

THE VENERABILE

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CONDUCTED BY THE PAST
AND PRESENT STUDENTS
OF THE VENERABLE
ENGLISH COLLEGE
ROME

Blessed John Almon
Romanesque
By the Generals
Nova et Vetera
College Rectors IX—Emmanuel Lobb
The Lesser Churches of Rome
College Diary
Personal
College Notes

May 1956

Vol. XVII. No. 4

PRINTED AT
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

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'PRIMA NIX'

BLESSED JOHN ALMOND

I

The Bishop of London : What is your name ?

John Almond : My name is Francis.

The Bishop : What else ?

John Almond : Lathome.

The Bishop : Is not your name Molineux ?

John Almond : No.

The Bishop : I think I shall prove it to be so.

John Almond : You will have more to do, than ever you had to do in your life.

The Bishop : What countriman are you ? [sic]

John Almond : A Lancashire man.

The Bishop : In what place were you born ?

John Almond : About Allerton.

The Bishop : About Allerton ! Mark the equivocation. Then not in Allerton ?

John Almond : No equivocation. I was not born in Allerton, but in the edge or side of Allerton.

The Bishop : You were born under a hedge then, were you ?

John Almond : Many a better man, than I or you either, has been born under a hedge.

The Bishop : What, you cannot remember that you were born in a house ?

John Almond : Can you ?

The Bishop : My mother told me so.

John Almond : Then you remember not that you were born in a house, but only that your mother told you so ; so much I remember, too.¹

¹ From an account of John Almond's examination before Dr John King, Bishop of London, when he was arrested in 1612. The account is given by Challoner, *Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, Vol. II, art. 152. All references to 'Challoner' refer to this article.

Almond used two aliases while on the English Mission, Francis Latham and Molyneux.

This lively encounter is a fitting introduction to the character of Blessed John Almond, who always believed in taking the war into the enemy's camp; but as well as showing us the man, it also tells of his early life, and for this too we must be grateful; evidence of these years is scanty in the extreme. Born in Allerton about 1576,² John was almost certainly of Catholic parents.³ He was sent to the village school in nearby Much Woolton⁴ until he reached the age of eight, when his parents sent him across to Ireland, doubtless to receive a Catholic education. From this point until 30th March 1597, when he first entered the English College as a pilgrim, nothing is heard of him at all; but since he is declared in the *Liber Ruber* to be 'tonsured and fit to start the study of physics', it is reasonable to presume that he was educated at one of the few remaining religious houses or Catholic 'classical schools' in Ireland. Here no doubt he would have received the tonsure from one of the Catholic bishops of whom Ireland was never deprived.

However, this is all surmise, for John Almond could have left Ireland and been educated and tonsured on the continent. This is, at the same time, very unlikely: apart from the fact that we have found no evidence of it, we know that Almond was only twenty when he came to the College, and since he himself said that he had stayed in Ireland 'till at man's state', his continental education would have to be brief, to say the least.

He arrived, then, at the English College as a pilgrim on Palm Sunday, 30th March 1597.⁵ With him came Robert Middleton of York, who was also destined for martyrdom.⁶

Almond was admitted as a student on the Monday after the Low Sunday following, 14th April, with seven others. He received Minor Orders between November 1597 and the Epiphany, 1598, presumably while still in Philosophy. He defended theses in the spring of 1598—presumably philosophical theses—and, to judge from the College Accounts, this was

² The *Liber Ruber* (English College Archives: cf. entry 312) gives his age as twenty at the date of his joining the College.

³ Cf. Recusant Roll reproduced in *Catholic Record Society* 18, p. 201: 'Alicia Almond nuper de eisdem [i.e. parish] vidua'. Gillow states that Almond's family 'suffered frequent fines for their recusancy' (*Biographical Dictionary of English Catholics*, Vol. I, p. 27).

⁴ Much Woolton, in the same parish as Allerton, still preserves the village school, a whitewashed barn in the middle of the road.

⁵ Cf. the *Pilgrims' Book* for 1597, p. 34 (College Archives).

⁶ Cf. the *Liber Ruber*, 316. He must not be confused with the Middleton whom the Pope imprisoned in the Corte Savelli for riotous living in this year. This latter was already a priest at that time. (cf. THE VENERABLE, Vol. XVII, No. 3 *The Inglorious Revolution*, p. 139.)

quite an elaborate affair ; his 'Conclusions', running into three hundred sheets, were printed ; there was a banquet to celebrate the Disputation ; and the 'Conclusions' were dedicated to the Cardinal Protector, Caetani.⁷

Almond received the three Major Orders in 1601, being ordained priest on 21st April. In August 1602, when he had come to the end of his academic course, he 'publicly sustained theses of universal divinity with great applause' (Challoner) at the Collegio Romano, later, of course, to become the Gregorian University. This occasion was even more splendid than the earlier one, and Almond acquitted himself with great distinction. Cardinal Baronius, to whom he dedicated his 'Conclusions', was quite overcome, embracing him and kissing his tonsure '*come presagio della impresa più gloriosa che doveva fare nelle forche e patiboli d'Inghilterra*'.⁸ There was music too, and bellringers were employed. This is in grim contrast with the rest of Almond's life, during which his only concern would be to keep out of the public eye. The next time we see him displaying his abilities in argument, it will be against an unimpressed and vindictive Justice of the Peace.

During the greater part of his student life, Almond's Rector was Fr Persons, who had succeeded Vitelleschi in November 1597. The martyr arrived at the College for the final throes of the 'stirs', so we can be sure that his first nine months were troubled enough. In the summer of 1597 there was the famous incident in the tavern, when a party of English students passed themselves off as Germans and the priest Middleton was gaoled in the Corte Savelli. After the worst of the trouble-makers had left for Douai, and Persons had been installed, bringing with him a régime of unparalleled strictness, peace ruled in the English College.⁹ Almond had the greatest affection and respect for his superior, as can be seen by a letter he wrote to him in 1604. He signs himself 'Your assured and dutiful child', and the tone of the letter is most respectful.

The only disturbances after Persons' installation came from outside the College. From 1598 onwards, the Archpriest Controversy was to disrupt Catholic life in England, and its

⁷ For celebrations connected with the disputations in Philosophy and Theology, cf. (1) *Libro dello Spenditore*, May-September 1598, and September 1602 ; and (2) *Libro Mastro*, 1602, p. 46. Both in College Archives.

For dates of Ordination, see the *Liber Ruber*.

⁸ From an Italian MS. in the *Archivium Romanum Societatis Iesu* [Anglia 31, ff 1-6]. Henceforth referred to as A.R.S.I.

⁹ Cf. *The Inglorious Revolution*, pp. 136ff. I am indebted to this article for much of the information concerning events at the College in these years.

effects were soon felt in Rome. Persons, who was in the confidence of the Archpriest, took a leading part when the case was brought to the Holy See. In 1598 two secular priests arrived to plead against the Archpriest and the Society. Persons had prepared the ground some time previously, and the Pope determined to imprison the priests as soon as they arrived; but Persons persuaded him to a more lenient course, and was allowed to keep them in custody in the College—they did not, of course, get a hearing. One doubts if the students were permitted to have anything to do with the priests; bearing in mind what had happened in the past few years, we would be unpleasantly surprised if they were. But Almond must have seen and perhaps spoken with them on occasions. Once more, in 1602, four Appellants came to Rome. Persons was active against them, and (according to the Diary of Fr John Mush, one of the Appellants) ‘commanded the Scholars not to speak to any of us’. Almond left for England while the controversy in Rome was at its height. The Appellants did not go home until October.¹⁰

It may not be out of place to mention one or two students who were with Almond at the College. Among the Martyrs, there was Blessed Richard Newport (*alias* Smith) at the College from 1595–1602. Newport was later in Newgate with Almond and suffered on 30th May 1612. Almond must also have met Blessed John Lockwood (1595–98), martyred in 1642: and Blessed Robert Watkinson (1599–1601). His later fellow-prisoners in Newgate included Thomas Cornforth (1593–99), who escaped from Newgate in 1612, and George Fisher, *alias* Ashton, *alias* Muscott (1598–1602), of whom we shall hear later. William Alabaster, the apostate, was here for a short time (1598–99).¹¹

Almond left Rome for England on 16th September 1602, in company, among others, with John Copley, who had been ordained in the previous July and who was later to apostatise and marry. They arrived at Douai on 26th October, where ‘*tres post quindecim circiter dies, quibus hic vires refecerunt et vestes necessarias compararunt, in Angliam profecti sunt*’.¹²

Very little is known of Almond’s life until his imprisonment in 1612, except for desultory mention in records or letters. Most of his time seems to have been spent in London, since all except

¹⁰ Cf. original narratives by Appellants in T. G. Law’s *Archpriest Controversy* (Camden Society 1898), Vol. II, extracts from which are reproduced in THE VENERABLE, Vol. XII, No. 4, *Roman Diary* 1602, to which I am grateful for the information on the visits of the Appellants in 1602.

¹¹ Cf. *Liber Ruber* for corresponding entries.

¹² *Third Douai Diary*, C.R.S., No. 10, p. 45.

one of the records at present available show him to be somewhere near the capital. Challoner quotes a description of Almond's appearance and character :

' . . . he exercised a holy life with all sincerity and a singular good content to those that knew him, and worthily deserved both a good opinion of his learning and sanctity of life ; a reprovcr of sin, a good example to follow ; of an ingenious and acute understanding, sharp and apprehensive in his conceits and answers, yet compleat with modesty. Full of courage, and ready to suffer for Christ, that suffered for him. Of his stature, neither high nor low, but indifferent ; a body lean, either by nature or through ghostly discipline ; a face lean, his head blackish brown ; in his conversation mild, learned and persuasive, and worthy to be remembered of those that did converse with him.'

This character sketch will be filled in and brought to life when we see the martyr himself sparring with ministers and Justices.

In April 1604 he wrote a letter to Fr Persons to which we have already referred. In it, he tells us that he is living in London, and enquires about his brother. But let us hear the Martyr speak for himself, since we have so few words of his recorded.

'Reverend Father,

This bearer,¹³ upon other occasion of business being resolved to travel so far as the place where you remain, thought also to defer his resolution in matters of religion until he came thither. But being touched afterwards with the uncertainty of his arrival, and certain danger of his soul, if death should have prevented his designment, he altered his resolution and is become Catholic . . . it pleased God to make me the instrument of his reconciliation. Your charity I know will show him that favour and kind entertainment which usually you do to strangers of his quality and condition ; but something more (much I dare not desire because my deserts are few or none) I hope he shall find at my request, and I shall not fail to remain thankful.

Concerning my brother¹⁴ I . . . can hear no certainty

¹³ Was the 'bearer' Anthony Timcock, whom we shall see converted by Almond some time before June 1605 ? The *Valladolid Register* (*v. infra*) says he travelled to Rome after his conversion in company with Sir James Linsey before travelling on to Valladolid, where he was admitted on 9th June 1605.

¹⁴ It is unlikely that John's brother would be Oliver Almond (1582-9 at the Venerable), because the latter was, as far as appears from all records I have seen, an Oxfordshire man. Challoner actually identifies him with John, and Foley thinks Oliver was John's brother. Pollen, who at first follows Foley (Cf. *Acts of English Martyrs* 1578-1642 by J. H. Pollen, s.j.), later agrees that Oliver is not his brother. (Cf. his note in C.R.S., No. 14, p. 14.) Both *Liber Ruber* and the *Seville Annals* say he is from Oxford. Doubtless he could have been born in Lancashire and moved south—in the same way that John went to Ireland—but it is at least far-fetched. Almond is a Lancashire name, of course.

whether he be in Spain or Italy, religious or as before ; no, not so much as whether he be dead or living. I heard he was bitten by a mad dog in his return from Compostella, but as yet I cannot learn any more. Good Father, let me humbly request you to certify me concerning him as soon as you can possibly find the means. I remain about London. Mr Blunt¹⁵ well knoweth the place of my abode.

Thus humbly recommending myself to your Reverence, with great desire to be made partaker in the prayers of that virtuous company,¹⁶ I leave to trouble you any further.

London, this 16th of April, A.D. 1604.

Your assured and dutiful child,

JOHN ALMOND.'

The letter is written with extreme discretion. The name of the bearer, of the recipient, and his address, are all omitted. 'That virtuous company' is vague enough. Almond's own address is also not given. He signs himself with his real name, because this was the one name by which he was *not* known.

Brief mention has already been made of Anthony Timcock. His association with Almond again points to the fact that the martyr was at work in London. The *Valladolid Register* tells us that Timcock had been working in London as a solicitor's clerk, and was then converted :

*' . . . postea per sex annos cuidam Jurisconsulto notarius Londini fuit, lectione controversiarum P. Costeri motus ad amplectendam religionem Catholicam, tandem a Patre Almondo alias Molinax Ecclesiae reconciliatus . . . '*¹⁷

The fact that Almond was arrested in 1607 in Holborn, the lawyers' quarter in London, and that he was now (i.e. 1604) in contact with solicitors' clerks, seems to indicate that Holborn was a fairly fixed abode. Perhaps he concentrated on that section of the London Area.

The almost inevitable happened, however, and he was tracked down by the pursuivants. The Jesuit account tells us of it in colourful language :

'Divulgandosi la fama del gran frutto che faceva, e venuta all' orecchio de ministri Regii, s'accesero incontimente di rabbia e sdegno contro il S. Sacerdote, e cosi messogli gagliardi spie dietro fu fatto prigionie, e coperto di catene fu gettato in una carcere

¹⁵ Presumably Fr Richard Blount S.J., later Provincial of the Jesuits in England.

¹⁶ I.e. this College.

¹⁷ Cf. *Valladolid Registers* [C.R.S., No. 30]. The entry goes on to mention Timcock's journey to Rome with Linsey, and his arrival at Valladolid in 1605 (cf. note 14 above).

oscurissa che si chiama Porta Nova . . . (A.R.S.I.) On the 20th February 1607-8, ' . . . the Bishop's pursuivants, searching a house in Holborn, of one Cook, have found his secret place, and therein a priest called Almond, a young man. The times were never so bad as now'. Thus wrote Father Richard Blount s.J.¹⁸ Almond was committed to Newgate. He was moved to the Gatehouse Prison some time before 26th July 1608 : another letter of that date says that 'three priests are going on bravely, for now Mr Molinax, *alias* Almond, takes Mr Garnet's place'.¹⁹ (Thomas Garnet s.J., was imprisoned in the Gatehouse and martyred on 23rd June 1608.)

He must have been released, or have escaped, shortly after, because he was in Staffordshire in 1609, where he signed a petition for a bishop.²⁰ Apart from showing us his whereabouts, and possibly his political leanings, this hint is small enough.

He was arrested again in 1612,²¹ either 22nd March or 22nd May,²² brought before a Justice of the Peace (in this case, John King, the Bishop of London). An indictment was found under 27 *Elizabeth*, which made it treason for a man born in England or English possessions, having been ordained by authority of Rome after June 1559, to stay in England. Having found that there was a case to answer, the Sessions committed him to Newgate to await trial.

We are very fortunate in having a full account of this examination, written by Almond himself. Part of it has been quoted already. Were not the circumstances so grim, and the consequences so tragic, it would remind us in parts of a scholastic Disputation at the Gregorian :

¹⁸ Letter of Father Blount to Persons, quoted by Grene in his *De Ioanne Almondo Martyre*. Cf. Grene (College Archives, M.X.b). Cf. also Pollen, *Acts*, p. 176.

It is not clear whether 20th February is old or new style.

¹⁹ From a Latin letter of Fr Michael Walpole to Persons, 26th July 1608. For Latin text, see Grene's MS. This is Pollen's translation (*Acts*, p. 176, note 6).

Thomas Garnet s.J., was brother of the Henry Garnet s.J., executed in 1606 for alleged complicity in the Gunpowder Plot.

²⁰ Cf. Canon Burton's *Handlist of the Secular Clergy 1559-1800*, reproduced in *Biographical Studies*, Vol. II, No. 1, p. 79. Unfortunately, no reference is given (these are private jottings), so it is difficult to check on this information.

²¹ A.R.S.I. and Grene seem to presume that Almond remained in captivity from 1607 until his death in 1612. This is not the case, because of (a) the Staffordshire petition; (b) Almond's own words on the scaffold, when he said he was 'last arrested, 22nd May a year since'; (c) the fact that he came before a court of first instance in 1612, which would imply an arrest immediately before.

²² There seems to be no evidence to decide whether he was arrested in March or in May. Two accounts of Almond's speech at Tyburn conflict over this (Pollen and Challoner). His name does not appear on the List of Catholics in Newgate for 18th March 1612 (cf. *London Sessions File* for March 1612, C.R.S., 34, pp. 67-68), while it does appear, as 'Francis Latham', in a similar List for 28th May 1612 (C.R.S. 34, p. 73). But since both the 22nd March and 22nd May fall between these two sessions, we are not much further forward.

The Bishop of London : Were you ever beyond the seas ?

John Almond : I have been in Ireland.

The Bishop : How long since you came thence ?

John Almond : I remember not how long since, neither it is material.

The Bishop : Here is plain answering, is it not ?

John Almond : More plain than you would give, if you were examined yourself before some of ours in another place.

The Bishop : I ask, are you a priest ?

John Almond : I am not Christ : and unless I were Christ, in your own grounds, . . . I cannot be a priest.

The Bishop : Though you cannot be one in our grounds, are you one in your own ?

John Almond : If I be none, nor can be any in your grounds, which allow no other priesthood, nor other priest but Christ, and you are bound to maintain your own grounds, and uphold the truth of them, you might well forbear this question, and suppose for certain that I am no priest.

The Bishop : Are you a priest, yea or no ?

John Almond : No man accuseth me.

The Bishop : Then this is all the answer I shall have ?

John Almond : All I can give unless proof come in.

The Bishop : Where have you lived, and in what have you spent your time ?

John Almond : Here is an orderly course of justice, sure ! What is it material where I have lived, or how I have spent my time, all the while I am accused of no evil ?

The Bishop : Will you take the oath of allegiance ?

John Almond : Any oath of allegiance, if it contain nothing but allegiance.

(*And with that the bishop reaches out his arm for the oath, lying towards the middle of the table : which I perceiving said—*) That oath you cannot with a good conscience offer.

The Bishop : Yes, that I can : and I thank God, I have taken it myself seven times.

John Almond : God forbid !

The Bishop : Why ?

John Almond : You have been seven times perjured.

The Bishop : Wherein ?

John Almond : In taking this false clause, 'and I do further swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure as impious and heretical, this damnable doctrine and position, that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope may be deposed, etc'.

The Bishop : There is no perjury or falsehood in it.

John Almond : If in taking it you abjure that position as heretical which is not heretical, then it is perjury and falsehood to take it. But in taking it you abjure that position as heretical which is not heretical, ergo, etc.

The Bishop : I grant your major, I deny your minor.

John Almond : No position in your grounds can be heretical unless it be expressly censured as heretical by the word of God, or the contradictory expressly contained in the word of God. But this position is not expressly censured as heretical by the word of God ; nor is the contradictory expressly contained in the word of God. *Ergo* it is not heretical.

The Bishop : It is censured as heretical by the word.

John Almond : Allege the text, give us a bible.

The Bishop : Bring in a bible.

(Then turning with an evil will, he said it was censured in the 13th of the Romans.)

John Almond : You mean those words, 'He that resisteth power, resisteth God's ordinance'. But I ask, where is this position censured ? There is not one word of the position in hand.

(Other place he alleged none.)

The Bishop : You would have it censured in express words ?

John Almond : You are bound to bring a censure in express words ; which, because I see you cannot, answer this consequence : 'This position is not set down at all in the bible ; ergo it cannot be censured by the bible'.

(He answered not, but said I was a proud, arrogant jack. To which I replied, 'God forgive you, your words trouble me not' ; and so two several times more I prayed God to forgive him, when he miscalled me and abused me in words.)²³

Almond's sufferings in prison were acute. A new Keeper had recently been appointed to Newgate, Price by name, who had received every encouragement from the authorities to make life as unpleasant as possible for the Catholic prisoners. The Archbishop of Canterbury, George Abbot,²⁴ and the Bishop of

²³ Cf. Challoner. King seems to have made a fool of himself on previous occasions, as appears from his examination of BB. William Scot o.s.b. and Richard Newport, in the previous May (cf. A.R.S.I. and Challoner). On the other hand, King was a learned man, and valued by James I as a preacher (James called him 'King of preachers'). Sir Edward Coke had a high opinion of his abilities as a speaker in the Star Chamber. He was probably unused to the methods of disputing employed by the seminary priests, with an Englishman's distrust of logic ; but in his hatred of Popery rushed in where others thoughtfully feared to tread.

²⁴ Grene blames Abbot personally for the persecution. Cf. Grene, p. 3 : *Pseudoarchiepiscopus Cantuariensis cui Rex omnia committebat, non uno infamius scelere ut fullonis decet filium¹ id est seipsum omnem in innocentes sacerdotes barbariem exercuit.* (¹Abbot was son of a Guildford clothworker.)

Bishop King was equally merciless. Even Price (or his predecessor : was this the reason for Price's appointment ?) asked the Bishop for easier accommodation for his prisoners, in January 1612 ; they were unable to take rest, and there was danger of their being suffocated in the foul stench. *Sed aliud responsum non potuit extorquere quam ut iacerent unus super alium etc.* (Marginal note to Grene.)

London, were sufficiently *grands personages* to make it well worth his while to carry out his duties with zest. The anti-Catholic persecution had been intensified in the last few years (cf. Blount's remark 'the times were never so bad as now') largely owing to the influence of the Anglican Bishops with the King, and especially since the Gunpowder Plot. The result of all this was a most disagreeable time for Almond and his fellows. Indeed, Price seems to have taken a particular dislike to John: one letter calls Price his 'enemy', and imputes to him the fact that Almond was brought to trial at all.²⁵

Another letter, written by Fr Henry Cooper, one of the prisoners, describes their treatment in detail:²⁶

'To his assured kind friend, Mr Richard . . .

†

'Good sir—I am sure you have heard of the inhuman dealing of our new keeper with us, putting us all into Justice Hall without commodity of lodging; forcing divers of us to sit up night by night, and yet exacting money for beds, debarring all access of friends, suffering the pursuivants to seize such as come unto our grate, yea, vexing even Protestants themselves that come unto us. Neither can we have any remedy against him, such is the malice of the Bishop, who maintaineth all injuries done unto us. Our keeper's pride is in that excess, as overruled with passion he will admit of no reason, insomuch as we are wholly ignorant of what course to take whereby we may best redeem our vexations. Our comfort only is, that the cause for which we suffer is good and honourable, being for God Himself; and these our miseries are infallible signs of His love towards us, according to that of the Apostle: *Quem diligit Dominus castigat, flagellat autem omnem filium quem recipit*' . . .

'In the meantime I would desire your good prayers for us, that we may so endure these our troubles, as they may turn to God's greater honour and glory, and our souls' comfort . . . I humbly take my leave this 10th November 1612, though never leave to be

Yours,

HEN. COOPER.

²⁵ Letter of Fr William Bartlett to 'Mr Luke . . . at Venice', 5th December 1612 (Foley V, 853-4). Price can hardly have been responsible alone for Almond's arraignment; Abbot and King were the real causes, and Price a useful instrument. (See below.)

²⁶ Henry Cooper to Mr Richard Holtby, 10th November 1612. Reproduced in Pollen, 181-2.

'Four of our company are fallen sick of late, whereof Fr Corneford is one, and not in least danger, as Dr Foster hath delivered his opinion of him. If our keeper continue as he has begun, we shall all fall into extreme misery.'

While in prison, he had to endure the persistent attentions of Protestant ministers who engaged him in theological dispute. These included the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London: 'In time of his imprisonment he frequently had conference with the said Archbishop and disputations and who remaining alwaies overcome was the more cruell in causing him to have bad usage and . . . *Archiminister Londinensis adeo argumentis debellatus ut nihil respondere possit praeter connicia et minas ad quae martyr prompte respondit se admonitum esse a Christo non timendos eos qui occidunt corpus et amplius non habent quod faciant.*' (Grene.)

His sufferings would not be alleviated by the thought that there was no guarantee of his ever coming to trial. Catholics were committed to prison after an indictment had been found, and often left there with no intention on the part of the authorities of proceeding further. As well as the list of prisoners on the Newgate Calendars, which always referred to those who were to be tried, in the Sessions Files there are sometimes supplementary lists of 'Catholics in Newgate', whose names never appear on the Newgate Calendar or the records of treason trials. In fact, it was the more unusual thing for a Catholic to be brought into court: it usually meant a rather special reason, as in the case of Almond himself.

Such was the treatment they received, that the inmates refused to be good prisoners, and about 16th November seven priests escaped. They were: Henry Cooper, who wrote the letter above; Corneford, the sick man, who had been Almond's contemporary at the College; Young, Mayler, Yates, Parr, and Greene. As many as twenty could have gone, but the remainder decided to stay, well realizing that a now frightened as well as officious Price would not be the easiest man in the world to deal with. Among those who remained were George Fisher and probably Richard Cooper. Almond himself elected to stay behind.

(To be concluded.)

WILLIAM STEELE.

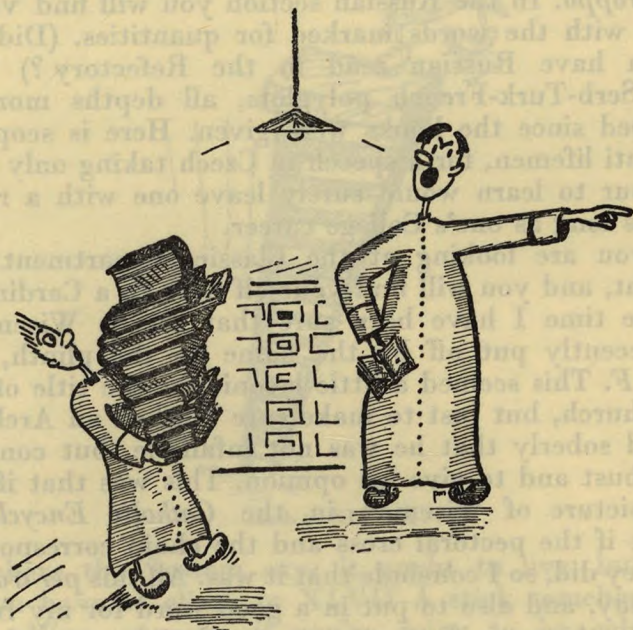
ROMANESQUE

58—THE LIBRARY

The Bulgarian student has not a guilty conscience. The Vice-Rector said he could consult a book in the Library and here he is, consulting it. A little surprised, perhaps, at being under such heavy supervision, but resigned. The Librarian is seized by a sudden preoccupation with the Patrology section, but somehow manages to rearrange the Fathers without removing from the visitor the subtle glare of authority: for he is morally certain that the man intends to tear the article on 'Hatchments' out of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and carry it away in the sleeves of his cassock. You see, the First Library has through the years acquired a Civil Service veneer, and supervision is the outcome. Its symbol is the enormous catalogue, full of Dr Reinthaler (a professional Librarian), who not only knew what books we had but also what was in them and how they were divided. Its finish you will find in the Borrowers' Entry Book, where you can, if you like, give official notice that you intend to adopt the Chancery Hand. The precedent is plain in the gallery of Rectors, framed gracefully above the shelves, reminiscent in a way of past Chairmen of the Board. They give the Library a sense of stability, even eternity. Here it is that the Librarians work. Open the watch, and there is the balance-wheel proving that the thing works, throbbing feverishly. This is the proof that the Library works, its shop-window: an inkstand with ink, desk-lamps, current text-books open on the table, and an official, ruling lines with a ruler.

After this the Second Library is a relapse, not altogether unpleasant, like a jump from Kemal Ataturk to the decadent

Ottoman Empire. That rigorous marshalling of books is gone ; so is the painful business of not taking them out if they deal with the year's work, for there are no University books here. You are plunged into a scholarly twilight, and the varnished Archives showcase blinks mellowly at you. Here are annotations of First Editions by men of letters ; here is correspondence which touches the nerve of ecclesiastical misunderstandings for three hundred years ; here are Bulls at which you catch your breath, and rescripts to make your mouth water. The efficient



'Here it is that the Librarians work . . .'

lighting system of the cabinet seems to apologise for itself as an anachronism.

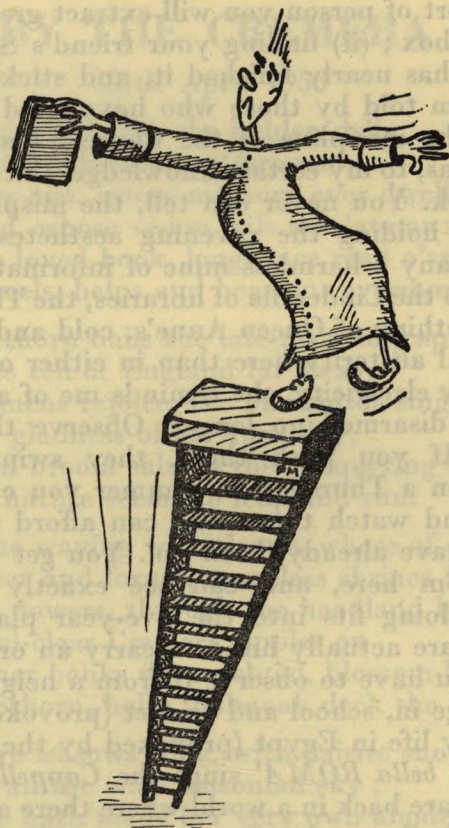
This is the best place to work in the winter, because it is directly over the kitchen. On January evenings scents from the kitchen mingle with a fierce, throbbing, infernal energy. The air is sleepy, the silence broken only by the rustle of a page or the concise click as someone kicks the electric plug in the floor and the lamp goes out. There is always relief for you if you work in the Second Library ; it needs the sixth sense of an

habitué to tell when the smell of singeing brown paper becomes significant, and to shift the lampshade.

The books in the Second Library I find the most interesting because they appeal to my imagination. There are, for instance, books in Modern Greek with translations into Italian, French and English. The English will go something like this: 'There must be some grains of allowance made, we got away with much ado. Do you think to have come off so? You come not behind in any point of learning. Yes, but I was upon the spot. That was my last shift.' The Italian remarks that *Non possiamo uscire, diluvia troppo*. In the Russian section you will find volumes of Pushkin with the words marked for quantities. (Did Cardinal Wiseman have Russian read in the Refectory?) We have several Serb-Turk-French polyglots, all depths more or less unplumbed since the books were given. Here is scope for the Mezzofanti lifemen, for a speech in Czech taking only a quarter of an hour to learn would surely leave one with a reputation almost as long as one's College career.

If you are looking at the Classics department, edge to your right, and you will find yourself next to a Cardinal's bust. For some time I have been sure that this is Wiseman's, but I was recently put off by the name on the plinth, which is *Benzoni F.* This seemed a little laconic for the title of a Prince of the Church, but just to make sure I asked an Archivist. He remarked soberly that he was not infallible, but consented to eye the bust and to give his opinion. This was that if I looked at the picture of Wiseman in the *Catholic Encyclopædia* I could see if the pectoral cross and the chain corresponded . . . which they did, so I conclude that it was. All this *per transennam*, as they say, and also to put in a good word for my friends the Archivists. Anyway, here you are in the alcove with Cardinal Wiseman. From the yawning pit beneath the window come bazaar-like strains of song, and the methodical groan of the nuns' washing machine. I am told too that the electricians have been known to give a methodical groan while on this subject, but that is a digression for which there is no excuse.

The only other things to be mentioned while you're still here are Ladders and the Index. There are various sorts of ladders, divisible roughly into ladders which are steps, and quite safe, and ladders which are ladders, and aren't. There seems to be a sensible lack of efficiency when it comes to putting a much-wanted book on a little frequented shelf just because



‘... climb to XLVII A ...’

that's where the System says it ought to live, but the few times you have to climb to XLVII A stick somehow in your memory. Mine, anyway, if you're going to be cold-blooded. The Index really comes into its own in the corner which Anglican Theology shares with Science. Here Jewel and Huxley confer in a musty dimness punctuated by red blobs. Here the Holy Office dwelt awhile as it walked through the College Library, and thought deeply. It also brought to bear the full force of its severity on the obscure area shared by archæology and topography. This matter of red labels on prohibited books is interesting: they weren't put there by the Cardinal Protector nor even the Inquisitor-General. In fact, I may as well now reveal it, a member of the College raised to the Third Lodge of Librarians once showed me a box full of these labels, and if

you are that sort of person you will extract great pleasure from (i) finding the box ; (ii) finding your friend's Spiritual Reading book when he has nearly finished it, and sticking a label on it. The effect, I am told by those who have tried it, is a salutary testimony to the discipline of the Church. One estimable *Life of St Ignatius* has, to my certain knowledge, the sign of forbidden fruit on its back. You never can tell, the misplaced humour of a few may be holding the ravening aesthetes of the English College from many a harmless mine of information and delight.

And so into the Cinderella of libraries, the Third. In sunshine she is like something of Queen Anne's, cold and graceful. There is more classical austerity here than in either of the other two. But at night, by electricity, she reminds me of a railway dining-car and I am disarmed no longer. Observe the wrought-iron lamp-holders. If you push them, they swing like compass needles. Here on a Thursday in summer you can sit and work in a window and watch those who can afford to profit by the Tank, or who have already 'been up'. You get the best view of the garden from here, and can see exactly how what the gardeners are doing fits into the five-year plan. This escapes you when you are actually hired to carry an orange tree across the surface. You have to observe it from a height. Any reveries you may indulge in, school and cricket (provoked by the Tank) or your military life in Egypt (provoked by the palm trees) will die. '*Quanto sei bella ROMA*' sings the *Cappellar*', on goes the record and you are back in a world where there are examinations in February, of all months. Sometimes an Archivist leaves his typewriter on the table in the Third Library : he will disturb no one if he uses it there, and he is less likely to find an autobiographical *alessandrino* from a servant in the middle of his *De Gratia* notes.

What is beyond the Third Library is not my business. I could say, for instance, what had happened to the *Annuario Pontificio* for 1904 and how many papier mâché helmets would be fit for the next *Patience*. But I will have the grace to leave this for other men . . .

ANTHONY PHILPOT.

BY THE CREMERA

13th April 1955

Yet once again I seek the hidden dells
Of Veii, first beheld one afternoon
Long years ago, whose memory ever dwells
Undimmed, whose vision fails not late or soon,
Like some loved book, long since read o'er and o'er,
That counsels, helps and heartens evermore.

The whitethorn hails the late-returning spring,
The daisies tell of England far away,
The cyclamens rejoice, the blackbirds sing
The eager gladness of an April day,
The golden broom salutes the conquering sun,
All living nature seems to leap and run.

Beyond the waving wheatlands, where of old
Stood street and forum, nameless shrines fordone
Of demon powers, through the headland holed,¹
The crystal-clear Cremera ripples on
Between her banks deep-delvèd, blossom-bright,
And whitethorn, holly, holmoak deck the height.

Beyond are leasows wide, with daisies snowed,
And over all the wide Ausonian sky ;
And peace hath made her very own abode
Where once the armies tramped and clattered by
O'er the rough sheeptrack that alone remains
And roadrocks groovèd by Etruscan wains.

In vain I seek the city to recall
Veii of old, whose pride and power attest
A temple ruin, tomb, or lave of wall
Left here and there, now wholly dispossessed
Of hold on life. Here as at Babylon
The glory of the world is past and gone.

The valleys laugh and sing with corn and vine,
Man's primal need on earth glad to fulfil ;
Outlying Tuscan tombs now stall the kine,
The sheep that clothe us graze to-day at will.
From dreams of doomful empire, glory, strife,
The land returns at last to peace and life.

H. E. G. ROPE.

¹ The Ponte Sodo, a probably natural tunnel.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE COLLEGE APPEAL

At the General Meeting of the Roman Association on Tuesday, 24th May 1955, it was decided, subject to ecclesiastical approval, to organize a national appeal for funds for the repairs and restoration work necessary in the College. The Association had already made two former appeals within its own members since the war. It was obvious, however, that although the members had contributed most generously, it was impossible for them to reach the sum required for effective restoration work.

The Hierarchy of England and Wales gave their consent and, with the paternal Blessing of His Holiness the Pope, the appeal was launched on 1st December 1955, the feast of Blessed Ralph Sherwin, Protomartyr of the College. Great credit must be given to the Reverend H. E. Calnan as President of the Association, to the Reverend J. Molloy as Secretary, and to the sub-committee for the effective way in which the appeal was prepared. The work involved must have been very considerable and we wish to thank them very sincerely for their efforts.

Details of contributions are not yet to hand, but I would like to express our gratitude to His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster for his very generous donation of £1,000, and also to His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool and to the many others whose names I do not yet know but who rallied immediately to the call. We will remember them all constantly in the College in our Masses and our prayers.

THE RECTOR.

BLESSING FOR THE APPEAL
FROM HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII

Dal Vaticano,

November 12, 1955

Right Reverend and dear Monsignor Tickle,

It is my honoured duty to inform you that the Holy Father has learned with paternal interest that an appeal is to be made, with the authority and approval of the Hierarchy of England and Wales, for the urgent work of restoration to be undertaken on the premises of the Venerable English College, whose present structure has served since the rebuilding of the College in 1685.

Throughout its long history of almost four hundred years, the College of St Thomas de Urbe has ever been the object of loving protection on the part of the Holy See; and this same affectionate solicitude has been constantly manifested by the reigning Pontiff, Who is confident that the faithful of Great Britain will continue to be mindful of the debt which they owe to this noble institution. Noteworthy, indeed, is the important part its priests have played in preserving the unbroken Catholic tradition of your beloved country, especially during the dark days of persecution when many of its early students, returning home after ordination, gave their lives in testimony to the Faith and to the Supremacy of the Roman Pontiff.

As a token of His personal support and encouragement to the appeal being made under the auspices of the Association of former students, His Holiness imparts to all who generously assist the College in its present need, in pledge of a rich heavenly reward, His special Apostolic Benediction.

With the assurance of my esteem and religious devotion, I remain,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

A. DELL'ACQUA

Segreteria di Stato
Di Sua Santità

THE HOLY FATHER'S BIRTHDAY

The following letter was addressed by the Rector to the Holy Father on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, which fell on 2nd March this year :

Most Holy Father,

The Rector and Vice-Rector together with the priests and students of the Venerable English College, Rome, prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, humbly beg to offer their filial homage and heartfelt congratulations on the occasion of Your eightieth birthday.

One of the most treasured traditions of the College has always been its unswerving loyalty to the Person of the Supreme Pontiff, and we now beseech the privilege of joining in the world-wide rejoicing occasioned by this great and happy event.

Convinced that Your Holiness would desire no truer mark of our loyalty and humble affection than fervent prayer, we wish to offer our Masses and Holy Communions on 2nd March for Your intentions.

THREE MARTYRS

We are indebted to Fr Godfrey Anstruther O.P., for the following descriptions of three of our martyrs, furnished to the Government by spies, for the assistance of pursuivants. (British Museum, Add. MSS., 48029, f.127.)

Bl. Ralph Sherwin : Tall of stature and slender, his beard of a flaxen colour cut short, and little hair or none on his cheeks, a Yorkshireman born. [sic]

Bl. Luke Kirby : Of reasonable stature and well timbered, his beard cut short, of a brown colour, his teeth standing out of order, and stuttering a little in his speech, a Yorkshireman born. [sic]

Bl. Thomas Cottam : Of a mean stature, lean and slender of body, his face full of freckles, his beard red and thin, and hath a wart or mole about an inch from his mouth on his right cheek and the right side.

FR LOBB S.J., AND THE COLLEGE PLAYS

Props and Stage Men of the mid-seventeenth century seem to have had as strenuous and expensive a time preparing for College plays as their counterparts to-day. The Account Books, or *Giornaletti*, in the Archives give some indication of the number of plays produced each year and of the expenses involved, particularly in and around the years of Fr Emmanuel Lobb's Rectorship (cf. our article on page 217). In 1644 for the first time a *Comedia* is mentioned in the Books, and a number of plays were performed at Carnival time each year until 1649, when there was no play in the College and the students were taken by coach to an outside performance elsewhere in Rome. After this date the custom seems to have died out.

The expenses were mainly for small items like nails, pins, cloth, painting of wings, and so on. Other items are more interesting: for instance, on 27th January 1645 we read: 'for wigs from Fr Giovandi to be used in the *Comedia*, 1 scudo 60 centesimi' (about £1 5s. 0d. to-day). On 2nd February 1646: 'tip for the man who brought the swords for the *Comedia*'; in 1651, on 17th February, some cymbals were bought for the play, and two days later, six masks. On 10th February 1648 a large padlock and nails had to be bought for the play, and a workman was paid £1 for his services. The entries for January 1646 are worth quoting in full: (the original is in Italian; figures refer to *scudi* and *centesimi*, a *scudo* being equivalent to about 17s. 6d. to-day).

8 Monday	gold and silver for the <i>Comedia</i>	1.35 (24s. to-day)
19 Friday	rouge for the <i>Comedia</i>	0.02 (4d.)
	<i>schiaconca</i> glue	0.02 (4d.)
22 Monday	<i>cremona</i> glue	0.05 (10d.)
23 Tuesday	400 nails	0.18 (3s. 6d.)
	cord	0.30 (5s. 6d.)
	4 pairs of black serge shoes	2.00 (35s.)
	22 lengths of silk ribbon	1.00 (17s. 6d.)
25 Thursday	4 pairs of black serge shoes	2.00 (35s.)
	glue	0.01 (2d.)
	certain balls <i>per la Tragedia</i>	0.30 (5s. 6d.)
26 Friday	25 lengths of silk ribbon	1.00 (17s. 6d.)

30 Tuesday	machined silver	1.00 (17s. 6d.)
	paper	0.27 (5s.)
30 Wednesday	to pay a workman who came in for the <i>Comedia</i>	0.10 (1s. 9d.)
	2 measures of silk	1.35 (25s.)
	black and white thread	0.85 (14s. 6d.)
	crude silk	3.00 (52s.)

What is most unusual about this year is that it is the only year between 1638 and 1652 in which the expenses for the *Comedia* are listed as a separate item in the end-of-month summaries. Here are the figures for the *Comedia* compared with some of the other items :

<i>Comedia</i>	6.83	(£5 10s. 0d.)
cheese	13.86	(£12)
meat	69.29	(£61)
eggs	19.03	(£17).

COLLEGE RECTORS

IX—EMMANUEL LOBB S.J.

In a recent number of *THE VENERABLE*¹ there appeared an article on Fr Huddleston, who attended King Charles II on his deathbed. It would seem therefore not out of place to outline in these pages the career of another student of the College, to whose lot it fell to receive King James II into the Church.

It was on 13th October 1616,² the feast of St Edward, that Emmanuel Lobb (*alias* Joseph Simeon *or* Simons) joined the English College. The *Liber Ruber*³ tells us that he was about 23 years old at the time. He was described as 'Hamptoniensis'; and Oliver tells us in his *Collectanea S.J.*,⁴ that he had been born of non-Catholic parents at Portsmouth. As a boy of 11 he had been sent to Lisbon to learn Portuguese and eventually to set up as a trader. There, however, he came into contact with Fr Henry Floyd (*or* Lloyd) S.J., who received him into the Church and sent him to study for the priesthood at St Omer. Having completed his Humanities there, Lobb was sent to Rome for his philosophical and theological studies.

In May 1617 Lobb took the College Oath, and on the third and fourth of the following month he received the Tonsure and all four Minor Orders. We know nothing else of his career in the College until his departure for Liège, on 14th September 1619, to enter the Society of Jesus. He completed his studies

¹ Vol. XV, No. 3 (November 1951), pp. 180-91.

² Gasquet: *Obit Book of the Venerable English College*, says 1619; this is not in accordance with any other source.

³ *Catholic Record Society*, Vol. xxxvii (1940), p. 180.

⁴ Cf. p. 191. Quoted in Foley, *Records of the English Province S.J.*, I, p. 272.

at Liège and was ordained there, and for many years after his ordination he was engaged in teaching at various Jesuit colleges. He first taught 'Rhetoric and belles-lettres' at St Omer for five years. Then, until 1647, he was professor of Theology, Philosophy and Sacred Scripture at the English Jesuit Theologate at Liège. In 1650 he returned there as Rector.

While a professor at Liège he assisted in the formation of the first English convent of Canonesses of the Holy Sepulchre there. It was largely through Fr Lobb's influence that the eight nuns were able to obtain the property at Liège that had until recently been occupied by the English Institute of Mary.⁵ Fr Lobb seems to have been confessor to some of the exiled convents, and was also for some time Instructor of the Jesuit Tertian Fathers at Ghent.

During this period there were three years, 1647-50, in which Fr Lobb was absent from the Low Countries. In these years he was Rector of the Venerabile. There seems to be nothing outstanding that we can record concerning his Rectorship, except that he anticipated Cardinal Wiseman in writing plays for his students to act. Two such plays appeared in print during his Rectorship, and three more were published in later years.⁶ Of these plays two are definitely mentioned as having been acted in the English College '*sub ferias bacchanales*', one in 1645 (before Fr Lobb's Rectorship) and one in 1648, and there is little reason to doubt that the others were acted there too.⁷

These plays seem to have been acted in many of the English colleges on the Continent, and manuscripts of them are to be found in the University Library, Cambridge, and in St John's College, Cambridge, suggesting that they found their way to the stages of our English Universities in due course. The full titles of the plays contain modest 'credit notices', informing us that one '*sexties data semper placuit*' and that another, '*semel, iterum, atque saepius exhibita*', gave universal satisfaction at Rome, Naples, St Omer and elsewhere. The popularity of the plays is further evinced by the fact that the *Quinque Tragoediae* went into three editions before the end of the century.

⁵ Cf. P. Guilday: *The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558-1795*, p. 392.

⁶ *Zeno et Mercia, Tragediae*, Romae, typis Corbelletti, 1648.

J. Simonis Tragoediae Quinque quarum duae postremae nunc primum lucem vident, Liège, typis Houij, 1657, 1680, 1697.

⁷ Cf. English College Archives: the *Giornaletti* for 1645, in which year two plays were produced in the College, and for 1648, when a number of plays, possibly six, were produced.

Let us therefore look a little more closely at the contents of these plays in the hope of getting some idea of the tastes of the Venerabilini of the day.⁸

First of all, then, what was the subject matter? In nearly every case the plot is provided by one of the more bloodthirsty incidents in Church History. In the earliest of the plays, *Zeno : seu Fratrum Concordia Saeva*, we meet a Byzantine Emperor who, after a tyrannical reign, is captured (whilst drunk) and walled up in a tomb; a thrilling last Act shows us Zeno going mad in his tomb, assisted by the ghosts of some of his victims. *Mercia*, acted in the College in 1648 under the Rectorial eye of its author, has a plot of English interest: St Chad converts the two sons of King Ulferus of Mercia; the enraged Ulferus slays his sons in St Chad's oratory and is finally converted by the Saint. A third play, *Theoctistus : seu Constans in Aula Virtus*—its full title mentions that it was acted in 1654 '*a nobilissima iuventute italica seminarii Romani*'—deals with an honest official at the Court of Byzantium during the reign of the ninth century Emperor, Michael the Drunkard. Michael's vicious tendencies are encouraged by a group of courtiers, including, I fear, the Patriarch, Jannes. Theoctistus tries to save the Emperor from their influence and is assassinated at the instigation of Jannes, who does not long enjoy the fruits of this crime as he is stricken down suddenly and carried away in a chariot drawn by fiery serpents. *Vitus : seu Christiana Fortitudo* is based on the tortures endured by the youthful Saint Vitus. Finally, *Leo Armenus : seu Impietas punita*, acted at the College in 1645, deals with the age of Iconoclasm. Leo suspects the innocent Michael Balbus of plotting against him and condemns him to be burnt alive. Luckily, Leo is assassinated some time before the date fixed for the execution, and Michael is set free.

It is not my intention here to start analysing the style of these plays. They seem to have been workmanlike, in adequate Latin verse, and we may take their popularity as sufficient proof of that. Our own tastes would be less satisfied by the rather high-flown oratory, which seems to have been regarded as a necessity. This oratory seems to have taken the place of action in great part: when action does occur it is swift and

⁸ For details concerning the content of these plays and for much general help in the preparation of this article, I am greatly indebted to the Rev. W. K. L. Webb S.J., of Heythrop College.

violent (as the synopses will have shown), but the intervals between assassinations strike the modern reader as rather tedious. Each play is divided into the customary five Acts, each of some seven to ten scenes. There are few surprises in the plays, as the author believes in giving heavy hints well in advance concerning the outcome of the action. The only real surprises come from the frequent use of the *deus ex machina*, an aspect of these plays (and of many contemporary ones of a similar nature) which merits special discussion.

A glance at the Masques popular at the English Court in the reigns of James I and Charles I, will accustom us to the idea of such machines. Rather, one might say, like the transformation scene in the pantomime, the machine provided the 'big moment' of the production. As a golden chariot containing Juno was lowered ponderously on to the stage and the applause broke out, the producer could sink back with a sigh of relief, confident that his production was a success. It is interesting to find that such machines appear in many college plays of the period: what Venerabile stagehand of the present day would be pleased if a producer (even a Rectorial one) instructed him to arrange for a chariot drawn by fiery serpents to carry off the Patriarch Jannes? The need for similar ingenuity on the part of the stagemen appears in the fourth Act of *Zeno*, where the stage directions call for the following effect: '*ex utroque cornu altaris, machinis quibusdam apparent duo Angeli quasi in aere penduli. Canunt, et deinde ita alloquuntur . . .*' I am informed that this was a mere nothing compared with some plays held in continental colleges, in which processions including horses and camels were not unknown—one such production had nearly a thousand players! Such spectacles were made possible by outside help: in most cases it is doubtful whether the students took any part in the plays at all. Nevertheless, these must have been remarkably expensive entertainments.⁹

Leaving the fascinating picture of a perturbed Rector trying desperately to control a brace of fiery serpents, we must follow Fr Lobb as he returns from Rome in 1650 to become Rector of the Theologate at Liège. He retained this position until the closing days of the Commonwealth when, after repeated requests, he was sent to the English Mission, probably his first visit to

⁹ Cf. *Nova et Vetera* on p. 215 of this issue, regarding expenses for plays at the English College in these years.

England since he had left it as a boy of 11 in 1604. Here he proved himself not only an able and zealous priest but also, when the need arose, an accomplished controversialist. Unfortunately, we have only one work of controversy from his pen, and as this is signed 'J.S.' (the initials of Fr Lobb's *alias*, Joseph Simeon), the *Dictionary of National Biography* attributes it to Dr John Sergeant, a well-known writer. This is hardly likely, for reasons that will appear when we discuss the circumstances of its publication; and all other authorities¹⁰ attribute the pamphlet to Fr Lobb.

On 1st February 1662-3 the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, a Dr Pierce, preached before the King at Whitehall a sermon entitled *The Primitive Rule of Reformation*. This sermon achieved considerable notoriety, even in that age of sharp controversy, not so much on account of its originality or dialectical value as on account of its bitterness. In this sermon Dr Pierce openly incited the King to a renewed persecution of Catholics, persecution having been virtually at a standstill since the Restoration. Pierce was among the least of the controversialists of the period, and based his attacks either on sheer vituperation or on fallacies of the grossest kind. He was a popular preacher in his day, and on 8th April 1663, Pepys went to hear him. He refers to Pierce in his Diary as 'the famous man that preached the sermon so cried up before the King against the Papists', and says that 'he hath as much of natural eloquence as most men that ever I heard in my life', an opinion to which Fr Lobb would not have subscribed.

There were three Catholic replies printed. Of these the first, by a very able Benedictine, Fr Serenus Cresway, appeared soon after Pierce's sermon had been printed. The second reply was the one we are discussing here,¹¹ and the matter of its authority is confused by the fact that the third reply, which was also signed 'J.S.', is known to be the work of the prominent, if not altogether happy, Catholic controversialist, Dr John Sergeant, whom I have mentioned above. Sergeant's reply was published as an appendix to his *Sure Footing in Christianity*.¹² Apart from the coincidence of initials there is little to suggest identity of authorship, especially when we see that in the later

¹⁰ Including the *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous English Literature*, Vol. I, p. 98.

¹¹ *An Answer to Doctor Pierce's Sermon preached before His Majesty at White Hall, 1st February 1662*, London 1663, 8vo, pp. 121.

¹² London, 1665.

work Sergeant speaks highly of the 'method observ'd by a late learned writer, Mr J.S., against that Pulpit-vapour of Dr Pierce'. Whatever we may think of Sergeant, it is unlikely that he would refer to himself in such a way!

Let us, then, look briefly at Fr Lobb's reply. Dr Pierce had taken as his text the words, 'From the beginning it was not so',¹³ and had proceeded to show how the Church had departed from the 'primitive rule'. From this text Fr Lobb starts his reply, briskly and very much to the point:

'1. Sir,

Give me leave in the first place to tell you, that your application of Our Saviour's words, *From the beginning it was not so*, is no less confus'd, than unconcluding. Confus'd: as speaking in generall of a beginning, and not distinguishing what beginning, whether of time, order, institution, or what. Unconcluding: because it either overshoots or falls short of the marke, proving too much, or nothing at all. For neither were all truths revealed, or all good practices, in use from the beginning; nor all heresies, or corruptions, since the beginning.'

He then proceeds to show the fallacy of Pierce's use of this text by means of a *reductio ad absurdum*.

'You say *our Saviour was sent to reform the Jewes*: that is, not to found a new law, but to renew the old; and *that he made known the rule of his reformation: From the beginning it was not so.*'

Fr Lobb takes various possible 'beginnings'—the Creation, the institution of the Old Law, the founding of the New Law—and shows that in all cases new and obviously good additions have been made: heresies that existed at the start have been condemned and suppressed, no one paying any attention to the fact that they were there 'from the beginning'.

'Then on the contrary, the *Saduces, Cerinthians, Nicolaites, Ebionites*, will not be Hereticks (because they were from the beginning): nay, nor the Papists neither, if as some

¹³ Sergeant claims that he made such mockery of Pierce's use of this text that Pierce became much laughed at by his own party. In Sergeant's autobiographical note (quoted by M. V. Hay, *The Jesuits and the Popish Plot*, p. 17) we read: 'he [Dr Pierce] having out of covetousness turned the college bowling green into a turnip garden, the very boys of his own college scattered up and down this lampoon, alledging [sic] to the text of his sermon:

'Where bowls did run now turnips grow:
But from the beginning it was not so.'

Actually, Sergeant's reply was a gently satirical essay of twelve pages, in which the text in question is not referred to.

learned *Protestants* affirm, Popery began under the Apostles . . . ?

We cannot follow Fr Lobb through the whole 121 pages of his refutation of Pierce ! In the first 39 pages he launches a general assault on the whole of Pierce's position ; then he proceeds to a detailed refutation of the arguments by which Pierce tried to show that certain Catholic doctrines or practices are innovations. A typical example of Pierce's methods is the eighth of his demonstrations, as quoted by Fr Lobb :

'Every Pope, that refuseth the sole Title of *Universall Bishop*, denies the Primacy of Power to govern the whole Church.

But Pope *Gregory* the Great refused the sole title of *Universall Bishop* ; nay, utterly condemned it.

Therefore he deny'd the Primacy of power to govern the whole Church.'

With a laconic '*The Major doth so glitter*, that it cannot be seen', Fr Lobb sets about demolishing this rather pitiful argument.

Gillow observes that 'in this able work Fr Simeon supports his arguments with innumerable citations from the Fathers and learned writers, and shows himself a master of style'. This, of course, we should expect from one who had professed both Theology and belles-lettres for so many years. As a final example of his style in controversy, let us take a longer extract, his refutation of Pierce's fourteenth demonstration.

THE FOURTEENTH DEMONSTRATION

MAKING THE ROMANISTS ASHAM'D OF THEIR DOCTRINE

79. When two particular Divines disagree in the manner of explaining a Mystery of Faith, but agree both in the truth and Faith of the Mystery itself : then all those that joyn with them in the belief of the same Mystery, *are made asham'd of their Doctrine.*

But Aquinas and Bellarmine disagree in the manner of explaining the Mystery of the Eucharist, and both agree in the Truth and Faith of the Mystery.

Therefore, all that joyn with them in the belief of the same Mystery, as all Romanists doe, are made asham'd of their Doctrine.

Thus far Dr Pierce : now for Fr Lobb's reply.

'76. Surely this Demonstration will shame none but the owner of it. A Scholler and not blush to argue so ? How many Mysteries doe Christians believe, and yet the greatest Divines doe so clash in the explication of them, that each party holds the Mystery impossible in the others opinion ? We all believe the Blessed Trinity. Now if one should argue thus ? The *Scotists* hold the Mystery impossible without a certain distinction, which they call *Ex natura rei*, betwixt the Divine Essence and the three personalities or Relations. The *Thomists* cry out against that distinction, as destructive of the Mystery and importing a quaternity : must therefore all Christians be ashamed of their belief of the Mystery itself, because these two learned Schooles jarre in the expounding of it, or rather he that makes so wise an argument ?

77. But in very deed *S. Thomas* and *Bellarmin* differ not about the matter of Christs being in the Sacrament, as you would make your Auditors believe. They both agree that Christ is there definitively, all in all, and all in every part of the sacred Hosts : which way of existing *S. Thomas* calls Sacramentall : Their difference is in a philosophicall question, whether a body can be in two places at once circumscriptively : that is, with all its local dimensions, answering to the extensive parts of that place. *S. Thomas* holds that it cannot, as implying a division of the body from itself. *Bellarmin* replies with great respect to *S. Thomas* : *Haec ratio, pace tanti Doctoris dixerim, non est solida. This reason (be it spoken under favour of so great a Doctor) is not solid.* Which having been modestly shown : *Adde to this*, seith he, *that if a body cannot be locally in two places, truly neither sacramentally.* What is there to shame the Catholicks ? Where is *Bellarmin's* anger ? Where is his *revenge* upon the Angelicall Doctor ? I see nothing here but your vanity, seeking at the cost of others wrong to purchase applause to yourself . . .'

In 1667 Fr Lobb succeeded Fr John Clarke as Provincial of the English Jesuits, and he remained in this office until his death in 1671. It was during this period that he was called upon to receive into the Church the King's brother, James, Duke of York. The whole history of his conversion is well known, both in its cause and its effects, and all we need to do here is to outline the story once again, putting what emphasis we can on the part played by Fr Lobb in bringing it about.

For some time James's conscience had been dissatisfied with the position of the Church of England, and the deathbed conversion of his first wife, Anne Hyde, had helped to turn his inclinations towards the true Faith. Finally, the reading of Dr Heylin's *History of the Reformation* roused his religious scruples. He therefore sent for Fr Lobb, whose reputation for learning and holiness was widespread, and informed him of his intentions.¹⁴

Any clear-sighted man could foresee the troubles that would be caused by such a step on James's part—the Test Act, the Exclusion Bill, even the Jesuit-hunting associated with the 'Popish Plot'. These effects were only to make themselves felt some years after Fr Lobb's death, but neither he nor the Duke were blind to such possibilities. Here it was that the trouble started. James was acutely conscious, not only of his duties as a Christian but also of his duties to the Royal House, so recently resettled on the throne. He therefore suggested that although he should be reconciled to the Church, he should not yet publicly abjure the Protestant religion, but should continue to conform outwardly by attendance at the Chapel Royal. To James, this seemed a fair compromise between his duties as a Christian and his obligations as a Prince, but Fr Lobb made it quite clear that he could not possibly be received into the Church on those terms. Hopefully, James suggested the possibility of a Papal dispensation, and was surprised to find that the Holy Father himself could not authorise such conduct. James accepted Fr Lobb's decision, but later tried a private letter on the subject to Pope Clement IX, who replied in the terms Fr Lobb had forecast. It was true that by remaining outwardly in communion with the Church of England James might preserve his own safety, might fend off the possible downfall of the Crown, might even benefit his fellow-Catholics but, nevertheless, such outward communion would be a bad act, unpermissible even for the good that might follow. James therefore determined to be reconciled with the Church, cost what it might.

It was necessary to inform the King of his decision: this James did at once, and a little later he met the King in private conference with Lord Arundell (a Catholic), Lord Arlington and

¹⁴ Guilday, on p. 157 of his *English Catholic Refugees on the Continent*, refers, surprisingly, to 'the conversion of James, Duke of York, at Ghent, by the English Jesuit Provincial . . .' (*italics mine*). There seems little reason to suppose that James and Fr Lobb met anywhere but in London.

Sir Thomas Clifford (both Protestants for the sake of convenience rather than conscience). At this meeting Charles declared himself a Catholic at heart and, as Lingard tells us, 'with tears in his eyes lamented the hardship of being compelled to profess a religion of which he did not approve'. The meeting gave James the assurance that if he changed his religion he would have nothing to fear from the King, whatever trouble there might be from Parliament and from certain factions at Court.

James, therefore, returned to Fr Lobb and told him of his final decision to abjure the Protestant Faith. In 1669, therefore, he was received into the Church by Fr Lobb, after due instruction, and promptly ceased his attendance at Protestant services. This was noticed in due course, and from this sprang many of the bitter troubles of the next decade. James was obdurate, and refused all suggestions of exterior conformity, even though the King's advisers begged him at least to accompany the King to prayers without taking any part in them himself. The only answer he gave was: 'My principles do not suffer me to dissemble my religion after that manner, and I cannot consent of myself to do evil that good may come of it', a tribute to the efficacy of Fr Lobb's instruction.¹⁵

Two years later, on 24th July 1671, Fr Lobb died, at the age of 77. In his *Collectanea S.J.*, already referred to, Oliver says of him: 'Fr Simeon [Lobb] ranks high among the members of the English Province for talent, piety, and great usefulness; he was acquainted with the various branches of literature, both sacred and profane, and professed the faculty without which the rest goes for little, zealous and conscientious industry. He had great courage and firmness of soul, and was most exact in the observance of rules and religious discipline, remarkable also for his constant self-possession and wisdom in the management of affairs. Inflamed with zeal for the salvation of souls, he devoted all the time he could spare from his other duties to the help of his neighbour.'

This is high praise for a priest, and in this brief essay we have tried to show how well this son of the Venerable deserved it.

RICHARD L. STEWART.

¹⁵ Cf. Sanders, *Abridgement of the Life of James II* (1704), p. 14; Lingard's *History*, Vol. IX (p. 85 in the 1885 edition); Foley, *Records of the English Province S.J.*, Vol. I, c.

THE LESSER CHURCHES OF ROME

'The Question is' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to be Master—that's all.' A pertinent question when you pick up a guide book! Be wise and be master yourself. Let yourself be content with a nodding acquaintance with the guide book; and in your forays through the morass of Roman churches begin at the beginning—at the first church you see. The faculty of making happy and unexpected discoveries in this way is a delightful and rewarding faculty in a Venerabilino. In fact, the last recorded miracle wrought by a student of the College and his Mass-server may perhaps be attributed to this habit rather than to more spiritual causes. One morning, the students in question had been looking in vain for the church of San Eligio in a Via or Piazza of that name in Trastevere and eventually found themselves at a disappointing standstill. The nearest church in sight was San Benedetto in Piscinuola, so in they went, only to discover that all along the good nuns had been praying with desperate fervour for a priest to come and say their Mass, their own chaplain having failed to arrive. So for the next hour priest and server basked in a semi-miraculous light which they certainly would not have enjoyed at San Eligio. This little church of San Benedetto, so they discovered, is said to be built on the site of the house where St Benedict lived before his retreat to Subiaco, and in the little chapel here you can see the mosaic of the Madonna and Child before which the youthful Benedict used to pray.

This is not serious 'Bricking'. The serious Bricker plans his exploits from an encyclopædic and unwieldy guide book, and

has everything worked out to the last detail before he even leaves the precincts of his room. You see, to find interesting and little-known churches in a guide book is easy enough; but to find them on the ground is a very different matter. To do this requires an iron purpose, great guile and peculiar cunning; and you must be a past master of dissimulation even to obtain a camerata. What is here called for is an outline of the classic plan of campaign.

You have picked your church. It is in Trastevere. You know well enough that Trastevere is full of old churches, but you are not quite sure where they are. Your task, therefore, is to lay a thick smokescreen of deception. You have come down the stairs on an indifferently weathered afternoon with a map and compass in your pocket, and as innocent an expression on your face as you can manage. You track down two conversationalists, the kind that can cross the Corso at its busiest without losing the thread of an argument and remain totally oblivious of where they are and where they are going. Already they are deep in the substantial form of an insoluble argument. You notice the quivering ears of a First Year man and, pitching your voice so as not to carry, you whisper insidiously: 'Villa Wurtz!' It works: the spell is woven, and off you go.

You have made your visit and are already crossing the Ponte Sisto. With just a decent show of hesitancy you say, 'Let's not go towards Pam—it's much easier through Trastevere'. Firmly directing the conversationalists in your rear, you step out into the great unknown (for, no matter how many times you visit Trastevere, you will never know it as well as the route to the Gregorian). By a judicious mixture of circumventions and short cuts, you emerge at the great triangular Piazza San Cosimato. Yes, you have arrived, and lo and behold, tucked away behind a decrepit yet massive gateway is the very church itself. The gate was obviously once the entrance to the church; but since those days the square outside has risen some six feet, while the last great iron key which locked the gate has long since rusted away into oblivion. By now the conversationalists have caught you up and have already begun to smell a rat. Even the First Year Man is exercising his olfactory senses rather than his ears, which are pinker than ever and betoken a suggestion of cold. Clearly, he who hesitates now is lost. Carry the war into the enemy's territory. 'Wondered where you'd got to!' you tell the rearguard, and you lead Pink-ears firmly round the

corner. The rule in these cases is simple : go round to the side and ring the first available bell. After a few minutes which you will have to tide over with breezy conversation, a doddering old man will wheeze up. ' *Mi scusi . . .* ' (but why not leave it to the Diarist to clutter up the pages of THE VENERABILE with bad Italian). The old man is sufficient proof that you are on the right track. Ignore, therefore, any rubbish about opening and closing times, push First Year in front just in case the old man is not as doddery as he seems, and grab the talkative twins as they saunter blithely past the doorway. *Eccoci !* Your plan has worked perfectly.

Every church that is closed should send forth a challenge, and every church hidden down a side street ask a question. How otherwise should we have lighted upon San Cosimato and discovered its unusual fresco by Antonio di Viterbo (that is, if the guide book is to be trusted : locally they will tell you it is by Pinturicchio), and the large and impressive cloister ? How otherwise should we stumble on Santa Maria della Pace, with its magnificent Bramante cloister and its Raffaello frescoes ? Perhaps make-up is the answer in his particular case, as there is a rummy old theatrical room in the cloister ; but whether it was Bricking *per accidens* or Bricking *per se* which brought you here, you will agree that there is scarcely a better concealed church in Rome, and hardly another whose front door is less frequently used.

Nearby is a little church whose mystery is as yet unsolved. No one seems to know the name of this little church, what parish it is in, nor what it is doing there at all. All that one can discover is that it is *not* San Niccolò dei Coronari, the story of whose changing devotions and dedications is well illustrated by San Salvatore in Lauro, another church with a fine cloister. Occasionally, in your travels, you will spend time and trouble looking for a church, only to have it drop into your lap like a ripe plum. One such church may be Santa Maria della Quercia, which is open on the fifteenth of November for the Butchers' Requiem. Another claim to uniqueness boasted by this otherwise unremarkable church is the room of diminutive dimensions set aside for criminal and political sanctuary.

Ideally, one should just be passing a church and decide on the spur of the moment to drop in : to safeguard one's integrity as a Bricker, one can always look it up afterwards in the guide book. Unless you are part of a rabid smokers'

camerata hot-foot for Pamphili, you will find most Venerabilini very tolerant of short breaks in their daily enforced *camminata*. Sometimes, when you expect a church, you will pop your head into a *portineria*, sometimes straight into a private house. At other times you may even walk into a police station, as, for example, in the Piazza Collegio Romano, where the frame of the picture behind the High Altar may still be seen. Or, as at the far end of the short cut to San Andrea, you may find yourself in a woodstore. Occasionally you will be sent half a mile to the *Parroco*, only to be sent back by him with a peremptory message to the *custode*. Frequently you may wonder if some churches, such as the Polish church in the Via Botteghe Oscure, are ever used at all, until you see them with a flourishing congregation on Sunday. This particular church has the doubtful distinction of displaying the ugliest stained glass window in Rome; though it may be simply that it is one of the few that are clean enough to notice.

If cleanliness be a criterion, try the convents. The Little Sisters of the Poor will need no recommendation, but Our Lady of La Salette opposite suffers very much by contrast. Santa Balbina, also adjoining an old people's Home, is likewise spotless, but the magnificent cosmatesque chair and the Mino da Fiesole crucifix on the Blessed Sacrament altar carry it well within guide book territory. Even so there is an unusual old fresco of a Madonna in green that is not generally noted. Not every convent church is as spick and span as these. Off the Giovanni Lanza, not far from the church of San Giacomo, there is a church—it shall remain nameless—with the most wonderful air of dust and decay you could desire. It belongs to an enclosed Order, certainly, and this perhaps explains the general unwillingness of enclosed orders to let you in. The convent at the foot of the path up to Santa Sabina strangely enough lacks the reason of enclosure, yet it is one of the few places where you may expect a flat and final refusal when you ask if you may see the church. The nuns at the convent of St Frances of Rome are not too eager to permit a stranger to cross their threshold, but if you persevere you will be rewarded by the sight of one of the most beautiful chapels in Rome with walls covered in frescoes from the school of Giotto. Incidentally, there is a fresco in the church of Santa Francesca Romana in the Forum on which you can see a picture of that great Englishman, Reginald Cardinal Pole.

By skirting the fringe of guide book territory, though still keeping off the beaten track, you will come across such unknown quantities as the Guido Reni in San Trinità dei Pellegrini, or, if you want to show off to First Year, you can take them into the sacristy of San Pietro in Vincoli to see the original of Domenichino's 'Liberation of St Peter', a copy of which is to be found in the main church; for although St Peter in Chains is well known enough, it is as rare to move on from Moses into the sacristy as it is to go to San Trinità to see the Guido Reni. Again, while everyone knows that Saint Benedict Joseph Labre died near, and is buried in, the church of Santa Maria ai Monti, how many know that he bilocated by appearing simultaneously here and at the hostel attached to San Trinità? Even the monks there seem ignorant of the fact that he used to frequent the church of St Ambrose, which is tucked away near the little church of Santa Maria in Publicolis.

No doubt the non-guide book parts of San Clemente, with its old plaster and *opus quadratum* and the rest of the excavations there, are now familiar to the College: perhaps the recent discoveries in London have stimulated interest in the Mithraic temples here and in the Baths of Caracalla. Excavations are also still in progress in the crypt of Santa Prisca, a church which is familiar *quoad se* rather than *quoad nos*, for it belongs to that no man's land of churches too far for short afternoons and too near for long. If your aim is real obscurity, then go to the tiny hidden church of San Buonaventura beyond the Forum. Here you will find the body of one of the greatest missionaries to Rome, St Leonard of Port Maurice; and if you search hard enough you will be able to see and decipher the memorial slab of an Englishman, Joseph Dormer, who died in Rome in 1764. Another example of the out-of-the-way Roman church is Santa Rufina, which cannot even find its way into the Roman diocesan register: which perhaps is the most remarkable thing about this church, which only a soul lost in Trastevere would ever find at all. Yet one must admit that it has a handsome campanile which rescues it from total obscurity, although, like that of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, it is too dangerous to use. Nearer home, the Confraternity chapel in the Via dei Baullari only just scrapes into the Register. It is typical of the hundred other Confraternity chapels, with their dark, high-backed wooden benches facing each other across the nave and their musty air of genteel decrepitude. And, almost on our own doorstep, we

have the classic example of the Roman Lesser Church, San Girolamo della Carità. Here is that atmosphere of distinguished dinginess, that elegiac air of dignified disuse, which brings sweet melancholy to the Bricker's heart. Within these walls, the Roman's gaze will linger on the gildings of a bygone century, gildings to which the dust of airless, incense-laden sunlight has lent the pallor of a parchment scroll. What Roman, all the more conscious of the presence of eternity for having passed on his way home the *Hodie Mihi* . . . of Santa Maria della Morte in the Giulia, will not be tolerant of the faded glory of St Philip's rooms, and recognize in these, the lesser churches, a not unworthy background to the greater shrines of Rome? Indeed, what Roman will not come in time to love them for themselves, and feel a pleasurable nostalgia for their duller tones?

ROBERT J. ABBOT.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 1st 1955, *Friday*. Well, we're here! A number of bright-eyed and enthusiastic young men have all of a sudden been substituted for that haggard and anæmic collection of scholars which was the English College. The metamorphosis is not quite complete: some pale ghosts still haunt their books and bite their fingernails, but they too will soon have the Greg behind them. As for the others, life is the more pleasant, deck-chairs the more comfortable and P.G. the funnier in the knowledge that on hard chairs in small rooms our fellow students are finding *Denzinger* not funny at all.

Here we might welcome Leonard French, a Lancastrian student from the Beda, who will be spending the Villa months with us. He seems to have effected the transition from college to college very smoothly.

The Villa is its attractive self, but those who have witnessed previous arrivals at Palazzola would be startled by the speed at which luggage and bric-à-brac have been cleared from the cortile. The proximate arrival of Archbishop Godfrey may account for this.

2nd *Saturday*. It does. We were very pleased to welcome His Grace the Archbishop of Liverpool, who arrived at Palazzola this evening. We all seem to have settled in well. Cricket secretaries, electricians, golf secretaries, have busied themselves about their appointed tasks, still finding time to idle in deck-chairs. These deck-chairs add hugely to the gaiety of the scene. Several students, harried by memories of fruitless post-Rosary rushes for these luxuries, have purchased their own, and the survivors from heaven knows how many years look washed out and anæmic beside these brightly coloured newcomers. One in particular seems to have been chosen for its loud rendering of the national colours of the Irish Free State—and never has that nation been sat on so severely.

3rd *Sunday*. Messrs Lightbound and Kenny left to-day for their Ordination Retreat.

4th *Monday*. The opening of the cricket season: a pleasant game which ended nicely at 7 o'clock and gave us time to swim away the effects

of our exertions. We were unable to persuade Archbishop Godfrey to play, but he lent us his Secretary, Fr McKenna, who scored 15 exhausting runs.

6th *Wednesday*. A thunderstorm last night was a surprise to many, especially to four new deck-chairs which were looking quite elderly and shrivelled this morning. The sun was shining after breakfast, but a periodical drizzle converted our first sforza (or garden) gita into a Refectory meal. Afterwards a group with faith in their musical talent decided to forgo a siesta and sing: this meant that everyone else was forced to forgo a siesta as well.

7th *Thursday*. Someone decided that the Bernini fountain should be cleaned out, and a team of students and servants got to work. It was surprisingly deep, and even after six feet of water had been drained away the fish-catchers found themselves wading in nine inches of mud and over a foot of water. A heavy bath had been placed near the fountain to receive the fish, and one by one the poor creatures were harried into corners and forcibly evacuated. But there was more than fish to be found. A German helmet was discovered early in the proceedings, and although we looked for its owner it soon became clear that he had not been wearing it when it was thrown in. To offset this disappointment we discovered a real, live, genuine, English 17-pounder shell.

This afternoon Fr Grech arrived from Malta. He is sharing the Infirmary with golf clubs, aspirins and a faint dispensary smell.

10th *Sunday*. We congratulate Mr Lightbound and Mr Kenny on being raised to the Priesthood. To-day's Ordination is worthy of special mention, since it is the first Ordination to be held in the chapel at Palazzola since we obtained the property in 1920. It was most fitting, too, that Archbishop Godfrey should have been the ordaining prelate, for it was under his guidance as Rector that the folly of Cardinal Fonseca was eradicated and the chapel restored to its former simple beauty.

We had ice-cream for lunch (a happy precedent), and afterwards His Grace told us some pleasant anecdotes about our present Rector which we are storing for future use.

11th *Monday*. Another wonderful day, with the two First Masses in the morning. After lunch both the Rector and the Archbishop congratulated the new priests and their families. The last two days have had the air of a family affair about them, and the personal nature of Ordination has been thrown into relief at Palazzola in contrast to so many of the large scale Ordinations in Rome. We hope that Palazzola will see many more such Ordinations.

Had our busy First Sacristan thrown a fit of hysterics no one would have blamed him, but in fact he and his underlings have kept commendably calm under great pressure. There have been as many as fifteen Masses to arrange in the mornings, a number which must be a record for Palazzola. Staying as guests at the Villa, in addition to the Archbishop and his Secretary, are Frs Maguire, A. Jones, Mooney, Wyche, Pledger, Grech and Kirkham.

13th *Wednesday*. Fr Pledger departed: we shall miss him at the Tank. Fr Molloy arrived this evening.

The Shakespeare Reading Society, known familiarly as 'The Hermitage Players', started their season with Marlowe's *Edward II*. The Golf Club also officially opened its season with a match between the Rector and Archbishop Godfrey. The match was halved, but when we saw His Grace sinking his putts we could not help regretting that he was due to leave on the morrow, for the course record is still in a very breakable condition.

A headless body has been discovered by the Lake not far from our bathing place. It is a sign of the esteem in which our neighbours hold us that the police have not yet thought fit to interrogate us.

16th *Saturday*. The Embassy match started with a heavy, dark cloud (it is NOT going to rain, says the Vice-Rector) over Cavo. The rain held off until tea, by which time the Embassy had been dismissed for 58, and after tea they very nobly fielded in the rain while we knocked off the runs for the loss of 3 wickets.

18th *Monday*. I'm afraid the last paragraph of my entry for last Wednesday needs correcting. Two detectives came this morning, complete with photographs of the crime. Their attentions were confined to the Rector and Vice-Rector: this we can understand, but we could have told them that neither has climbed down to our bathing place for many years.

This evening the 'Palazzola Festival of Music and the Arts' was held at the Hermitage.

23rd *Saturday*. To-day Fr Buckley returned from his well-deserved holiday, and we also welcomed Fr McConnon who has wasted no time in getting his bridge and golf up to the standard we have learnt to expect from him.

24th *Sunday*. The detectives investigating our crime have turned their attention to the Students, for it appears that the Rector and Vice-Rector have fool-proof alibis. We have been asked to report any unusual or suspicious activities noticed about the time of the murder. Some people are going around with surprisingly worried expressions.

27th *Wednesday*. Mass was said on Tusculum this morning. Your diarist gathers that all went well, but he was not there himself. Nor, incidentally, will he be a witness of the sunrise over Faete, nor of the walk into Rome, nor of any other long and dirty walk; nor is he one wit ashamed of any of this.

29th *Friday*. A travesty of cricket was played this evening by those who have rarely or never held cricket bats in their lives. Laughter set the general tone, and it became increasingly clear as the game went on why the participants are not seen playing in the more normal matches.

AUGUST 2nd *Tuesday*. Several things have been sprouting this Villa. Flowers have been sprouting in greater abundance than usual, due, perhaps, to the arrival this year of a 'born gardener'. Artists are sprouting, and may be seen at all times and in all corners of the grounds inviting (in one sense only) criticisms from passers-by. On the whole they are noted for their patience when surrounded by the wits of the College, and if this doesn't daunt them there is no reason why the quality of their work should. I have already mentioned the exceptional growth of deck-chairs this summer, and unhappily they are permanently occupied, which accounts for the emptiness

of the golf course and the difficulty of finding twenty-two cricketers for our mid-week games. The general atmosphere of decayed intellectualism can be imagined when I say that there is actually a 'Teach Ourselves Hebrew and Lots of other Languages' group.

The Sforza shepherd has not only sold two bullocks not belonging to him, but he has not paid the College its dues; he has been officially dismissed from his position as lawn-mower, but he and his charges still appear regularly on the Sforza. Because of this, the Rector has given permission for everyone to disperse the sheep. Keen animal lovers, with wild whoops, have been taking advantage of this, and lonely bells can be heard at night far down the slope towards the Lake.

4th *Thursday*. We look forward to the Propaganda cricket match because we expect from them our strongest opposition of the year. This year, however, their best batsmen were mesmerized by our bowlers, and 42 runs was their final total, which was passed in due course for the loss of only 1 College wicket. In spite of the relatively easy victory the cricket was fun, and so was the mingling of teams on the terrace afterwards.

5th *Friday. Feast of Our Lady of the Snows*. The Rector sang the High Mass. For lunch we had the company of the British Minister to the Vatican, the Rector of the North American College, the Superior of our neighbours the Redemptorists, and Major Utley. Mgr Heard has come to stay with us for some time. We owe a deep debt of gratitude to Mgr Heard for his generosity in assisting us to meet the expenses involved in finishing the tennis court. Work on this is going full steam ahead, and the optimists are talking in terms of the end of August.

10th *Wednesday*. I cannot find words sufficient to describe our 'Swimming Gala'. Byron's

*The solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony*

hardly meets the case. The shrieks were far from solitary and emerged mainly from the enthusiastic urgings of the onlookers, and anyhow the swimmers in agony were strong in little but determination. The horseback fights were gladiatorial combats, but the event most appreciated was the Obstacle Race, especially when one entrant lost his *tande*. The entertainment ended when a courageous and clerically clad student walked across the Tank on a narrow pole. He emerged looking rather like what Iolanthe ought to look like (but probably won't) when she emerges from the slime of her banishment a fortnight hence.

Fr Dwyer is staying with us for a week or two, and will no doubt give us the benefit of his experience in our Sermon Classes. Fr Fox, a professor from Ushaw, has also come to stay for a few days.

15th *Monday. Feast of the Assumption*. The Rector sang High Mass at Rocca, and everything was its familiar self except for the absence of the 'Colonel Bogey' band. Much atmosphere was lost, but we gained processional cohesion.

Our latest visitors are Frs Campbell, Holloway, and Brian and Francis Scantlebury.

17th *Wednesday*. Our first day gita. Perhaps the most enterprising camerata was the one which caught fish in the Lake and actually cooked and ate them.

23rd *Tuesday*. The Opera. The official report of *Iolanthe* will follow the Second Performance and will be written by a pen abler than mine. Here I must just say that it was a great success and that credit is due not only to the cast and producers, but also to the Stage Men and Electricians who had the rustic and attractive set ready ahead of schedule. Frs P. Murphy-O'Connor and Byron arrived nicely in time for the performance, and the Scots and Americans were also present. The Opera was dedicated to the Madre and Suore; they had not been warned and were visibly affected.

28th *Sunday*. Off on my gita. I hand my weary pen to an efficient substitute and take a well-earned holiday.

Mr Bernard Tickle, the Rector's brother, and Frs Ellcock, Fee and Jones spent the day at the Villa.

29th *Monday*. Canons Bell and Donnelly and Frs Campbell and Lyons have come to stay for a few days. Mr Clifford Brown came to supper.

30th *Tuesday*. Eleven Masses served by nine students.

SEPTEMBER 2nd *Friday*. When the Vice-Rector drove Canon Donnelly and companions up North the Villa was without guests for the first time this summer. The Rector improved the shining hour by getting to work on the steps at once. After lunch he sent round liqueurs to the Common Room for the few remaining students.

3rd *Saturday*. No Bell Day. The Rector took out a party of St Trinian schoolgirls in the afternoon, and later on Mgr Collings came to stay with us.

5th *Monday*. Fr Paul Clarke arrived en route from the Holy Land.

7th *Wednesday*. A gita day. Mgr Smith and his nephew came to spend a little while with us.

8th *Thursday*. A day of comings and goings. Mgr Smith left, as well as Fr Paul Clarke. First Year left on their Subiaco gita, and the rest of the *gitanti* returned later in the day. We welcomed Frs Quin, O'Dowd and McHugh.

It has again become evident that where gitas end their tales begin. Many thanks to my substitute: my return probably relieves him, but no one else. Several students relaxed too strenuously after lunch and missed Rosary.

10th *Saturday*. The second Embassy match. It rained all morning, and a really heavy thunderstorm was approaching when the Embassy went in to score the 85 runs we had set them. So threatening was the storm and so frightening the lightning that for once we were inspired to hold our catches, and the Embassy were dismissed for 31, just in time for us to escape to the House before the heavens opened.

15th *Thursday*. Our annual visit to the American Villa, where we were treated with great hospitality. After lunch we were shown a film called *Country Girl* which proved once and for all that Bing Crosby can act, and then we walked our wet way home. The weather was the only

blot on the landscape : but we are hoping that it is getting the rain out of its system before the second performance of the Opera.

19th *Monday*. Twenty students visited the Scots Villa where, needless to say, they enjoyed themselves, and returned in the evening looking full and contented.

22nd *Thursday*. The second performance of the Opera. Here is the programme, followed by Fr Buckley's critique.

IOLANTHE
or
THE PEER AND THE PERI
by

W. S. GILBERT AND ARTHUR SULLIVAN

<i>The Lord Chancellor</i>	Mr Steele
<i>Earl of Mountararat</i>	Mr Curtis Hayward
<i>Earl Tolloller</i>	Mr Murphy-O'Connor
<i>Private Willis (of the Grenadier Guards)</i>	Mr Bourne
<i>Strephon (an Arcadian shepherd)</i>	Mr Formby
<i>The Queen of the Fairies</i>	Mr Burke
<i>Iolanthe (a Fairy, Strephon's mother)</i>	Mr Brewer
<i>Celia (a Fairy)</i>	Mr A. White
<i>Leila (a Fairy)</i>	Mr Rice
<i>Fleta (a Fairy)</i>	Mr Linares
<i>Phyllis (an Arcadian shepherdess and Ward in Chancery)</i>	Mr Davis
<i>Chorus of Fairies</i>	Messrs McGuire, Rand, Howell, Robinson, Needham
<i>Chorus of Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons</i>	Messrs Kennedy, Crossling, Latham, Taylor, T. White, Tweedy, Moakler, Buckle
<i>The Lord Chancellor's Page</i>	Mr Trevett
<i>Conductor</i>	Mr Ashdowne
<i>Pianist</i>	Mr Higginson
<i>Musical Director</i>	Mr Formby

The Opera was produced by Mr Incedon

'Once more through the ingenuity of the Stage Men we were transported to Arcady, which proved to be a setting fit for Fairyland. We laughed at the Fairies tripping hither, tripping thither, with the accent very much on the tripping, for after all we beat Rugby Roma this year. They came, we saw, they conquered. They were fairies down to their feet, and their singing completed the illusion, which was broken for once brief moment when Leila came forward to sing her song looking as if she were about to convert a penalty goal. But there was a twinkle in every eye, and even if the vagaries they indulged in struck at the root of the whole fairy system, who cared? Here was as fine a fairy chorus as has ever graced our stage, and they deserved the fine ovation they received.

Suitably contrite, and none the worse for her twenty-five years at the bottom of a stream, Iolanthe entered slowly, singing her song with just the right note of sorrow. Her acting throughout the evening left nothing to be desired, and one of my memories of this performance was the pathos in her moving plea to the Chancellor, in the stillness of a Palazzola evening.

Strephon was rather a blasé type of poet, and no matter how he might impress the fairies, his appeal to chorused nature cut no ice with the Chancellor. Yet he had a winning smile, and his singing was probably the best of the evening; but after all he was serenading the fairest maid, Phyllis. It was a pity that the open air did not suit Phyllis's sweet but too gentle voice, and matters were not helped in the duet "If we're weak enough to tarry" by a very well executed but exhausting dance. But the more we saw of her, the more we realized why half the House of Peers was sighing at her feet.

The Peers themselves, those Pillars of the British Nation, were a disappointment: there was definitely room for improvement, especially in the Tenor line. It would have been much better if voices off-stage could have supported and given body to the important first chorus. Yet they compensated for this in their later appearances, and the Finalé of Act I with the Fairies was outstanding. They were excellently led by Mountararat and Tolloller, who, despite their modest protestations to the contrary, were men of great capacity. Mountararat, acting in true Gilbertian fashion, used his beautiful diction to the full in the dialogues, and we have a sneaking suspicion that Tolloller knew he was the possessor of a very rich tenor voice. We enjoyed in particular their "In Friendship's name" and "If you go in", not forgetting their solos. Neither overacted, nor indulged in that overburlesque which is a great temptation to anyone playing these parts, and I feel that here a great share of the credit must go to the Producer.

The Lord Chancellor was a human Chancellor: he and the Fairies stole the show, or, to mix my metaphor, they made it. His dialogue and songs were brilliant, and his rendering of the Nightmare Song brought the house down. We look forward to many more appearances by him as the years go by.

It was no surprise to us that Private Willis should have had the most amazing effect on the Fairy Queen. Those eyes beneath the bearskin told us an eloquent story. What a pity that he intruded with too much burlesque in the Finalé. Yet we will forgive him because we shall recall for years to come his excellent rendering of the Sentry Song and his off-duty capers in the encore.

Congratulations to the pianist who bore the heats and burdens of the day, and who was ever ready on the night to pick up, to lead and to coax whenever it was needed. The Props Men provided superb cloaks for the Nobles, but it was unfortunate that the Fairies were made to look like hospital probationers. The Conductor, too, was a tower of strength, but he showed a predilection for waving his baton, even during a solo. Surely there was no need to conduct the unfaltering Iolanthe in her touching song with the Chancellor? There were times when the music was taken

too fast, and consequently the words were lost, as was evident in "The Lady of my Love has caught me talking to another"; but these are small faults, and the music on the whole was extremely well managed.

This performance of *Iolanthe* certainly lived up to the traditions of the past, and we were glad to share in the enjoyment which only a Venerable G. and S. can give. We hope that the cast enjoyed it as much as the audience: even if they enjoyed themselves only half as much as we did, they enjoyed themselves very much indeed.'

23rd *Friday*. Five Americans came over for golf and proved themselves the better golfers. They did in fact lose by two games to one (a singles and a doubles to a doubles), but they were beaten by the eccentricities of the course, every one of which was already well known to the College team. Give them three rounds' practice and we wouldn't stand a chance.

24th *Saturday*. The Opera cast followed up their resounding success of a few nights ago with an even more resounding success this afternoon. With their Producer as scorer, an Opera cricket team triumphed over a team drawn from the rest of the House. To be scrupulously fair, it must be admitted that the victory was due to the batting and bowling of one member who had been conscripted for the second performance after the Opera v. Rest match had been mooted. Need one say more?

25th *Monday*. The Scots visited us to-day, and purple cassocks were entertained in Sforza, Tank, and Refectory where we had an excellent meal.

28th *Thursday*. The weather was bad when we visited the Americans a fortnight ago, but it was terrible when they came to see us to-day. We were not able to provide them with a film, so they had to make do with a little bridge, wine, singing round the piano and singeing round a smoky fire in the Common Room. The fire was a great asset, since several Americans were wringing wet from their walk here, and several more, mistaking a lull in the storm for something more permanent, were caught napping on the golf course.

30th *Saturday*. Eight determined golfers, each one grasping a single club, marched up to the Sforza to play their 4-a-side match. The clubs were used in strict rotation—brassy, 7, 8, putter—and one stylish golfer found to his astonishment that if he wishes to improve his golf he must continue to use his putter off the tee.

OCTOBER 3rd *Monday*. His Eminence Cardinal Griffin arrived this evening with Mgr Worlock, thus taking our minds off the impending return to Rome. *Chi lo sa?* arrived, a little late, and re-reminded us.

4th *Tuesday*. The usual hectic scene of frenzied packing, final rounds of golf, sentimental tears over the card-tables and Moro. In the evening a dozen or so cameratas rushed into Rocca to pick up their shoes at the cobbler or to buy an extra tube of toothpaste, then rushed back again for a sing-song on the Pergola. As usual everyone ended up merrier than the occasion warranted.

5th *Wednesday*. Back to Rome. Lots of people walked in early and woke everyone else up. The weather in Rome is generally unpleasant, and

all essential luggage is still at Palazzola. No one had quite enough room in his own cases for his own belongings, but why does everyone now have something belonging to someone else?

6th *Thursday*. The holiday-makers back from England show signs of enthusiasm at being in their old haunts again. Hordes of New Men, looking alarmingly similar, stand up well to the ordeal of being stared at in Refectory and Church, and are forcibly fed with *Chi lo sa?* after supper.

8th *Saturday*. In a few minutes' time we go into Retreat under the direction of Fr Paulinus Lavery O.F.M. The Westminster students are in need of a Retreat, for they, together with His Eminence and Mgr Worlock, have just returned from a repast of a different kind under the direction of a gentleman called Ranieri . . .

13th *Thursday*. *Feast of St Edward the Confessor*. The Rector sang the High Mass, and for lunch we entertained an imposing array of guests, including the British Minister to the Vatican, the Irish Ambassador, and the Benedictine Bishop of Copenhagen. The day ended with a film, *The Seekers*.

15th *Saturday*. A day doubly sad, because Cardinal Griffin departed with Mgr Worlock for London and we departed for the Gregorian. Before his departure, His Eminence kindly presented Fr Buckley with a doormat for his room. It was to have WELCOME inscribed on it, but Philosophers objected. This evening Frs Flynn and Cookson from Liverpool came to stay with us.

19th *Wednesday*. News has come through that the tennis court has been completed. This is a personal triumph for the Tennis Secretary, who has been working for this for four years and is only three years behind schedule. First Year went to Castel Gandolfo for a Papal Audience. This is an excellent way to commence one's Roman career and we hope that the custom will continue. One member of the expedition was unfortunate enough to get separated from his companions at Castel Gandolfo, but made his way to Albano and thence back to Rome. He arrived in the College an hour or so after the rest of the party, flushed with the success of his first solo trip—or was it with success?

This evening the Wiseman Society began the year with a talk entitled 'The Language of Mystery: some soundings'. The unwary, expecting an analysis of detective stories, found the language mysterious and the soundings very deep indeed.

23rd *Sunday*. Fr Rope's 75th birthday gave us cause for celebration. He tried to keep it quiet in his normal self-effacing way, but news of it leaked out and we wished him a sincere *Ad multos annos* in our customary manner.

25th *Tuesday*. In the goodness of his heart Fr Rope provided the House with a tea very different from the usual.

27th *Thursday*. Two large and rather remarkable plants have been presented to the College by a friend of the Rector. The dignity with which they stand in the Refectory does not feature in the comments of the students.

30th *Sunday*. *Feast of Christ the King*. Top Year received the Diaconate at the church of the Twelve Apostles. In the evening we were entertained by Audrey Hepburn in *Sabrina Fair*.

NOVEMBER 1st *Tuesday*. A German by the name of Fritz is now resident in the College. He is about 6 inches high and 3 feet long. His voice is high and staccato—not what one would expect of a German—and he shows a warlike disposition.

3rd *Thursday*. A 'Long Afternoon' at Palazzola, in perfect weather. There was an anxious moment when Fritz and Moro were introduced, but Moro was not in the least jealous, knowing that nothing of *that* shape could possibly be a dog.

6th *Sunday*. Mr Walton Hannah, ex-'Pastor Anglicanus', and now a student at the Beda, gave us an excellent talk on Freemasonry. He spoke extremely well and showed clearly the incompatibility between Masonry and Christianity. We are not surprised that Mr Hannah made the Convocation of Canterbury sit up a few years ago.

10th *Thursday*. A 14—3 victory over Rugby Roma gave us smoking after tea.

11th *Friday*. A Requiem Mass was sung this morning at San Silvestro for the dead of both World Wars.

13th *Sunday*. It rained all day, so we were able to relax fruitfully before the first sung Vespers of the year. We were provided with the usual exciting distraction of First Year rising to their feet with the opposite bench.

In the evening Mr Todd gave us a worthwhile but rather defensive talk on Catholicism in Poland.

19th *Saturday*. Fr Tierney came this evening to stay with us.

20th *Sunday*. The 24th Sunday after Pentecost provides us with the same plainsong for the third week running, which takes a weight off the Choirmaster's mind. The Indian Ambassador (who claims a Catholic heritage dating back to St Thomas the Apostle) came to lunch, and so did the Australian Minister, Mr McGuire. In the evening Fr Anstruther O.P., gave us a graphic and balanced talk on the Catholics in Wisbech Castle. He was asked several controversial questions, but steered his way through them with adroitness and great charity.

Top Year departed to St John and Paul's for their Priesthood Retreat.

22nd *Tuesday*. The Gregorian has a display of Christmas Cards designed by artists from the various colleges. A typical one portrays a despairing worker overshadowed by dark, Satanic factory chimneys, and into this poor man's frustrated life shines a thin yellow streak which we presume is the Star of Bethlehem. This is from the French College. Most of the cards are just as dismal, but one morning a really jolly card appeared at the end of the line. Father Christmas was there, so was a coach driven by a trumpeting coachman through a mêlée of robin redbreasts, snow, plum puddings, and crackers. This caused quite a sensation, especially when we read underneath that it had been designed by 'S. Claus' of the 'Collegio Esperanto'; there is something suspiciously *Chi lo sa?*-ish about it.

24th *Thursday*. A surprise gita. Four gentlemen mortified their lower natures by keeping them firmly planted on bicycle seats all day, and four others found themselves attending a twenty minute talk by Fr Lombardi in Frascati which lasted two hours. The talk was entitled 'The Better World', but this particular dose of eternity began to pall after the first hour-and-a-half.

25th *Friday*. *St Catherine's*, and Philosophers' Concert. Top Year are still in Retreat. We extended our official welcome to Messrs Parker, Daley, Papworth, Grimshaw, Coyle, Cunningham, Creasey, Dumbill, Dazeley, Kelly, Cooley, Tucker, Richardson, Lethbridge, St Aubyn, Pring, and White J. They showed themselves to be of no ordinary talent in speech making and stage craft, and will find themselves busy at Christmas.

PHILOSOPHERS' CONCERT, 1955

FIRST YEAR SONG

SKETCH

THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT

A terribly exciting affair

By A. A. Milne

<i>John</i>	Mr Richardson
<i>Mary</i>	Mr Needham
<i>Hero</i>	Mr Lethbridge
<i>Heroine</i>	Mr Dazeley
<i>Chief Villain</i>	Mr Linares
<i>Bad Man</i>	Mr Papworth
<i>The Man in the Bowler Hat</i>	Mr Coyle

Produced by Mr Steele

PIANO RECITAL

Two pieces	.	.	.	Mr A. White
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PLAY

THE REHEARSAL

By Maurice Baring

<i>William Shakespeare</i>	.	.	.	Mr Buckle
<i>The Producer</i>	.	.	.	Mr Grimshaw
<i>The Stage Manager</i>	.	.	.	Mr Parker
<i>Mr Hughes (Lady Macbeth)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Chatterton
<i>The First Witch</i>	.	.	.	Mr Creasey
<i>The Second Witch</i>	.	.	.	Mr Pring
<i>Mr Foote (Macduff)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tucker
<i>Mr Thomas (Doctor)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Smith
<i>Richard Burbage (Macbeth)</i>	.	.	.	Mr Trevett

Produced by Mr Murphy

The Scene is the Globe Theatre, 1606

TWO SONGS arranged by Mr A. White

The Agincourt Song
Hullabaloo Balay—A Sea Shanty

Messrs Steele, Burke, Howell, Rice,
 Needham, Parker, Grimshaw, St Aubyn

TOPICAL SKETCH

MONEY FOR JAM

<i>Bank Manager</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lloyd
<i>Clerk</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kelly
<i>Junior Clerk</i>	.	.	.	Mr Magner
<i>Angry Parent</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dumbill
<i>The Vice-Rector</i>	.	.	.	Mr Nash
<i>American</i>	.	.	.	Mr Cunningham
<i>Teddy Jim</i>	.	.	.	Mr Robinson
<i>Teddy Tim</i>	.	.	.	Mr Rice
<i>Teddy Dim</i>	.	.	.	Mr Burke
<i>Teddy George</i>	.	.	.	Mr Hay
<i>Policeman</i>	.	.	.	Mr St Aubyn
<i>Police Inspector</i>	.	.	.	Mr Cooley
<i>Mr A. White</i>	.	.	.	Mr A. White

Produced by Mr Wigmore

27th *Sunday*. Messrs Brady, Crossling, Latham, Marmion, Kearney, Kennedy, Harding and Taylor were ordained priests to-day in the church of the *Dodici Apostoli*. We offer them and their families our warmest congratulations. *Prosit* also to Mr Formby, who received the Subdiaconate, and to Second Year Theology, who received the first Minor Orders.

28th *Monday*. We were let off the Gregorian this morning so that we could attend the nine First Masses of the new priests. In the afternoon we played the Navy—or five frigates' worth—at soccer. They were a trifle nonplussed when the clerical profession defeated them 6—0.

29th *Tuesday*. The British Navy again found itself outmanœuvred by the Pope's men, this time on the rugger field. The English College scrum, sadly depleted in strength and weight, fought gallantly against their heavier opponents and gave the threequarters ample opportunity to pierce the enemy's formation. 26—11 was the final score, and we cheered them up by giving them tea in the College afterwards. It was great fun playing an English team : clean play, only one scrum leader, and no manifestations of hostility against the overworked referee.

DECEMBER 1st *Thursday*. *Feast of the College Martyrs*. For the first time the student priests were able to say the Mass of the College Martyrs on their feast day. In the evening, a film about the Mau-Mau called *Simba*.

2nd *Friday*. Play rehearsals start to-day, and I see an endless vista of siesta-less afternoons.

6th *Tuesday*. For one brief moment, First Year Theology found a Gregorian lecture interesting. Fr Sebastian Tromp S.J., pounced on (metaphorically, but only just) and sent out of the room two Pious Latins who were conducting a lively conversation at the back of the Aula. 'This is not', pronounced Fr Tromp, 'a girls' school'. The culprits' schoolgirl complexions blushed a deep red as they made a maidenly exit.

11th *Sunday*. His Excellency the Australian Minister kindly lent us the film of *The Queen in Australia*. It was greatly appreciated, and showed clearly the Queen's immense charm and patience. On the strength of this film the actors in our various plays escaped rehearsals for the evening, but the producers are getting depressed—one of them has started taking a nerve tonic.

13th *Tuesday*. First Year are so enamoured of their afternoon walks that one of them runs downstairs two at a time so as to be first at the bottom of the stairs. To-day he tried doing them two-and-a-half at a time, with disastrous results. He is now confined to bed with a twisted ankle, with the prospect of many walkless and lectureless days ahead of him.

17th *Saturday*. In the middle of the second helping of potatoes our soccer team was informed that it was to play the Brazilians after lunch. This was too much, and, weighed down into a heavy pitch by a heavy lunch, we were defeated 4—1.

20th *Tuesday*. Late last night Mgr Elwes arrived at the College. He is here to assist at the Ordination of a protégé of his at Propaganda.

21st—25th. Play practices, choir practices, Polyphony Schola practices, cantor practices, ceremony practices. The only event outside these activities—but one for which we had to practise—was a recording of some parts of the Midnight Mass and of the *Salve Regina*. These were done for Professor T. Lloyd, who will be remembered by many at the College. They are for a programme on the Welsh B.B.C. called 'Things that are not forgotten'.

24th *Saturday*. The Embassy have sent us a Christmas present for which we are particularly grateful, a number of brand new cricket bats and other equipment. We hope to turn them to useful account against the Embassy in the summer.

25th *Sunday*. A happy Christmas to all my readers! Everything is as usual, but alas! no *Chi lo sa?* The talented men who produce *Chi lo sa?* have found scope for their talents elsewhere, and no-one could possibly take their place. However, the untalented members decided to make an attempt, and within twenty-four hours a slightly less polished but highly praiseworthy rival, *Io lo so*, found its way into the Common Room.

The Pantomime, *Rumpelstiltsken* (which has some slight connection with Grimm's fairy tale of that name), was excellent, and so full of old-fashioned false endings, appeals to the audience, and battles between Demon King and Fairy Queen, that it is hard to find fault. Perhaps it is a pity to use G. and S. tunes with which we are already familiar *ad nauseam*, but the songs were fun, the characters were fun and, as they say, we lapped it up.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT, 1955

CAROL

Of one that is so fair and bright (*arr. A. S. Johnson*)

PIANO SOLO

Minuet from 'Bérénice' (*Handel*) Mr Davis

PANTOMIME

RUMPEL-STILTS-KEN

<i>The King of Diamonds</i>	.	.	Mr Kearney
<i>The Knave of Diamonds</i>	.	.	Mr Cunningham
<i>Baron Katz</i>	.	.	Mr Curtis Hayward
The Baron's Sisters :			
<i>Anaesthesia</i>	.	.	Mr Collingwood
<i>Anaemia</i>	.	.	Mr Dumbill
<i>Haemophilia</i>	.	.	Mr J. White
The Household Infantry :			
<i>Colonel Schnapps</i>	.	.	Mr Brady
<i>Sergeant Schweppes</i>	.	.	Mr Latham
<i>Private Shandy</i>	.	.	Mr Smith
<i>Hans, a poor woodcutter</i>	.	.	Mr Taylor
<i>Gretel, his wife</i>	.	.	Mr Chatterton
<i>Florizel, their beautiful daughter</i>	.	.	Mr Pring
The Baron's Bailiffs :			
<i>Klip</i>	.	.	Mr MacNamara
<i>Klap</i>	.	.	Mr Moakler
<i>Klop</i>	.	.	Mr Mooney
<i>Rumpel-stilts-ken, a Hobgoblin</i>	.	.	Mr Bourne
<i>Og, his stooge</i>	.	.	Mr Coyle
<i>The Demon King</i>	.	.	Mr T. White
<i>The Fairy Queen</i>	.	.	Mr Nash

Pianist Mr Murphy-O'Connor

Script by Messrs Curtis Hayward and O'Connor

Producer Mr Curtis Hayward

27th Tuesday. St John's Concert gave us real drama, and the cast, particularly the three main characters, are to be congratulated for keeping the tension at a high pitch. A play like *Rebecca*, with its insistence on emotion and unhappiness, is perhaps too venturesome for the College stage, but it was well done and well received.

ST JOHN'S CONCERT, 1955

CAROLS Kings of Orient . . . J. H. Hopkins
Ding, Dong, merrily on high arr. Fr Day

REBECCA

By Daphne du Maurier

<i>Frith</i>	.	.	.	Mr Grimshaw
<i>Beatrice Lacy</i>	.	.	.	Mr Sutcliffe
<i>Giles Lacy</i>	.	.	.	Mr Russell
<i>Frank Crawley</i>	.	.	.	Mr Parker
<i>Maxim de Winter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Inledon
<i>Mrs de Winter</i>	.	.	.	Mr Philpot
<i>Mrs Danvers</i>	.	.	.	Mr Brewer
<i>Alice</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kelly
<i>Jack Favell</i>	.	.	.	Mr Kennedy
<i>Colonel Julyan</i>	.	.	.	Mr Short
<i>William Tabb</i>	.	.	.	Mr Papworth

Produced by Mr Russell

28th Wednesday. Fr Paul Clark arrived this evening; Christmas without him would seem incomplete.

29th Thursday. *Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury*. Thirty important guests were inserted into their respective places round the Superiors' table in the Refectory. Among those present we may mention the British Ambassador; the British Minister; the Australian Minister; the General of the Dominicans; the Vice-Gerent of Rome, Archbishop Traglia; the Rector *Magnificus* of the Gregorian, Fr Abellan; and Mr Tealing M.P. In the evening we were entertained by that most admirable of domestic comedies, *Quiet Weekend*. The cast enjoyed it as much as the audience.

ST THOMAS' CONCERT, 1955

DUET *Là ci darem la mano* . . . Mozart
Mr Formby, Mr Murphy-O'Connor

QUIET WEEKEND

By Esther McCracken

<i>Sam Pecker</i>	.	.	.	Mr Crossling
<i>Mary Jarrow</i>	.	.	.	Mr Davis
<i>Miranda Bute</i>	.	.	.	Mr Magner
<i>Sally Spender</i>	.	.	.	Mr Rice
<i>Mildred Royd</i>	.	.	.	Mr Downey
<i>Arthur Royd</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tweedy
<i>Bella Hitchins</i>	.	.	.	Mr Tucker
<i>Marcia Brent</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lethbridge
<i>Adrian Barasford</i>	.	.	.	Mr Lloyd
<i>Jim Brent</i>	.	.	.	Mr Creasey
<i>Ella Spender</i>	.	.	.	Mr A. White
<i>Denys Royd</i>	.	.	.	Mr Steele
<i>Rowena Marriott</i>	.	.	.	Mr Dazeley

Produced by Mr Bowen

31st *Saturday*. In a good, healthy, English way we made a lot of noise during our Fun Fair and a lot of noise in the Common Room after supper. Unfortunately, as soon as we stopped the Italians began, and many weary heads lay long under their pillows awaiting the next bang. And so on

JANUARY 1st 1956 *Sunday* many weary heads felt that the New Year had begun inadequately, and all the more credit is due to the Producer and cast of *His Excellency* for giving us a play well up to the standard of previous plays, and also to the Props and Stage Men for surpassing this standard. We owe a debt of gratitude to Brigadier Collingwood, head of the War Graves Commission, Commander Hewett, Assistant Naval Attaché, and Major Sewell, Assistant Military Attaché, for generously lending us the necessary uniforms.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CONCERT, 1956

CAROLS Angels we have heard on high *arr. Fr Day*
 In dulci jubilo *arr. Imogen Holst*

HIS EXCELLENCY

By Dorothy and Campbell Christie

<i>Lady Kirkham</i>	.	.	Mr Brennan
<i>Major Charles Hugonin</i>	.	.	Mr Formby
<i>Fernando</i>	.	.	Mr Linares
<i>Major-General Alan Copeland</i>	.	.	Mr Wigmore
<i>Vice-Admiral Sir Oliver Pain-Bartley</i>	.	.	Mr Lightbound
<i>Sir James Kirkman C.M.G.</i>	.	.	Mr Travers
<i>Lieutenant the Contino</i>	.	.	
<i>Sevastien Jacono de Piero</i>	.	Mr	Murphy-O'Connor
<i>His Excellency the Governor</i>	.	.	Mr Higginson
<i>Colonel Paul Dobreida</i>	.	.	Mr Ashdowne
<i>Peggy Harrison</i>	.	.	Mr Needham
<i>Emil Zamario</i>	.	.	Mr Burke

Produced by Mr Ashdowne

3rd *Tuesday*. The annual hypocrisy of welcoming back our professors with wild enthusiasm was enacted at the Gregorian this morning.

6th *Friday*. *The Epiphany*. The third performance of *Iolanthe* was enjoyed by a large proportion of Rome's élite, and all the polite remarks made by the critic of the last performance can be echoed and all his criticisms ignored. The only failure was the failure to start on time. This was due, apparently, to the inelastic qualities of the new gossamer gowns provided by the Rector for the Fairies. However, when they did eventually trip hither and thither on the stage, they were the best-dressed fairies ever seen.

And now my task is done. I am not at liberty to tell you who my successor is. But don't forget to order your next issue of THE VENERABLE now, for I can assure you that this column will be the funniest and wittiest you have ever read.

ALASTAIR RUSSELL.

FIREWORKS IN THE CAPPELLAR'



NEW YEAR'S EVE 1955—56

PERSONAL

We welcome with particular pleasure the nomination of the Reverend A. C. IGGLEDEN (1933-40) as Rector of St John's Seminary, Wonersh. May we hope that this appointment will establish a still stronger link of friendship between our two Colleges.

Since we returned from Palazzola, the following former students have visited the College: RT REV. MGR V. ELWES M.A. (1922-25), REV. P. CLARK (1934-41), REV. P. TIERNEY (1944-51). We were also very pleased to welcome Archbishop Traglia as a guest at our table on the Feast of St Thomas of Canterbury.

The following students were ordained to the Priesthood this year:

Messrs Lightbound and Kenny by Archbishop Godfrey at Palazzola on 10th July.

Messrs Brady, Crossling, Latham, Marmion, Kearney, Kennedy, Harding and Taylor at the Dodici Apostoli by Archbishop Confalonieri on 27th November.

Mr John Formby by Archbishop Traglia at the Dodici Apostoli on 25th February.

We extend our congratulations to the REV. L. J. COYNE (1923-28) who celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his Ordination in March of this year.

Mr Brewer is the Senior Student for the coming year, and Mr Short is the deputy Senior Student. The retiring Senior Student wishes to thank all those who have sent contributions to the Public Purse.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The members of the present Staff are :

Editor : Mr Moakler

Sub-Editor : Mr Steele

Sixth Member : Mr Trevett

Secretary : Mr Davis

Under-Secretary : Mr McNamara

Fifth Member : Mr Chatterton

THE UNIVERSITY

For over four hundred years the University has numbered among its alumni Saints and Beati, and during the past year special honour was paid to two of them. Celebrations took place at the University commemorating the recently canonised St Gaspare del Bufalo, founder of the Congregation of the Precious Blood. Among those present were Cardinals Pizzardo, Piazza, Costantini, Cicognani and Ottaviani, the *Sindaco* of Rome, and Prof. Luigi Gedda, the President of Catholic Action in Italy. More recently, the Gregorian has turned its attention to honouring its co-founder, St Ignatius, the fourth centenary of whose death occurs this year. A series of five conferences on Ignatian Spirituality was held in January and February. Shortly after Christmas, ex-alumni from all over Italy came to Rome on pilgrimage and there was a reunion in the Gregorian.

In the Faculty of Theology, Fr Hürth is still lecturing in Moral Theology together with Frs Healy and Fuchs, but the text-book has been changed to the Regatillo-Zalba *Theologiae Moralis Summa*. Fr Alfaro has replaced Fr Vignon in the Tract *De Virtutibus*. Fr Bernini has returned after a year's absence, and is again teaching Hebrew and Introduction to Sacred Scripture to First Year Theology, in place of Frs Porubcan and Zielinski respectively. The professors at the University now number 107 : there are 2,512 students, of which over a quarter are English-speaking, thus forming the largest language-group at the University.

The Faculty of Church History lost one of its leading professors in the death of Fr Leturia in April last year. Fr Leturia was one of the founders of the new Faculty in 1932 and its first Dean. He remained Dean for twenty-one years.

Vita Nostra, now almost in its tenth year, has stood the test of time and is entering on a new period of consolidation. Pilgrimages to Galloro, gitas to Mondragone and Fregene, the Catena Missarum, Matricola Concerts and *Vita Nostra* Christmas cards, football, basket-ball and netball championships, a monthly *bolletino*, philatelic clubs and study circles—all these are regular features of the scholastic year. The difficulty now is not so much to find new ideas as to instil more life and zest into the existing movements.

DENIS MARMION.

ASSOCIATION

Our record for soccer games during 1955-6, is, unfortunately, not a good one. Pitches have been slowly slipping from our grasp of recent years, and this year even the St Paul's pitch could not be hired. For this we have to thank Rome's football-conscious younger generation, who use every ground at every available moment of every day. So we are now thrown back on to Gelsomino (and that only on Thursday mornings) and there is no alternative ground. Constant rain, and even snow, have done nothing to help these difficulties, with the result that our games have been very few.

In all, the College team has played only two games so far. The first was early in the year against a Royal Navy XI: a favourable 6-0 result put us in good humour, but we were shortly afterwards crushed by a 4-1 defeat by the Brazilians in the Gregorian Shield Competition. A certain lack of shooting power and accuracy from the College forwards was our weakness in this game.

These two games, plus half-a-dozen House games, complete the record. The annual Scots match is yet to be played, and once we get out of our present snowbound condition we hope, despite our lack of practice, to maintain our post-war record. Our chances seem as favourable as in any previous year.

The Gregorian Shield Competition is also weather-bound. Few games have been played, due partly to the difficulty of obtaining pitches and mainly to bad weather conditions, so that at the present moment the Competition shows no signs of being brought to a close. The possibility of an *America v. Europe* game, lately become a regular feature of Gregorian football, seems very remote this year unless the next two months favour us with better weather.

The following have represented the College this season: Messrs Brady, Kennedy, Murphy-O'Connor, White T., Loftus, McNamara, Buckle, Rice, Linares, Parker, Cunningham, Creasey, St Aubyn.

BRIAN McNAMARA.

RUGBY

The arrival of a First Year imbued with great enthusiasm for rugby has given a fresh impetus to our games this year. It is no longer rare for thirty names to appear on the lists for our Monday games, and we have played regularly with or without the co-operation of the weather. A tradition of mutual goodwill has been established between ourselves and the local rugby enthusiasts, and we have every reason to expect that it will be kept up in the future. We have played against most of the Roman teams, and those we have not yet played we will play soon.

The greatest enjoyment this year was the privilege of an encounter against an English team, when three frigates' worth of the Royal Navy went down, colours flying, to the College XV. Later on in the year we hope to have a Philosophy *v.* Theology match, which Philosophy has a good chance of winning. As the main strength of our teams lies in the lower part of the House, it can be seen that College rugby will be in a healthy state for some years to come.

The following have represented the College this year : Messrs Travers, Formby (*Capt.*), Kennedy, Taylor, Ashdowne, Murphy-O'Connor, Russell, Tweedy, Stappard, Rand, Wigmore, Hay, Burke, Buckle, Magner, Murphy, Chatterton, Rice, Grimshaw, Cunningham, Creasey, St Aubyn.

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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.

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