels, with wings like cirrus cloud at sunset, stretch out their hands to the light streaming forth.

But the influence of the Renaissance did not leave even Fra Angelico completely untouched, as the naturalistic landscapes of some of his later paintings show. After his death this influence spread with ever-increasing speed and intensity and the second stage in the emancipation of art was set in motion. Ghirlandaio introduced the splendid pageantry of the

age into his Nativity and Epiphany scenes; processions of Florentine nobles, with the patrons of the artist well to the fore, make their way towards the crib. At the same time Botticelli was abandoning the traditional religious subjects to find his inspiration in pagan myth and allegory; but it is to Michelangelo that we must look if we would see the crown of Renaissance art. Early in his career he carved a pagan god out of a piece of rejected marble; in accordance with the convention of the time he gave it the name of 'David'. No name, however, could disguise the fact that here was a complete break with convention. Everything he touched, he touched in a spirit of revolt. I have already compared him to Beethoven; indeed, there is no other artist with whom he can be compared—each is a colossus bridging with his stride the gulf which separates the past and the future of his own art. 'Michelangelo', says one critic, 'saw nothing, interpreted nothing on exactly the same lines as anyone who had preceded him or followed him.' There is no better way of discovering the break he made with tradition than by studying his own treatment of a traditional subject. His only finished easel painting, the 'Holy Family', now in the Uffizi gallery, is perhaps the best example. The figures in his group are strangely twisted together, woven into a design of immense power, a representation of strength and movement, but hardly of the grace and serenity which had hitherto characterized the subject. Fra Angelico felt himself to have a mission, to bring people nearer to God by his painting; Michelangelo's one aim seems to have been to produce admiration in those who beheld his work. There is no more significant expression of the great change he had brought about in his own life-time than the statues which adorn the tombs of the Medici in his own new sacristy at S. Lorenzo. In this work he seems almost to have attempted an apotheosis of sculpture; in four figures he has frozen day and night, dawn and twilight into four neverchanging attitudes. 'Day' is a giant, sulky and impatient, looking over his shoulder with threatening countenance; 'Night' is a figure of sadness 'absorbed in darkness and the shades of death'. 'Dawn' arises painfully from a deep sleep, troubled and fretful, while 'Twilight' sinks his huge frame to rest gently and in peace. The figures are in part unfinished; in many ways they ignore the canons of the sculptor's craft; yet the design is so noble that the whole work absorbs the imperfections and even lives with a strange new vigour because of them.

As we descend from the vantage-point from which we have surveyed the city, the sun which fired it has set and the low purple hills of Tuscany with the long line of the Apennines beyond have emerged into the night. It is pleasant to shake off our dream of the past and to face once more the reality of modern Florence. Violence and pride have given place there to the courtesy and friendliness of a people mellowed by time and the beauty of their city. Indeed, my most vivid memory of Florence is not of a visit to one of her churches or palaces, nor of some work of art she contains, nor even of that incomparable scene at sunset from the Piazzale Michelangelo or the hill town of Fiesole. It is rather of a Sunday morning in June : a group of citizens in the Palazzo Vecchio interested, it seemed, neither in the works of art displayed nor in the visitors come to see them, were engaged in leisurely conversation, as people should be when they are at home. On six days of the week a fee is charged to enter the galleries and palaces, and on those days they are filled with artists and students who have come for inspiration and experience, or with tourists who are at the best mildly interested and at the worst utterly bored. But on Sunday there is no charge; and then the Florentines take possession of their inheritance.

MICHAEL J. KIRKHAM

OSTIA ANTICA

To A.H.

Masses of masonry amid the grass
And ivy, live, sun-quicken'd veins of red
And silver-grey beneath the living blue,
Clusters of pine and plots of tender wheat,
And Christian greetings from the few that pass,
Strong kindly landfolk; skylarks overhead,
And nightingales in thickets hid from view,
And perfect days before the summer heat.

Bright faces of the children who request
Some picture of a saint with winsome mien,
The trellised garden of the country inn,
Good home-grown food and wine, all these were ours,
The landward life, God-given, ever-blest,
The cooling breezes from the shore unseen,
Such were the joys 'twas given us to win,
That sunlit isle of peace, those golden hours.

The ruin'd shrine, where doubtless long ago
The saints we love heard Mass, we sought and found,
For whose dear sake is Ostia ever dear,
St Monica and her new-ransom'd son.
What throngs in those far years went to and fro
Amid the busy seaport's stress and sound,
What pageantry of power, hope and fear
Now lost in fathomless oblivion.

They, waiting passage unto Africa
Or Heaven, live in lasting words and deeds.
Little we mourn the seaport and its pride.
Its pagan glory was not half so fair
As this sequester'd rural Ostia
Content to serve mankind's abiding needs,
Saint Aurea's shrine, the castle there beside
The towering skies that arch the golden air.

MONSIGNOR GEORGE TALBOT¹

The restoration of the hierarchy in 1850 brought with it, as a natural consequence, many administrative and personal problems which were solved only after the passage of time had soothed the relations between the various bishops concerned. The biographers of Wiseman, Manning and Ullathorne have depicted the adaptation of the Church in England to its new conditions, and have shown how Wiseman endeavoured to advance the conversion of England by uniting in a common effort the conflicting claims and ideals of the old Catholics, the ultramontanists and the intellectual converts of the Oxford Movement. They have not attempted to conceal the fact that there were serious disagreements and quarrels among the bishops. The personalities of Wiseman and Manning inevitably aroused opposition among their episcopal brethren, most of whom, prior to the restoration of the hierarchy, had been independent and responsible only to Rome; the suffragans naturally objected to Wiseman's apparent conviction that they were answerable for their opinions and actions to their Metropolitan, the Archbishop of Westminster. Not only had they to contend with the autocratic temperament of Wiseman, but also with the man who had, next to Manning, the greatest influence over him, Monsignor Talbot. When Wiseman became Archbishop of Westminster Talbot was already installed in the Vatican as a Privy Chamberlain to Pope Pius IX. He was deeply attached to the Cardinal, and during the unsettled years after 1850, he used all his influence with the Pope in Wiseman's favour.

¹ All letters and papers quoted are preserved in the College Archives, unless otherwise stated.



MONSIGNOR TALBOT

To the other bishops he was a hidden force: they did not know what to make of the man who wrote complaining of their 'Anglo-Gallican' tendencies one week,¹ and sent them a charming letter the next as though nothing untoward had passed between them. They found it hard to credit Talbot with a balanced judgment, and when dealing with him their difficulties were greatly increased because, in claiming to give them the views of the Pope himself, he naïvely assumed that no difference of opinion could possibly exist between Pius IX and his adviser; and it was this spirit of unlimited self-confidence that guided Talbot in all his actions during the crucial years after the

restoration of the hierarchy in England.

The Hon. George Talbot was born in 1816, one of the twelve children of Baron Talbot de Malahide, whose ancestors had been Lords of Malahide, a castle on the coast near Dublin, since the introduction of English rule into Ireland. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and following his destiny as fifth son took Orders in the Church of England at the close of his university career. Shortly afterwards he came into contact with Dr Wiseman, the newly appointed President of Oscott, was received by him into the Church and at his instance entered St Mary's College in 1843 to study for the priesthood. In 1846. he was ordained priest for the London District, and after a year spent in Rome he took up his duties in the mission attached to St George's, Southwark. His life as a missionary priest, however, was soon interrupted, for in July, 1850, Wiseman, now Vicar Apostolic of the London District, sent him back to Rome to act as his personal representative at the Vatican. Talbot remained in Rome for the next twenty years until, in 1869, he began to show signs of mental disturbance and it was deemed necessary to remove him to a mental hospital. Immediately on his arrival in Rome, Talbot was made a Privy Chamberlain, and other honours and consultative posts on various Congregations followed swiftly upon this first appointment. He soon became the close friend of Pope Pius IX: it was the function of 'mio buono Giorgio' to break unpleasant tidings to the Pope, and any cardinal who anticipated a frigid reception would send in the self-confident English Monsignore to prepare the way for his coming. All who met Talbot were charmed by his good nature, and by the willing spirit in which he obtained

¹ One of the accusations made specifically against Bishop Grant of Southwark, and in like terms against other bishops during their contest with Wiseman over the government of the seminaries.

favours from the Pope for all and sundry: and he was perhaps singular in his determination not to accept presents from anyone in return for the good services he had rendered. His great love for Rome led him to believe that he was called to devote his life to the service of the Pope by acting as his personal attendant. 'Who would have thought', he wrote in 1852, 'that I should be in my present position, yet I had a secret presentiment in past years. Even at Oscott I felt a secret call to Rome. When I asked leave to come here what did I ask it for? Merely, I said, to kiss the feet of the Vicar of Christ, and to pray before the Shrine of St Peter. Such were my words to Dr Walsh and Dr Wiseman. And when I came here six years ago, how I longed for an Audience. How earnest I was, and when Cardinal Acton delayed, I anticipated him-I almost offended him by getting an Audience through Marchese Medici directly. How fidgetty and nervous I was—and what a fool I was to think it necessary to have silk stockings! That time is passed as a dream. But what made me at Sinigaglia pray in the bed where the Holy Father was born-what made me visit his Convent at Imola? What made me dream of being attached to his person when I came to England-even in the midst of my work at St George's? And yet I came here against my wish—and what a trial it was to tear myself away from London.'

The life of a Papal Chamberlain in the Vatican was a busy one. Talbot was in constant attendance on the Pope; he walked with him in the gardens of the Vatican, and rode in his carriage when he drove through the streets of Rome on his frequent visits to the Pincio. Any visitors to Rome who were privileged with a papal audience were introduced by him to the Holy Father. Then he had the task of translating for the Pope the communications from the English bishops, and also the interesting passages in the English newspapers. When summer came the papal court moved out to Castel Gandolfo where everything was conducted in a less formal atmosphere. In September, 1852, he wrote in his diary: 'As there was no Cardinal at dinner to-day it was very moderate; no champagne, no ices, no excess. I must say it is an excellent thing that the whole court should assemble and dine together—once a year. One gets to know more about one another during these few days than during the whole rest of the year in Rome. It is certainly a novel sight to see Cardinals, Prelates, Bishops, Priests, Ministers as to-day, Noble Guards, French Officers, Swiss Captains, Lay Chamberlains

all mixed together.' A few days later, on 15th September, the Pope visited the Franciscans at Palazzola—a visit which was recorded in a painted inscription on the wall of the chapel of St Didacus, now the Common Room. 'After dinner the Pope rode on his black horse to Palazzola and we followed him on asses. The Pope looked very well but the Prelates on donkeys looked very ridiculous. The situation of Palazzola is beautiful. The Convent, however, is dirty, and the Franciscan friars do not look edifying. In the church there was the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament but all was done in a slovenly manner. We returned as we came.'

Although the life he now led was far removed from that of the English Mission, Talbot still had regrets for the work he had left at St George's where, according to the testimony of those who had known him, he had laboured with great devotion. Shortly after coming to Rome he began to visit the sick in the hospital of Santo Spirito; then he started instructing the children in a school in Trastevere, and paid weekly visits to the church of Sant' Andrea delle Fratte to hear confessions. But his apostolic work was confined chiefly to the higher ranks of society in the city, and indeed he gained considerable numbers of converts from among the aristocratic visitors to Rome in the winter. It is evident from the conversations recorded in his journal that Talbot's controversial technique was straightforward and ingenuous: 'Dined with the Grand Duke and Duchess of X. After dinner I had a long conversation with the Grand Duchess on Religious Subjects. She said to me, "You believe that we shall go to Hell". "No", I said, "we do not condemn individuals, but I say that there are two roads, one which leads to Heaven and one which leads to Hell. The Catholic Church is the road which leads to Heaven and Protestantism is the road which leads to Hell. I do not say that you will go to Hell, but I say that your Royal Highness is on the road which leads to Hell." 'No doubt the women of fashion found a pleasant diversion in the company of this Monsignore from the Vatican who displayed such a naïve interest in their conversion. Another encounter with a lady of society is mentioned in the same diary: 'I called on Lady Campden and had a scene, as I had purposely not told her of the Pope saying Mass at the Shrine of St Peter, in order to punish her. However, she cried, and promised to be less vain, and more humble in future.' In later years Talbot obtained

charge of a church in the Piazza del Popolo, where he carried on his chosen apostolate of the titled and the wealthy. In 1864 he wrote inviting Newman to come and preach there: 'One of the reasons for which I called upon you was to invite you to come to Rome for next Lent to preach at my church in the Piazza del Popolo, where you would have a more educated audience of Protestants than could ever be the case in England; and where they are more open to Catholic influences'. Newman had no great affection for 'old Talbot with his platitudes': this was quite understandable since, like many of the English bishops, clergy and laity, he had been called Gallican, unorthodox and disloyal to the Holy See by Talbot during the years of his connection with the 'Rambler'. His reply was brief: 'I have received your letter, inviting me to preach next Lent in your Church at Rome to "an audience of Protestants more educated than could ever be the case in England". However, Birmingham people have souls; and I have neither taste nor talent for the sort of work which you cut out for me. And I beg to decline your offer.'1

Though possessed of great and far-reaching ideas, Cardinal Wiseman had not the strength of will to impose his decisions on other people in the face of opposition: the thought that he might not be loved by those he ruled tormented him, and so he relied overmuch on the sympathy and support of his friends. As soon as he became Archbishop of Westminster he made Talbot his confidant, and wrote him lengthy letters about the difficulties he had with the Chapter and with the other bishops, giving him permission to use this information as he thought best. 'I will now give you a miscellaneous letter of gossip', he once wrote to Talbot. 'For you know that I trust your friendship, as well as your prudence, by writing to you as unreservedly as I think and feel, leaving it to your discretion how you use anything that I say.' Talbot had no discretion. His judgment was radically unsound both on account of his lack of experience and because his intellectual abilities, even in the eyes of his friends, were comparatively limited. He became notorious chiefly as a result of his meddling in the case of Archbishop Errington, Wiseman's coadjutor from 1855 to 1860.2 George Errington had been a fellow-student of Wiseman

¹ Ward, Newman, Vol. II, p. 539.

² For a full consideration of the Errington case cf. Butler, Life and Times of Bishop Ullathorne, Vol. I, chapters viii—x.

in Rome, and later, as his Vice-Rector, through his stern and relentless organization of the drooping finances, as Wiseman himself admitted, saved the College from bankruptcy. He was consecrated first Bishop of Plymouth in 1851, and entered his new diocese, which then seemed barren of promise, with great enthusiasm for the work which lay ahead. Then Wiseman asked him to become his coadjutor in London. Knowing from past experience that the combination of temperaments was not a satisfactory one, Errington was very unwilling; but eventually he listened to the pleas of Wiseman and Talbot and. against his better judgment, he consented. His first disagreement with the Cardinal came four months later: he objected to the appointment of the convert layman Ward as lecturer in dogmatic theology at St Edmund's College. Matters reached an impasse, and Errington wrote to Talbot offering his resignation; but then, giving way, he returned to Westminster and at Wiseman's request began a visitation of the diocese. He soon found that whenever there was any question of opposition on the part of the clergy Wiseman withdrew his support and declined to uphold the decisions made by his coadjutor. The final rupture came when Herbert Vaughan, a member of Manning's congregation of the Oblates of St Charles, was appointed Vice-President at St Edmund's. Errington was afraid that the College would come completely under the influence of Manning, and in his opposition to the Oblates he had the wholehearted support of the Chapter and of most of the older clergy. Once again he was prepared to resign his position as coadjutor and assume work elsewhere: matters might have been settled peaceably had not Talbot, roused by Wiseman's complaints, decided that it was his turn to shine. He wrote to Errington accusing him of Gallicanism and of disloyalty to the Holy See. The Archbishop was somewhat annoyed at this: a member of an old Catholic family that had a martyr amongst its ancestors, and a type of the clergy who had kept the Faith alive through centuries of persecution, he deeply resented the insinuations of Talbot, a Catholic of only a day. Henceforth, taking his stand on strictly canonical grounds, he refused to resign and demanded full proof of the charges brought against him. He was offered the see of Trinidad, or any other bishopric in the British Empire—even an Apostolic Delegation; but he stood firm and declared his resolution to accept nothing but deposition at the hand of the Pope. He was

accordingly freed from the office of Coadjutor with right of succession in 1860, and deprived of any right whatsoever in the diocese of Westminster. His dismissal was not based on any canonical charge, for there was nothing that could be considered unlawful in his behaviour; the reason adduced was that it was impossible for him to work in harmony with Wiseman, because of the incompatibility of their temperaments—the Cardinal had been warned of this five years earlier. Errington accepted the Pope's sentence without protest; he never complained of the treatment he had received, nor of the injustice of Talbot's accusations. He declined any further office and went to live at Prior Park, where he spent the rest of his life in retirement. There is little to justify the conduct of Talbot in this case. Errington wrote to him in March, 1859: 'I had written to yourself of your having made very serious and false charges against me; and you write back as if I had been writing merely about some matter in which you had unintentionally said something painful to my feelings'. Talbot had ruined the career of an outstanding man; yet he was, apparently, quite unconscious of the fact that he had acted in a mischievous and underhand manner—that is possibly the most tragic aspect of the whole unfortunate incident.

One of the problems which occupied Talbot's mind during his first years in Rome was that of the training of converts, and particularly of convert clergymen, for the priesthood. Talbot was himself a convert parson, and he understood the difficulty many of the older converts underwent in following the strict discipline and lengthy course of studies in the English seminaries. The idea of a college in Rome devoted to the training of 'late vocations' was welcomed by Pius IX, and with his encouragement Talbot rented part of the house of the Convertendi in the Piazza Scossacavalli, near St Peter's. The Collegio Ecclesiastico was opened on Sunday, 21st November 1852, when the first six students, amongst whom was William Giles, were presented by Talbot to the Holy Father. Wiseman gave his full support to the new college, and was pleased to be able to tell Talbot that the Convertendi already had some English connections, since it had been built, in part at least, with the money of the Catholic exile Sir Thomas Dereham. The first Rector of the Ecclesiastico was Dr Louis English who became Rector of the English College also in 1857. The

¹ Cf. Gasquet, History of the Ven. English College, p. 249.

number of students was so small that their fees did not suffice to cover the costs of the new college; there was no property attached to the Ecclesiastico, and Talbot had difficulty in finding a regular income. He tried hard to obtain endowments from his wealthy friends in Rome. 'I met the F.'s at the Collegio Ecclesiastico', he wrote at this time. 'She likes the plan and I hope to get out of her £100 a year to keep a Ripetitore and to help poor students unable to pay for themselves.' Matters did not improve and later he entered in his diary the disturbing news that 'all over Rome a report has gone about that they are starved at the Collegio Ecclesiastico'. Talbot's friends in society evidently felt that they deserved some return for the financial help they had given, and claimed the right to interfere in the running of the college. By the summer of the following year the maintenance of the Ecclesiastico had become an impossibility, and Talbot pushed through his plan for uniting it to the ancient English College in the Via Monserrato. The change was effected in 1854, and the Collegio Pio, as it was now called, remained under the same roof as the English College until it was closed in 1875.

In 1857 Dr Cornthwaite resigned from the rectorship of the Venerabile and, at the instigation of Talbot and without the consent of the English bishops, Dr English was appointed Rector of both the colleges. From this time Monsignor Talbot played an ever increasing part in the government of the English College. In 1861 he was nominated Delegate Pro-Protector; the measure of his influence over Dr English may be gauged from a letter he wrote to the Rector in the same year: 'I write to say that I have so complete confidence in your judgment regarding the fitness of students for the two English Colleges, that I leave the choice of them entirely in your hands, so that you need have no scruples about accepting men whom you may think desirable subjects'. Two years later Dr English died while in England, and in his place Frederick Neve became Rector of the English College. The first years of his rule were a time of prosperity for the two colleges in his care: the number of students was doubled, and the finances improved in such manner that the idea could now be entertained of rebuilding the College church which had fallen into ruin during the French occupation of Rome. Talbot threw himself heart and soul into the scheme: his name took first place on the circular letter appealing for funds, and all his friends and acquaintances in

England were canvassed for their support. On 6th February 1866 the foundation stone was laid by Pope Pius IX; but work on the new church proceeded slowly because of the lack of money and eventually the unfinished church was opened

informally in 1888, and was never consecrated.1

In 1865 Cardinal Wiseman died, and in his place Henry Edward Manning became Archbishop of Westminster. The new Cardinal's zeal for the reformation of the English seminaries, typified by his attempts as Provost of the Westminster Chapter to instal his Oblates in the government of St Edmund's College, soon had repercussions in the English College also. The relations between Talbot and Neve ceased to be happy: the Pro-Protector refused to support, and indeed countermanded, Neve's decision on a disciplinary matter within the College. Then veiled hints and accusations began to appear in his talk and in his letters; unlike Errington, Neve demanded no proof of the rumours circulated by Talbot but went to the Pope and offered his resignation. Pius IX, in his turn, left the final word to Talbot, and Neve returned to Clifton to resume the work he had interrupted when he came to Rome. Fr O'Callaghan, the head of a small community of Oblates of St Charles established by Manning in Rome, became Rector of the English College: his appointment took place without the knowledge or consent of the hierarchy, most of whom were in Rome at the time for the centenary of St Peter.² Two years later, in 1869, Talbot himself left Rome on account of his health; he was taken to a mental hospital at Passy, near Paris, where he died on 16th October 1886.

Monsignor George Talbot is irrevocably committed to history as the untiring champion of Wiseman and Manning against all who dared to hold their own opinions on the vexed questions that were agitated in and out of the Synods. The publication of the Manning-Talbot correspondence in 1895 caused a sensation for it revealed the great hold Manning had over Talbot. Manning had not hesitated to use him consistently to press his case at Rome, though all the time admitting him to be 'the most imprudent man that ever lived'. The peculiar position of Talbot as the intimate friend and adviser of Pope Pius IX gave a sinister aspect to this correspondence, for it

² For the Neve case cf. VENERABILE, Vol. V, pp. 160, 274 and 335.

3 Cf. Leslie, Life of Manning, p. xii.

¹ Cf. Gasquet, op. cit., p. 258 f. For Pugin's connection with the new church cf. Venerabile, Vol. VIII, p. 334.

appeared that he had played a vital role in the managing of Catholic affairs in England. His influence with the Pope was indeed considerable; he himself once wrote: 'In my present position in the Vatican as private Chamberlain I have the Pope's ear, and exercise a hundredfold more influence than I could do as Maestro di Camera, or in the College of Cardinals'.1 Yet the sound judgment of Propaganda, and of Cardinal Barnabò in particular, did much to neutralize and render ineffective his interference in the affairs of the English bishops. In one case only, apart from that of Errington's succession which Wiseman fought alone, did Wiseman and Manning finally win their point in the various disputes which were referred to Rome; and the decision given in favour of Wiseman in 1863, defining the legal position of the Westminster Chapter with relation to their Archbishop, can hardly be attributed to Talbot. The majority of the bishops and clergy in England came to dislike and distrust Talbot for his meddling in their private matters, and for the 'backstairs influence' he enjoyed.2 His experience of conditions in England was confined to that gained in the few years he had worked at St George's, and he caused annoyance and ill-feeling among the bishops, who were loth indeed to believe that his muddled advice and frantic recriminations represented the true mind of Rome. In a history of events the part played by Talbot is negligible in view of the final outcome of the disputes in which he figured so prominently; but in a consideration of the personalities involved his name is ever in mind, and since history is of necessity a discussion of the interplay of events and personalities he has found a lasting. though unenviable, place in the story of the Catholic revival in England.

MICHAEL MOORE

Cf. Letter to Manning quoted in Purcell, Life of Manning, Vol. II, p. 226.
 So Bishop Goss of Liverpool. Cf. Butler. Life of Ullathorne, Vol. I, p. 228.

ROMANESQUE

50.—FILM NIGHT

'Of course', said the blond youth, 'the fire-extinguishers are automatic.' Thinking it indiscreet to notice his lack of eye-brows, I remarked non-committally that the Machine was magnificent. It was obvious the conversation could not continue much longer; my craned neck threatened to remain a fixture and I was being hustled roughly by his minions now rushing hither and thither with strips of torn film, gramophone needles, reel cases or just sticky stuff. I wonder by what chance so young a person had reached the position of a Machine-Operator. No doubt he was chosen by a retiring apostle for those hidden qualities of detachment which perceive meaning in a half-framed picture or lips moving in silent obloquy. Poetic feeling or even some electrical knowledge might be thought sufficient, but I discovered that a due admixture of brawn and cunning were considered as more desirable. The more successful operators slumber in a Nirvana that only a general conflagration has been known to disturb; for it is a sign of the novice to steal furtive glances through the spy-glass at the gloom within. I was beginning to feel that here indeed were the real lords of darkness and flickering light. However, it needed but a step into the Common Room, already cloudy with smoke and steady breathing, to realize that, whoever might rule in the draughts of the corridor without, another was suzerain within.

Already the Chief Wag, round as a large robin, has taken up his position on a table at the back. One or two Minor Wags are interspersed throughout the shambles of the auditorium.



The Major Critic is delicately fitting a cigarette into a long holder. The Bone has inserted his bulk into one of the more comfortable chairs and put on his knowing look. A scrimmage near the screen indicates that not all the partisans of the Daily Mail are yet abreast of Rip Kirby or Ann Temple. The vendor of Trappist chocolate is endeavouring to shout his extortionate prices through a mouthful of the same. In fact one feels that a ritual is about to begin which I suggest would improve by the allocation of suitable costumes. I would dress the Wag as Mr Toad with a salame-coloured waistcoat; the Film-Man should obviously be in tails . . . Bells ring from time to time, Rectors

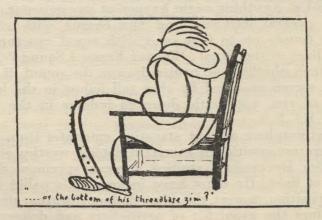
come and go, lights go up and down, sopranos screech, a Funny Man does a cork trick, a flame curls its tongue round the door, and the Bone takes out his P.G. This might be called the Warming-Up. Anything might happen at any moment. Suddenly there is general darkness and the chorus with rhythmical precision counts up to nine, and with equal exactness shouts the first lines of the ritual: 'Focus! Frame! Sound!' The show is on. Much shuffling of bodies drowns the sound, if any, and with the screen obscured by that tall fellow in the high chair in front of you, you settle down to indulge in the mysteries of the V.E.C.F.N.

An atmosphere of rapt attention emanates from the front rows. Here are positioned a certain coterie worthy of mention—the Film Devotees. I studied a mean specimen during an interval of light. He must have jockeyed his pallid bulk into the end position nearest the Chapel door for the after-supper visit. Before the usual file of petitioners and delinquents has taken its place on the bottom corridor, he is already swerving past the Lady Statue with a veteran's skill. A machine-minion looks up from a knob to observe that his seat (which he, of course,



has no intention of occupying) has been filled by this F.D. now sinking in spirit into the luxury of the Plymouth Plaza threeand-sixpennies. As the show goes on his voice is loudest in protest when the Wags hoot or the Bone requests the plot for the third time. His cries for quiet usually render inaudible as much asseven feet of unimportant cross-talk. You may therefore think him a 'blot', but how wrong you are. The Critics listen for his admiring sighs as a blackbird listens for a worm. He is indeed the refuge of the Wag when his wit is out. A sad figure, the F.D., providing a groundbass at the most for the real ministers of the mysteries.

The Critic next to me I found a frustrated character. He either writhed in agony or fell into transports of inarticulate enthusiasm. I could never make out whether I was talking to the small of his back or the bottom of his threadbare zim.



Under constant attack from his enemy the Chief Wag who maliciously ruins his more judicious comments with his noisy cackle, he finds relief for his tortured soul during the periodic intervals among his poetic colleagues in a vocabulary that I failed to comprehend. Meanwhile the exuberance of the whole tribe of Wags (postulants and all) knows no bounds. I rather like the Wag behind me. He is perforce an anarchist, and his strong sight and earth-bound soul are adept at discerning the characteristics of his contemporaries in the very best Hollywood make-up. To him the scene is pure symbolism; the antitypes are there before him in the auditorium. Of course, he will admit of no human emotion except standing or sitting, and even these have exercised his grinding wit. Nothing gives him greater joy than scenes that reveal eating, sleeping, running, or-most of all-the delicate unfoldings of human love. Such evoke his reserve of party pieces; he can pop corks, make sucking noises, cat-call better than a Monserra' harridan, and imitate a fried egg. No appeal to his finer sentiments will subdue him, and short of giving him Trappist chocolate or calling in the junior infirmarian there is no remedy for his existence, continued or spasmodic. As one might imagine, his ally, the Bone, gives him solid support.

The Bone, let it be known, probably got ten in Morals. But he is a man of limited sensibility, lacking usually an eye or an ear. Bright lights worry him, and a revolver or a bloody hat-pin in the Third Reel disturb his concentration. During periods of unrelieved gloom he sucks noisily at his bubbling pipe, or just picks his teeth. The plot bothers him. He cannot really ascertain the relationship purporting to exist between the Head Gardener and the Vicar, whom he naturally confuses. Should the scene be pure pastoral (always a major mystery to the Bone), he relapses into undignified slumber or rubs his shoes on his socks. There is, as one might expect, a certain hesitancy in his requests, but he is not open to information on account of the aforesaid limited sensibility. Why he comes at all is a mystery within the mysteries. I think the Wag must

bribe him.

The performance had now a certain rhythm in it and, as the film was itself non-committal, I reflected on the bigger ritual evolving round me. The machine-minions, the Devotees, the Critics, the Trappist Agent, the Daily Mail, the Wags, the Bones—and, of course, Third Year Theology who saw the film two years ago in Birkenhead—these are the pattern of the assistenza and the celebrant is the Machine itself. It is impersonal, admitting of neither he nor she. According to its

whims (and those of its colleague, the 'Società Romana di Elettricità'), so the Night matures through its haze of billowing tobacco smoke and noises-off from the Cortile Flats. The rules have become stylized as the Machine has grown to more complex stature (with fire-extinguishers). The advent of sound could not kill the Wag nor smother the Bone. Perhaps, when we are old, we shall recall with pleasure the night Humphrey Bogart looked like P. Arnou in borghese, how at one Public Meeting the Film Committee were accused of embezzling public funds and so on. Slight memories, it is true, of little consequence but only confirming our general distrust of the power of celluloid and of our firm intent to twist its most sacred productions to our use. It may well be there is heresy in this. But we never

were too keen on others amusing us all the time.

At least to-night, as we descend to Short Night Prayers, I am grateful for the covering my cassock gives to knees now uncontrollably knocking. The bell has silenced the Wag, the Critic has reverted to normal shape, the Bone is content. Even the non-smokers can now breathe something nearer pure oxygen. Only now does one notice the Film-Man who for obvious reasons has been in hiding. Short Night Prayers offer a thousand pitfalls to those who worry still over technicalities of plot. The 'Salve' is extra robust on such evenings as these. Nothing remains but to climb to bed searching the night's entertainment for such elements of waggery or poetry that have pleased the taste. First Year look hurt as they fumble for their door-handles. Is it always like this? Is there no quiet enjoyment of good art? No, brother, it is always like this. This is the world of Gulliver and Alice. One day you will become its most staunch defender.

ALAN CLARK

NOVA ET VETERA

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THREE NEW INSCRIPTIONS

The frontispiece of the present number shows the Rector unveiling a tablet in the College in Rome to commemorate the Exile at St Mary's Hall and the return to Rome in 1946. As may be seen from the photograph, it has been placed between the Church door and the entrance to the Sacristy. The text was composed by Fr Dezza s.j., Rector of the Gregorian University, and reads as follows:

PIO XII PONT. MAX.

VENERABILE COLLEGIVM ANGLORVM

MENSE MAIO MCMXL

VNIVERSALI ALTERO SAEVIENTE BELLO

ITERVM EXSVL

A PROVINCIA ANGLICA SOCIETATIS IESV
HOSPITALITER EXCEPTVM
ET AB APOSTOLICA SEDE PRIVILEGIO DONATVM
VNIV. GREGORIANAE GRADVS PROCVL CONSEQVENDI
ACADEMICAM SERVAVIT VITAM

AC PACE RESTITVTA

EODEM RECTORE IOANNE MACMILLAN

CVM EXSVLIBVS NOVISQVE ALVMNIS

MENSE OCTOBRI MCMXLVI

IN VRBEM TANDEM REVERSVM

TANTORVM BENEFICIORVM PERPETVO MEMOR

Before we returned to Rome in 1946, Fr Swindells s.J., Rector of Stonyhurst College, who had known us the whole time of our exile at Stonyhurst, gave us most willingly permission to have an inscription placed on the walls of the chapel which had been the centre of our spiritual life for those wartime years. The text, composed about two years ago by the Very Rev. R. W. Meagher D.D., records our thanks to God for His special Providence over us, and likewise to the Provincial and Fathers of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, for the unforgettable help they gave us, without which the College could not have continued in England.

The inscription is in brass, mounted on oak, and made by Messrs Hardman and Co. of Birmingham. It was placed in position some months ago, and stands not far from the entrance.

It runs thus:

VEN . COLLEGII . ANGLORVM . DE . VRBE IOANNES . MACMILLAN . RECTOR MODERATORES . ET . ALVMNI

SAEVA. BELLI. FORTVNA. AD. AVLAM. S. MARIAE. EXSVLANTES PATRVM. SOCIETATIS. IESV. APVD. STONYHURST

SEX . PER . ANNOS

HOSPITIO . SOLACIISQ . COMITER . SVSTENTATI
ROMAM . FAVSTE . TANDEM . REDVCTI
LAETI . LIBENTES . POS . D.S.
ANNO . SAL . MCMXLVI

Finally, we print a copy of the new inscription which has been placed just outside the door of the Villa Church, in the cloister. Mr Incledon is the author:

HANC AEDEM CHRISTI
CVIVS SPECIEM AETAS RECENTOR
ALIQVANTVM DEFORMAVERAT
GVLIELMVS GODFREY
RECTOR VEN. COLL. ANGLORVM DE VRBE
ADIVVANTE RICHARDO LAVRENTIO SMITH
VICE-RECTORE
IN PRISTINAM FORMAM RESTITVIT

OPERE A.D. MCMXXXIX ABSOLVTO
MONVMENTVM POSVIT
IOANNES MACMILLAN
AVCTORIS SVCCESSOR



CARDINAL HINSLEY

CARDINAL HINSLEY'S PORTRAIT

The fine portrait of Cardinal Hinsley, reproduced on the page opposite, was painted by the late Earl of Lytton not many months before the Cardinal died in the March of 1943. About a year ago Lord Knebworth, Catholic son of the Earl, wrote asking if we would accept the portrait, which he was willing to present to the College. To me, who had seen only a photograph of it, but had seen also Mgr Elwes' enthusiasm for the original, as well as that of the Cardinal's niece, Miss L. Hinsley, this seemed almost too good to be true. For, after the Cardinal's death, I had called on the artist Earl, begging him to paint a replica of his masterpiece of one of the College's most inspiring and lovable sons; I was received with exquisite and friendly courtesy, but even in my disappointment I could understand how the creator of the original could not bring himself to make a mere copy of it.

So at once I accepted Lord Knebworth's offer. If the coveted picture arrived only recently in June, and even then only through the help of our Protector, Cardinal Canali, this was due to the difficulties of importing a work of art into Italy. The portrait has surpassed all my expectations, and those of everyone who has seen it on the walls of the Salone. It compels equally our admiration for the skill of the artist and our love for his subject. It will always remain one of the most precious

treasures of the College.

With joy and gratitude I wrote to Lord Knebworth to express the thanks which are and will be felt by all the members of the Venerabile for this generous gift. Since February last, when his father died—to the sorrow of his family (and, may I add, after even the briefest of contacts, of myself)—he has succeeded to the title. It would have given me the greatest satisfaction to have been able to tell the artist of the great and permanent pleasure his work has given to the College.

I have assured the present Earl that his father and his whole family are among the benefactors for whom we regularly pray. He has replied how much store he sets by this, and how much 'it matters to him' (his non-Catholic father) 'that he should be numbered among the benefactors for whom you and your

students pray every day'.

JOHN MACMILLAN

EIGHTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ROMAN ASSOCIATION: SHREWSBURY, 8th MAY 1951

The following is a brief report of the Business.

COUNCIL MEETING, 7TH MAY

The Secretary's minutes were passed.

The names of deceased members were announced.

The names of new members were proposed for election.

The Treasurer's Report was then accepted.

The main business this year concerned the Scholarship examination. First there was a motion presented by the Sub-Committee appointed last year:

'The object of this examination is to select candidates

most likely to benefit from the Roman Course.

The selective examination shall consist of a General

Paper and an Interview.

The qualification necessary for entry to this examination is a standard achieved in Latin, Mathematics and Science sufficient to guarantee that the candidate will benefit from the Roman Course.

This is to be determined by a qualifying paper in each

of these subjects.

If the candidate has passed the School Leaving Certificate in any subject, he shall be regarded as exempt from further

test in that subject.'

The Board of Interviewers would consist of five: the President and Secretary of the Association, a representative of the College, and two ordinary members. One member of the Board, apart from the representative of the College, should be actively engaged in educational work.

It was agreed to forward this Motion and plan to the

General Meeting.

Next arose the question of when to hold the next examination. It was recommended by the Council that a burse should be offered next year on the new system of examination.

Rome has not given permission for us here in England to use the Mass and Office of the College Martyrs. Mgr Smith's Motion to make this request of the Sacred Congregation has now been changed into a resolution that the matter be 'carried forward by whatever means are deemed suitable'.

The annual award of the Delaney Fund was next made:

£5 to each of the four Top Year men.

After nominations to the offices vacant the Council Meeting concluded.

GENERAL MEETING (sixty-one members present), 8TH MAY. The Sub-Committee's Motion on the reconstruction of the

examination was thoroughly discussed.

An amendment was proposed and seconded, urging that the question be referred back to the Sub-Committee for reconsideration. The main grounds of this amendment were that this new system would set a special standard for scholarship men, and would cut across the standard already set by many bishops in their seminaries. Also, the General Paper favoured the dilettante, not the thorough student.

It was replied that the Roman Course demanded an exceptional standard, that the General Paper looked for intelligence, that this was at last an opportunity to stabilize the

perennial worry of this question.

In the voting the amendment was lost by thirteen votes to twenty-eight, and the Motion was carried by thirty-six votes

to eight.

It was then decided to hold an examination for one burse vacant. The examination is to take place this summer. For this occasion only the style of the examination is to be at the discretion of the Sub-Committee.

Election of Officers.—President: The Very Rev. Mgr Canon Iles. Trustees: The Right Rev. Mgr Redmond D.D., and the Rev. W. O'Leary D.D. Councillors: The Revv. W. Boulton, P. Clark, G. Higgins D.D., and J. Howe D.D.

It is the wish of the Association to place on record its appreciation of the Very Rev. Dr Bird's long years of work on

the Council.

The next meeting will be held at York, 26th and 27th May 1952.

The meeting then concluded.

JAMES MOLLOY (Secretary).

COLLEGE DIARY

JANUARY 7th 1951, Sunday. The year's Opera is over and the crinolines have been sprinkled with D.D.T. and pressed between layers of naftalina. It is already rumoured that next year's production will be The Pirates of Penzance or perhaps even The Slave of Duty. Ci vedremo. Meanwhile, after some discussion on whether the dismantling of the stage constitutes servile work, natural inertia wins the day and the operation is postponed till Monday.

As today is the feast of the Holy Family we provide as usual the assistenza for High Mass at the Little Sisters, which is sung by the Rector.

8th Monday. It was with profound regret that we learnt of the sudden death of Sir Victor Perowne, British Minister to the Holy See. To us the news was particularly unexpected as Sir Victor had been our guest but two days ago at the Epiphany performance of the Opera. As a token of our sympathy, it was agreed that we should send a wreath from the College. In the afternoon we called at the Minister's house to pay our respects.

9th Tuesday. The Wiseman Society is ever broadening its scope: tonight's fare was 'The Church in Rome at the end of the First Century'.

10th Wednesday. Mr Churchill is with us again for long reading. At S. Andrea the usual trap lay open for the unwary First Year man: ore 18.30 Benedizione coll' assistenza del Ven. Collegio Inglese. The punctual ones arrived half-way through the sermon and had to wait an hour and a quarter before the preacher finished the repetition of the second half of his philosophy course.

12th Friday. A rather curious thing happened today. Rain began at 8.9 a.m. (local time) and continued for a sufficient number of minutes to elicit a short bell. How desirable a reversal of the usual run of events! Few things are more commonplace and exasperating than the heavy shower which tapers off into an anaemic trickle just before 8.10 a.m.

13th Saturday, and another short bell! The clerk of the weather is certainly making restitution in kind for the many heartrending disappointments of past years.

Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani, the Vicar-General of Rome, died

this morning. R.I.P.

14th Sunday. Day of Recollection, and hence we were surprised to hear sounds of revelry issuing from the Salone this evening. Several guests from S. Silvestro were being entertained by the Rector, ably assisted by Top Year and the postgraduate faculties of Philosophy and Theology.

15th Monday. Disputationes Publicae. Once more First Year examined the possibility of ever studying philosophy at all, and Theologians debated whether there could ever be a world without theologians. In the evening a more practical, if less momentous, motion was proposed to the Grant Debating Society: 'That Rome should be the capital of Europe, should it ever be united'.

16th Tuesday, was a dies non to enable us to attend the funeral of Cardinal Marchetti-Selvaggiani. His body was taken in procession from the Vicariate to S. Ignazio for the Requiem Mass.

17th Wednesday. Today was a lovely Roman winter day, crisp and fresh without being biting or raw. Pincio is probably the most inspiring spot from which to capture the beauty of the city on such a winter evening, but the Janiculum has its compensations in that the setting sun strikes a rich purple and grey out of the distant Sabines. And to those who 'did Horace for the Higher' snow-covered Soracte simply clamours to be remembered in verse.

18th Thursday. At 5.30 we attended a memorial service for Sir Victor Perowne at S. Silvestro; the service consisted of appropriate motets (such as the Dies Irae) alternating with psalms and prayers, including the Miserere and Domine Salvum Fac Regem. A blessing was given with the relic of the True Cross. Mgr Montini, Sostituto at the Secretariate of State, was present as also were the British prelates in Rome. Sir Francis D'Arcy Osborne, several other members of the Diplomatic Corps, past and present, and other friends of the deceased (among whom we may mention Prince Chigi) attended the function, as well as Lady Perowne.

19th Friday. We provided the choir and assistenza at the Gesù for the Benediction which is part of the prayers during the Church Unity Octave. The function started on time—to the discomfiture of those who thought they had learnt a lesson on the 10th inst.

21st Septuagesima Sunday. Prosit to Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor, who received the diaconate this morning.

23rd Tuesday. Rumours that the Vice-Rector had departed on his holiday to England were scotched by his appearance in the Common Room this evening.

25th Thursday. A small group saw the Brazilian College's 2nd XI inflict on the Portuguese College's 1st XI a defeat of approximately ten

goals to nil. Many of them carried away a strong conviction of the superiority of Brazilian coffee over the Italian beverage of the same name.

The list of new offices appeared and speculation is, as the Banker

said to our Cambio man, a thing of the past.

After supper Fr Gill s.J. addressed the Literary Society on 'The Problem of Reunion'.

26th Friday. A shower which stopped suddenly at five minutes past eight providentially resumed activity at nine minutes past. This must surely be one of the rainiest seasons ever recorded in Rome.

28th Sunday. The bath water was hot.

30th Tuesday was the Rector's birthday, and dinner was, of course, garnished with coffee and rosolio. The Vice-Rector and Dr Clark departed by road for the frontier.

FEBRUARY 1st *Thursday*. Pheasant and partridge shooting ends today, but there is no close season for First and Second Year Theology, who departed in coveys this morning to be sniped at by unsportsmanlike professors of Canon Law.

2nd Friday. The Feast of the Purification. We were dismayed to hear that His Eminence Cardinal Griffin is seriously ill, and offered our sincere prayers for his speedy recovery.

3rd Saturday. Dr Clark is in our midst again after speeding the Vice-Rector on his homeward journey. Apparently his return has restored international confidence, for at today's Cambio the dollar had risen to 740 lire, the pound to 1,800 and the rouble, escudo and piastre pro rata.

4th Sunday. To lunch the Very Rev. Fr Helsham s.J., the English Provincial.

After some discussion as to who were to be the lucky ones (decided as usual under the patronage of St Matthias) a select group attended a performance of *Iolanthe* at the Scots' College and brought back enthusiastic reports. The rest of us awaited this evening's film, *State Secret*, with heightened interest since its arrival in the College had been heralded by an extensive advertising campaign. Most of the House considered that it justified the expectations it had raised; but in any case it gave our Alpinists a chance to stick out their chests as hero and heroine fled over crag and crevasse—and it provided an article for *Chi Lo Sa*? What greater immortality can any film demand—or even hope for?

5th Monday. Clumsy scarponi beat out an uncouth reveille on the stone floors shortly before 5 a.m. They were soon to be strapped to skis (the boots, that is, not the stone floors), and their owners, temporary or otherwise, were soon precipitating themselves through the blizzards of Terminillo.

6th Tuesday. Hearty congratulations to Philosophy on achieving a draw against a strong Theological XI.

SHROVETIDE CONCERT, 1951

- 1 CONCERT CHOIR
 Beating Up the Channel (Wilfrid Sanderson)
- 2 PIANO SOLO
 Third Movement of a Sonata in E Minor (Michael Kirkham)
 Played by Mr Kirkham
- 3 SKETCH

ELOPEMENT

Captain Jasper Slazer	nger		Mr Bickerstaffe
Landlord .			Mr D'Arcy
Lady Betty Juniper	50 . 38	11.0	Mr FitzGibbon
Susan (her maid)		E. 11	. Mr Brown
Lieutenant Carfax		The Land	Mr FitzPatrick

Produced by Mr Byron

	-		
4	n	UE	mo
-8	L	UL	13

Dance from the 'Nell Gwynn' Suite (Edward German)
Nola (N. H. Brown)

Messrs Laughton-Mathews and
C. Murphy-O'Connor

5 Songs

The Star of the County Down (Herbert Hughes)
The Gentle Maiden (arr. by Arthur Somervell)
Cotswold Love (Alec Rowley)
Jeanie (Stephen Foster)

- 6 ITEM . . . Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor
- 7 CONCERT CHOIR
 Little Billee (Rutland Boughton)

8 SKETCH

A LITTLE FOWL PLAY

Gilbert Warren		The state of the state of	Mr Incledon
Sybil Warren			. Mr Brady
Mr Tolbooth			Mr Pearce
Mary .	-		Mr Swindlehurst
Boy .		A SOUTH IN	Mr Ketterer

Produced by Mr McConnon

The Shrove Concert this year was remarkable largely because of the emphasis given to musical items, all of which proved most enjoyable. The sketches too were competently produced, but the scripts were not inspiring, and it reflects great credit on the producers to say that they held our interest throughout both of them.

7th Ash Wednesday. The Rector sang the High Mass and distributed the ashes. After a piscine repast a school of crocodiles (or whatever their collective noun is) toiled up the Aventine in the proper sackcloth, ashes and spirit of penance. As always there was an excellent attendance at Santa Sabina, and on

9th Friday, those faithful few who are still visiting Station Churches observed that the campanile of Sts John and Paul's is undergoing repairs.

10th Saturday. To lunch Fr Murray s.J., lecturer in Philosophy at

the Gregorian.

Just before tea we heard that Dr Heenan had been appointed to the vacant see of Leeds. We wish him a sincere Ad Multos Annos in his new office.

17th Saturday. Prosit to First Year Theology, who had the honour of being the first to receive the Tonsure from Cardinal Micara since his appointment as Vicar General of Rome.

20th Tuesday. The Wiseman Society sponsored the reading of Marlowe's Doctor Faustus. Darkness and diabolical tones helped to create the right

infernal atmosphere.

21st Wednesday. The Music Room again did duty for hell. Several of the young devils we encountered bore surprisingly familiar voices, and the fire and brimstone was not unlike the usual fumes of Players' No. 6. But in spite of Faustus' request to the nocturnal quadrupeds to decrease their velocity, several scenes had to be cut, and one even got the impression that Mephistopheles himself had to be in time for Night Prayers.

22nd Thursday. We defeated a Mexican XI by two goals to one at Gelsomino.

23rd Friday. A dies non to celebrate the fourth centenary of the founding of the Collegio Romano. At a morning function at S. Ignazio we fell under the spell of Fr Dezza's classical cadences as he took us through the long and honourable history of the Gregorian. His Eminence Cardinal Micara gave Benediction, at which motets were sung by a Schola drawn from the entire University, instead of from one particular college, as has hitherto been the custom.

25th Sunday. As St David's Day falls on a week-day in Lent, we had a film tonight instead. Woman in Hiding, if it is remembered at all, will be remembered for the almost endless series of narrow escapes from death and disaster.

26th Monday. The University Magazine, Vita Nostra, is on sale once more, and the current number contains some fine pictures of the definition

of the Assumption last November.

After lunch the clothes auction attracted many bidders; a facetious auctioneer displayed assorted garments in various stages of disrepair with sportive allusions to their hard-wearing qualities. And most of them have been hardly worn.

28th Wednesday. Public Meeting. Mr Hunt succeeded to the chairmanship.

MARCH 1st Thursday. The Feast of St David. By way of Eisteddfod the Schola sang Ecce Sacerdos Magnus, and a very excellent rendition it was, look you. To a lunch embellished with caffè e liquori came Mgr Heard, Canon McNarney and Dr Clayton.

2nd Friday. The Public Meeting is resumed; the usual spate of verbal differences, distinctions and explanations drags on with its customary courtesies. But we did decide on one thing—a concert on St Gregory's Day this year.

4th Laetare Sunday. Our rejoicings were of a purely spiritual nature as there was a ritiro mensile. However, we relaxed in the afternoon to watch the Brazilians' 1st XI concede the first point of the season in a 3—3 draw with the Scots.

5th Monday. After a large block of legislation had been passed with a judicious use of the guillotine, the Public Meeting drew to a dignified close by branding as revolutionary motions classed by their authors as minor improvements. After supper the Wiseman Society presented a paper entitled 'The Approach to Metaphysics—A Meditation'.

6th Tuesday. Disputationes Publicae. Mr Kenny disserted.

7th Wednesday. The Feast of St Thomas Aquinas. Cardinal Micara's princely dignity gave a medieval flavour to the function at S. Maria sopra Minerva.

8th Thursday. After supper Mr Macfarlane, who is taking a scholarship course at the Valle Giulia and writing a thesis on Cardinal Easton, addressed the Literary Society on Gerard Manley Hopkins.

9th Friday. A University Easter card, designed by a member of the College, made its appearance in the Common Room.

10th Saturday. Those who were with the College during its exile at St Mary's Hall must surely be stirred by the news that their years of banishment are to be commemorated by a marble plaque which will be unveiled in a few days' time. The tablet will be placed on the wall between the sacristy door and the church door.

11th Passion Sunday. To lunch Fr L. J. Daly s.J., Professor of History at St Louis University. This is probably the wettest winter within living memory and so we were not surprised to see on the notice board an avviso announcing an oratio imperata ad postulandam serenitatem.

12th Monday. The naked air is warm with spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying—

which is another way of saying that the Oratio Imperata has already been answered in no uncertain manner, and we were able to walk to St Gregory's for High Mass.

It was perhaps inauspicious for the concert man that the experiment of a new concert should coincide with the opening of the Tank. However,

here is the programme:

ST GREGORY'S CONCERT, 1951

	ST GREGORY'S CONCERT, 1951
1	Piano Solo Scherzo (Schubert) . Mr Laughton-Mathews
2	SKETCH Two Pow to Measurements
	THE PEN IS MIGHTIER
	Commander-in-Chief . Mr Curtis-Hayward Subaltern Mr Lightbound Lowdly Mr Bourne
	General Wurtz Mr Ashdowne War Minister Mr Connelly
	Produced by Mr Davis
	Froduced by Mr Davis
3	Songs
	Moonlight (Schumann) Mr Broome
	Caro mio (Giordani)
	Nymphs and Shepherds (Purcell)
4	Interlude
	'Has Anyone Seen My Buddha?'
	Messrs M. Keegan, D'Arcy and Rossiter
5	TOPICAL SKETCH
	A CANONICAL VISITOR
	The Bishop Mr FitzPatrick
	His Secretary Mr Burke Bishop Tobias Paunch Mr McConnon
	First Canonical Visitor Mr Doran
	Second Canonical Visitor Mr P. Murphy-O'Connor
	lightfolder supply afform the Laternary among at me main!
6	Songs
	I'll take you home again, Kathleen Mr Buckley Phil the Fluter's Ball
	The the Tutor o Dan
7	Sketch
	MASTER MARINERS
	by W. W. Jacobs
	Captain Ben Bradd Mr Smith
	George Smith (his mate) Mr Kennedy
	Captain Zingall Mr Bickerstaffe Bill \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \
	Joe hands
	Cook
	Mrs Bradd Mr Foulkes

Produced by Mr Abbott

Tonight's concert was a masterpiece of well-balanced entertainment; true, all three sketches and the inevitable interlude were inspired by the genius of comedy, but they were inspired and the first sketch and the interlude at least bore the imprint of genius. The musical items provided the more sober note, but it could be said of everything on the programme that it had been produced with care, and that the execution of it on the night reflected credit on all who worked so hard and quickly to prepare the concert at only a few days' notice.

14th Wednesday. We celebrated with all due solemnity the occasion of the unveiling of the plaque commemorating the Exile at St Mary's Hall. Frs Bolland, Dezza, Boyer and Dyson s.J., came to honour the ceremony with their presence. After lunch the Rector read a Latin address, to which Fr Dezza replied, and then we adjourned to the Common Room for caffè e rosolio.

15th Thursday. The Ides of March, but after supper Dr Clark braved the Fates and aired his views on 'Poverty, Misery and Destitution' to the C.S.G.

17th Saturday. It was an ironical fate that fixed the annual soccer match between the Scots' College and ourselves on St Patrick's Day. So many supporters of both sides were bedecked with the traditional sprig that the intense national loyalties of both colleges might have appeared to an Italian observer not fully spontaneous, especially as we finished

even, with two goals each.

A motion at the last Public Meeting to consign to oblivion the long-hallowed hymn to St Patrick, sponsored by the least likely person in the House and based upon no more cogent reason than that this was not the Irish College, was defeated by a large and thoroughly Anglo-Saxon majority, because, as one not-too-English person put it, "The only thing Englishmen can look forward to on St Patrick's Day is singing "Hail, Glorious Saint Patrick!"

18th Palm Sunday. Second Year Theology are already in retreat, and after the annual Marathon round the Seven Churches, the rest of us joined them under the guidance of Fr Tronson c.ss.r.

21st Wednesday. At last! No more complacent smirks from the Silent-Breakfast League! As usual, anyone in First Year who confessed to a passing interest in the Roman liturgy was overwhelmed with a description of the impeccable propriety of S. Girolamo, helped into his wings and at once whisked out beyond Pam to see the point proved. So the annual round of visits to the different Roman churches began, taking cameratas far and wide over the city and the different rites.

22nd Maundy Thursday. The Vice-Rector returned from England, looking none the worse for his absence.

23rd Good Friday. It is worthy of note to a historian like ourselves that nowadays the French College assist at the function in Santa Croce on this day, and that they do their part exceedingly well, harmonizing the Vexilla Regis and the 'Reproaches'.

In the afternoon a number of volunteers repaired to S. Lorenzo in Damaso and begged permission to join the choir. One man realized a lifelong ambition by singing a Plain Chant Lamentation; it is feared that others will remember the achievement longer than he would have wished.

24th Holy Saturday. Prosit to Messrs P. Murphy-O'Connor and Tierney, who were ordained priests this morning by Archbishop Tonna in the Sacro Cuore in the Piazza Navona, and also to Second Year Theology, who received the third and fourth Minor Orders there.

In the House itself we followed the example of our cathedral church and held the ceremony at midnight. After the customary kissing of hands at 8.15, we retired until 10.30. The ceremony was timed to begin at 11.00, and as it has been much curtailed, especially by the omission of eight prophecies, the High Mass itself was over by 1.20, when, after a short snack in the Refectory, we retired again—this time, to bed. The new rite certainly seems to have been very favourably received in the House, largely because it assigns to the congregation such an active part.

25th Easter Sunday. Messrs P. Murphy-O'Connor and Tierney, together with their fathers, and Fr A. Jones were the guests at the Superiors' table at lunch.

In the evening the film Give Us This Day was sufficiently morbid to make the diversion caused by Chi Lo Sa? by no means unwelcome to the more light-hearted of the brethren. The man who had the brain-wave of showing the film at 7.30 instead of 8.0 deserves a row of medals for safeguarding our night's sleep. An abridgement of half an hour would have been an unnatural wrench, especially before a long gita.

26th Monday. Some of First and Second Year Philosophy tried to give the impression that they were entitled to long gitas by accompanying their elders (and betters, I hasten to remark) as far as Orvieto and Assisi. But no one attempted to spend a day gita at Capri—in fact the only gitanti who really looked as if they intended to stay out for the week were those who climbed Monte Lupone.

27th Tuesday. Staying in Rome for Easter at least gives one a start over Theology in determining the authorship of the satires in Chi Lo Sa?

28th Wednesday. His Holiness, in an audience with one of the newlyordained priests, gave as his opinion that the Venerabile was 'a very good College'. The pundits are divided on the exact theological note to be attached to this statement, but it is surely at least pious and probable.

29th Thursday. Tonight's film, Family Honeymoon, made us realize the discomforts of travelling in large numbers, and we felt glad that we were not away on long gitas. Fr Jones, however, had already departed on his way to Palestine.

30th Friday. Since it was too cold for a communal gita to Palazzola, and the votes for and against another day gita were almost even, the Rector gave permission for an optional gita. This means that if you are careful you may get a circle without any stories.

31st Saturday. Trains, trams, buses and taxis disgorged weary gitanti overflowing with goodwill and hotel recommendations. But on the other hand there were several disappointments, and we could name no small number of hotels which are very good ones to avoid. In fact, we could plan a very comfortable gita over most of Italy with guarantees that if visitors stayed in Hotel X and Albergo Y, they would be in no danger of having their holiday spoiled by the presence of Venerabilini.

APRIL 1st Sunday.

I have seen the Lady April . . .

Bringing the springing grass and the soft warm April rains.

This is an ideal month in which to recuperate after a long gita—as long as the rain stays soft and warm.

2nd Monday. The transferred Feast of the Annunciation, and hence a dies non, with caffè e rosolio after lunch. Dr Garbett, Archbishop of York, came to tea.

3rd Tuesday. The transferred Feast of St Joseph, and so our return to the Gregorian was postponed for yet another day.

4th Wednesday. But this cannot go on for ever. We made our way Pilotta-wards after an eighteen days' absence feeling like giants refreshed and eager to push on with the course. The close of the Easter holidays and the start of the final phase of the academic year was delineated even more clearly by the resumption of long reading at lunch. Mr Churchill successfully crossed the Atlantic in a Boeing flying-boat, and so will be able to continue with his fourth volume some day—although he came within five minutes of never writing even the first, we find! We ourselves had an equally smooth passage in our transition to Fr Philip Hughes' History of the English Reformation.

5th Thursday. The Wiseman Society presented a paper on 'The Possibility of an International Language'. The discussion is to be in English (not Basic), and the writer does not claim that it would solve all the problems of Vita Nostra.

6th Friday. With shrewd business instincts the College photographer brought out a series of photographs of the Villa just at that time of the year when one begins to pine for silence and cypresses. They are selling far better than hot cakes would in this weather.

7th Saturday. Fr Hughes is at present giving us the fruits of his research into monastic scandals of the sixteenth century. Fortunately many of our archives were destroyed in 1798, so we can proceed with our meals without a blush. We rejoiced to see Fr Williams once more; he is spending a few days in Rome 'negotiating' about his thesis.

8th Sunday. Ritiro mensile. And therefore, as is only proper, 'All quiet and nothing to report'.

10th Tuesday. Third Year Philosophy received the welcome news that for the rest of the year they are to have no lectures on Fridays. 'Now when I was in Third Year and we had Natural Theology as well . . .'

11th Wednesday. The Solemn Feast of St Joseph. To supper, Mgr Whitty, and after supper a most successful film, Harvey.

12th Thursday. An after-supper meeting of the C.S.G. listened to a paper entitled 'The Christian Manifesto'.

13th Friday. With many other British clerics resident in Rome we went to the Vatican this morning to greet Her Royal Highness the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh as they passed through the Sala Clementina on their way to an audience with the Holy Father. The royal visitors seemed rather taken by surprise when they first caught sight of the formidable array of black and purple, but when they returned from their half-hour's conversation with His Holiness the Princess had recovered her composure and accepted our full-throated cheers with her customary charm. Altogether the morning was a magnificent opportunity, which we shall not soon forget, of demonstrating our loyalty to both Pope and King.

15th Sunday. The porter of Pamphili serves his master no longer, so the door is barred to us and the only entrance is about half a mile or more down the much-mended (and therefore ever-muddy) Via Aurelia. As a result the Villa Wurtz now receives the attentions of the quondam worshippers at Pamphili's shrine.

After supper Mr Ashley Pettis, of the Beda, gave a talk to the Literary Society on 'Form and Musical Appreciation'. The meeting was held in the Saletta to enable Mr Pettis to illustrate his theme with his masterly piano playing. He succeeded in provoking an animated discussion on sonata form, in which those who in choir practice are kept dumb under the rigid rule of the choirmaster could work off their musical inhibitions.

17th Tuesday. Top Year are trying to restrain each other (not very successfully) from telling the rest of the House the brilliantly witty cracks they have thought of for their sketch. It is as well that what happens on the night bears no resemblance to what is aimed at in the practices or there might be a certain 'sens du déjà-vu'.

23rd Monday. The Feast of St George. Our guests at lunch were Mgri Duchemin, Heard, Flanagan and Byrne, the Very Rev. Fr Emile Boucher, Rector of the Canadian College, Frs Bolland, Gill, and Nolan s.J., and Fr Ashworth.

THEOLOGIANS' CONCERT, 1951

- 1 TOP YEAR SONG
- 2 PIANO SOLO
 Third Movement of a Sonata in C (Michael Kirkham)

Mr Kirkham

3 OCTET Jemima

4 SKETCH

UNCLE FRED FLITS BY

Adapted from the short story by P. G. Wodehouse

Bean .				. Mr Byron
Crumpet	· market	PHILIP	Branch - F	. Mr Brown
Pongo Twistleton				. Mr D'Arcy
Uncle Fred	No. of Lot, House, etc., in case, or other teams, or other tea			. Mr Abbott
Maid .	. Theres	1		Mr McConnon
Wilberforce Robi	nson			. Mr Hunt
Claude Parker			Mr B.	Murphy-O'Connor
Connie Parker				. Mr Dakin
Julia Parker	· selle		and a	Mr Rossiter
Mr Roddis				Mr M. Keegan

Adapted and produced by Mr Lloyd

5	Songs					
	Shannon River	100	No. and	nh oursi	a sortius	Mr Buckley
	Hills of Donegal					

6 PIANO SOLO

Selections from 'Annie Get Your Gun' (Irving Berlin) Mr Brown

7 TOP YEAR SKETCH

THE KING'S PROCEEDINGS

OR

THE OLD ONES ARE NEARLY ALWAYS THE BEST

Mrs Smith (the gaunt	old	laundress)	. Mr Frost
Father Bursar .			. Mr Fonseca
Father Prior .		Mr P.	Murphy-O'Connor
A Novice .	Tell S	NA SHE	J.
The Sub-Prior .			. Mr Lowery
A Yorkshire Prelate		TOTAL STATE OF	. Mr Buckley
Prince Albrecht .			. Mr O'Hara
A Very Distinguished	Gues	t .	Mr Walmsley
One Straight from the	Hoth	ouse .	. Mr Howorth

Even Philosophy had to admit that Theologians' Concert was a great success. Fr Philip Hughes provided Top Year with the material for a brilliant sketch treating of an episcopal visitation to the monks of Monserrato (a monastery run in a definitely pre-Tridentine spirit). The other sketch showed that it is possible to adapt P. G. Wodehouse to the stage, while the musical items provided a harmonious thread to wind through the gay pattern of a merry evening.

26th Thursday. Dr Canali, private Secretary to Signor de Gasperi, addressed the Literary Society on the subject of Italy.

27th Friday. Rumour has it that a Common Room will be opened at the Gregorian during the next few days. If this is true, then a great step will have been taken to broaden our contacts with other colleges.

28th Saturday. Disputationes Publicae. We were not called upon to contribute, so we had to content ourselves with our own disputationes privatae at home, where a hot debate is raging as to whether Bañez or Molina is less satisfactory.

29th Sunday. That awe-inspiring mine of information, the Sacristans' Guide, was at a loss this evening when the junior of that careworn trio searched in vain for an Ordo ad removendos mures mortuos. Eventually it was removed from the sacristy privately and without scandal.

30th Monday. The Wiseman Society listened to a paper on Modern Astronomical Science.

MAY 1st Tuesday. Labour Day elicited facetious cries of Festa at breakfast, but the appearance of the thesis sheet restored us to a more sober mood.

2nd Wednesday. Some time ago the Secretariate of the Gregorian devised an ingenious scheme designed to defeat absenteeism. This plan involves a distribution during the lecture of a number of coloured paper slips on which each student is required to write his name and College, Order or Congregation. The roll of those who should have been present is then compared with the list of those who have submitted the probatory vouchers and the remnant is adjudged to have been absent. Reprisals usually follow. Today First Year Theology sustained one of these raids. The scene is impressive. The Padre Segretario Generale enters briskly by the main door and all other exits are blocked by underlings one, two and three respectively. Amid this dismal scene one thought alone brings cheer—that Virtue has its reward.

3rd Ascension Thursday. The Rector left for England.

4th Friday. The Feast of the English Martyrs, and therefore we enjoyed coffee and liquori for the second day in succession—a rare occurrence. Frs Iggleden, Kenny and Ashworth came to lunch. In the evening the Film Committee presented The Clouded Yellow, which took us round London, Liverpool, the Lake District and Tyneside.

5th Saturday. The Rector Magnificus officially opened the Common Room at the Gregorian. Here one may read papers in a dozen languages (ed anche in inglese), join the Vita Nostra societies, exchange stamps, or merely talk with the other two thousand students who repair there between the lectures.

6th Sunday. Fr Bushell addressed the Literary Society.

10th Wednesday. Fr Ashworth was present for meditation and Mass, and we rightly concluded that he had come to stay.

11th Friday. The notice-board is covered with an eczema of gita lists advertising excursions to Veii, Santa Marinella and other favourite retreats. All attract supporters. Only one notice is so far bereft of signatures; this is an appeal for volunteers to take part in an impromptu debate to be held next Wednesday.

12th Saturday. To lunch Mgr Whitty and Mr Arnold Lunn.

13th Whit Sunday. The Vice-Rector sang High Mass. Coffee and liquori helped to stimulate gita chatter, but the main topic was the weather, for as the afternoon wore on anxious eyes were cocked and sage heads were wagged doubtfully.

14th Monday. A curry gita attracted a dozen or more adherents, and though the rice was a shade dry and burnt, and there was perhaps a little too much red pepper in the seasoning, all things considered, it was a pleasing example of culinary private enterprise. The evening of a gita day is the traditional paradise of the raconteur, and the first prize today must be awarded to the First Year Man who asked for a 'sorella in carozza'.

15th Tuesday. Day of Recovery. A new dog was introduced to the College by the Vice-Rector and was inevitably christened Febbo. At first it was decided that he ran to obesity; later it was discovered that he didn't run at all and that what we had mistaken for embonpoint was a shaggy fur overcoat.

To close an eventful day (for Dr Clark had departed to England), Mr Lunn gave a most inspiring talk to the Literary Society on Apologetics.

16th Wednesday. A novel but highly desirable experiment was conducted by the Grant Debating Society—a series of impromptu debates. Volunteers were called upon to defend such motions as 'Experience is an invention of the old for the maddening of the young' and 'That mountaineering is either immoral or mere showing-off'.

17th Thursday. Horror ubique animos simul ipsa silentia terrent—as the Vice-Rector observed when telling us the story on Friday morning. It seems that the dread events commenced at 11.40 p.m. A crescent moon dispensed its silver rays into the cortile and a deathly hush prevailed

throughout the length and breadth of the College.

On such a night as this the Vice-Rector was quietly studying when he was interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of five servants armed with brooms, shovels and other improvised weapons. They immediately announced the presence of a burglar in the College, of whose whereabouts they had been apprised by a telephone call from the local constabulary. As this invaluable body has its headquarters in the Piazza Farnese a mere twenty minutes sufficed to secure for the College the services of one of

its most competent detachments.

The scene shifted rapidly to St Joseph's corridor. We were rudely wrenched from sleep by a tumultuous clamour. Pay day for Xenophon's Ten Thousand may have been something like it, but the experience was new to us. We leapt up eager to lend a hand, but were informed that it would be dangerous to do so as the burglar was said to be wearing a cassock and our identity might be mistaken in the gloom. Whether it was merely one of our own members sleep-walking we shall never know, for the uproar gradually subsided into a trough of anti-climax, and as we retired to sleep again the enterprising burglar (if there was one) went home to hear the little brook a-gurgling and to listen to the merry village chime. But the revolver shots made a good story the next morning.

18th Friday. Mr Lunn addressed the House on the philosophy of mountaineering.

19th Saturday. Prosit to Messrs Hunt and Byron, who received the diaconate this morning, and also to our new subdeacons, Messrs Dakin and Carson.

20th Trinity Sunday, and we welcomed the Rector home.

21st Monday. A dies non, and we attended S. Ignazio for the annual High Mass in honour of St Robert Bellarmine.

22nd Tuesday. Bishop Pearson arrived to stay with us for a few days.

24th Thursday. The Feast of Corpus Christi. It was unbearably hot during the procession today at the Little Sisters', and one wonders how the old people ever survive the peak of a Roman summer. And yet the janitor with the Hindenburg moustache does not seem to age with the years.

25th Friday. As usual, we provided the assistenza for Pontifical Vespers at the Chiesa Nuova.

26th Saturday, and also for Pontifical High Mass on the Feast itself.

28th Monday. The Rector and the Vice-Rector attended a reception given by Mr Somers Cocks in honour of the new British Minister to the Holy See, Sir Walter Roberts.

29th Tuesday. Mr Howorth left us for England.

31st Thursday. Top Year added a layer of brown to their skins by a farewell gita to Anzio and the Villa. Those of us who remained behind are too busy for such frivolities. Unfortunately.

JUNE 1st Friday. As we were coming out of church after supper we noticed that Fr J. Lyons had arrived. He intends to stay for a few days.

2nd Saturday. Festum Onomasticum Domini Nostri Pii P. P. XII feliciter regnantis, and therefore a dies non. In the morning a few sightseers snatched an hour from their books to watch a grandiose military parade held in the Via dei Fori Imperiali to mark the anniversary of the Proclamation of the Republic.

3rd Sunday. The Beatification of Pius X. One detail of the morning ceremony distinguished it from all others we have seen—the presence of the body of the beatus, which was triumphantly unveiled before the Papal altar as the Te Deum was intoned. In the evening we took up our places in the clergy enclosure which, for once, gave an excellent view of His Holiness as he preached to the crowds which thronged the Piazza. As we stood by the Pope and heard his words and watched his gestures we realized what must be the feelings of many of the crowd who, less than fifty years ago, had heard his saintly predecessor in exactly similar circumstances. Meanwhile, at home, Domenico has come into his own: 'Io, quando Pio X era Papa . . .' he begins, as he hands round his precious souvenirs—several coins of Pius X and a seal from the Conclave.

4th Monday. We awoke to find that Bishop Rudderham had arrived overnight with Canon Hunting and Fr Burrows. Fr Grant came to swell the number of guests at the luncheon table.

In the afternoon memories of the Holy Year were renewed when His Lordship gave Pontifical Benediction to fifty-five pilgrims. Febbo, who is apparently judged to be habituated to the students by now, but not yet capable of behaving himself during an influx of visitors, has been packed off to Palazzola where we look forward to rejoining him—unless his teeth have grown out of all recognition in the meantime.

5th Tuesday. We welcomed Canon Kelly, Dr Bird and Fr Maguire to lunch. Prosit to Mr Alexander who was awarded a cum laude for his lectio coram.

6th Wednesday. If you visit St Peter's these nights you will find a triduum in progress in honour of Pius X's Beatification. Those who went to the Basilica this evening heard a sermon from the Cardinal of Seville and received Benediction from His Eminence of Cologne. While some of our studious brethren who had reason to visit the Gregorian the other day found a concert being given in honour of the new beatus. Among the audience was Signor de Gasperi.

We said good-bye to his Lordship Bishop Pearson.

7th Thursday. A rappresentanza went to the University to hear Mr Alexander defending his thesis. Amid the triumphs of the Gregorian we have not entirely forgotten the playing fields of Gelsomino—today we enjoyed our annual encounter with the Beda XI.

9th Saturday. We shall not enjoy another dies scholae for one hundred and twenty-eight days but somehow most people had dried their eyes in

time for Fr Dezza's exhortation at S. Ignazio.

10th Sunday. Day of Recollection. Mr Walsh was our guest at supper.

11th Monday. The long-awaited announcement of the date for departure to the Villa was made today—it is to be 3rd July. Those who are waiting until Second Series are congratulating each other on not having to return from Palazzola to take their exams.

13th Wednesday. Bishop Rudderham, Canon Hunting and Fr Burrows left us.

15th Friday. The day on which it is incumbent on the conscientious diarist to mention green baize tablecloths . . . Anyway, auguri to the licentiandi of both faculties.

The deputy Senior Student chose this strategic moment to record our weights as the first part of an advertisement for Palazzola Spa.

16th Saturday. Two of Third Year were speeded on their way home in the traditional fashion. The taxi-drivers show an unusual reluctance to enter the cortile on these occasions.

17th Sunday. A pair of enterprising neo-Licentiates departed in suitable disguises for the Holy Land. We understand that they have four passports between them—they have obviously been taking lessons from the Cambio men.

We wish ad multos annos to Mr (dare we say Dr?) Alexander,

18th Monday, to Mr Buckley, and

19th Tuesday, to Mr O'Hara.

20th Wednesday. We welcomed an old friend, Canon Donnelly.

21st Thursday. The Mass of St Aloysius at S. Ignazio drew the customary group of those who have finished exams and those who haven't but believe in Clearing Your Head Before You Go In.

Canon Bell, Fr Bernard Lyons and Fr Andrew Campbell are staying

with us for a few days.

22nd Friday. Some of us went to a sacra funzione at S. Vitale to recall that church's association with St John Fisher. As we picked the Villa rooms in the afternoon our Benjamins realized for the first time how glad they were that there was such a lot of present Third Year Philosophy.

24th Sunday. Feast of St John the Baptist. We welcomed many guests to the Rector's festal board: besides the resident guests there were Mgr Curry and Fr Coupe, both of whom could throw interesting light on his

early days.

Prospere procedant Messrs Lowery and Walmsley who left amid the

festivities.

26th Tuesday. Top Year are gradually making their way to the Mission Fields. Today Mr Frost left us, and on

28th Thursday we said good-bye to Mr Tierney.

By now most of us have finished with examinations. We find the hydrangeas of the Villa Wurtz more pleasant to gaze at than the brick wall of S. Onofrio—especially when the latter is regarded over the top of a thesis sheet.

Fr Rope made his exit from the College in grand style, driving out of the cortile in a carozza to the blast of a farewell trumpet. But it is whispered that the carozza was directed to proceed to that disfiguring eyesore on the fair face of Rome, the Stazione Termini, and that our archivist intends to make use of one of those pestiferous monsters of so-called modern progress, the railway trains. Can it be that he is becoming a slave of the machine age?

29th Friday. Feast of Sts Peter and Paul. The Rector said the second

Mass in the Martyrs' Chapel.

30th Saturday. The Senior Student and his deputy left for S. Alfonso to begin their Priesthood Retreat.

JULY 1st Sunday. Feast of the Precious Blood. We were able to take part in the annual function at S. Lorenzo in Damaso which we have always missed since the Gregorian revised its timetable. It was a most colourful ceremony in which our own decorous plain chant and limited repertoire of Italian hymns fought a losing battle against the interminable litanies of the confraternities and the repeated Noi Vogliam Dio of the local brass band. But what did it matter if the sermon began in the middle of the Tantum Ergo and no two notes were alike? Everybody's heart, if not their ear, was in the music, and one felt instinctively that this was the spontaneous worship of a happy people which loved the beauty of the house of the Lord.

2nd Monday. At last we can bring to a close this weary chronicle of manful labour in the scorching sun and brief respite in the evening air of the Janiculum. A happier period is at hand, and we leave the tale of our domestic history to our successor with the glad thought that the joys which will be his to record will be ours to live.

MICHAEL McCONNON.

PERSONAL

We were very happy to welcome to the Villa His Excellency Sir Walter Roberts, the newly appointed British Minister to the Holy See. We trust that His Excellency will become a frequent visitor to the College.

We also had the pleasure of welcoming Sir Victor Mallet, together with an XI from the British Embassy, on the occasion of the annual cricket match at Palazzola.

Towards the close of the year in Rome we were pleased to see once again His Lordship Bishop Rudderham and His Lordship Bishop Pearson, who both stayed at the College for a short time.

Among other visitors to the College, either in Rome or at Palazzola, our records list the following former students: Very Rev. Canon McNarney (1919–26), Rev. A. Clayton (1919–26), Rt Rev. Mgr Restieaux (1926–33), Rev. J. Lyons (1928–35), Rev. A. Jones (1930–35), Rev. L. McReavy (1930–37), Rev. L. Wells (1932–39), Rev. P. Clark (1934–41), Rev. H. Reynolds (1935–42), Rev. J. Pledger (1936–43), Rev. H. Richards (1939–46), Rev. B. Scantlebury (1942–46), Rev. M. E. Williams (1941–48), Rev. V. Hamilton (1942–49).

Our congratulations are due to the RT REV. MGR RESTIEAUX (1926–33) on his appointment as assistant Vicar General of the Diocese of Nottingham.

We offer our sincere congratulations to BISHOP GRIMSHAW (1919-26) who celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his ordination on 27th February of this year, and to BISHOP RUDDERHAM (1923-27), who celebrated his on 31st October.

It gives us great pleasure to congratulate the Very Rev. Provost Peacock (1885-91) on completing sixty years of priestly work, and the Rt Rev. Mgr Hickey v.g. (1895-1902) and the Rev. H. Hohn (1900-02) on the fiftieth anniversary of their ordination.

We offer our best wishes also to the Very Revv. Canon Kelly (1919-26), Canon McNarney (1919-26), Canon Atkinson (1919-27),

CANON EARLEY (1920–27), and the REVV. J. GOODEAR (1919–26), H. R. KELLY (1919–26), A. CLAYTON (1919–26), L. J. WILLIAMSON (1919–26), R. MAUDSLAY (1919–27), W. BURROWS (1920–27), all of whom celebrate the Silver Jubilee of their ordination this year.

Our congratulations are due to Rev. A. Boers (1933-35) on his appointment as Dean of Cornwall. His address is now St Mary Immaculate, Falmouth.

We were pleased to receive from its compiler, Rev. M. Abbott (1935-37), a copy of the extremely well produced Centenary Record of the Diocese of Shrewsbury.

Our congratulations to the Rev. M. Alexander (1942-51) on his summa cum laude in his Doctorate of Theology at the end of last year, and also to the Rev. J. Molloy (1947-51) on gaining the Doctorate of Philosophy cum laude.

Those who left us at the end of the year have been appointed as follows:

REV. M. ALEXANDER (1942-51) to the Pro-Cathedral, Clifton.

REV. J. Molloy (1947-51) to St Alaysius, Somers Town.

REV. J. LOWERY (1944-51) to Our Lady of the Assumption, Latchford, Warrington.

REV. L. HOWORTH (1944-51) to St Bede's College, Manchester.

REV. P. MURPHY-O'CONNOR (1943-51) to the Sacred Heart, Fareham.

REV. P. WALMSLEY (1944-51) to St Augustine, Leeds.

REV. G. FONSECA (1944-51) to the Most Precious Blood and St Edmund, Edmonton.

REV. J. O'HARA (1944-51) to Our Lady and St Paulinus, Dewsbury. REV. B. Frost (1944-51) to Holy Child Jesus and St Joseph, Bedford.

REV. B. FROST (1944-51) to Holy Child Jesus and St Joseph, Bedfor Rev. P. Tierney (1944-51) to the Annunciation, Chesterfield.

REV. M. BUCKLEY (1947-51) to Christ the King, Leeds.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of the VERY REV. CANON BARON (1909-16); an obituary will be found in the present number.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

The members of the present Staff are:

Editor: Mr Lloyd Secretary: Mr P. Keegan Sub-editor: Mr Kenny Under-secretary: Mr Leonard

Fifth Member: Mr Brady

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Baeda, The Downside Review, The Edmundian, The Ratcliffian, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Upholland Magazine, The Ushaw Magazine, The Beda Review, The Oscotian, The Cottonian, The Douai Magazine, St Peter's College Magazine, The Wonersh Magazine, The Prior Park Magazine, The Pylon, The Lisbonian, Korrespondenzblatt.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society may look back with satisfaction on the season which has just ended. More speakers addressed the House than in any other year since the exile, and though for more than half the talks we had to call on residents in the City, it remains true that the three speakers whose talks appealed most to the House (Dr Canali, Dr Wuenschel and Mr Macfarlane) were all drawn from this class. One regret, however, is that no member of the House has given a paper to the Society since 1946, so that an ancient tradition is in danger of being forgotten.

In November, Dr Walsh, the editor of *The Catholic Times*, was the Society's guest at its 400th meeting. He read for us the paper on the English Catholic Press which he had already given in England in connection with the Hierarchy Centenary celebrations. Next Fr John Murray s.J. gave an original interpretation of contemporary international tensions.

Two more visitors gave talks before Christmas—Fr Cunningham, General of the Paulist Fathers, who kept his audience laughing from start to finish and Mr Michael Derrick of *The Tablet*, whose paper on English political methods held its audience's attention perhaps less than it deserved.

In the New Year Fr Gill s.J. spoke on the problems of Reunion. He treated the subject with the seriousness which was its due, and question time showed how closely his argument had been followed by the House. Pamphlets and life-size reproductions prepared the way for the talk on the Holy Shroud by Dr Wuenschel c.ss.R. The pictures and the use of the epidiascope (which the Rector kindly lent for the occasion) helped to illustrate a talk which was in itself of great interest, and it was a severe disappointment to find that there was no time for questions.

The one strictly literary paper of the year, given by Mr Macfarlane on Gerard Manley Hopkins, was most successful, being especially notable for its sincerity and the obvious love and admiration which the speaker felt towards Hopkins. At the next meeting, held in the Saletta, Mr Ashley Pettis gave a talk on 'Form and Musical Experience' which he enlivened

with admirable piano-playing.

Most of the House agreed that the outstanding talk of the year was that given by Dr Canali in April. The speaker had obviously taken great pains to prepare his subject well; he spoke frankly and with a ready sense of humour in giving us the Italian outlook on 'Italy and Anglo-Italian relations since the War', and loud and prolonged applause showed

how much the talk had been appreciated.

Fr Bushell Cong. Orat. was the next to entertain us with some Anglican reminiscences and naval anecdotes, and the year ended with two talks from an old friend of the Society, Mr Arnold Lunn. In the first, which dealt with apologetics, he related his experiences as a debater with non-Catholics, and though this was most instructive many considered Mr Lunn's second address on the philosophy of mountaineering even better. He deliberately avoided technicalities and even those who cannot regard mountain gitas with equanimity confess that in future they will judge our Alpinists less harshly.

Mr Carson has been elected President for the coming year with Mr

Lightbound as Secretary.

PETER GORDON.

PRIVATE SOCIETIES

This year's Wiseman programme followed the wide general pattern of previous years and proved equally successful. Mr Kirkham's paper, 'Art as Creation—a few ideas towards a theory of Art', though carefully prepared, conceded too wide a field of battle and the skirmishes between the rival theorists, though enjoyable, were inconclusive. Mr Pearce, though unnecessarily esoteric, interested his large audience in modern Shakespearian criticism and, provoked by the conoscenti into defending a thesis, he had the better of a keen if limited discussion. The historical paper was

provided by Mr McHugh's 'The Church in Rome at the end of the first century', and if it lacked the finesse essential to good discussion, a masterful thoroughness ensured that no one could depart without a keen insight into the period. Mr FitzPatrick continued his popular series on Philosophy for the many-headed with 'The Approach to Metaphysics'. As usual, he was both clear and provocative. When the play-reading—Marlowe's Doctor Faustus—was produced by Mr Pearce, he lost something through inexperience of our microphone technique, which has improved considerably. Nevertheless the power of the lines was appreciated by a full house. Mr Davis made out a convincing case for Basic English in describing 'The Possibility of an International Language', and finally Mr Smith introduced us to the stellar theories of Fred Hoyle and their background.

When it was suggested that the Literary Society should sponsor certain papers, these last two were undoubtedly in mind. While slightly outside the implied specialist scope of the Wiseman Society, they were of a high standard both in research and delivery. The House on balance does not favour the idea: student speakers are of course uncertain runners; more probably the House prefers the less formal presentation and

discussion of the Wiseman Society.

This trend is noticeable in other societies also. In the Catholic Social Guild, for example, a paper by Dr Clark and a riposte by Mr Collier were well attended and followed by spirited and free discussion. The solid round table talks on fundamentals yielded greater fruit, if lower down the House, than the remarkable series of lectures delivered in the previous year.

In the Grant Debating Society certain factors have perhaps led to a lack of preparation, though this has not been true of the main speakers. Although new procedure introduced by the President created a welcome liveliness, even so it has not disguised the resulting argumentative principles employed, as opposed to those of strict debate; this is clearly a more serious defect here than in the other societies. Continual hammering of theories by older members has not assisted the desirable cut and thrust of single-pointed speeches and conciseness in demolishing opposition. The popularity of the impromptu debates—some eight or nine in two evenings—again suggests the unwillingness to prepare. Nevertheless, despite the fact that there were fewer debates than usual this year has been a good one, and the number of entertaining speakers in Philosophy is encouraging.

The tendency to cross-argumentation has of course been strongest in the two Mezzofanti debates, in which, even by other standards, the speaking has not been good. However, the resurrected society is young, and the successful running of French, German and several Italian circles is a strong tribute to its vigour, so that in fine it can be said that all the

societies completed a good year with fair prospects.

ROBERT J. ABBOTT.

CRICKET

A third world war seemed to have visited the Sforza during the winter recess. We discovered excavations rather like the craters which dotted the pitch in 1946. A suggestion that the Rocca Commune had been staging field trials for water-diviners was probably not without foundation. Whether or not he was concerned to solve our water problem, this gentleman carved out a treacherous domain for the slip-fielder, Nemi end. A further complication here is the track which winds from the Tennis Court to the Sforza gate. This was the creation of the miners employed to eliminate the rocky pitch above the Tennis Court. During a wet October they laid a carpet of stones to prevent the lorry from sinking into the soft earth. The unfortunate person running in from the boundary to take a high catch must keep more than one eye on his feet. The Sforza will take time to forget this indignity. At the other end Luigi's 'grano turco' maintains a front thirty yards in advance of the Redemptorists' wall, but we hear that this encroachment is shortly to be curtailed.

Experiments with cement began two years ago when two oblongs were laid down to receive balls of an average length. These were later extended when the crease and run-up were done in concrete. The concrete has weathered well, but the cement crumbled and has now been replaced by concrete. The picture will then be of a concrete pitch interrupted in the middle by a patch of grass about six yards long. At a future date this may be covered, but the plan would depend on our obtaining a single roll of matting to stretch the whole length of the pitch. Our present system of a separate piece marking the essential spot at either end is distracting to

the eye of both bowler and batsman.

We have enjoyed a quiet season distinguished by the close finishes of games not only among the House but also in those fixtures which have now become annual events. In our match with Propaganda we batted through a rainstorm to lose by one run. The first Embassy game, in which His Excellency Sir Victor Mallet appeared, was an affair for the bowlers, with both sides struggling to achieve fifty runs. The return match provided quite a good knock for all and the result was again quite close, but this time in our favour.

We acknowledge with gratitude the gift of equipment, including four bats, which came from the British Embassy at the beginning of the

season.

THOMAS DAKIN.

OBITUARY

THE VERY REV. SYLVESTER CANON BARON D.D., PH.D.

The eldest son of a Lancashire family which was to give three sons to the priesthood, Sylvester Baron was one of the first small group of boys to enter the tiny seminary established by Bishop Mostyn at Holywell, where he first learned to appreciate the difficulties of the Church's mission in Wales and acquired the key to their solution in that deep understanding of its people which was later on to earn both for him and for what he represented their respectful and affectionate regard.

From Holywell he proceeded to the Venerabile, to which, in some return for what it gave to him, he was to bring the honour of the Pope's Gold Medal won in Public Act. Ordained priest in 1915, he served in France

as Chaplain to the Forces, and was mentioned in despatches.

With the exception of two years as Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Oscott, he spent the years 1918-51 in pastoral work in the Diocese of Menevia as Parish Priest of Mold, Flint and Rhyl, in each place giving valuable service to the church and the community as a member of various public boards and committees. For many years he represented the Diocese of Menevia at the Catholic Education Council of England and Wales; he was also treasurer of the Roman Association for many years, and a Trustee until the time when he died. In 1944 he was made a Canon of the Chapter, and was a much appreciated Vicar Capitular from May 1946 to May 1947.

A man of genial disposition and quick sympathy, he was at his best in circumstances requiring the touch of kindness, understanding and encouragement. He had a particular leaning towards 'the underdog', and this sympathetic approach allied to a simplicity of which he was quite unaware sometimes resulted disadvantageously to himself. This fundamental simplicity was manifest too in his preaching and in his lively devotion to the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament.

During the last few years of his life he bore the cross of pain and the threat of sudden death with remarkable courage, carrying out his priestly duties almost to the moment of his death early on the morning of Good Friday. May he rest in peace.

JAMES MITCHELL.

BOOK REVIEWS

Unless Some Man Show Me. By Alexander Jones. Pp. xii + 162. (Sheed and Ward.) 8s. 6d.

Fr Jones's lively and witty style needs no recommendation to readers of THE VENERABILE, and in his book he has used to the full an almost uncanny ability to describe the results of modern Catholic scholarship in an attractive and entertaining form. All the seventeen essays appeared in The Catholic Gazette between 1948 and 1950; the first few deal with the nature of biblical Inspiration, and then the use of these general principles is illustrated by their application to the literary forms of Jonas and the first three chapters of Genesis. It contains also a Divertimento on biblical numbers, and four essays on Old Testament religion and Judaism, of which the last two especially are 'written with an eye to our Jewish friends'. Fr Jones has very successfully shown how we can never approach the Old Testament correctly except by placing ourselves mentally in the actual circumstances in which the human author wrote, and many of his perfectly orthodox conclusions will perhaps appear revolutionary to those who have not had the opportunity to keep abreast of the more recent Catholic studies on the Bible.

There are one or two minor mistakes which might be corrected. For example, it is untrue to say that the Definition of the Immaculate Conception contains revelation in the sense in which revelation has been defined on p. 14 as 'the divine manifestation of a truth hitherto unknown'. A most unfortunate printer's error on p. 24 gives us the reading: "It is quite certain that Herod died in 44 B.C." Mistake? Misprint? Not a bit of it. It is regrettable too that in spite of the delay in publication the chapter on anthropology contains no reference to Humani Generis, where it would fall into place (an empty space, we may add) on p. 98. But these are small defects not touching the book as a whole, and we only trust that this collection will be an earnest of further popularizations.

JOHN McHugh.

Manning: Anglican and Catholic. Edited by John Fitzsimons. Pp. viii + 160. (Burns Oates.) 15s.

This collection of essays is welcome not only as marking the centenary of Manning's submission to Rome, but also as a literary apéritif to Fr Chapeau keenly-awaited biography. This French professor contributes a specialized essay dedicated exclusively to Manning's pre-conversion days, but which gives, nevertheless, the clue to the whole Manning, the believer in search of genuine authority whose emotional conviction precedes his intellectual conversion, and whose deep, early Faith in the Incarnation and the work of the Holy Ghost in the individual will mature later into a wider and more profound faith in the Mystical Body and the work of the Holy Ghost in the Church. The author has purposely allowed facts and Manning to speak for themselves, and the result does credit to his penetrating insight into Manning's character. The other essays cover familiar ground, the foundation of the Oblates, Manning's career as Archbishop of Westminster, his successes and failures in the field of education, his attitude towards Ireland and his championship of the workers. There is also a competent essay by Fr Purdy on his part at the Vatican Council, while Mgr Davis proves that Manning has a claim to greatness not only as a practical genius but also as a spiritual writer. The essay on his friends shows the wide range of his sympathies, but that on Manning and Newman indulges rather unhappily in several very inaccurate generalities.

The merit of this book is that it enables us to view the complex character of the Cardinal from ten different vantage-points. His defects are presented fairly, and the collection does not belie the editor's claim to be 'a just but critical appreciation of his life and interests'. It should help to dispel popular prejudice aroused by the dust of controversy and by the vigorous and vitriolic pen of Lytton Strachey. Since, however, such a happy result cannot be achieved by a book of such limited scope, we trust that Fr Chapeau's biography, now ready for the Press, will not be

long delayed.

FRANCIS MCMANUS.

Religious Obedience. A practical exposition for religious sisters. By Ferdinand Valentine, o.p. Pp. 128. (Burns Oates.) 9s. 6d.

This book has some very solid wisdom about the art of commanding. Indeed, I preferred his advice to Superiors, scattered throughout the book, to his exposition of religious obedience. The main criticism of the work is that it is not practical enough, being rather a scholastic discourse. There are not sufficient anecdotes or examples which would have lightened and enlightened a work in which quotations from St Thomas merge too naturally with the writer's style. But we are introduced to Humbert of Romans and the introduction pleases and edifies. Fr McNabb, an ardent disciple, wrote a biographical note (which is included) about this erudite thirteenth century Master General of the Dominicans, from whose works eight extracts

are taken. They are simple to understand and deep in wisdom. One is reminded of the *Imitation*. Abbot Marmion is also occasionally quoted and the passages taken from these two giants of different centuries compare pleasantly in their simplicity and soundness.

MAURICE GRECH.

The People's Priest. By John C. Heenan. Pp. xi + 243. (Sheed and Ward). 12s. 6d.

The publication of this book, which Dr Heenan completed before his consecration, has been awaited with considerable interest, and the reader's anticipation of good things in store should not be disappointed. The scope of the book is mainly practical; it does not, the author explains, concern the deeper spiritual life of the priest. 'My object in writing . . . is to give younger priests the results of twenty years experience in the ministry . . . I know by recalling past blunders what they should avoid. I shall suggest how a priest in a parish can seek and find perfection in his own state.' It is a sound and workmanlike contribution to the all too rare modern literature on practical pastoral theology.

The words of the title run as a leitmotif through the various sections; it must always be sacerdos propter populum not populus propter sacerdotem; the newly appointed vicar should not say 'I've got a parish', but rather 'A parish has got me'. As is inevitable, this book is concerned largely with faults and failings; it is an exceptional tribute then to say that not even a work stressing only the more noble and uplifting aspects of the priest's work could put forward the high ideal of the priestly life better

than this one.

Dr Heenan several times pauses to anticipate charges of romantic idealism and over-simplification of difficulties. The second of these accusations might seem on occasion to have some foundation, but a closer reading usually makes it evident that the author is not attempting to solve insuperable problems offhand in the course of a few pages, but that he is rather putting forward an explanation of principles on the one hand and of personal motives and difficulties on the other; however, even with that sufficiency of goodwill on both sides that is more easily procurable in print than in real life, the equation of these factors is not always so easy, or, if it is easy, convincing. But whatever the difficulty and insufficiency of such a via reconciliationis, it is the only possible means of approach to such problems as the extent of lay co-operation in social work and the relationships of presbytery and convent and of parish priest and curate.

The style is vigorous, clear and concise, but it relies overmuch on the use of long series of staccato sentences. These make a poor substitute over long periods for a flowing and well co-ordinated style, and used too frequently they inevitably lose their own natural virtue as means of emphasis. The book is well enough produced, but the price, in view of its size and probable popularity, must be considered a trifle excessive.

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ADDRESSED TO OUR CLERGY

DEAR REVEREND FATHERS,

May we, of the CATHOLIC HERALD, respectfully explain the

motives of our work-motives sometimes misunderstood.

The Catholic of today cannot possibly be protected from contact with the secularist and pagan environment with which he is surrounded and in which he must earn his living. Newspapers, radio, amusements, books, conditions of work, neighbours, all these in greater or lesser degree, tempt him to find his life's meaning in ideals and modes of behaviour which usually are anything but Catholic.

We believe that one of the most valuable antidotes to this poison is a Catholic paper which weekly tries to face—rather than escape—the facts and dangers of the world today. Such a newspaper will not pretend that the world is better than it is; it will not pretend that Catholics themselves are better than they are. But it will try to show that Catholic values are infinitely better than the values of the world, and that the Church possesses the answer to the most plausible of difficulties.

In such a paper the Catholic will have a chance of applying to the problems of the Christian life the spirit of enquiry to which he has become inevitably habituated by the conditions of modern environment. In this way he will be trained to be a fearless Catholic *in* the world, in other words an active apostle, instead of being content to live a double life—Catholic personally and in his domestic surroundings, half-pagan in business and the world.

This type of modern Catholic paper is necessary, we believe, for Catholics themselves; but it also has high value for non-Catholics who happen to see it. The CATHOLIC HERALD, for example, has been happy to note a *steadily* increasing regular circulation among non-Catholics.

We shall be the first to admit that our high ideal is not an easy one to attain; that it cannot be pursued without some risk of misunderstanding; and that great caution and judgment are always needed.

We have always sought to bear these points in mind, and we trust that an honest appraisal of our record will suggest that we have undertaken a hard, but very necessary, job in a conservative and truly Catholic spirit. Or at any rate, we have sincerely tried to!

May we then ask for the active support and constructive advice of the clergy? We are always happy to hear from priests and to have their guidance. We are always grateful when priests introduce the **CATHOLIC HERALD** to Catholics and non-Catholics, especially those who, they feel, will profit from it most.

THE EDITOR,

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