CROWDED YEARS

by

The Most Reverend
JAMES DUHIG, D.D.
Archbishop of Brisbane

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By
ARCHBISHOP DUHIG

Archbishop Duhig's reminiscences, as well as giving a picture of a man who has nobly served his Church and his country, show Queensland as it was and as it is.

Beginning his active priestly life in 1897, the author saw, and valuably contributed to, the development of the Catholic Church in Queensland, becoming Bishop of Rockhampton and finally Archbishop of Brisbane. The Golden Jubilee of his ordination was celebrated in 1946.

As well as recording the Church's growth in Queensland, the book tells of visits abroad, of notabilities met, of pioneering life in the outback, and of many remarkable priests who served in desolate places. But perhaps the chief interest and charm of the reminiscences lie in the freshness and individuality of Archbishop Duhig's impressions: for the anecdotes he tells and the people he describes leave the reader with a vivid picture of the author's own remarkable personality.

Donated to

James J. Smith

by his aunt

Bridget Murphy

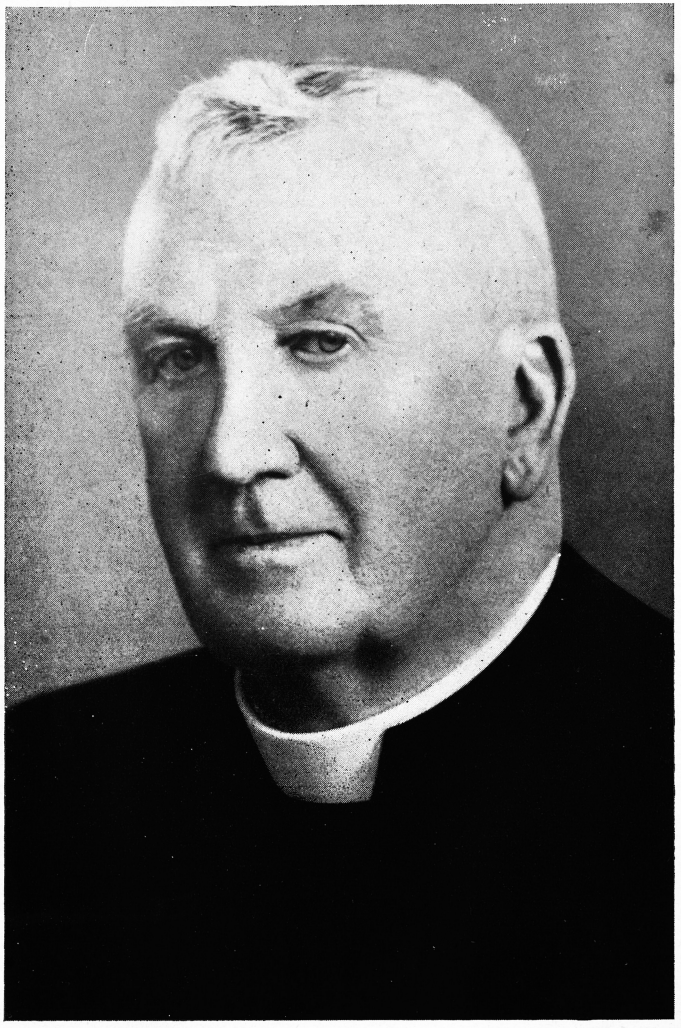
on the occasion of the

Requiem Mass of her

brother Rudy Byrne

Warwick 27-4-1962

CROWDED YEARS



THE MOST REVEREND JAMES DUHIG, D.D.
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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

For some considerable time, particularly since the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of my ordination last year, friends have been urging me to write my reminiscences, or at least leave some record of the years through which I have had a variety of experiences. The book now presented to the public is an answer to that request. If it does nothing more than recall familiar names and preserve some record of the fine spirit of a great pioneering generation and the conditions under which they lived and worked, it will have served some useful purpose.

Yours faithfully,
James Duhig,
Archbishop of Brisbane.

Wynberg,
New Farm,
Brisbane,
18 February 1947.

CHAPTER I

BEGINNINGS

IT is not wise for a man to fall out with the person on whom he depends to attend to his domestic needs. Accordingly, when the ageing housekeeper at the presbytery where I arrived to take up my first appointment said I was "only another delicate priest to be cared for", I was silent. We soon became very good friends, especially as I was not averse to agreeing to her belief that she resembled some of the foreign aristocratic ladies whom I had seen on the occasion of big ceremonies in Rome. Mrs F—— had been so long at the presbytery that she knew the run of the parish thoroughly and claimed friendship with all the local identities. She was a very competent housekeeper and I remember her particularly for the Friday meals. She cooked fish better than anybody I have since known. Thus in October 1897 I began my active priestly life.

Those first years in the principal parish of West Moreton might well be called the formative period of my missionary life. We lived a kind of community existence in a large two-storey presbytery built in the days of Bishop O'Quinn whose

nephew, the late Father Andrew Horan, was our pastor. He was not only a notable priest, but one of the big men of the town and district. His preaching was in plain unvarnished language which hit straight home, especially when he denounced any abuse that he perceived to be setting in among the people. He had pronounced likes and dislikes, but his pet aversion was smoking. It was chiefly on the assurance that I was a non-smoker that I was appointed to his staff. Father Horan had all the dignity of the old generation of pastors. One day, as he drove along Brisbane Street, Ipswich, a man from the West happened to be talking to a priest who was formerly stationed at Roma.

"There goes our pastor," said the priest.

After looking at him seated in the buggy with a silk hat and gloves, the country man turned round and asked, "Is he a doctor or a Dane or what?"

He was most regular in his daily round of visits to the people, particularly to the sick, and some astonishing cures were accredited to his blessing. We young priests were only very small stars in the firmament compared with the beloved pastor, who had been so long in charge of the parish that he had baptized and married generations of the people.

In those days the Parish of Ipswich extended far into the country, and while one of the assistant

priests remained at home with the pastor, the two others went to country stations at the week-end. Before a curate could afford to purchase a buggy he went out on horseback, sometimes as far as thirty miles, on Saturday evening, and was very lucky if the next day's work—confessions, Mass, baptisms, etc.—was over by midday. On Sunday afternoon he went to another part of the district where the people would gather at the home of one of the settlers on Monday morning. Those Mass houses are much fewer now, for churches have been multiplied, but the memories entwined around them for the old priests and settlers who still live are very much cherished. The people came in all manners of conveyance—the saddle-horse, the spring-cart, the German-waggon, the dog-cart and the buggy. Never since I left Ireland as a child had I seen a horse double-banked—with the husband on the saddle in front and the wife sitting sideways behind him—until I began to attend one of those country stations.

After Mass the babies were christened and the children were catechized, while the men and women discussed the crops, the cattle and the local news. Then came dinner, to which all were welcome, and for which most of the people stayed since work had been shelved for the day. A typical country home of this kind, where Mass was celebrated several times a year, was that of Mr and Mrs Hugh Conroy of Deep Creek, Esk. Hugh had

reared a fine family and, by hard work, become a prosperous grazier. A church was subsequently built near his home on land he donated himself.

Sometimes in the interval between Mass and dinner the boys indulged in jumping or ball-playing. I remember once competing with two of the boys in a hop, step and jump. The most interested onlookers were two of the old men of the place, and when I was getting the advantage of the boys one of them turned to the other and said, "I never thought His Reverence could jump like that." The other turned to him sharply with the observation, "Yerrah man, don't they learn all them things in college."

One of my fellow curates had a variety of natural gifts including a most melodious voice which was heard with equal pleasure in singing and speaking. He subsequently became a noted orator and was very much in demand for sermons and addresses on big occasions. This priest was a man of childlike simplicity which led him sometimes into awkward situations. He had no knowledge of instrumental music, but when a boarder at the local convent school going on holidays had forgotten to take her violin with her, he volunteered to take it to her when he was next going for Mass to the township in which she lived. When he went to take the train on the Saturday evening he walked right along the railway platform with the violin-case under his arm and the news soon

spread that the young Irish priest was an accomplished violinist.

Building a Great Church

The principal work carried on in Ipswich during my time was the building of St Mary's Church. Sunday after Sunday for four years Father Horan had prayers asked that sufficient money might be raised to build the new church and that neither loss nor accident might happen in the building of it. Sufficient money was found and there was neither loss nor accident. It cost £40,000 and was erected and paid for in four years, placing the crown on what is probably the finest group of parish buildings in Australia. Built of Helidon freestone, with foundations in Goodna granite, it is the outstanding landmark in Ipswich. A similar church today would cost at least three times the amount paid for it. Stonemasons and setters at the time St Mary's was built were well paid at eleven shillings a day. Pay-day was made remarkable by the little procession to the bank, consisting of two men with a bag walking abreast and a stalwart with a pick over his shoulder walking behind them. There was never any hold-up.

Perhaps Ipswich's greatest day was the opening of this beautiful church on the first Sunday of October 1904. Cardinal Moran came from Sydney to perform the ceremony. It was his third visit

to Queensland, the first having been in connexion with the conferring of the Pallium on Archbishop Dunne in December 1887, and the second in the early nineties. His Eminence came later in 1911 to lay the first stone of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital. He died in August that year. There was great excitement over the Cardinal's coming, and in connexion therewith I well remember how the woman who used to do odd jobs about the church and presbytery began to instruct the young people as to how they were to address him: she said she knew because she had an uncle in Sydney. Miss B——, who was to read the address on behalf of the women's branch of the Sacred Heart Association, was held up one day by this good woman and the conversation turned on how to address the Cardinal. Miss B—— said that she would be very glad of some instruction on the matter. This was promptly given by the old woman who, assuming what she regarded as the proper position, said, "You go up to him like this and you bow and you say, 'Your Immense'——" No doubt the old lady told many in the parish how she had come to the rescue of Miss B——.

I have always maintained an attachment for Ipswich on account of its honourable record as one of the two oldest cities of Queensland. For many years it was Brisbane's rival commercially and Brisbane's superior culturally. It was the head of navigation when it was the pastoralists and the

wool that mattered and, for a considerable time before the railway was built into Brisbane, it was actually the terminal railway station. No doubt the Moreton Bay convict settlement retarded the progress of Brisbane; but its position on a fine river close to the bay ultimately gave it the victory and it was proclaimed the capital. Ipswich had actually been recommended for the first Episcopal See.

The establishment at Ipswich of the first Grammar School in Queensland gave it a big advantage. It came to be called the "Athens of Queensland". The school was fortunate in its head masters, particularly the late Mr Donald Cameron, and gave several men to the learned professions and to the public life of the State. Two of the best known public men in Ipswich were the late Mr George Thorn and Mr Patrick O'Sullivan. It was my privilege to know both of them in their advanced age and to hear from the lips of Mr "Paddy" O'Sullivan (grandfather of the present Senator Neil O'Sullivan) thrilling stories of the early times.

I made many friendships with Ipswich citizens which have lasted through the years, and I have a particularly grateful memory of the good Catholic families, both in town and country, which were the mainstay of the Church. Ipswich has been in every respect a model parish, and the undertakings being carried out by its present pastor, the Right Rev. Monsignor Michael Baldwin, show that it

has lost none of its virility. I shall never forget the boys and girls of the country districts who, after doing the morning's milking, thought nothing of riding fifteen miles fasting to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion on a Sunday morning. Most of those young people are now married and it is good to know that their children are like unto themselves.

CHAPTER II

MY FIRST PRIESTLY RETREAT

THE first Annual Retreat of the clergy which I attended was held at Dara, the residence of the Archbishop. The stalwarts who, for thirty years before my ordination, had borne the burden of the day and the heat were there. I was a junior and very shy, and wondered if I might ever achieve even one-half of what those venerable men had accomplished. The Archbishop, in red-bordered cassock and with long white hair, was a venerable figure, and for each of the thirty or forty priests attending the Retreat he had a genuine greeting, like a father welcoming home the sons from their labours in the scattered vineyard. He himself loved to tell of the days when there were very few miles of railway in Queensland and the country priests came to the Retreats at old Dara and St Kilian's on horseback. Yes, they took days to come from Toowoomba, Dalby, Warwick, Gympie, Maryborough, and other places from which one now makes the journey in a few hours. Before the constitution of the Diocese of Rockhampton, priests travelled to Retreat from Mackay, Townsville, and other northern centres.

I quite forget who gave that first priestly Retreat of mine. A Jesuit father gave most of them. The number of priests was yearly increasing, and the accommodation at Dara was so overtaxed that the city priests had to sleep at home at night. The senior girls from St Anne's Technical School waited on the table which ran the whole length of the parlour and ordinary dining-room, made into one by drawing aside the folding doors.

I was absorbed in the Retreat. Those I had made in my college days were longer, but this was more interesting. It was a Retreat made as a priest with priests, many of whom had for years been preaching the Gospel Sunday after Sunday to their own people. There they were listening with the faith of little children, making their own souls as humble as if they had never led anyone else a foot in the spiritual life. An old friend shook my hand the first evening. He was a country priest with a hard, scattered mission. It was his last Retreat, for soon afterwards, returning home after celebrating Mass for a distant section of his congregation, he was drowned at one of the treacherous river crossings of the Wide Bay district.

With the passing of the years, death has claimed many others who attended that Retreat. The three Horan brothers, Fathers Matthew, James and Andrew, have been laid to rest, each in his parish church amidst his faithful people. The last to

go was the genial Father James O'Reilly. They were giants in their day. God rest their souls.

Seated side by side at the Retreat were Dr Patterson, of Southport, and Father Denis Byrne, of Dalby—both Dublin men with great polish and a fund of good, clean Irish wit that, like the knife of the skilful surgeon, cut deep without leaving any jagged edges. "What persuasion is he?" said one to the other as a little country priest, dressed in the fashion of men used to the liberty of the bush, passed into the chapel after his arrival.

Father Byrne, after serving his people faithfully for forty years, died in Dalby, a martyr to asthma. Dr Patterson, after building a beautiful little church, passed away at Southport amidst the grief of his parishioners, and surrounded by all the objects of art that adorned his little villa. He was a man of great taste, well informed, and of a rugged but kindly nature. His little Sunday sermons were gems, and people came from afar to hear him. Protestants and Catholics alike revered him, and he addressed everybody as "child". He really belonged to Dublin, but dying here, he left all he had to the local church. He was a lover of flowers and children. Some of the priests will remember the Latin verse in which the dear old doctor used to give them faculties when they went to Southport:

Missam Sanctam Celebrare
Sacramenta Ministrare
Verbum Dei Predicare
Tibi quantum possum dare
Quousque hic vis habitare
Volo et subdelegare.

In from the west came that veteran missionary, Father Peter Capra, of Roma. Some knew that he was a Doctor of Divinity, but no one gave him the title. He got on very well without it on his "grand tours" of the bush, as he loved to call them. His territory was as large as that of some European kingdoms; still, he wept like a child when he lost St George, and romped like one when he got it back. I can see him now as he drew me close to him after the Retreat to whisper into my ear his delight at having once more included St George in the "grand tour". He had a marvellous memory for names and events, and a great head for figures. He loved to sit and lay out in his own mind the probable changes in the archdiocese. Many a man was promoted to a parish by Father Capra, and many another was sent to some Siberia within the archdiocese, without the remotest thought that he was occupying any attention in the active brain of the Italian P.P., of Roma. It was not unusual for Father Capra to remain up until 2 a.m. putting his own ideas and his autobiography on paper. He had a wonderful constitution and could snatch an hour's sleep anywhere.

The simplicity of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent were surely his. He could evolve the most complicated schemes for ecclesiastical affairs, and then eat cake like a small boy. When a Sister who used to make cake and send it along to the presbytery at Roma for him was transferred to another convent, he told his curate that her going was "a terrible loss". When a doctor who used to put half a crown on the plate every Sunday announced his attention of removing to Brisbane it was "a terrible calamity", and so it well might be for a priest in a bush town such as Roma was in those days. The dear old Italian priest, so well known throughout Western Queensland, where his tanned, smiling features were so familiar, died a beautiful and edifying death. Father Tom (now Monsignor) Nolan attended him constantly in his last illness, and was with him at the end.

There was a marked contrast between the personality of Father Capra and that of his fellow countryman, Father Canali, who, for many years, was known as "the apostle of Brisbane". Father Canali was in a way the most remarkable figure at every Retreat. He was a tireless, restless, preoccupied style of man who trudged about all parts of the city day and night bringing the consolations of religion to a diversity of persons, ranging from the poorest outcast in the Brisbane Hospital to the big professional or business man in his luxurious suburban home. In walking he had the

strangest possible carriage, his head poised high over his shoulders, and his eyes gazing upwards, so that he frequently passed his fellow priests and his most intimate friends without noticing or saluting them. He wore a long, tight-fitting clerical black coat which seemed very much out of place on a broiling summer's day, and his high-heeled shoes were the subject of much chaff among his friends. At the Retreat he generally knelt on a chair. He had such power of dissociating himself from the immediate atmosphere of his surroundings that he could pray anywhere. He had some well-known peculiarities. For instance, as he was passing along Wickham Street, his head would suddenly come down, and, espying a parrot hanging in front of the Prince Consort Hotel, Father Canali would go over and have a conversation with it. No other priest in the city could do any such thing and pass unnoticed, but when "the apostle" came along it was just "dear old Father Canali" who could do peculiar things without any comment.

His powers of endurance were remarkable. He could fast all day and never relax his activities. For many years he did the round-about journey to Bulimba every Sunday morning, celebrated Mass for the people there after first having been to the "Black" Sisters to give them Holy Communion. Then he came to the Cathedral to celebrate the last Mass. Three privileges he always

claimed and retained to the end, namely, that of attending the Brisbane Hospital, celebrating the Sunday eleven o'clock Mass at St Stephen's Cathedral, and singing the *"Exultet"* on Holy Saturday. He never assumed the charge of a parish, and therefore he was a kind of free lance who could go anywhere. His daily Mass was celebrated for the "Black" Sisters, whose faithful chaplain he was. After a couple of daily rounds at the hospital, the evening generally found him in his confessional at the Cathedral. He resided at St Patrick's Presbytery in the Valley, but observed no domestic horarium. As long as he found work to do outside, he never bothered to come home in time for a meal or anything else, much, of course, to the displeasure of the housekeeper. He was never known to take a holiday or to go away from Brisbane for any period, even for a change of work. Having been trained in Italy as a civil engineer he was a highly educated and capable man, but he never sufficiently mastered the English pronunciation to be able to preach effectively in that language. Having come out with Bishop O'Quinn with the object of pursuing his profession in connexion with the building of St Stephen's Cathedral, he became a teacher at St James's old school. There is one, and only one, monument of Father Canali's professional genius existing in Brisbane—the main gate leading into the Avenue of All Hallows' Convent grounds from Ann Street. That fine

piece of work was designed by the young engineer-priest. The only criticism of it is that it might have been made a little wider.

Two of Father Canali's virtues will live long in the memory of the people. One was his humility. He was always ready to sink his own dignity in order to do a kind act. Every day he took letters from the patients in the Brisbane Hospital, stamped them and posted them. His other and more characteristic virtue was charity, especially to the sick whom he served with extraordinary devotion during all his priestly life. It was on an errand of charity, returning from a sick call, that he met with the accident which ultimately caused his death. As he was riding on a tram coming round a street-corner while he read his Office, the sudden jerk of the tramcar caused him to overbalance and fall on to the street. He went home to St Patrick's, and was subsequently taken to the Mater Hospital, where, on 15 August 1915, he was called to receive the reward of his apostolic labours.

When I was a young priest, it was the late Father Morris, of the Valley, who addressed the first kindly word of encouragement to me. Never was there a greater amount of the milk of human kindness concealed behind what often appeared to be a rugged, unsympathetic exterior than in the heart of that real "soggarth aroon". His presbytery was the rendezvous of most of his fellow priests, and the joy of meeting and passing an

evening together was mutual. I never knew a man that had more reverence for the House of God; nor did I ever know a man more childlike in his faith and devotion. He would allow no one to smoke on the church side of the presbytery, lest there might be the least sign of disrespect to the Blessed Sacrament. In criticizing and condemning anything that he believed to be out of place, he was the very essence of that candour that is never swayed by human respect. He did a vast amount of good and distributed a great amount of charity, always, however, remembering the gospel injunction not to let his left hand know what his right hand did. Priests who knew him and revered him will remember his hearty laugh, his love of a good horse, his quaint sayings, and his stubborn adhesion to his own opinion. Notwithstanding his knowledge of Latin, he would continue to pronounce *Hebraeos* with the accent on the first syllable, and notwithstanding his English learning he would stick to his Irish peculiarities in pronunciation. He never wrote out his Sunday notices of prayers for the dead, but took each slip as it had been handed in at the sacristy and struggled in the pulpit with all manner of calligraphy. Sometimes he gave it up in despair, and other times he gave his hearers a lecture on faulty handwriting, telling them in the end to "pray for the soul anyhow" even though he couldn't decipher the name. Sometimes, enjoying a "pipe of peace" among his

fellow priests, he discussed and debated strange questions. For instance, one day he asked a fellow priest what colour of eyes he liked best. The priest replied that it had never occurred to him to think about the matter, but that he would be of the opinion that blue eyes should be the most desirable.

"No," said Father Morris abruptly, "you're wrong, for I tell you grey eyes are the best."

When the priest asked him why, he replied, "Well, I'm told Cleopatra had grey eyes, and Mary Queen of Scots had grey eyes, and I hear Cardinal Newman had grey eyes, and I declare," he added, "I have grey eyes myself."

One of the stories told about Father Morris, if not true, is at least *ben trovato*. It would appear that he was anxious to get his people to answer the Rosary out loudly. The results were not quite satisfactory, so he hit on a plan which was this: He coached an old devotee named Pat —— to answer the Rosary out loudly. Then, when he thought Pat was sufficiently proficient to lead the congregation, he placed him in the front seat one Sunday evening and told the people to answer out loudly with him. Father Morris began, "Thou O Lord wilt open my lips." There was no response for evidently Pat was overpowered by the situation. Again came the priest's voice, "Thou O Lord wilt open my lips," and when there was still no response he turned round and cried, "Are you

there Pat?" Then came the response, "I am, Your Reverence, and me tongue shall announce thy praise."

These incidents give an insight into the simplicity of heart of the dear old priest, whose untimely and unexpected death cast a great gloom over the Valley and into every presbytery throughout the length and breadth of the archdiocese.

One Retreat incident is worth relating here, for it shows how popular St Patrick's Presbytery was in the time of Father Morris. Father John Ryan, S.J., was conducting the Retreat, and in one of his lectures he was speaking of Nehemias building the walls of Jerusalem with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other, and using the words: "I am doing a great work and I cannot descend." Father John was driving home the lesson, applying the words of the prophet to the life and work of the priest, who should not descend to the lower things of earth. "I cannot go down," said Father John "I am doing a great work and I cannot go down to the valley." The titter among the priests was not understood by the preacher, until he was afterwards enlightened as to the nature of the Valley Presbytery and the many priests who found hospitality there.

The priests who attended the Retreats in the old days will remember that outstanding figure, Father Tom Hayes, of Goodna. Wherever there was singing to be done, Father Tom was there to

do it, and he did it well. He led the scratch choir at Benediction each evening of the Retreat and came to the rescue in many other ways. A more genial priest it would have been difficult to find. He and the Fathers Ryan were the pioneers amongst the native-born clergy, and poor Father Tom was the first of the trio to be claimed by death. Father Matt Ryan, a most consistent worker in the Lord's vineyard—a father, friend, and adviser to many families in the West Moreton during his twenty-two years as curate to Father Andrew Horan—followed him a few years later, and Father John not long after that.

Then there was the always grave Father James B. Breen, whose placid manners were never ruffled no matter in what circumstances he found himself. Schoolmaster, priest, newspaper editor, friend of the poor, and beloved confrère of his brother priests, his death was deeply regretted by his devoted parishioners of St Joseph's, Kangaroo Point.

Towards the end of the Retreat, all faces were brightened by the sight of the genial Father Tom O'Connell, who hobbled along to conclude the exercises with them, notwithstanding his crippled limbs—victims of the dread arthritis that for twenty years deprived him of the happiness of celebrating Mass. I have never known a man more cheerful under suffering and privation. The dreadful calamity of a crippled body never for one

moment clouded his bright mind, or robbed him of a scintilla of the ready wit and drollery that made him so welcome in the company of his clerical brothers.

The ending of the Retreat was generally marked by a brief but exquisite little address by the venerable Archbishop, followed by the last meal—breakfast on Friday morning, at which we were all again free to talk. The Archbishop's health was generally proposed by one of the "ancients" of the assembly, much to the embarrassment of His Grace himself, who had a holy dread of eulogy, and if he found it going too far would stand up and say grace in the middle of it.

On one occasion Father John O'Reilly, of Maryborough, was deputed to speak. Whether through nervous fright or forgetfulness, Father John, who was a profound scholar, made a faux pas. He concluded a fervid eulogy of the Archbishop by exhorting all of us "to imitate his inimitable example". The Archbishop at once said grace, and left us to contemplate the impossible task set us by Father John. Father Dorrigan was a nervous speaker, but even he declared that in his wildest excitement he never could have been led into such a blunder.

We all felt indebted to the Archbishop for his genial hospitality, and to the Administrator, Father Denis Fouhy, for his excellent house management.

In those days the horse was a great factor in the priest's work. If you treated your horse well he did your work faithfully and willingly. In fact, he became your friend and never failed you. I was fortunate in having a horse that turned his head and curtsied to me as soon as I was in the saddle and ready to go. He and I were companions on many a journey and in a disaster at a crossing of the upper Brisbane River when a trace broke and we were forced downstream. As usual at such crossing, I was reciting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and just jumped clear before horse and buggy tumbled into a fourteen-foot waterhole. I swam to the bank and watched the horse make desperate efforts to disentangle himself, which he ultimately did. My escape was miraculous. Drownings had occurred at the crossing before and one of my would-be rescuers, Mr Hendry, Engineer at the Waterworks, subsequently met his death at the same treacherous spot. But fatalities occurred at crossings all over Queensland before the building of the bridges that today span most of them. I am not aware that any statistics of the fatalities have been kept, but if they have they must tell a woeful tale. On night sick-calls it was wise to give the horse his head, since he could generally pick out the safest track.

CHAPTER III

TRANSFERRED TO BRISBANE: ARCHBISHOP DUNNE

WHEN, after six and a half years at Ipswich, I was transferred to Brisbane, it was in the capacity of Administrator of St Stephen's Cathedral. Thus I was brought into close daily contact with that remarkable prelate, Archbishop Dunne, who in his day enjoyed the friendship of some of the most outstanding characters in Church and State. Going as a boy of fifteen from Ireland to Rome in the middle forties of the last century Dunne studied for twelve years under Popes Gregory XVI and Pius IX. Those were the days when Rome was entirely under Papal rule. The young student passed under the review of professors with a world-wide reputation. His brother, David Dunne, was a fellow student with him and read brilliantly the whole courses of philosophy and theology, but shrank from ordination. He returned home a layman and was afterwards for many years well known as Registrar of the Royal University in Dublin. The brilliance of the future Archbishop of Brisbane was overshadowed by his shyness. He left Rome without taking a degree, but the Holy

Father subsequently insisted on his accepting the Doctorate in Theology, which he well deserved. Our conversations at meals generally turned on Rome, and on the early days of the Church in Queensland, remembered for their penury and hardship.

Dr Dunne was for years the trusted Secretary and Administrator of Bishop O'Quinn and carried out many a delicate mission for him, particularly in endeavouring to raise finance in the middle sixties and other difficult periods. He was fond of good stories and was himself an accomplished narrator. I remember his describing a visit to Bishop Willson, of Hobart, made on behalf of Dr O'Quinn. Father Dunne's only instrument of introduction was a telegram sent to him in Sydney by the Bishop, who had heard that Dr Willson was about to visit Rome and desired him to transact some business for him there. The Bishop of Hobart, who was known for his imperious manner, declined to assume the responsibility of any business, especially on the meagre particulars brought by the young priest.

"Well, Your Lordship," said Dr Dunne, "I am naturally disappointed that my mission has failed, but I quite understand your position. However, if you will permit me to say so, I feel compensated to a great extent by having had the pleasure of meeting Your Lordship personally."

"How is that?" said the Bishop.

"Well," replied Dr Dunne, "when I was a young student in Rome I was fairly proficient in Italian and was often put to translating reports sent from the missions in various countries. I have a distinct remembrance that the opinion of the heads of the Congregation of Propaganda was that no more interesting reports reached them than those that came from Your Lordship."

"You'll stay to lunch, father," said the Bishop, "and I shall see about transacting the business for Dr O'Quinn."

The moral pointed out to me by His Grace was the wisdom in some cases of appealing to the heart rather than to the head, and certainly it succeeded in this instance.

Dr Dunne, who was parish priest of Toowoomba for thirteen years, was deeply interested in land settlement, and had the satisfaction of witnessing the extension of the railway to Warwick and Dalby.

After reading the Sunday's Gospel, Father Dunne generally read from the *Government Gazette* particulars of land on the Darling Downs thrown open for selection and dilated on his favourite theme. Not a few families owed their homes on the land to his good advice.

His *bête noire* was strong drink and he was particularly saddened to see men employed in railway construction spend their hard-earned wages at roadside shanties. He impressed on the

Government the necessity for having a Savings Bank officer at the construction camps always on pay-day. He used to tell a good story of a navvy who was still drinking at two o'clock in the morning when the priest, unable to go to sleep owing to the row going on, appeared in the doorway and upbraided the woman behind the bar, threatening to report her to the Home Secretary the next day. Turning to Father Dunne, the poor fellow, by way of appeasing him, asked, "Your Reverence, will you be sittin' any more tonight?"

It was when the good Archbishop was reminiscing that he was most interesting. He delighted in speaking of his old students at the Harcourt Street School, Dublin, where he was a teacher for several years. Many of those old boys were outstanding in after life. There was Harry Kane who performed one of the finest feats in the history of British seamanship by bringing H.M.S. *Calliope* safely through the terrible hurricane at Apia in 1889, when the German and American warships in the harbour were hopelessly broken up. Kane was afterwards promoted to the position of Rear-Admiral. Then there was General Sir William Butler, of South African fame. Others attained to high position in the Indian Civil Service, while one of the brightest of them, William Walsh, became Archbishop of Dublin.

Dr Dunne claimed friendship with the Vaughans and Cardinal Manning, and, of course, with

Cardinal Moran, with whom he had been a fellow student under the late Cardinal Cullen at Rome. But one of the friendships he most treasured was that of James Tyson, the famous millionaire squatter, at whose stations he was always received with the utmost courtesy and kindness. After visits to the stations, he never failed to write to Mr Tyson expressing his appreciation of the hospitality extended to him.

Dr Dunne had a fine sense of humour. One evening in old St Stephen's, when through the unavoidable absence of the priest who was to preach he had suddenly to take on that duty, he looked up the Epistle for the day and read "Owe no man anything".

Father Denis Byrne, of Dalby, who was standing by exclaimed, "Man, you can't use that text."

"Why?" asked Father Dunne.

"Because," replied Father Byrne, "there is not a man in the congregation who is not in debt."

The Archbishop was perfectly at home with children, and his questions drew some astonishing answers from them. Coming down the avenue from All Hallows' Convent one morning after celebrating Mass, he met a boy with a bundle of papers under his arm.

"Where are you going, my boy?" he asked.

"Up to the convent with the paper, sir," came the reply.

"But you're not the boy who takes the paper up every morning," said His Grace.

"No," replied the youngster, "the reg'lar man is not at work today."

"The urchin!" added the Archbishop telling the story. "A penny stamp would have covered him."

Having been a schoolmaster himself, Dr Dunne thoroughly understood boys and their pranks. One day he was on his way to the Brunswick Street Railway Station, Brisbane, when he saw two or three lads coming towards him and heard one of them say to the others, "Don't lift your caps or he'll know we're Catholics." They were wagging from school.

The boy that acted the man before his time in an office or business place greatly amused the gentle prelate.

Having gone into a Brisbane bank one day, he was approached by a junior office-boy with the interrogation, "Well, sir, what might you want?"

"I should like to see the manager," said the Archbishop, at the same time giving his name.

The boy went off and soon returned to say that the manager was out, adding, "But we'll see what we can do for you."

He wrote wonderful letters to children, sometimes to a whole school or a group of them, and other times to individuals. These letters revealed an extraordinary insight into child life. With

deep interest he followed young people through their careers in the world, and many to this day have the happiest memories of him.

The late Archbishop was noted for his shrewd judgment and wisdom, which he brought to bear not only on matters affecting the Church, but also on those affecting the country. Travelling in Europe in 1882 and understanding the languages of the people through whose countries he passed, he picked up valuable information about the intentions of Germany to annex the whole of New Guinea. No sooner had he returned to Brisbane than he communicated with the then Premier, Sir Thomas McIlwraith, and impressed upon him the urgency of annexing Papua, warning him that if it was not done without delay the Germans would have it. Sir Thomas listened gravely to the advice of Dr Dunne, summoned his Cabinet and took immediate steps to communicate with the Imperial Government requesting that the annexation be made. It is now a matter of history that the Imperial Government declined to add any more territory to its colonial possessions. McIlwraith, however, like Dr Dunne, regarded the annexation as essential to the protection of Australia, and decided to hoist the British flag in Port Moresby in the name of Queensland. Subsequent history has more than demonstrated how wise was the advice of the Bishop and how timely the action of Sir Thomas McIlwraith.

Dr Dunne saw Brisbane go through many vicissitudes, one of which was the disastrous flood of 1893. He was a member of the Relief Committee and, sitting one day to receive petitions for help, he saw a person approach the table and noticed that he was under the influence of drink. Fearing that he might be one of his own flock, the Bishop hung his head, but there was no escape for him. The poor fellow came straight up to him and, asking for relief, said, "Your Lordship, I am scarcely able to stand. I am that weak with keeping the Lent." He went away with an order for food for the family.

A very personal friend of Dr Dunne was the late T. D. Seymour, first Commissioner of Police in Queensland. There were then, as there are today, many Irishmen or their descendants in the Force, and Seymour was not slow to recognize their services. When Sir Arthur Palmer was Home Secretary, Seymour one day approached him about the case of a policeman who, through indiscretion in taking drink, had been set down for censure and probable dismissal. The papers were taken finally to Sir Arthur who noticed that the offence was committed on St Patrick's Day.

"What countryman is this?" he asked.

"An Irishman," said Seymour.

"Then," said he, "take these papers out of my sight. What the d—— else would he do?"

CHAPTER IV

APPOINTED BISHOP OF ROCKHAMPTON

I HAD been only a few months enjoying the company of the Venerable Archbishop when word came that I had been appointed Bishop of Rockhampton in succession to the Most Rev. Joseph Higgins, who had been recently translated to Ballarat. I felt very deeply the parting with His Grace and with the congregation at St Stephen's, and it was with much trepidation that I faced the future. A visit from two of the principal laymen of Rackhampton made to me in Brisbane, and a visit which I soon made to Rockhampton, assured me that I would receive a most cordial welcome there, and so I did.

Archbishop Kelly came from Sydney to consecrate me, and the co-consecrators were loyal friends now long since dead—the late Bishop James Murray, of Cairns, and Bishop Patrick Vincent Dwyer, of Maitland. Sunday, 10 December 1905, the day of the consecration, was a fair sample of Rockhampton summer weather, but the joy of the occasion helped all concerned to bear the heat. Cardinal Moran had offered to consecrate me in Sydney. The journey to Rockhampton, especially

at that season of the year, would be too much for him. I was, however, anxious to have the ceremony in the Cathedral and amongst the people where I was destined to work, so His Eminence very kindly arranged to send his Coadjutor. It was entirely appropriate that Archbishop Kelly should be the consecrating prelate as it was he who, fourteen years previously, had received me as a student at the Irish College, Rome, of which he was Rector. A sincere mutual regard always existed between us. His Grace had some characteristics which distinguished him sharply from most of his brother prelates. He always spoke in the plural—"we". He was absolutely devoid of human respect and in season and out of season, congruously and incongruously, he managed to make reference to certain evils and condemn them most absolutely. Many stories are told and will continue to be told of his vigorous action and childlike ways. The two great achievements standing to his credit and memory are the completion of St Mary's Cathedral and the organization of the International Eucharistic Congress of 1928, coinciding with its dedication. It was perhaps fitting that I should in the end preach his panegyric.

At Rockhampton I was immediately faced with ceremonies quite new to me, which were awaiting my arrival. The Cathedral had several sodalities, and the Sisters of Mercy desired very much to have a reception of members of the Sodality of the

Angels before the schools broke up: so it was arranged for the afternoon of the consecration day. The ceremony was just finished when a little girl ran up almost breathless. I asked her what was the matter.

She said, "I want you to make an angel of me."

"But, my child," said I, "you are an angel already."

"No," said she, "I'm not. I wasn't here when you were making them."

Of course, I received her into the sodality.

In my innocence I had invited any parishioners who might wish to see me to call at the Bishop's house at their convenience. During the following week little knots of children turned up, and in reply to the housekeeper's question as to what they had come for, replied, "The Bishop said we could come to see him, so we came." It was well we kept some soft drinks and cakes in the house.

Not far from the Bishop's house on the Range was the Convent High School. Seeing that the accommodation there was very limited, I arranged to have a new school built for them. Mr S—— who undertook the job was architect, builder and adviser, all in one. He prolonged the time for building in a way that tried our patience, and at the same time the children tried his, for into every nook and cranny of that new school the boarders loved to venture outside of working hours to see what progress was being made. They saw no harm

in having a dance on the polished floor or in climbing the unfinished tower; but when Mr S—— would discover their tracks a storm of complaints would reach the ear of Reverend Mother, with a threat that next time the Bishop himself would be told. Poor S—— was immortalized in the poetry page of the School Annual, but he left after him a fine monument in a building that commands the best outlook in Rockhampton, to say nothing of the fine pulpit which he carved and erected in St Joseph's Cathedral.

Vast Spaces

I was fortunate in having among my priests in Rockhampton several men who had borne the burden and heat of the day, having served under Bishop O'Quinn when Queensland was all one diocese. There were the stately Father William Mason Walsh, of Townsville; Father Peter Marie Bucas, of Mackay; Father Stephen McDonough, of Emerald, and actually the first parish priest of Rockhampton; Dean Charles Murlay, in charge of the Marist Parish at Gladstone. These were four precious links with the past from whom I gleaned much of the history of the Church in Queensland.

Finding myself in a diocese 360,000 square miles in extent, I soon had to face the visitation of the vast spaces. As railway communication had

not yet been established beyond Rockhampton, travellers northward had to go by steamer, and as the coastal passenger steamers did not come up the Fitzroy River passengers had to be taken to meet them at Keppel Bay. Many a weary journey I made to and fro in the tender between Rockhampton and the Bay, but the steward was so attentive and the passengers were generally so agreeable a company that the waiting and changing were tolerable enough. From steamer to tender again at Flat Top for those disembarking for Mackay, and the same process of waiting, this time for the tide on the Pioneer River, had to be gone through. Once landed among the genial people of the north, one forgot all the hardships of travelling. The dear old captains that acted to their passengers like fathers of a family are now all dead. There is no Thomson to show his collection of fare coins or tell hair-raising stories of voyages in the Pacific; and no Mackay to point out the historic spots along the coast. The old captain of the *Lass o' Gowrie,* with whom in those days I travelled farther north, is also gone. Peace to their souls!

Going out to Hughenden, Winton and Cloncurry was like entering a foreign country. Here was the land of the squatter, the drover, the shearer, the miner, and the adventurer. What tremendous distances, and all in one diocese! But what a welcome one got everywhere! Towns-

ville and prosperous Charters Towers did things on a big scale. But Hughenden had a charm all its own. The big-hearted pastor, into whose parish three Irelands would fit, introduced me to a be-flagged presbytery, pride of place having been given to the flag of the Hughenden Jockey Club. That was on the occasion of my first visit. When I came next time, the manner of reception was no less extraordinary, nor was the hospitality any less bountiful. The pastor had arranged as usual that Mr Tom Penny with his buggy would meet the Bishop. When my suitcases were put on board and I had taken my place beside the driver with Father O'K— in the rear, I perceived a large kind of coach in front of us, and ventured to remark that it would be difficult to get out before it. At that moment the pastor gave a signal, the drums began to beat, and the horns to blow, and I was carried irresistibly in the wake of the great circus car brought to welcome me to the town. As we drove up the main street everybody was out to wave to us. When I playfully demanded a reason for this extraordinary demonstration, the pastor laughingly explained that the circus people had come to him and asked him for permission to join in the welcome to me; that, furthermore, in honour of my visit they were closing down that night, but they hoped to have the honour of my presence at the circus the following evening. The same thing happened in another town where a

theatrical company was playing *Charley's Aunt,* but I was unable to be present on either occasion. Those visits stand out vividly in my memory. I was delighted with the people, and I do not think I have ever met finer young people than the boys and girls that welcomed me at Hughenden.

Father Jones, the famous Irish handball player, who last year celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood in County Kerry, had only recently left Hughenden, having been lent by his Bishop to Dr Higgins. The memory of Father Jones is fresh in Charters Towers, Mackay and Hughenden to this day. At the last-named place, when he was going by train, instead of going up to the station he would hop over the three-railed fence with the agility of a kangaroo, and on to the running-board of the train, breaking the railway by-laws, but with no risk to life or limb.

About the time of my first visit to Hughenden a branch of the H.A.C.B. Society had been established there. The officers thought it would add to the prestige of the branch if I became an honorary member. This I consented to do and was duly initiated, the first question put to me by the president being, "Are you a practical Catholic?" This greatly amused the pastor, who, I believe, was very deep in the joke. Father O'K—— was a wit and somewhat of a bush poet. With his presence no company could be dull. He saw the bright side of everything and was jovial even in the most

adverse circumstances. From Hughenden to Camooweal was one of his biggest missionary journeys, and he managed to accomplish it two or three times a year, with nothing more than horse and sulky. I have known him to spend thirteen days on the road on one of those journeys accompanied by a black boy. On one occasion he volunteered to bring a child from Camooweal to the convent at Hughenden. It was with much trepidation he undertook this service, but after many days the black boy, himself and the little girl arrived safely at headquarters. The mother was most anxious to have the child educated by the nuns and she had prevailed on the priest to take her.

In 1907 there was a big copper boom, of which Cloncurry became the centre. It was decided to resuscitate the parish there and Father O'K—— at once offered to take charge of the place, giving up cheerfully any little comfort that he had at Hughenden. He at once set about building a church, and together we made from Hughenden an eventful journey for the laying of the foundation block. We arrived a day late for the banquet, which Mr Jack Johnson of the Post Office Hotel had prepared in our honour. The first part of the journey from Hughenden was accomplished as far as Julia Creek in an improvised train over the section of the Cloncurry railway, which had just been finished. The long journey thence to Clon-

curry was to be done by buggy. Father O'K—— had obtained from the Sub-Inspector of Police at Cloncurry a black tracker who was entrusted with the priest's buggy and sent to the Gilliat to meet us. After a meal at Julia Creek we boarded Cobb & Co.'s coach which took us as far as the Gilliat, where we remained for the night. We had Mass there next morning and I confirmed a few people. When Father O'K—— examined the buggy he found that all the provisions put in for the journey were missing, and when he turned to the black tracker for an explanation, Moses (for that was his name) said, "Two fellow longa road get into buggy, eat 'em all." We had to re-provision and after breakfast we started out for the big copper field.

When we got as far as the Williams River we decided to have a snack, and Moses was ordered to find the water. Digging through the dry surface of the sand, he soon reached abundant fresh water from which we made the tea. It was the only time on that journey that Moses proved true to his name. We stayed the first night at a coach change inhabited by Cobb & Co.'s man and his wife. It was bitterly cold August weather and the wind whistling through the house made it almost impossible to go to sleep. Father O'K—— and our host talked until the early hours of the morning, exchanging yarns about bush life. In the morning I celebrated Mass in the house and

confirmed the couple. The man never forgot the occasion and when he came to Brisbane, after my removal there, he sought me out to renew our friendship.

The second night we camped with a railway construction gang. We did not arrive until 11.30 p.m. Still, one of the men insisted on getting out of his tent and making it comfortable for me to have a sleep. Next morning I celebrated Mass on the tailboard of our buggy, while the men in their working attire stood and knelt around. It was a touching scene and one that shall never leave my memory.

Moses had no idea of distance. When asked, "How far now Cloncurry?" he would say, "Close up." Asked the same question in half an hour, he would say, "Plenty far, yet, boss."

Cloncurry and Winton

We got to our destination more than a day late, and on the following Sunday, 11 August 1907, I laid the foundation block of the first Catholic church in Cloncurry. It was dedicated under the title of The Sacred Heart and St Colman's. The collection realized £70, and this sum was augmented by the proceeds of a bazaar. The residents availed themselves of the occasion to present me with a hammer of native Cloncurry copper weighing seven pounds. The hammer, appropriately

inscribed, was used in performing the ceremony and is still in my possession.

Having built the church, Father O'K— was anxious to erect a school and bring a community of Sisters to look after the little ones of his flock. When I was in Sydney in 1909 on the way to Rome to make my first *ad limina* visit, I called on the late Mother Mary of the Cross, foundress of the Sisters of St Joseph, and appealed to her for a community for Cloncurry. She was then nearing the end of her life and was so feeble that she had to be wheeled about in a chair. Yet her countenance had about it not only the glow of heaven but the freshness of youth. She called the Mother Assistant and told her of my request. The Mother Assistant said that the position was acute as there were really no Sisters to spare.

"Well," said Mother Mary, "whatever we do, we must not refuse Bishop Duhig."

Within a few weeks a community of Sisters was on its way to Cloncurry and that incident had much to do with the subsequent restoration of the Sisters of St Joseph to the Archdiocese of Brisbane. The Sisters got a great welcome from the people of Cloncurry and they have conducted a flourishing school ever since.

The presbytery was the last building Father O'K— thought of. For some time he lived in a bough shed. Then he removed to the sacristy and that was all the accommodation he had for

a long time. After the railway was opened to Cloncurry, he was coming down one day to meet me at Townsville. The train left about 5 a.m. and he had warned the Sisters to come over and call him in time to catch it, for he had important plans to put before the Bishop in Townsville. One of the good Sisters went over a little after 4 a.m. and knocked at the sacristy door. There was no response, and she decided to let Father sleep a little longer. Returning in a quarter of an hour, she knocked louder. There was still no response, so she pushed in the door and flashed her torch on the inside. The bed was undisturbed, and there was no Father O'K——. At midday a wire came from a station down the line saying that he was on the train. The explanation was that he feared Sister might fail to call him, and towards eleven o'clock at night he had gone over to the railway station and made himself comfortable in the carriage in which he would be travelling the next day.

He was himself a bush poet and was fond of such songs as "Waltzing Matilda", which, to the displeasure of the Sisters in charge of the school at Hughenden, he had taught to a number of the boys, but he failed ever to get one of them on a school programme. His wit was never-failing. On one occasion, speaking to the Sisters at the convent at Hughenden when a visit of the Mother-General was impending, he told them that they

had better attend particularly to the health of a delicate member of the community. "For," he said, "it will never do for the Mother-General to come here and find only the ruins of Carthage." Sister M. Carthage was the name of the delicate member.

Several times I had intended to make the journey to Camooweal with Father O'K——, but a dry stage of seventy miles, which no horses could face, beat me every time.

My first visit to Winton, in February 1906, was really historical. Before his departure, Bishop Higgins had arranged to establish a community of Sisters of Mercy there, and the duty of taking the Sisters out devolved on me. Father J. R. Fagan was then in charge of Winton, and he having advised that everything was in readiness for the opening of the convent, I left Charters Towers by train on Monday, 22 February. I was accompanied by the parish priest of Charters Towers, the late Father James Comerford, and four Sisters. We were joined at Homestead by Father O'K——, then in charge of Hughenden. These were the first Sisters that ever crossed over those western plains. It was a long journey in which one travelled many miles without seeing even a house, but the country appeared to me to be very rich and beautiful.

Although it was 3.25 a.m. on the Tuesday before our train arrived, the whole town was agog. There

was a large company at the railway station to meet and welcome us. We were conducted straight away to the convent where, in the presence of the Sisters, priests and friends, I celebrated Mass at 5 a.m. I remember well the text I took for my little address. It was, "When it was morning Jesus stood on the shore." The altar, I said, was the shore where Christ was waiting for us. There He would be ever with the Sisters, blessing their work. The opening of the convent took place at 4.30 p.m. The heat was intense, but the enthusiasm of the people was great and the welcome they gave to the Sisters is still spoken of as an outstanding event in the history of Winton. Sisters Mary Stanislaus, Baptist, Vincent and Brendan, were the pioneers. I am not certain whether they are all living still, but if they are they surely cherish the memory of that day. Unfortunately, Father Fagan was not well. He had been prostrate for some time with weakness and at one stage his life had been despaired of. It spoke well for the goodness of the Hibernians of Hughenden that in the crisis they hired a special train to take Father O'K— out to the dying priest. Father Fagan rallied and is living to this day. Subsequent to leaving Winton he did fine work at Mt Morgan, and transferring to Brisbane he was for many years the highly esteemed chaplain of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital.

I shall never forget one trip that I made with

Father Fagan from Winton to Kynuna. He had built there, in the shape of a handsome little church, the first wooden building ever erected in the township. All the others were of galvanized iron. It was the first church, too, that the children had ever seen, so one can imagine how the attention of everybody was focused on it. We had a very successful opening, followed by a little mission, and we left the township carrying with us many happy memories.

The stories told of Kynuna are manifold. One of the best I heard was about a welcome given to one of Queensland's Governors, Lord Lamington. The chairman of the shire council—who, by the way, could neither read nor write—had to do the honours. Addressing His Excellency, he said, "Well, Governor, we're all happy to welcome you here. The only regret we have is that you were not able to bring the governess with you." I do not know whether Lady Lamington ever heard the story. After all, if not in order, it was quite grammatical. The good old man had been in the district for many years and, although without education, was very successful. The accuracy of his calculations in cubic feet, made in his head, often put to shame a local engineer or shire clerk!

On our way back to Winton by car we passed through boundary gates of which there are so many in the west. At one of these gates something happened that I have never been able to explain.

When we were within one hundred yards of them they opened suddenly as if to let us through. There was no wind and the vibration of the ground through the rotation of the tyres would hardly explain it. The bush is weirdly fascinating and the night noises give it a mysterious atmosphere.

Winton was the first place in which I fully realized the value of the bore water. The bore, more than the shire hall, was the civic centre of the town. Picnics and social reunions were held around it as it poured out a constant flow of boiling water that had rushed up through thousands of feet of piping, tapping the rivers that run through the bowels of the earth. I fear to think what would have become of western Queensland without the bores, the waters of which supply domestic needs, refresh the earth and give drink to man and beast alike. Every western town seeks to have its bore, and the rivulets running from them in all directions are sweet music in the ears of the settlers. The children of Winton loved the "bore picnics" and the parents had less to do because there was no need to boil the billy.

CHAPTER V

QUEENSLAND JOURNEYS

Mackay, Bowen and Farther North

My visits to Mackay were made deeply interesting because they brought me into contact with the scholarly old pastor who had begun life in a French seminary and had served in the army of Pius IX—Father Bucas. He was at that time one of the few remaining Papal Zouaves, and he was brimful of memories of his experiences in the strident times when the Church in Italy and France was fighting for her very existence. When he volunteered to go into the Papal Army he was still a clerical student, and Pius IX wished him to leave and go back to his studies. On his knees he begged the Pope to let him stay until His Holiness was safe from his enemies, and his request was granted. After his ordination, at the call of Bishop Pompallier, of New Zealand, he went to that mission and was doing excellent work until he struck trouble with the authorities for having shown some awkward Maori troops how to handle their rifles. Although the incident was without any further significance, the military authorities

had him shipped away to Sydney, where he met Bishop James O'Quinn and arranged to come and work in Queensland.

About that time, Governor Sir George Bowen was transferred to New Zealand as Governor-General, and Father Bucas prepared him for his work by teaching him the elements of the Maori language. Most of the life of the dear old priest had been spent in the north, and many a good story he could tell of his experiences there. He was at Port Douglas in 1882 when the first Vicar-Apostolic (Monsignor Fortini) came to north Queensland. The boat on which the Vicar was travelling called in at Port Douglas where Father Bucas was then stationed. When he went on board to meet the new arrival he was dressed in tropical apparel, with a white coat, straw hat and puggaree. The Vicar appeared on deck in the full robes of a Domestic Prelate, and when Father Bucas approached him and said he was the parish priest, he refused to believe it.

"Priests do not dress as you are," said the Monsignor.

"Yes," said Father Bucas, "but this is north Queensland."

As the stay of the steamer was brief, the priest urged the prelate to come ashore at once.

"Where is the carriage?" asked the Monsignor.

"There is no carriage in Port Douglas," said

Father Bucas, "but I have brought the spring cart."

Monsignor had to make the best of it and accompany the priest to the presbytery in that humble conveyance. After lunch the Vicar wanted to make a call on the Mayor.

"Certainly," said Father Bucas, "I will accompany you."

Down the street they went and, arriving at a baker's shop, Father Bucas entered and told the good woman behind the counter that the Vicar-Apostolic had come to make a call on her husband, who happened that year to be the chairman of the shire council. She hurried to the back door, and crying out for "Ned", who was in the bakehouse, announced the honour that was being done him. Ned came forward with hands that had been steeped in dough, and thus in his working attire was introduced to the Vicar-Apostolic. That was the end of such visits. The new arrival was beginning to understand north Queensland.

Father Bucas spent long terms in the far north and in Charters Towers. He took a particular interest in the orphan and in the dying-out aboriginal race. He was prodigal of his meagre possessions, handing out help to every needy person that called on him. He loved the company of his books and well-informed people, and could converse on any phase of history or on scientific

subjects, particularly botany, biology and medicine. He loved his native France so passionately that it was a cardinal sin for anybody to speak against it in his presence. When the first Great War broke out his nephew, Father Julien Plormel, although fifty years of age, applied successfully to go as a chaplain. Most of his time was passed in the French war zones. When I inquired of news of him from the uncle, and asked particularly if he had been to his native parish in Brittany, the old man entered on a fervid description of the visit as if he had been an eye-witness of it.

"When Father Julien," said he, "arrived within a mile of the town the people went out to meet him and brought him in procession to the church. Then when he entered the pulpit and address-ed them they all wep-pet-ted, and Julien, he wep-pet-ted too."

Although a good English scholar, Father Bucas had the fault of many other foreigners who can never get over words ending in "ed".

Like many of his countrymen, he was given to innocent exaggeration and adulation; but on the other hand, he could indulge in scathing criticism and condemnation of what he disliked or disagreed with. To the end, he retained his French mannerisms, of which gestures and graceful bowing were notable features. He lived and died like a soldier, with a keen eye, a manly bearing and complete indifference to his own comfort. And, of course,

like most old men, he lived largely in the past. He ended his days in the care of the Sisters at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Rockhampton, and in November 1946 his remains were translated to his beloved Mackay.

During the whole of my time as Bishop of Rockhampton there was another notable Frenchman in the diocese in charge of the Parish of Bowen. He was the famous Father Peter Marie Rouillac, a member of the Marist Order, who at the beginning of the century had sailed a small mission boat all the way from the Solomon Islands to Sydney for repairs. He had with him on the perilous voyage six native boys, to help in sailing the boat. When the fact of his arrival became known in Sydney he was besieged by newspaper men for particulars of the sea journey. The columns of the *Catholic Press,* then edited by the brilliant John Tighe Ryan, were filled with the story. Subscriptions poured in and in due time a new and better boat was secured. The marine authorities, however, were adverse to the return voyage being undertaken without a duly qualified master. It is said that such a man was put on board, but before leaving the harbour the priest sailor had dropped him at some convenient spot. Later, Father Rouillac, for health reasons, returned to Australia and was lent to Bishop Higgins, of Rockhampton.

From my first meeting with this good priest, a

friendship, which lasted until his death, existed between us. His stories of island missionary life I found deeply interesting, and his childlike simplicity in the telling of them added to their charm. Father Rouillac became a great favourite with everybody in Bowen, served on the hospital and other committees, and entered with zest into everything bearing on the progress of the place and the welfare of the townspeople. He was particularly devoted to children, and his pockets were generally full of the good things that they liked. It was Father Rouillac who built the fine parish church at Bowen, where his memory is for ever enshrined.

Although a first-class mathematician and highly intelligent in every other respect, this good priest could never shake off the habit he had acquired in the islands of speaking pidgin English. In his sermons he battled bravely to find the right word, only to end often in drawing suppressed laughter from his congregation. It is related that in one Good Friday sermon, after a long pause and mental battle to recall the word "crew", he described the cock as "singing out" three times. On another occasion when the Children of Mary were present at the special monthly devotions of their sodality, Father Rouillac in his sermon said: "The child of Mary, *L'Enfant de Marie,* when she is good she is so good, she is so kind, she is so geantle [gentle], she is like a beautiful fresh, a beautiful fresh——"

There was at this stage a silent guessing competition among the girls, one suggesting "flower", another "lily", and so one, when Father Rouillac suddenly came out with "A beautiful fresh egg"!

When the president of the sodality afterwards went to the sacristy, and he inquired the cause of the commotion, she said, "Oh, Father, what you said was ridiculous."

"What I say, ridicle, Bessie?" he asked.

She replied, "You said a Child of Mary was like a beautiful fresh egg."

"You never say that?" he asked.

"No, never," she replied. "There is no such expression in the English language."

"Ah, Bessie," said he, "plenty times I heard him say he was 'bad egg'."

Poor Father Rouillac stretched the logical conclusion too far.

I remember one occasion, after having arrived in Bowen, Father Rouillac invited me as usual to go for a drive, adding, "You must see the 'maggie'." Then he dashed out to get the horse and sulky. Meanwhile I looked around for the magpie and, failing to find it, told him so on his return.

"Oh," said he, "the Maggie is in the main street where was the Miller."

It was only then that I realized the position. He wanted me to go and see Mr McGee who had recently purchased Miller's store.

The late Monsignor Bourke, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Rockhampton, came down to Bowen a few times a year and, of course, had to accept the hospitality of the good French priest.

"Now," said Father Rouillac on one occasion, "we go for a drive."

"All right," said Monsignor Bourke, "where are we going?"

"We go to see the beach," said he.

"Bother the beach," retorted the Monsignor. "I don't want to see any beach. I passed the whole lot—King's Beach, Queen's Beach, and the rest—coming in through the harbour this morning and I'll see them all going out tomorrow."

"I mean the Beach where is the post-office," said Father Rouillac, the explanation being that a Mr Beach was postmaster in Bowen at the time, and his family were very devoted parishioners.

When the visit to the Beach home was over, Father suggested that they should now go to see the "Dunn".

"All right," replied the Monsignor, believing they were to visit a family named Dunn.

Out they drove about four miles until they reached the river crossing. There the horse halted and after a few minutes Father Rouillac suggested that they should return to town.

"I thought you were going to see the Dunns," said the Monsignor.

"There he is," replied Father, pointing to the Don River in front of them.

Father Rouillac would never ask one to come for the "occasion", but for the "circumstance". His horse, Miki, was one of the most domesticated animals I have ever seen. He followed Father about like a faithful dog. On one occasion when I was travelling with him to Proserpine and we stayed at the half-way hotel for lunch, Father Rouillac unharnessed Miki and let him go free about the place.

I said, "Father, what if the horse goes away altogether?"

"Oh, that's all right," he said, "Miki never go away from me."

Surely enough, when we came out on the veranda and Father Rouillac called loudly for him the horse ran up in a jiff. He could not be separated from his master. The best story I heard about Miki was on the occasion of an electioneering visit to Bowen of the late George Reid. Father Rouillac was among those who went to the hall to hear him, and about halfway in the address a horse protruded his head through one of the windows. It was Miki looking for his master.

He loved to tell how he made with the local builder, Mr Chiffens, the contract for building the church.

"I tell him," he said, "length, breadth, the

high of the walls and how many windows; and I said, 'You build church for £1250.' Mr Chiffens say 'Yes' and he do it." It was certainly a cheap church. It would cost thousands today.

Father Rouillac had fine social qualities, and he loved to get around him the genial men of the town, foremost among whom was Dr Cormack, the superintendent of the local hospital, now practising at Wynnum. Dr Cormack released Father from awkward situations when at hospital board-meetings he mixed up the names of the various diseases.

Besides building the church at Bowen, Father Rouillac built the first church at Proserpine and pioneered the district. He well deserves to be remembered in the prayers of the people. After retiring from Rockhampton, he lived at the Novitiate of the Marist Fathers at Mittagong, and there he breathed forth his soul in peace to God.

The Central West

One of the long arms of the Diocese of Rockhampton was the four hundred-odd miles of railway out to Longreach. Thence one took the coach or travelled by buggy to Isisford, Arrilalah, Jundah, Windorah, Muttaburra and other places. When the diocese was constituted in 1882 the division between its territory and that of the Brisbane Diocese was marked by a parellel of

latitude. Just south of that parallel were several centres with priests under the Brisbane Archbishop who, in order to visit them, had to pass through Rockhampton. This was fortunately remedied in 1929 when the new Dioceses of Toowoomba and Townsville were created and the boundaries of the Rockhampton Diocese were extended south of Bundaberg.

On my first visit I was travelling alone by train which, leaving Rockhampton in the early morning, reached Emerald about 6 p.m. The housekeeper had thoughtfully provided me with some lunch neatly wrapped up. Seeing some little children in the compartment, and believing that at least at midday we would meet a refreshment room, I gave the whole parcel to the little ones and subsequently found that I had to fast all day.

Even in those days Longreach was very progressive. Indeed, it was one of the bright spots of the diocese, and I thoroughly enjoyed my visits there: there was a flourishing school conducted by the Presentation Sisters, and a spirited Catholic population.

The late Father Maurice Lane, brother of Dr Morgan Lane, of Brisbane, was the pastor for several years, and his scholarly attainments and priestly qualities made a great impression on the people. I made one or two journeys to Muttaburra with him that were eventful in certain ways. During a reception held for me at the Mt Cornish

Hotel a casual visitor to the town tried to get into the room where the company was gathered. He offered a shilling at the front door and two shillings at the side door. Seeing that he was under the influence of drink, the police took him to the lock-up for the night, only to find that he was a wanted criminal from New South Wales. Two days later he was our travelling companion on the coach to Longreach. The police treated the poor fellow kindly, and of his subsequent fate I heard nothing.

The races attracted crowds from various parts of the country into the townships where they were being held, and the Church and other institutions tried to profit by their presence. On the Saturday night on which we were at Muttaburra, Father Lane and I walked down to the township to see how the girls were getting on with the little fête they were holding for the church. One of the girls was raffling an artificial bird which, by pulling a string, she made whistle. Whether by mistake or otherwise, the girl had called the bird a swallow.

Going up to one of the men present, she said to him, "Bill, what about sixpence on the swallow?"

"I am sorry, miss," he said, "but I have had so many 'swallows' today I haven't a sixpence left."

There is a good story told of a race meeting at Windorah in the olden days. The priest, Father

McG——, was visiting there at the time and in the absence of a policeman they made him guardian of the peace. The fines inflicted for various breaches of law and order amounted to a considerable sum, which was handed over to His Reverence to help his mission.

One of the biggest and most interesting journeys I made into the big spaces of the central west was with Rev. Father Francis Masterson, now of Red Hill, when he was parish priest of Blackall.

Ingham

The Diocese of Rockhampton extended northwards beyond Ingham and the journey to Ingham had to be made either by horse or by a small steamer serving the sugar areas. I made it by both methods, but the road journeys were the more eventful. On the first of these, Father Pat Healy, now of Los Angeles, was my companion. We took two days to do the ninety miles, staying the intervening night at a half-way house. For supper we had our choice of roast mutton or boiled mutton. Having tried the roast and found it impervious to my teeth, I asked for a helping of the boiled, which I found equally tough. Father Healy's explanation was that they had killed the goat only when they saw us coming.

In the afternoon of the second day I had got down from the sulky and was walking along in

front when a swagman accosted me saying, "Your Reverence, would you be able to give a poor fellow the price of a bit of tobacco?"

"How long have you been in the country?" I asked.

"Well, Your Reverence," said he, "I have been in it over thirty years."

"Don't you think," I said, "that it's rather a shame for a man after such a length of time in the country to be begging tobacco or anything else?"

"True for you, Your Reverence," he replied, "and I wouldn't be begging it either only that I spent me last pound up in Ingham burying me second wife."

I considered the story worth a couple of shillings and he got them.

About fifteen miles out from the town we were met by an advance guard who had come out to welcome us. When asked how they calculated the time of our arrival, they told us that a man who had passed us on the road told them our position, adding that he thought we were coming to the races. With our coats off against the dust and the heat, the man had no idea of our real identity. Mr Charles Chester, then manager of the Q.N. Bank, Ingham, was one of the gentlemen who met us. He is still living and is a son of the Thursday Island magistrate who unfurled the flag at Port Moresby, officially annexing Papua to Queensland.

Ingham has developed into one of the most

progressive sugar-growing areas in Queensland, and the district counts a large Italian population of prosperous sugarcane farmers. Bishop McGuire, of Townsville, established a fine agricultural college at Abergowrie in the midst of the industry. Ingham is only on the verge of the immensely wealthy north. In the roaring seventies men rushed in thousands to the gold-digging on the Palmer and the Ethridge Rivers. Cooktown suddenly expanded and counted twenty-one hotels. But even today only the fringe of the mineral wealth has been touched, to say nothing of the vast tablelands capable of producing food for millions.

The visits made to Ingham were my first introduction to tropical vegetation, and the depth and richness of the soil as well as the giant trees and profusion of flowers and plants simply amazed me. Later development has shown the value of the rare woods grown in the north. Some time ago, one giant tree netted £1600. What an opportunity for Queensland youths fond of adventure, instead of passing their lives in offices.

I have often expressed regret that Australian city-reared children know so little about their own country. I believe the scenery of north Queensland will compare with anything of its kind in the world. The Cairns hinterland is now well opened up and is sure to become a tourists' paradise. I know of no better hunting ground for the naturalist or the artist than the wonderfully rich hill

country of this hinterland, with its deep soil enriched by copious rains and its picturesque winding rivers breaking into falls and rushing headlong to the sea. For scenic beauty, north Queensland could challenge the world.

Coastal Steamers

In the days about which I write the S.S. *Barcoo* was the greyhound of the Queensland coast. Northern and north-eastern passengers for the south boarded her at Townsville at 9 p.m. on Monday, and on Wednesday morning the mail was transferred from her to the train at Gladstone, arriving in Brisbane on Thursday morning. I often travelled by the *Barcoo* and never without reviving the memory of the stranding of the *Aramac* on Breaksea Spit on the morning of 13 March 1904. At that time I was stationed in Ipswich and had been making a visit to Townsville. Early in the morning of the second day after the wreck the officer on the bridge of the *Barcoo* espied a boat in the distance, ten miles north-east of Cape Capricorn. We steamed straight for it and found it full of the shipwrecked passengers in various stages of exhaustion. Their safety they attributed largely to the boatswain of the *Aramac* who had been put in charge of that particular life-boat. After they were taken on board

they were put to bed comfortably, given plenty of nourishment and, later, a change of clothing. My attention to a Methodist Minister, whom I supplied with some clothing and brought safe ashore at Gladstone, came in for some favourable comment in the Press. The rescue was certainly providential: with exposure to the weather and lack of food supplies, I fear to think what might have become of that boatful of shipwrecked human beings. I was sorry for the old *Aramac* on which I had made several voyages, and for her genial skipper—the late Captain J. E. Butcher.

The life of a country Bishop has a variety which prevents it from ever becoming monotonous. When visiting the townships, I used to give as many as twenty-five or thirty little missions a year. We had only one religious congregation —the Marist Fathers at Gladstone—so I thought it only right that I should utilize the time of my visitations in attending to the spiritual needs of the people. The visitation generally ended with the conferring of Confirmation. One morning at a township in the Mackay district after I had confirmed the children and had got them to partake of refreshments at the local café (the sign over one of the shops I well remember was "Fruiterer and Clothes to Measure"), I asked the little ones what they would say to their parents when they got home. I expected they would attempt to describe the cope or

the mitre. But no, one little girl spoke out immediately saying:

"We'll tell them we had an all right time." And so they had, for they went away very happy.

CHAPTER VI

MEMORIES OF ROCKHAMPTON AND THE WEST

ROCKHAMPTON had a strange fascination for me. I had come to identify myself not only with its religious life, but with its civic interests. I had blessed the cars at the inauguration of the city's steam tram service. I was associated with the annual show—a very fine exhibition indeed—and with the general progress of the place. I was present at the civic reception of several distinguished visitors, and my landau with a fine pair of horses and tartan ribbons was at the service of the Governor, Sir William McGregor, when he visited the city. I remember well the visit of a famous cricket team of which Trumper was a member. The good old Irish Mayor concluded his speech by assuring Mr "Trumpter" that his name was a household word in Rockhampton.

The city was very prosperous in those days for not only the woolly central-west, but Australia's richest gold-field, Mt Morgan, was behind it. The central Queensland capital is written indelibly into the history of Queensland, to which it has made a fine contribution. I believe its designer was Robert Hoddle who planned Melbourne, and he

must have visualized a great future for it; but Governments that spent hundreds of thousands on making artificial harbours, instead of straightening out and dredging its fine river, did not act wisely. It was well to keep out of earshot of the captain's language when the steamer approached one of those man-made anchorages, especially at night time.

I left Rockhampton with many regrets, for I had become attached to the place and the people, especially the children of the schools. On the instructions of the Holy See, I came back to Brisbane in 1912 with the title of Archbishop of Amida and Coadjutor Archbishop of Brisbane, and with right of succession to the See. I had already in the distant portions of the archdiocese been doing work which, owing to the feeble health of the Archbishop, had fallen into arrears. His Grace very kindly gave me a free hand and soon we were erecting schools and churches in the out back—Miles, Chinchilla, Charleville, Cunnamulla, Goondiwindi, Augathella, Taroom, Gayndah, Nanango, Childers and other distant places all came in their turn, while the nearer towns of Rosewood, Laidley, Gatton, Pittsworth, Oakey, Nambour and Murgon all got their convents and schools, some of them in an incredibly brief space of time.

But the building rate in the city outdistanced completely what was doing in the country. Bris-

bane's sixty Catholic schools and colleges in 1947 are in strong contrast to its nine or ten schools of 1912. With the co-operation of priests and people the work was kept going constantly, beautiful sites were secured, new teaching orders of Brothers and Sisters were introduced, and a veritable second spring was the result.

The aged Archbishop was most sympathetic. He loved to be driven to see the new sites and new buildings and he very generously paid the whole of the cost of building one of the big schools. Moreover, at his death, he left all he possessed for Catholic education. I used to write to him from the outposts of the diocese such as Blackall, Jundah, Windorah, Cunnamulla and St George, and perhaps those letters of mine brought back to him memories of the days when priests were very scarce and their incomes were very poor.

When, in years gone by, he desired to place a priest in Cunnamulla and another in St George, he selected two very good young men. Perceiving what they regarded to be an impossible situation, they decided to come to Brisbane to interview His Grace. He promised they would receive a reply at their hotel the next morning. When the letter came the elder of the two, who knew only too well the Archbishop's method of addressing letters to priests, on looking at the envelope exclaimed, "Our case is hopeless."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Don't you see?" he replied. "There is no 'et cetera'."

It would appear that the Archbishop never gave anyone the title of parish priest, but had retained the custom of Dr O'Quinn of treating those in charge of parishes as administrators. If a man was in charge of a parish he generally got two "et ceteras". If he was an assistant priest he got one. If he got no "et cetera" he was neither. Hence the consternation of the two priests when no "etc." appeared on the letter. However, an amicable agreement was subsequently reached, and the priests' point of view got full consideration.

There is a good story told in connexion with this or a subsequent visit of one of these priests to the Archbishop. Father O'S—— desired a change from the west, and duly laid the matter before the Archbishop.

His Grace paused for a few moments, then, turning to the priest, he said, "Father, do you know what I was thinking of while you were speaking?"

The priest replied, "How on earth could I know?"

"Well," said His Grace, "I was just thinking that when God calls me you would be the right man to succeed me here."

When Father O'S—— subsequently related the

incident to his priest friends, one of them asked, "And what did you say to him?"

"Heavens, man, what could I say?" was the reply.

The Archbishop was evidently in playful mood.

It took stout hearts to bear the hardships and privations of the West. The loneliness must have palled on many a priest as it did on many a settler. In the times of which I write there were no motor-cars, no wireless and few telephones. Letters sometimes took weeks to reach the outback, and a newspaper a week or a fortnight old was considered fresh. Still the bush had, and still has, its fascination, particularly for men and women whose minds crave for light and broad vision. Out there one seems to live closer to nature and to God, and it is well that our poets have sung rather of the country than of the town, that they have loved the "vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended" rather than the streets and alleys of the cities.

CHAPTER VII

TRAVELLING IN THE WEST

TRAVELLING conditions in the western country after heavy rain were extremely bad. Rivers that merely trickled during dry weather were swollen miles wide; coaches were held up for days on the roadside; but people took it all cheerfully. Of course, most of the roads were never properly formed: they were just natural tracks which served traffic very well, since the soil was mostly firm and held together. The low-lying spots with their creeks and gullies caused most of the trouble.

I shall never forget journeys made to Augathella and Adavale in the rainy season, through some of the worst roads in the world. When cars came into fashion and the roads were bad, it took all the ingenuity of a good driver to find his way by making deviations through the timber country along the road route, and woe betide him if he set out without chains. The Barcoo country was not quite as bad as the Warrego.

The waterway at Windorah came to be named Dead Man's Creek on account of the number of lives lost at the crossing. When we passed that creek it was practically dry, but looking into it one

could see the possibilities of disaster in time of flood. I remember once going out by buggy from Blackall to Tambo with the pastor—Father Maurice Wolfe—whose headquarters were in the former place. It was a seventy-mile trip which necessitated two or three changes of horses. At the final change I was invited to go inside and have a cup of tea while the fresh horses were being harnessed. There I met a little girl who was a a prospective candidate for Confirmation on the following Sunday. While the tea was being prepared I had a chat with the little one and asked her had she been learning her catechism. She said, "I couldn't get the catechism," and when I asked her why, she replied, "Amy [meaning her elder sister] reckoned I'd tear it."

After making a truce between herself and Amy about the use of the catechism, I turned to the only picture on the wall—a supplement taken from a Sydney sporting paper. It was that of a full-length figure of a pugilist. When I asked the little one whom it represented, she looked surprised at my ignorance and said, "Don't you know?"

I said I did not.

"Well," she said, quite proud of her superior knowledge, "that's Tommy Burns the champion boxer, but it's not his real name at all. He only took that name to fight with."

I could not help thinking that a child who had learned to know the pugilist so well by his picture

would not be slow to learn about Christ and His Blessed Mother had their pictures been on the wall instead of that of Tommy Burns.

Wherever and whenever one is travelling in the west, he may be sure of getting hospitality, particularly if he is in trouble with his car or the weather or has fallen on some other temporary misfortune. One of the most memorable experiences I had was in my last visit to the south-west some time before Toowoomba became the headquarters of a new diocese. Father James Murphy and the late Father Pat McGinley, of Charleville, were accompanying me and we had a Ford car. Some time after leaving Beerbank station we were crossing the road at a boundary fence when the car stopped dead and refused to move another foot. It was evident that some vital part had collapsed, but all three of us were new to motor-cars and none of us could tell what exactly had happened. We were making for Toonpan, where we hoped to have tea and then push on to Thargomindah.

As we had no means of communicating our whereabouts or what had happened, Father Murphy volunteered to go back to the gates that he felt sure led into some station. So off he went. Meanwhile Father Pat and I gathered long grass and made beds for the night. We used half the remaining tea in the billy-can, leaving a little for

the following morning, and in the growing darkness were wondering why Father Jim was away so long, when, looking in the opposite direction to that in which he had gone, I espied a figure coming towards us. As it approached nearer, I recognized Father Murphy and warned Father McGinley to express no surprise, lest he might collapse. I had there demonstrated before my eyes the truth of a common belief, if not a common experience; that people travelling in the bush off the road, and without a sign-post or compass, often go round in a circle. For that is exactly what Father James Murphy had done that evening.

Early next morning we arose. I went in search of water while the other two made a fire and further examined the car. Returning with the water, which I had found half a mile away, I saw a boundary-rider coming along the fence. We accosted him and told him of our plight. We found he was from Cowley Station, only a couple of miles away. We decided to walk there, and on our arrival we got a very kind welcome from the proprietor, Mr McNeal. Father McGinley telephoned to Charleville, describing as well as he could the condition of the car. The mechanic guessed the part that had gone wrong and sent a new part out next day, so that after two days we were able to proceed on our journey.

Thargomindah

Thargomindah, although the most westerly situated, was the most progressive town in the outback, owing largely to the enterprise of the Leahy brothers, one of whom is well remembered as the Hon. John Leahy, Minister for Railways, and another, the late Mr Pat Leahy, who controlled the Country Press newspapers. John hailed from the south of Ireland and had the gift of wit of his countrymen. Once, in the course of an election speech at Rockhampton, a fellow in the audience interrupted with the remark, "You used to carry a swag." "Yes," was the quick retort, "and if I had a head like yours I'd be carrying it still."

Leahy, by his industry, had risen to be co-partner in important pastoral properties. It was he and his brothers who really were the second founders of Thargomindah. They published the first newspaper there, and established the first electric light service in south-western Queensland.

One of the most prolific bores in Queensland supplies the township with water.

The Thargomindah heat in midsummer is something to be remembered, but the winter is glorious. I remember a visit of the late Hon. William Kidston, Premier of Queensland, to the town in the warm season. He got an armchair and a huge jug of orange juice out in the middle of the street, and there, like Absalom of old, he in-

vited all who had business or grievance to come and discuss it with him.

My first visit to Thargomindah was made with the late Father William Cashman and the late Mr "Chum" Tully.

Adavale

Of all the western towns I think Adavale left on my memory the most abiding impression, of the heroism of people under climatic and other difficulties. I went there on one or two occasions with Father Timothy Molony, now Vicar-General and parish priest of Gympie. I still have visions of the long lonely road, the solitary wayside grave wherein some sundowner, dying away from friends and kinsfolk, was laid to rest, the gaunt gum-trees, the creeks, and the arid country, and then, where rain had fallen, the rich green herbage spreading for miles on every side.

In the West the men are often giants, and the women dashing, fearless and resourceful, deserving every word of the splendid tribute paid to them by the Queensland poet—the late Essex Evans. Heavens! how much they could put up with! Before maternity hospitals were thought of, they came many miles in drays and German-waggons to have their children born under medical care. Sometimes the weather and rough roads brought on premature birth by the wayside. When

I talked to the doctor at Adavale—a man educated in an English University, who had seen better days—he told me (as we battled against the flies on the hotel veranda) that his territory was as large as England. He was taken to sick-calls on stations and shearing-sheds scores of miles away by conveyances sent in especially for the purpose. When an operation was found necessary, all the resourcefulness of himself and those assisting him was called into play, and the bushman's virility was no small factor in the recovery of the patient. The police and the priest were often the companions of the medical man on these lonely visitations. Years and years before the Flying Doctor came into being, this unsatisfactory state of things continued. The Flying Doctor, of course, has done a splendid job. Indeed, as far as aid to sick people is concerned, he has revolutionized the west.

When I visited Cloncurry three years ago the priest got a call to accompany the doctor on a two-hundred mile journey. They flew together in the doctor's plane and were back in a few hours, bringing the patient comfortably to the hospital.

I shall always feel grateful that I saw bush life in Queensland under conditions that helped to mould the character of our sterling pioneers. Under tremendous difficulties they remained undaunted: they knew droughts that depleted the earth of grass and made terrible inroads on their flocks and herds; floods that destroyed flocks and

crops alike. And the bushman still knows these trials; but the telephone, the refrigerator, the motor-car, better roads and generally improved service, make living in the outback today much more comfortable than it was.

How few of us have ever thought of the mighty distances travelled by stock in Australia! Some of those journeys bringing stock to market have taken from six to twelve months. The traveller passed thousands of sheep in flocks under the care of experienced drovers. It is to be regretted that city folk never get the taste of the real mutton as it is served on the stations fresh off the pasture. Nothing deteriorates meat more than the travelling of livestock in trucks or on hoof for days on end. The fish from the western rivers is equally good. The Murray cod comes up the Paroo and the Warrego, and it would be hard to beat the product of the Bulloo River at Quilpie. But there is urgent need for the establishment of abattoirs in country centres and for a quick fish service from coast to inland.

If it can be excessively hot in the west in summer, it can be equally cold in the winter mornings and nights. I have vivid recollections of the cold at Longreach and Cunnamulla, happily relieved by the warm showers from the bores, and I have equally vivid memories of the great open fireplaces stacked with gighi around which we sat at Ray Station (Tully's) and other homes. Some of

the stations were like small counties—for instance from entrance to exit of Denevor Downs was a distance of fifty miles. But what were distances to the pioneers? In the early days the Tullys brought their stores from Bathurst, New South Wales, and were three months making the journey to and fro with horses and drays. No one, who has not seen the country, can ever say that he knows Australia.

I know of nothing in the world purer or more refreshing than the air which one inhales in great draughts in the cool mornings and evenings on the western plains. What is more delightful than the chirping of the birds, and the springing of the kangaroos and wallabies, the tall native companions with their long bills and great wings basking in the waterholes, and the swift-footed emus that will try conclusions with your motor-car. And what glorious sunsets are those of the west! I believe there is nothing in the world finer than the blaze of colour which they diffuse as their lord sinks behind the horizon. I remember the late R. D. Meagher, of Sydney, telling of the admiration expressed by two English visitors standing on the veranda of a small country hotel in New South Wales as the sun went down.

"Delightful, glorious, incomparable," they exclaimed, while a sundowner on the form close by woke up and rubbing his eyes cried out, "Not bad, is it, for a little place like Boggabri?"

CHAPTER VIII

VISITS TO EUROPE AND AMERICA

DURING my time as Bishop of Rockhampton I made one *ad limina* visit to Rome and had the pleasure of being received by the saintly Pope Pius X—the man who, from the lowly position of the postmaster's son of a small Italian town, reached the Chair of Peter. It is said of him that to save the soles of his boots he used to take the boots off and carry them in his hands to school. When he received me I told him I was the first Bishop he had appointed in Australia, *"Vescovo e Martire,"** said he. The mysterious words have often come to my memory in times when I have been pressed by a variety of circumstances.

I remember well that when I was going for my audience, Monsignor O'Reardon, Rector of the Irish College—my old Alma Mater where I was staying during my visit—asked if he might accompany me as he had some commissions from the Irish Bishops for His Holiness. I said, "Certainly, I shall be very pleased to have you." On our arrival in the courtyard of San Damaso, as we were beginning to mount the broad staircase to the Papal apartments, Monsignor O'Reardon

* Bishop and Martyr.

was seized with a weak turn necessitating his having to sit down and rest for a while. When, a few minutes later, we were ushered into the presence of the Pope and I explained what had happened, the venerable Pontiff wanted to call one of his attendants to bring some refreshments; but the Monsignor declined to put His Holiness to that trouble, saying he felt quite well again. When we left the audience chamber I told Monsignor O'Reardon I was ashamed of him, that no true Irishman would have missed such a golden opportunity of taking refreshments with the Pope, and that I thought he had cheated me out of a privilege which would never again come my way.

After leaving Rome I took occasion to visit Ireland, which I had left as a small boy. I got quite an ovation in my native parish. Canon James Roache, of Glin, the priest whom my family knew best when he was pastor of Drumcollogher and Broadford, received me with great kindness, and the famous Dr O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, made me his guest at Corbally. He had a great repertoire of stories which he told in a most interesting way.

I was for some time the guest of friends in Wicklow with headquarters at Rathdrum, whence I went to visit the home of the former Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, and made an excursion to Glendalough of the seven churches. I still remember vividly the banter of the old

guide who essayed to explain to me every part of the famous place, warning me against guide-books and impressing on me that he was the only real living authority on Glendalough. His explanation of the origin of the round towers, of which Glendalough possesses a beautiful specimen, was scarcely in keeping with what is found in books on Irish antiquities by recognized authorities.

Passing by the "Meeting of the Waters", we stopped to view the "sweetest valley" in the wide world, as Moore claimed the place to be, and I think the claim was not extravagant.

During this visit I went to Northern Ireland and met Mr Joe Devlin who, with his colleague Mr Donovan, only recently had visited Australia and had been my guest at Rockhampton. Joe was a first rank orator and one of the most delightful companions one could wish for. He brought me on a motor tour from Belfast to Ballycastle through wonderful scenery. We halted on the way to lunch with a priest friend of his. I well remember as we were returning to Belfast our car startled a donkey which, with its little creel, swerved to the side of the road upsetting the equilibrium of the driver—who threw at us not a blessing but a curse in a familiar phrase, "The devil's cure to you." Joe's only remark was, "How the old man would be striking his breast if he knew at whom he had levelled his imprecation!"

It was also during that visit that I went to Monaghan where I was present at the Consecration by Cardinal Logue of Dr McKenna, a Maynooth Professor, as Bishop of Clogher. His Eminence was then still vigorous. I reminded him that I was a student in Rome when he was called there in 1893 to receive the Red Hat. When I saw him again at his seaside cottage, in the summer of 1922, he had assumed a very aged appearance. Yet there was fire in his eyes as he told me that although he was giving up boating and fishing he still had no compeer with the gun. He had competed with the ablest shot in the town, a retired police officer, and had beaten him.

I recalled a good story His Eminence had told us one evening in the Irish College, Rome. When the Rector—Dr Kelly (later Archbishop of Sydney)—had asked him to comment on a trial sermon by one of the students, he warned us to be sparing in the use of Latin phrases when preaching, and related what happened after a sermon on death by a missioner in his part of Ireland. The missioner quoted and repeated several times in Latin the words of Holy Writ, *"Morte morieris"*—"Thou shalt die the death." Discussing the sermon afterwards outside the church, one countryman remarked that it was a powerful sermon. "So it was," said another, "but I thought he was a bit too hard on poor 'Murty Moriarty'."

As I was anxious to visit near relatives in

America, I determined to return to Australia via the States. The first evening on board the liner I was approached by a distinguished-looking man who told me he was a Catholic and would be very pleased to serve my Mass during the voyage. To my utter surprise, I found that the gentleman's name was Captain Condon, who, over forty years earlier, with Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, was condemned to death for the unfortunate but unintentional killing of Sergeant Brett in Manchester. The last three named paid the death penalty. Condon, who was very youthful and an American citizen, was reprieved, but spent eleven years in Dartmoor prison. After his return to the United States he settled down and rose to a good position.

Outstanding in my memory of my first visit to America is an address at Chicago by Mr T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who was touring the United States at the time in the cause of Ireland. T. P. was a recognized orator as well as a great writer.

New York and Chicago with their overhead and underground railways amazed me.

Second Visit to Europe

In 1922 I made my second *ad limini* visit, this time as Archbishop of Brisbane. I was accompanied by the parish priest of Ipswich, Monsignor James Byrne, subsequently appointed first Bishop of Toowoomba. We arrived in Rome a few

months after the election of Pius XI, and I believe we were the first Australians to greet His Holiness. During our stay we were the guests of the Redemptorist Fathers who showed us every kindness. There was an International Eucharistic Congress in Rome that year, so we met prelates and priests from all parts of the world.

This visit to Rome was very interesting—I revisited all the places that I knew so well as a student. On several occasions I called on the sisters of the late Pope Pius X who had come from Venice to live quietly in Rome near their brother's tomb at St Peter's, where one could see a procession of pilgrims every day. They were simple, devout women living in the hope of reunion in heaven with their saintly brother. One day, coming out of St Peter's, I met the Countess della Chiesa—sister of the recently deceased Benedict XV. She thanked me warmly when I told her that we had a Requiem Mass for her brother in the Cathedral at Brisbane and that I preached his panegyric. One day I went by invitation to the Collegio Massimo, founded by the Prince Massimo family, and addressed the boys who were delighted to hear about Australia. The humble prince-priest, a member of the Jesuit Order, devoted all his time and talents to those boys. It was his grandfather, who, when asked by Napoleon how ancient was his family replied,

"It descends from the great Fabius Maximus of Roman history."

I went on a visit to Paris and on to Lisieux where I was privileged to meet in the Carmel three of the sisters of St Thérèse of the Infant Jesus, better known to the world as "The Little Flower". The extraordinary life of this child of grace had become known not only in France, but throughout the world. At her tomb in the Church of the Carmel were hanging trophies of every kind, prominent among them being decorations received from French soldiers and officers in the first Great War who attributed their safety to her prayers. I spoke with her three sisters and celebrated Mass in the convent chapel on the following Sunday morning. In the afternoon I went out to visit the grave of Thérèse in the cemetery. There was a regular procession of young people going out there to pray. I returned to Lisieux in 1927, when Thérèse had already been beatified and canonized. I again met her sisters, and it was a particular privilege to speak with the eldest sister, Pauline, then Mother Prioress of the Carmel, who had taught Thérèse her prayers and catechism at Les Bussinot, the family home in the outskirts of the town, which is still preserved.

Returning to Italy, I went to Assisi—celebrated as the birth-place of St Francis and St Clare. It was an experience that left a deep and abiding

impression, for who is there of any creed who does not love the "Poor Man of Assisi"? At the Bishop's house I stood on the very spot where another Bishop of Assisi, seven hundred years before, took the clothes which the youthful Francis had exchanged for sacks and gave them to his wealthy father. Down at that altar in the lower church, where Francis so often prayed, I was back in the Middle Ages and thinking how the passing of the centuries has made no gap between the saints of that time and the church that honours them today.

Florence and Venice were fascinating each in its own way. In the former city an international exhibition of art was being held. To see the famous pictures one travelled literally through miles of galleries. Who on earth could estimate the value of those famous masterpieces in the Pitti and Uffizi Palaces? What memories Florence awakened! Dante, Beatrice, Brunelleschi, Michelangelo, Giotto, Cellini, and so many others! I viewed the city on the Arno by night from the Piazzetta Michelangelo. It was glorious. The following morning I stood spellbound before the Campanile of Giotto by the famous Duomo.

Venice was a revelation. A city with an extraordinary history with streets of water, and gondolas for its motor-cars. Its vicissitudes are written in its monuments and its fame will never die. How peaceful those old palaces and churches look

as on Sunday morning we passed them in our gondola going to the exquisitely beautiful church of Santa Maria della Pace! The Ducal Palace with Tintoretto's immense masterpiece covering the whole of the end wall, and outside the Bridge of Sighs from which condemned prisoners got the last glimpse of God's sunlight, left a lasting impression. I joined in feeding the pigeons that made their nests in the *piombi,* celebrated in Silvio Pellico's touching story *Le mie Prigioni,* and at night I went out on the water to listen to the music of the guitars and the charming songs of the young Venetians, who give concerts from their boats.

At Milan, after celebrating Mass at the tomb of the beloved St Charles Borromeo, I ascended to the roof of the great Cathedral that stands guard over the city. I viewed with amazement its flying buttresses, its scores of statues and the pinnacle of its tower rising gracefully heavenwards, capped by a statue of the Blessed Virgin, the immense proportions of which are lost in the air.

My visit to Lourdes that year remains one of the happiest memories of my life. To see a pilgrimage at Lourdes is a wonderful experience. The prayers rising from the hearts of the multitudes, the manifestation of faith, are things never to be forgotten. One feels that he is in an extraordinary spiritual atmosphere, something not of the earth earthly.

It was in 1922 that I made my first and only

visit to Brussels. The marks of the Great War were yet on the city, but the famous library building, destroyed during the German invasion, had been replaced by a noble edifice raised by American subscriptions. In Brussels, and at his own palace, I was privileged to meet the famous Cardinal Mercier who showed me over his Cathedral, still in process of restoration. I have met a few great men who made so deep an impression on me as the Cardinal did. The memory of that visit will be cherished by me to the day of my death.

At the great school of the Religious of the Sacred Heart I met King Albert's daughter, Princess Marie Jose, still a schoolgirl. Her school companions all felt quite at their ease with her. They courtsied to her as she entered the classroom in the morning, and royalty made no difference for the rest of the day. In the course of conversation with her I found that she spoke English perfectly, for she had been in a convent school in England during the Great War. Marie Jose subsequently married the Crown Prince Umberto of Italy. On the very eve of succeeding to the throne of Italy, after the second Great War, they were exiled and chose to live in Portugal.

Ireland

From the Continent I went to Ireland. The country was still disturbed and we were participators in unforgettable scenes. At that time Arthur Griffiths was very ill. He died during our stay in Dublin and I attended the obsequies at the Pro Cathedral. After the Mass I was introduced to Michael Collins, who asked me to convey his thanks to Australia for the timely assistance sent to Ireland. Collins was in uniform and was the very picture of health. His hearty laugh was in itself a tonic and behind was all the energy and resourcefulness that had baffled his would-be captors. A week later he was killed in ambush by the irregulars—his own countrymen—a stern reminder of the many misfortunes that had befallen this country through internecine strife. I attended his funeral, probably the largest ever seen in Dublin, and walked side by side in the procession with his intimate friend, Most Rev. Dr Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, who recounted several incidents of Collins's life.

It was during that visit that I met Bernard Shaw and several other distinguished persons at a dinner given for me by Sir Horace Plunkett at

his home at Foxrock. Mrs Shaw was with her husband. Mr Cosgrove, the head of the Free State Government, was there, and so were the famous portrait painter, Sir John Lavery, and Dr Oliver St John Gogarty, who has since become famous as a writer. A. E. Russell had been invited but some unforeseen circumstance prevented his coming. My introduction to Sir Horace Plunkett was from Sir Matthew Nathan, formerly Under-Secretary in Ireland and then Governor of Queensland. It was an introduction from Sir Matthew that also enabled me to meet Mr Winston Churchill, then Secretary for the Dominions, and Lord Robert Cecil, the roots of whose family are far back in Reformation history.

What impressed me most in Dublin, and what I think deeply impresses every visitor, was the crowds attending daily Mass. In that respect, I do not think there is any other city in the world that can compare with it.

The Dublin Horse Show of 1922 stands out prominently in my memory. I have two special recollections of it—the magnificent horses and the beautiful Irish women. Neither, I thought, could be excelled in the world. I spent a week-end with Lord and Lady Fingall at their castle in County Meath and celebrated Mass there in the vestments worn by their kinsman, Blessed Oliver Plunkett. On the Sunday afternoon we drove to the Hill of Tara. It was inspiring to stand where Patrick

stood in the midst of the King, the Princess and the Bards of Erin, one thousand five hundred years earlier. Returning to the castle, we called at the beautiful home of Lord Dunsany, and although he was away, the caretaker very courteously showed us the library and the magnificent collection of art. Lord Dunsany is a famous author and a connexion of the Fingalls.

In Dublin I stayed partly with friends at Whitehall and partly at the Gresham Hotel, opposite to which, in the square, was always a rank of outside cars, or, more briefly, side-cars. The jarveys or drivers of these cars have a humour of their own. They never like to lose a fare, so there used to be a keen-eyed competition looking out for likely passengers leaving the hotel. I got some good stories from the jarveys, but none better than one from a priest friend. He told how six persons, the sexes being equally divided, left the Gresham one morning and approached the car rank.

The jarvey whose whip first attracted them said, "Car, sir?"

"Yes," said the spokesman of the party, "how many will she take?"

"Well, sir," said the perplexed driver, "'tis this way—if you sit adjacent she'll take four, but if you sit familiar she'll take six."

The side-cars generally carried four.

American Visits

From Southampton I crossed to New York in the huge White Star liner *Majestic*. Its decks were like great city promenades which, with the luxurious drawing-rooms and well-ventilated, comfortable cabins, helped to make the voyage thoroughly enjoyable. Among the passengers were Lord and Lady Mountbatten going on their honeymoon. They very kindly invited me to their quarters and we had a long chat about Australia, which Lord Mountbatten had recently visited with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor. The two were together in Brisbane in 1920 when the Duke laid the foundation stone of the City Hall. Lord and Lady Mountbatten were in Brisbane in 1946.

I saw a great deal of the United States in 1922, but travelled much more widely there and in Canada in 1926, when, with other Australian prelates, I had gone to attend the International Eucharistic Congress at Chicago. From these visits I carried away the happiest memories of the great Republic and its kindly people.

After the Eucharistic Congress I visited Canada, going down the St Laurence River through the Thousand Isles and all the other interesting scenes to Montreal and Quebec, in both of which places I stayed some days. For the feast of Ste Anne,

I was at Ste Anne de Beauprès and was invited to carry the Monstrance in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Just as I was giving Benediction after the procession, there was a cry. A man cured on the spot had thrown away his crutches without which he had been unable to move for some years. The man was led up to the altar, and he told me that he now felt perfectly well. His crutches were hung up at the Shrine and are probably there to this day. The Quebec newspapers reported fully the occurrence, mentioning that it was the Archbishop of Brisbane (Australia) who was officiating on the occasion. There was no denying the authenticity of the cure, for several people among the pilgrims knew the man and his history.

I travelled extensively through the United States and had the privilege of meeting many interesting persons as well as of getting an insight into the educational institutions of the country in which I was most interested. Dr Nicholas Murray Butler, head of Columbia University, received me very graciously. In university education he was, and is, the most famous man in America. When I presented our Chancellor's letter to him he graciously said that any service he could do for the University of Queensland would be done with pleasure. Not long afterwards Sir Matthew Nathan, Chancellor of our Uni-

versity, when passing through New York on his way to London, called at Columbia, and Murray Butler insisted on his staying as his guest.

The beautiful buildings of the University of Chicago made a deep impression on me, and I was even more impressed by those of the Stanford Junior University in California. Of course, these, like so many other universities in America, are privately endowed. I thought San Francisco beautiful, but Los Angeles, of oil-well origin, was a perfect revelation. Bishop Cantwell and Mr Joseph Scott, a Papal Knight and a leading lawyer, gave me every facility to view the sights of this glorious young city. I envied America these great colleges and academies of education as well as the several chartered universities being carried on under the direction of the church. Still, I found that in the ordinary parish and secondary schools, Australia was in advance of America. For hospitality the Americans certainly could not be beaten, and I was pleased that during the second Great War, Australia had an opportunity of showing what she could do in that respect.

It was a particular pleasure to visit Boston, not only on account of the historic memories it enshrined, but because of its reputation as a centre of culture. I was disappointed at the group of unimpressive brick buildings that made up Harvard on the outskirts of the city. Still, it is not the buildings that make the school, and certainly

Harvard has a great reputation. It is looked upon with veneration not only in America, but outside it. The University authorities have been exceedingly generous in receiving foreign students and in helping other countries, particularly in the matter of observatories.

Boston College, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, is one of the most beautiful and admirably situated buildings in the city. It has a high reputation in every branch of learning. I was pleased to be able to go through its well-appointed halls and lecture rooms, and to learn some of its history from its learned president. In view of the reputation of Boston for culture and art, I was delighted to have an opportunity of viewing some of the handsomely designed churches of the city. In the tour of inspection I was accompanied by Mr Walsh of the firm of McGuinness and Walsh, who have a very high reputation as ecclesiastical architects.

CHAPTER IX

A MEMORABLE VOYAGE

I WENT to Europe again in 1927 but did not visit England or Ireland. I had gone specially to assist at the dedication of the new Irish College at Rome and, with the Bishop of Rockhampton who accompanied me, to discuss with the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda business connected with the proposed erection of two more dioceses in Queensland—Toowoomba and Townsville—and I had to return as early as possible. While in Rome, I was able to assist in the preparations for the International Eucharistic Congress of the following year in Sydney. I had several interviews with His Eminence Cardinal Cerretti and it was at my humble suggestion that the Holy Father nominated Monsignor Caccia Dominioni, his Major Domo, to accompany the Cardinal and bear a special gift to the Archbishop of Sydney. His Holiness also ordered earth and stone to be taken from the catacombs and brought to Brisbane in an urn which was placed under the foundation stone of the Holy Name Cathedral. The Monsignor, who belonged to an aristocratic Milanese family, was afterwards nominated Cardinal. He died in 1946.

Here I might appropriately describe this last voyage and my experiences on sea and land, including meetings with persons of note.

I was fortunate to travel to and fro between Australian and European ports in one of the finest of the Orient Company's liners, the *Orama.* The good weather experienced throughout, with all the comforts of a modern hotel on the bosom of the ocean, greatly enhanced the pleasure of the time spent on board ship. Passengers soon make friends with one another, and where all meet so closely terra firma lines of social distinction vanish for the time being. One takes his neighbour on perfect trust, for happiness during the voyage can be assured only by mutual courtesy and kindness.

Captain Matheson, of the *Orama,* was one of the most distinguished ship's commanders coming to Australia. Both he and some of his officers were decorated for war service, and the medical officer, Dr Grory, had the high honour of accompanying Shackleton and Scott on their polar expedition.

During the first days on board, particularly on the return voyage, one may be rubbing shoulders and conversing with notable men without being aware of it. The official passenger list is the "Who's Who" on board, and it is only after it has been laid on one's breakfast table some morning and scanned that one becomes aware of the identity of his fellow voyagers.

I remember endeavouring for days to contact a Rear-Admiral who had taken a special delight in making happiness for the children on board. When finally we met, I recognized him and his good lady as persons to whom I had done a little service with the Neapolitan porters on the occasion of their embarking at Naples. Everybody was sorry when Rear-Admiral and Lady Thesiger left the ship at Colombo, where the Rear-Admiral was to join his flagship. He was a cousin to Lord Chelmsford, a former Governor of Queensland, and of New South Wales, and Viceroy of India.

I remember one evening on the voyage out, being accosted by a gentleman who had a message for me from Sir Matthew Nathan. I could see at once that he was a man with a personality. I thanked him, and said I should like to have his name. "Haden Guest," said he. It was Dr Haden Guest, with whom I subsequently had some delightful conversations, and whose interviews had been appearing in the Australian Press.

While mentioning personalities I may be pardoned if I take liberty with the name of Sir Samuel Hordern, who was my next-door neighbour on the voyage out. His cheerful and genial disposition made him greatly beloved; he had a word for everyone, from the deck steward to the Commander, and his was always the natural way of the big Australian. It was men like Hordern—real sports

and gentlemen—who made travelling pleasant for their fellow-passengers.

While there was a good radio service from which the news was posted every day on board ship, passengers generally complained that there was a dearth of Australian news. I thought this was particularly so in regard to Queensland. While parcels of Sydney and Melbourne newspapers were received at all ports en route, one looked in vain for a parcel of Queensland newspapers. This was much to be regretted because people of influence coming out to Australia for the first time must have regarded Queensland as a place of little importance when its government did not think it worth while to have newspapers and other literature sent to meet the big mail steamers. If a stranger read about Sydney and Melbourne and other large centres during the voyage, and had read nothing about Queensland, he was likely to make up his mind to stay in the southern states and not bother about coming up here. Not only was the absence of Queensland newspapers noted, but while New South Wales, Victoria, and even Western Australia supplied the steamers between Australia and Europe with large albums advertising their cities and resources, no such facilities for knowing Queensland were to be found on board.

There is no need for time to hang heavily on one's hands on board a modern passenger steamer.

There is plenty to do. A good library is provided for those who wish to read: there are splendid promenade decks for those who wish to walk, tennis-courts and quoit-pitches for those who wish to indulge in such games—and I think the few cricket matches that took place on our voyage would, if held ashore, have drawn big crowds.

The contributions of passengers to the sports fund made in the aggregate a very considerable sum, and when the various contests had been played out there were handsome prizes awaiting the winners. One of the most pleasant half-hours I spent on board was watching the grown folk going up for their prizes. Knights, great professional men, and captains of industry—among the last named our own Mr Bob Archibald, of Brisbane—walked up and received their prizes with the pride of schoolboys.

What a wonderful thing is a modern ship! When the savage inhabitants of the Pacific Islands saw the white sails of Captain Cook's ship they regarded it as a great bird—a mighty goddess sent from the unknown. What would the old Romans, who were so proud of their fighting galleys, think of our modern warships or merchantmen? As the *Orama* steamed majestically along over the waters of the Mediterranean, by islands the names of which are familiar to readers of the Acts of the Apostles, I thought of the weary weeks spent by St Paul in the same waters on his way to Rome.

With all the dangers of the ocean it is wonderful to think of the perfection of modern navigation and the reliability of a great liner, keeping time as faithfully as a mail train. I speak not as a novice fascinated by his first voyage, but as an old traveller, when I say that the ship that has been one's home for a few weeks has an interest for one ever after. It is like an old friend. Sentiment may now have changed, but I remember how years ago in Brisbane, at every return voyage of the old British India boats, immigrants that had travelled out by them used to go on board to renew acquaintance with what each batch called "their own ship". The Sisters of Mercy, who with the late Bishop O'Quinn came out in 1861 on the *Donald McKay,* still keep with reverence in their convent a picture of the old ship.

Ships are an immense factor in international relations. To see an Orient liner today at her moorings in the Brisbane River under the shadow of New Farm's highest point—Teneriffe—and in a few weeks snugly berthed under the shadow of Vesuvius at Naples, or in Tilbury, London, drives home the truth that ships are bulwarks of commerce, ambassadors of the seas, golden links between nations.

A man with a good repertoire of stories and well able to relate them is popular everywhere, but particularly on board ship. The *Orama* had, among its passengers, some capital story-tellers.

I remember one gentleman in particular who, in this delightful way, brightened some of our time. He had one story about early closing that I might without irreverence repeat here.

A thirsty countryman on one occasion came into a public-house just after closing time. He asked for a pot of beer.

"I can't supply you," said the proprietor.

"Why?" asked the countryman.

"Because it's past closing time, and we can't sell after that."

"But," insisted the countryman, "can't you give us a drink of something?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "we can give you a soft drink."

"Anything at all approaching beer?" said the countryman.

"Yes," said the proprietor. "This drink is called 'near beer'."

The countryman drank a pint of it, smacked his lips, and said, "Do you know the bloke that makes this?"

"Oh yes," said the hotel-keeper, "he lives here in the town."

"Well," said the countryman, "the next time you meet him you can tell him from me that if he calls that 'near beer' he has not the faintest idea of distance."

Another member of the party followed up this story by telling of the traveller who one summer

evening got into a western bush hotel between Charleville and Adavale. The heat was great, and the traveller was very thirsty.

"Have you any beer off the ice?" said he to the proprietor.

"Yes," he replied, "fifty miles off the ice here."

The township was just about fifty miles from Charleville, the nearest town with an ice factory.

The stories generally centred round the battle of wits between the Englishman, the Scotchman and the Irishman, but there was a pretty little story which was told, and of which I was reminded on seeing the Bay of Naples. A little Californian girl was being taken to school from the country for the first time by her father. She was being placed in a boarding-school at San Diego, where the name of Spreckles is so well known. The little maiden was all curiosity about the various buildings, parks, streets and public monuments, and, finding that many of them bore the name of Spreckles, or were connected with it, she was prepared to believe that the family owned practically the whole of the town. Coming in view of San Diego Bay, she asked her daddy what it was, and when he told her she was delighted, for it more than realized her dream of the sea.

"But, daddy," she said, "who owns it?"

"Oh, my child," he replied, "it belongs to God."

"Oh, daddy," she said, "isn't it lovely to think it belongs to God? But, daddy, how did God get it from the Spreckles?"

Egypt

The two biggest breaks one gets on the voyage are at Colombo and Port Said. On the homeward journey many of us availed ourselves of these two breaks to indulge in a motor run from Colombo to Kandy, and from Suez to Cairo. Both trips, although very different, were deeply interesting, each in its own way.

I had never been to Kandy before, and I was glad I went, because it gave me some idea of the rural life and splendid climate of the hinterland of Ceylon. There was a good road all the way to Kandy. A striking feature of the run was the large number of towns and villages one passed through, and the teeming population in each. The cultivation of the rice fields was in full swing as we passed along the roads. The foliage is very much like that of Queensland, and one gets delightful glimpses of scenery, every bit of which would be a worthy subject for the brush of the most gifted landscape painter. The big coco-nut estates here were a revelation to me. Kandy is the resort of wealthy Cingalese; it has several first-class hotels and many delightful villas, and the traveller may be assured of every comfort and courtesy there.

The natives en route were very courteous, at all times willing to be photographed for a consideration. We marvelled to see some of those

natives managing elephants as one in this country would manage a quiet horse. With the tip of a short stick the rider gets the elephant into any pose or attitude that he wishes. The huge beast rises his foreleg so that the native boy can slide down or climb up at ease. Indeed, he was able comfortably to stay half-way when one of our company desired a photograph of him in that position.

From Suez we went to Cairo. We had about nine automobiles, and covered the eighty miles or so of desert road in less than three hours. The Egyptian desert is very forbidding, but the driver of the car, a Greek who spoke Italian well, made it very interesting for me. I sat beside him all the way. Passing suddenly out of the desert into the country where the influence of the Nile begins, we were soon at Cairo. It was a revelation. We first passed through the new city of Heliopolis, with its magnificent streets and buildings, and then into Cairo proper. It has a million inhabitants, and is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. We lunched at the famous Shepheard's Hotel, just opened for the season that day. It was a lunch! The dates were just fresh from the trees, and the cooking of everything was exquisite. Nubian waiters gave us every attention.

Our most enjoyable experience was a visit to the museum, where we saw the coffins and all the other wonderful exhibits so recently taken from

the tomb of King Tutankhamen. The real casket which actually covered the body was solid gold, estimated to be worth £50,000. The outer shell of cedar is also gorgeous. In the tomb chambers discovered and explored by Lord Carnarvon and Mr Carter were also found the most wonderful collection of furniture and jewellery—a bed, a throne, a chariot, vases of alabaster, royal sandals, and an assortment of golden charms and precious stones bewildering in their beauty and variety. When I read about these things in the Brisbane papers I just took a casual interest in them, but since my visit to the museum I have been devouring ancient history from the books I acquired on the spot, and any I had been able to obtain on board.

We saw the mummies of Rameses II, the Pharaoh, who is said to have instituted the persecution against the Israelites, and of the real Pharaoh, his son (Menephtah), who pursued them to the Red Sea. They are in a wonderful state of preservation.

The Pyramids exceeded my expectations. They are simply stupendous, and the old Sphinx recalled many a picture I had seen of it. We drove out by car to within a few hundred yards of the Pyramids and then took to camels. It was my first experience on one of these useful and patient animals. They carry you like a mother with a baby in arms, kneel down for you to get on, and

rise gently when you have got into the saddle. It was a great experience. One of the camel-boys wanted to tell my fortune.

"Oh," said I, "that has been told long ago."

"Oh, master," he persisted, "I tell you for sure, no tell true, no give money, I dizzy limit."

"No," said I, "nothing doing."

The "dizzy limit" left me saying, "Nottin doin."

We came back by a very comfortable train to Port Said, where the *Orama* was just arriving as we flew past the last lap of the canal where the railway runs close to and parallel with it.

Within the last couple of decades Port Said had become a very modern town. There one heard a babel of languages, and you could do business in anything from Greek down to Esperanto.

Passengers who remain on board in Port Said have a good hour with the well-known jugglers, who, gathering around them an audience on the deck, will take a chicken from your nose or from under your hat, and find a whole clutch of them in your inside pocket. One passenger declared that they would be very useful men on a poultry farm, so rapidly could they multiply chickens and eggs. The sleight-of-hand work was certainly good, and when the juggler did an ordinary individual the compliment of calling him Mr Lloyd George, or her Miss Lily Langtry, the spice was apt to keep

the game going for some time and give the performer courage to send round the hat for a second collection, to the tune of "Gulli, gulli, gulli, gulli."

We left Port Said at six o'clock on Sunday morning, and the next day sailed by Crete and the Island of Candia, feeling ourselves on the track of St Paul.

We got our first glance of Italy on 18 October. The rain and clouds obscured what would otherwise have been a magnificent view of the scenery in the Straits of Messina. Later in the evening we got some fine glimpses of Stromboli shooting heavenwards its flames of fire. The natives say that it is safest when it is active, as inactivity means that it is preparing for a big outburst.

We arrived in Naples on the morning of the nineteenth. I was up early to get a view of the beauty-spots in the famous bay. It certainly has much to boast of, but as a port it has some superiors, and is not to be compared with Sydney Harbour. We got a charming view of it again that night from the veranda of Bertolini's Hotel, one of the highest points in Naples.

CHAPTER X

ROMAN IMPRESSIONS

My visit to Rome was concerned principally with matters involved in the working of the Church in my own diocese and generally throughout Queensland, where changes necessitated by expansion and rapid development had been for some time contemplated.

I had two interviews with His Holiness Pope Pius XI, the first in company with the Bishop of Rockhampton, Right Rev. Dr Shiel, and the second alone. I found Pope Pius keenly interested in Australia, and eager to acquire further knowledge of our country and its people. He did Australia a special honour in 1928 by sanctioning the holding of the twenty-ninth International Eucharistic Congress in Sydney. For this extraordinary event His Holiness sent his own special Cardinal Legate and several officials of high rank in the Vatican Court. The party included at least ten persons, lay and clerical. The Pope was deeply interested in the success of the Congress, and sent, by me, to the committee in Sydney a special message.

I met in Rome many prelates, including several Bishops from Great Britain and Ireland, to all

of whom I extended a pressing invitation to the Congress. As many as could possibly do so came to it. The length of the voyage and the difficulty of getting away from home for three or four months deterred some who otherwise would have been delighted to visit Sydney for the occasion. The late Cardinal O'Donnell, of Armagh, had made up his mind to come for the Congress, but death unfortunately intervened.

Apart from the privilege of having a Eucharistic Congress here, nothing gave the Catholics of Australia greater pleasure than to hear that it was to be inaugurated and presided over by His Eminence Cardinal Bonaventure Cerretti, who, as first Apostolic Delegate to Australia, endeared himself not only to Catholics but to all sections of our citizens. Ever since his stay here the Cardinal has been enthusiastic about Australia, and has never missed an opportunity of sounding its praises.

I got the assurance that Japan, India, and Ceylon—as well as Europe—would be represented by Bishops and distinguished laity. During my stay in Rome the first native Catholic Japanese Bishop was consecrated, the ceremony being performed by the Holy Father himself.

Having attended to important business in Rome, I paid a brief visit to Paris, where I was the guest of the Count and Countess d'Yanville. The Count Henry d'Yanville was a gentleman of leisure who gave up all his time to the work of

International Eucharistic Congresses, for which, until his death, he acted as Secretary to the Permanent Committee.

From Paris I went to Lisieux on a short pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Little Flower. In those November days sleet and snow were already falling in France, and one could see by the trains that there was a big exodus from colder climes to Southern Italy. Many were even going farther, their destination being Egypt, for Cairo had become a famous winter resort.

Memorable Interview With Cardinal Vannutelli

During my visit to Rome I was privileged to meet for the third time Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Dean of the Sacred College, and its oldest living member. I had a vivid recollection of both brothers, Cardinal Vincenzo and Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli in my student days. Their stately figures once beheld could never be forgotten. Cardinal Serafino died some years before my visit.

I first had the privilege of meeting Cardinal Vincenzo personally, when, as Bishop of Rockhampton, I visited Rome in 1909. He was then about to start for Cologne as Papal Legate to the Eucharistic Congress. He very kindly urged me to come and behold the wonderful demonstration of German Catholic Faith that the Congress proved to be; but time would not permit, and I

had to content myself with thanking His Eminence profoundly for being so good as to invite me.

I met the great churchman again during the Eucharistic Congress in Rome, in 1922, and many a time since the memorable procession of that Sunday afternoon when the Blessed Sacrament was borne through Rome accompanied by fourteen Cardinals, hundreds of Archbishops and Bishops, thousands of clergy, and tens of thousands of the faithful, I have recalled the venerable figure of Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, as from the balcony of St Mary Major's he raised the Monstrance with the Sacred Host over the vast multitude in the square below. The fatigue of those days, emphasized by his great age, overtaxed his powers of endurance, and to the great sorrow of Cardinals and prelates present at the Pope's Mass of thanksgiving, we saw His Eminence faint in the Sanctuary of St Peter's. However, as he explained to me a few days afterwards, when I went to sympathize with him, it was a passing weakness brought on by the fact that he had gone that morning without the light breakfast he was wont to take.

When, in company with two distinguished Irish Monsignori, old friends of His Eminence, I called on him in his apartments at the Palace of the Datary during my last visit to Rome, he was overjoyed to see me and to hear news of Australia. The majestic figure had become somewhat emaciated

and the shoulders drooped, but the old fire was in the eye, and the mind had lost little of its activity. As I sat in his study he recalled with great facility past events, and, at the age of ninety-one, even spoke of future projects.

"You must come," said he, "and see my beautiful church at Ostia"—for the Cardinal was Bishop of Ostia and Palestrina. "It is really wonderful," he continued, "and so many people have helped me to pay for it."

I said, "It was a great undertaking at Your Eminence's time of life."

Smiling, he replied, "Yes, and I probably would never have had the courage to do it, but the Holy Father himself became my most generous benefactor, and bade me go ahead with the work."

I reminded him of the great activity he had been displaying in other respects, for a few days previously I had read that at the invitation of the Government he had blessed the inauguration of a new road from Rome to Ostia. He replied that he was delighted to do it, and felt that such occasions supplied the zest that kept the feeling of youth in him.

I suggested that he should crown his life of activity by coming to the Eucharistic Congress in Sydney the following year.

"Oh," he said, "I know the Archbishop of Sydney. I remember Cardinal Moran very well,

and I have heard so much about the excellent Catholic people of Australia that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to go; but I feel it is not to be. It would be too great an adventure at my advanced age. I shall be with you all in spirit and pray that the Congress may be successful beyond all anticipation."

After a quarter of an hour's interesting conversation, I rose to take leave of His Eminence. He insisted on accompanying me through his apartments to the head of the stairs by which I descended into the courtyard. Each of the apartments I found to be a treasury of art, the paintings and statutary being well worthy of the home of a Prince of the Church. There was in one of the waiting-rooms a rare collection of mementoes and addresses presented to the great churchman in the various countries to which he went as Papal Nuncio. Among them were presents from Ireland recalling the wonderful event of the consecration of Armagh Cathedral, when His Eminence spent a most happy time amongst the Irish children of the Holy See.

As the two Irish ecclesiastics and myself bade good-bye to this most venerable member of the Sacred College, the leave-taking was very touching. One of the Irish priests, Monsignor James Ryan, was a particular friend of the Cardinal. I felt that I might never see His Eminence again,

and I asked him to give me a blessing and a message for Australia.

The blessing of an old man is always wonderful, but when it is besides the blessing of a Pope or a great Prince of the Church, it is one of the most touching things on earth. From his heart he blessed Australia, and his message was one of courage and of hope, one of resolve to work on and to realize how abundantly God blesses the efforts of those who labour for His glory.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, Venerable Prince of the Church was born in the year 1836 at Genazzano. He was educated at the venerable Capranica College in the city of Rome. At the age of twenty-four he had completed a brilliant course and received the degrees of Doctor of Theology, and Doctor of Canon Law and Civil Law. He then entered on the career of a professor, but his great gifts had marked him out for something higher. In 1863 he entered the Diplomatic Service of the Vatican. His first appointment under Pius IX was to the Inter Nunciature at the Hague, whence in 1866 he was transferred to Brussels. The young diplomat had a great admiration for Leopold II, who had just then ascended the Belgian throne. It was while Monsignor Vannutelli —as he then was—resided at Brussels that he was present at the ordination of the late Cardinal Mercier to the priesthood.

In 1883 the late Pope Leo XIII sent Monsignor Vannutelli as head of the Pontificial Mission to Russia for the coronation of Tsar Alexander III. His Eminence to that day remembered the Tsar and recalled how with him he saw the young prince who was to become Nicholas II, and who was finally assassinated by the Bolshevists. The Pontificial Mission was very successful, the Embassy being received with great respect.

From this time forward the promotion of the future Cardinal was very rapid. He was sent as Nuncio to Lisbon, and having rendered distinguished service there, was in 1890 recalled to Rome, and created Cardinal by the late Leo XIII. The great mind of Leo was quick to discern the splendid qualities of the new Cardinal, and he was determined to make use of them. His Eminence was called upon at different times to represent the Sovereign Pontiff as Papal Legate in various countries, including Germany, Ireland, and Canada. His commanding presence is still vividly remembered in Ireland through which he had a triumphant progress, and in Canada where he inaugurated the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal in 1910.

The venerable Cardinal had lived under six Popes. As a boy he was taken by his parents to receive the blessing of Gregory XVI, and he had done active service under the remaining five Pontiffs. Of his ninety-one years thirty-six had

been spent in the Sacred College of Cardinals, of which he was then Dean, having succeeded his brother Serafino in that office. He had the rare distinction of opening the Holy Door at two jubilees—1900 and 1925. Not the least of his high offices was that of Archpriest of the Basilica of St Mary Major, where he might be seen pontificating on great occasions.

Monsignor Vannutelli, by his office in the Secretariate of State, was closely associated with the Conclave that elected Leo XIII. As Cardinal he took an active part in the elections of Pius X, Benedict XV, and the then Holy Father, Pius XI.

In the long span of life allotted to Cardinal Vannutelli he witnessed many changes. He was an intimate sharer in the joys and sorrows of Holy Church and of Catholic countries, but on the whole his memories were those of the Church's triumphs rather than of her trials. He had beheld a wonderful expansion of the Catholic faith in the mission field; within his lifetime he had seen the grain of mustard sown in the great country of the United States grow into the mighty tree of a church, that could muster millions of people in one city for a Eucharistic Congress; and not the least of his joys had been derived from the growth and extension of the Church in Australia —a country which was dear to his heart, and in which he counted many friends.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli was much at-

tached to his birthplace Genazzano, a little city away in the mountains seventy miles from Rome. Its historical memories have their roots back in past centuries, but in modern times they have been eclipsed by the presence in the principal church of the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel. I was a pilgrim one year for the Feast and I shall never forget the crowds that attended. Whole families left their homes and journeyed for days to come to the shrine. They slept by the wayside going and coming, as they could not get accommodation in the town. They spent the nights praying and singing and snatching a little sleep by their mules and cars. Every morning at the break of day they were in the church and thousands received Holy Communion.

The Vatican

Speaking of my audiences with the Pope, a word about the Vatican Court will not be out of place. The Vatican is probably the largest palace in the world, having no less than 11,000 apartments. Its library and its treasures of art and sculpture are world-renowned. The late Mr W. E. Gladstone said that if all the other collections of art and literature in the world were destroyed there would be enough left in the Vatican to commence over again.

The Vatican is not Italian, or even European.

It is an international court where resides the Head of the Universal Church. There is about every portion of it an impressive dignity shaped and strengthened by many centuries of tradition. There is no country in the world whose King or President or great men have not appeared here from time to time. From the King of England down to King Faisal, whose rule in Iraq had at that time been recognized by England, all have at some time been received by the Pope, and always with a splendour and etiquette befitting their high position. One of the great sights that the visitor is privileged to behold from time to time in the Eternal City is the procession accompanying some crowned head to visit the Holy Father at the Vatican.

Of the Vatican officials, ecclesiastics naturally come first. The Cardinal Secretary of State holds the highest post next to the Holy Father himself. Other posts in the immediate entourage of the Pope are held by the Major Domo, who has charge of the Pope's household, the Maestro di Camera, in whose hands is the arranging of all audiences, and the Papal Secretaries, including the Pope's own private secretary. The Cardinal Secretary of State attends to weighty matters of relationship between the Vatican and the nations, and it is the custom of every Prince and Bishop who is received in audience by the Holy Father subsequently to pay a visit of courtesy to the Cardinal Secretary of

State. The then holder of the office, Cardinal Gasparri, was one of the ablest men in the Church at that time. While attending to his onerous duties in the Vatican, he had been chiefly responsible for the codifying of all the laws of the Church in the new Canon Law issued some years ago, and had then practically completed the collection of fontes or founts from which those laws had been taken. Several of the posts in the Vatican, such as that of Major Domo, Maestro di Camera, and Under Secretary of State, are what are generally known as Cardinalatial posts—that is, their holders eventually receive the Red Hat.

Of the various companies of guards around the Papal Throne, the Noble Guard naturally takes first place. Of this Guard there are sixty members, each belonging to a noble family of the old Papal States. Seen in their splendid uniforms, it would be difficult to find in any part of the world a more attractive body of men—handsome, well set-up, and with an unmistakable stamp of nobility on their countenances. They are intensely devoted to the Holy Father, whose service they regard as the highest honour for themselves and their families.

The Swiss Guard, attired in the multi-coloured uniform designed by Michelangelo, is the most remarkable body about the Vatican. These Guards are at the gates and doors, where they receive and salute distinguished visitors. They are a splendid

body of young men, and the quaintness of their whole equipment makes one feel that in passing from the Roman Square into the Vatican he has suddenly reached another and an older world.

There are other Guards who do duty inside, directing carriages, etc., in the courtyard. The Palatine Guard is the most numerous. It is made up of Roman citizens, who go on duty when there is any great function in St Peter's.

The College of Cardinals, of course, takes precedence of all ecclesiastics and officials, and their Eminences are nearest the Holy Father at all functions. For several years Cardinal Merry del Val, who was Papal Secretary of State to Pius X, and whose brother was Spanish Ambassador in London, had been Archpriest of the Basilica of St Peter's. He had chief charge of the whole fabric, which covers about six acres of land. Its mighty dome is the greatest landmark in Rome, and under that dome now rest the mortal remains of the Pontiff to whom the Cardinal was so devoted. Hundreds of pilgrims went daily to the tomb of Pius X, and there was a constantly growing desire for his beatification.

On four occasions during my stay in Rome I visited Maria Sarto, the only surviving sister of this universally beloved Pope. She was then much advanced in years. When I told her I hoped that God would spare her life to see the beatification of her saintly brother, she smiled and said, "It

would be a great pleasure, but God's Will be done." She was extremely pleased to know that so many in Australia desired to see him raised to the Altars, and that the Hierarchy had actually petitioned for his beatification.

Interview with Mussolini

In 1927, I was the bearer of a letter from the Italian Consul at Brisbane, Count di San Marzano, which readily procured for me what is denied to so many others—an interview with the then famous Duce—Signor Mussolini. Up the carpeted stairway of the magnificent Chigi Palace I made my way on the evening appointed for the interview. Polite attendants piloted me through doors and apartments, until finally I arrived at the ante-room where I was to await the exit of an ambassador, who was then with the Duce.

A "*Prega, Monsignore*" ("Please, Your Grace") from the extraordinary man's personal attendant was the signal for me to enter. I followed the attendant through another room, apparently occupied by busy secretaries (for the Duce filled portfolios enough to make a whole Cabinet). At one end of this room a door swung open and I was face to face with the man who from end to end of Italy was then regarded as the saviour of his country.

The Duce had risen from his desk and

approached me with a most cordial handshake and a greeting couched in his soft expressive mother tongue. To his *"Benvenuto"* and assurance of his pleasure at my visit I replied that I considered it a privilege to meet him and thanked him warmly for giving me the opportunity of doing so. He invited me to be seated, and he took a chair directly opposite me. I told him I presumed he spoke English, and he said, "Yes, but as you speak Italian, I should prefer that we converse in that language." He asked me if I belonged permanently to Australia, and I told him that it had been my country from my early boyhood, and that, having been associated with Italy so long as a student, I naturally took an interest in his countrymen out there. He was pleased to hear that they were industrious, and contributing something to the country's welfare as well as making homes for themselves. He was anxious to learn more about our Government and mode of living and when I had supplied that information our conversation turned on Fascism.

I congratulated him on the marked improvement noticeable in Rome and the parts of Italy to which I had been, and added that I thought the Press in general was becoming more favourably disposed to the movement of which he was the head.

"I think so," he said, "and I am glad to know that you believe so. The movement will take time

to justify itself, but it must thrive entirely on its merits—not on what we say, but on what we do—not on promises, but on results."

He was extremely pleased with de Pinedo's successful flight to Australia, and with the reception which he had got here. The Duce took special pride in the efficiency of the Italian aircraft, and his Government was making big efforts to bring the steamships and railways of the nation into line with the best in the world. He was aiming at efficiency in every department of life, and he was getting it.

A favourite exclamation of his in his addresses to the people was, "Whose is this Italy?" and ten thousand voices cried, "Ours!" "Well then," said he, "work to make it great and honoured."

In our interview he refrained from speaking of himself. Great as was his position, his only wish was to be identified with the people and to unite them absolutely in work and endeavour for the common good.

Fearing to intrude too long, I rose to withdraw, and took occasion to tell the Duce that it was unusual in our country for Ministers of the Crown to be found working in their offices at 6.30 p.m. It was then past that hour, but I knew that Mussolini after my departure would return to his desk. I renewed my good wishes for his great work, and said I hoped and prayed that God would preserve and prolong his life. He smiled gravely,

and thanked me profoundly. My final word to him was one of congratulation on the birth of his little son, christened a few days previously with the name Romano. His face lit up as he promised to share my greetings with his wife.

I told him I would like to have a little memento of the visit. He turned to his secretary in the adjoining room, and asked for a photograph, which he very kindly inscribed and signed. Our leave-taking was marked by the heartiest good wishes on the part of both.

I passed out of the door and down the stairs of the Chigi Palace feeling that I had been in touch with a man of extraordinary gifts. My impression of him was that in appearance he bore a striking resemblance to the portraits of Napoleon and that he had all the good qualities of the great Corsican with few—if any—of his faults. I said to myself there must be something far from the ordinary in a man who through peaceful revolution and masterly organization brought about in five years the change that had then taken place in Italy since the march on Rome.

Today we know the sequel. Mussolini relied too much on himself and too little on God. He clashed with the Church over the training of youth, in which religion was to be sacrificed or at least get only second place to the totalitarian State and a spurious patriotism.

CHAPTER XI

PREACHERS AND PERSONALITIES

DURING my student days in Rome I heard preachers with an international reputation. The most striking figure among them was Archbishop John Ireland of St Paul, Minnesota.

One Sunday afternoon in the church of the Gesù, he spoke on "The Pope and the Age". It was some years after the appearance of Leo XIII's famous Encyclical on "Capital and Labour". I thought I had never seen a more impressive figure or listened to a more striking address. Ireland was equally at ease speaking in French or English and an address he gave in Paris after leaving Rome created a profound impression. Archbishop John J. Keane, of Dubuque, U.S.A., happened to be in Rome during 1897 at the time when the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Daniel O'Connell was being commemorated in the Church of Saint Agatha attached to the Irish College. The Archbishop was entrusted with the panegyric and he acquitted himself superbly. I remember clearly his well-chosen text: "*Judus Macchabeas liberavit gentem suam et in diebus suis corroboravit templum.*" Nothing could have been more apt. We students who so seldom heard the English

language in our daily lives marvelled at its power in the hands of a great preacher.

Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., was at his prime in the eighteen nineties and a group of us were sent to listen to him give an address in the Gesù. In appearance and stature he was not unlike Archbishop Ireland and their oratory had also much in common. Vaughan derived power not only from his natural gift as a great speaker, but from the background of a celebrated family.

The Italian preaching and oratory might be divided into various classes. The preacher who was most in vogue in my Roman days was the Jesuit, Father Zocchi. He certainly was an orator and a most convincing preacher. He shed all the formalities and trappings generally carried by occasional preachers, such as the exact division of the sermon from exordium to peroration and the attendant on the pulpit steps. He went right to his subject and one could hear a pin drop as he spoke. I had no opportunity of hearing preachers in France or England, and I had not the privilege of listening to any Bishop in Ireland; but I was fortunate to hear a great address form Rev. Dr Beecher, Professor of Sacred Eloquence in Maynooth College, on the occasion of the consecration of Dr McKenna in the Cathedral at Monaghan. Of course there are preachers and preachers and, when the summing up is done, I believe that those who in expounding the word of God follow

the example of Christ Himself in brevity, clarity, and earnestness, and in the introduction of apt illustrations, do most good. We all like homeliness and perhaps never more than in sermons.

Nervousness is with some a great obstacle causing them to forget and to become confused.

One dear old priest I knew, speaking one Sunday in St Stephen's Cathedral, Brisbane, on the necessity of nourishing their faith, said, "If you have but one spark of faith in you, water it."

A much younger man, speaking on corresponding with grace, brought an example of a father rescuing his son from a well by a rope which the child, to co-operate with his rescuer, had to tie around his body. The priest, becoming confused and forgetting the part of the example which concerned the child's co-operation, had to drop it. Afterwards he told his clerical friends how he got the child down the well and couldn't get him out.

Of course, formal lengthy sermons belong to the past. Nevertheless, people still call for good sermons, and he is ill-equipped for the priestly office who has not been trained to acquit himself of that duty with a fair amount of efficiency.

Personalities

Travel is a good means of bringing one into contact with men of outstanding personality, and elsewhere in this book I have referred to some of

the distinguished men I have been privileged to meet. Here I will refer briefly to others. It was at Nazareth House, London, one August morning in 1922 that I met Mr Tim Healy, a great barrister and an outstanding member of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Like all really great men, Mr Healy had the simplest and kindliest manners. We discussed the past, particularly the Parnellite episodes, and the future, which at the time was not bright. Tim almost shed tears telling me about the destruction of the Four Courts and its great treasures. Probably no man since the days of O'Connell had attained to higher rank than he in his profession. He was as familiar a figure in the law courts of England as in those of Ireland. His keen mind, his sparkling wit and his power of repartee made him a dreaded opponent and won him fame in the law courts and in the House of Commons; but most striking of all was his strong religious faith and the supernatural outlook on life which it gave him.

I met John Redmond, and spent a night at the home of his brother, the genial Willie Redmond, in Wicklow. The latter's wife was an Australian, Miss Dalton, who died only recently at her ancestral home at Orange, New South Wales. And, as Willie himself had been in Australia advocating the cause of Ireland, we spent a very pleasant evening chatting over both countries. The snow outside forced the birds into the large warm room

where we were sitting. It was tragic that Willie's death should have come as it did in the first Great War, before the hopes he had entertained for his country were realized.

In 1909 I lunched one day with John Dillon at his home in Dublin. He impressed me as a very grave man who lived largely in the past. Dillon had been trained for and obtained his degrees in the medical profession, but he sacrificed all his prospects for the sake of his country. I reminded him of his visit to Brisbane in 1887, when I was a boy and took a hand in collecting funds for the cause. He could recall the names of many whom he had met there.

In 1922 Sir John O'Connell was a prominent figure in Dublin. He brought me to lunch at the Kildure Street Club, showed me his valuable library, and made me feel what a pleasure it was to meet so interesting a man. Years later Sir John gave up his profession and parted with most of his possessions to become a priest in London.

One evening T. P. O'Connor brought me to the House of Commons in London and I heard Mr Balfour speak. There was not much business, so I had not the pleasure of listening to other outstanding members.

I shall always remember with pleasure meeting Alfred Deakin in Melbourne. He will go down in history as one of the great cultured Australians of

the young Commonwealth. John Murtagh Macrossan, of our own State, I knew as a boy, and I can still remember his drooped figure and keen intelligent countenance as he entrained daily for Brisbane at the Albion Railway Station.

Towards the end of Sir Samuel Griffith's life I was privileged to visit him at Merthyr, his New Farm home. I congratulated him on his translation of Dante, and we chatted about that Prince of Poets. Sir Samuel had by his own study acquired a good knowledge of Italian. He will always be remembered as a statesman and as the first Chief Justice of the Commonwealth.

Other men whom I knew well and who rose to almost equal eminence in the profession of law and the service of their country were Thomas Joseph Byrnes, Patrick Real and Virgul Power. I have happy memories of my meeting with Paderewski and his wife, and of talks with Johann Kubelik and Fritz Kreisler, whom I met during their visit to Brisbane. It was Kubelik who told me, as we drove along the North Quay, that he did not think any composer devoid of supernatural faith could produce a great work. Kreisler devoted a large portion of his income to charity. Melba kindly came to see me when she was giving her last concert in Brisbane. She was then old in years, but she claimed perennial youth and would insist on singing to the end. I could hardly visualize on the stage in the old Exhibition Hall

the prima donna to whom homage had been paid by the crowned heads of Europe.

One of my happiest and most fortunate memories is of a chance meeting with Christopher Brennan, now at length recognized in many respects, if not in all, as Australia's greatest poet. I was the guest of the late Dr Maurice O'Reilly, Rector of St John's College within the University of Sydney, who had become a great friend of Chris Brennan, as he called him, and he arranged a little dinner at the college. In Chris came true to the description of his head and bulk given by Professor Chisholm in his recent book. There were only the three of us and we talked of books, languages and literature through the meal and for an hour after it. One could feel that with Christopher Brennan one was in the presence of a genius. I wonder would the future of this gifted Australian have been different if, instead of going to a German university, he had gone to Oxford. It is a pity that the life of so gifted a man was largely a tragedy. Thank God he ended well in the faith which, with all his wandering from its practice, he never denied.

There is no doubt that great traditions in England have suffered from modern tendencies and innovations. Even so recent a description of the great schools and universities as that so delightfully given in John Buchan's (Lord Tweedsmuir's) book *Memory Hold the Door* would not

fit them today. The German philosophy that created Hitlerism was welcomed in Oxford a generation ago, and up to the time of the second great war it had been steadily supplanting a Christianity already weakened by the materialism of the nineteenth century. The dearth of great leaders like those who maintained the prestige of England in the days of Queen Victoria is strikingly evident today. Her universities may be producing scientists and economists, but the great scholars, orators, patriots and leaders, are men of the past. A materialistic age is incapable of fostering the inspiration needed to produce again men like those of bygone times, whose nobility of character enriched the world and who left to mankind a heritage of culture and a memory that shall not die.

CHAPTER XII

OUR WORKS

DURING the past thirty-five years Brisbane has experienced a great expansion and I think it may be claimed that the Catholic Church has had no small share in beautifying and enriching the city. It has been a great pleasure to know and deal with the public-spirited men and women who, without distinction of creed, have co-operated in raising the status and reputation of the city. I have been associated with practically every section of the citizens and have at all times been treated with the greatest courtesy and respect. I might mention particularly my long association with the University of Queensland, with the Royal National Agricultural and Industrial Association, the Royal Geographical Society, and other public bodies. It has been my privilege to deliver addresses to many of the societies and associations in the city.

With regard to the position of the Church of which I am for the time being the head in Queensland, I have striven earnestly for the expansion of its work by the founding of new parishes, schools and colleges, and around every one of these are entwined memories hallowed by the cause in

which they were established and the self-sacrifice entailed in their erection and maintenance.

After my appointment to Brisbane in 1912 I naturally began to provide for the future of the Church. Sites and properties were then available which could not be purchased later, so I veritably plunged into acquiring them for church, school and charitable purposes, and the many Catholic edifices today looking down from prominent positions are the result. Some said I was rash; others said there was no need for the sites or buildings I was acquiring; others said I had picked the eyes out of Brisbane. Time, I think, has justified the policy I pursued. The story of the acquisition of some of the sites is interesting. Therefore, I give a few examples.

I had invited the Sisters of the Society of the Sacred Heart to open a school in Brisbane. About that time the Mother-General, Mother Janet Stuart, was visiting Australia. She came to Brisbane and inspected one or two sites, but neither of them was adequate. Some time after, I met the late Mr T. A. Ryan (the originator of Anzac Day), a commission agent, in Queen Street. He said, "I believe you are looking for a site for a large school." I said that was so. "Well," said he, "there is a property available which I think would suit you admirably. It is Stuartholme. The house on it was used as a Red Cross hospital, but it was

recently burnt down." I went out to inspect the property and decided to purchase it at the price asked, namely, £3000. When the Reverend Mother-Vicar of the Society came from Sydney at my invitation to inspect it, she greatly admired the scenery, but was apalled at the roughness of the approach up a steep hillside. After some hesitation she decided to take over the property and, hearing subsequently its history, found that not only had it taken its name from the Stuart family to which the Mother-General belonged, but that its last occupant, Mr Sandy Stuart, was a half-brother of hers. The Sisters spent £100,000 in erecting the convent and in bringing water and electricity up to the summit. The majestic building, standing out from the background supplied by one of our most picturesque ranges, has ever since been one of Brisbane's prominent landmarks.

The historic homes around Brisbane acquired by the Church have been preserved. It was my express wish that even their names should not be changed and that wish has been respected by the religious communities and institutions that occupy them. The McIlwraith home at Auchenflower is practically unchanged, so is the Stewart Home at Glenlyon, Ashgrove. Rode's old home on the heights of Nundah, wherein Sir Samuel Griffith made one of his first political speeches, is still standing. Longlands, Coorparoo is as it was,

and the name of my own house, one of the oldest in New Farm, is still Wynberg. Even the home of Dr Fullerton, one of the earliest residents of Brisbane, is embodied in All Hallow's Convent. Dara, the home of the Duncans, whose name will ever be linked with Brisbane, disintegrated with age and had to be replaced; even its successor, the new Dara, had to give way to the Holy Name Cathedral. Connected with the turning of the first sod for the building of the Cathedral on 9 June 1927, are the names of the Hon. T. C. Beirne and Mr W. A. Jolly, the then Mayor of the city. The most historic occasion the Catholic community has had in Brisbane was the laying of the foundation stone of the new Cathedral by His Eminence Cardinal Cerretti on Sunday, 16 September 1928.

The Church always has contributed and always will contribute to the culture of any country wherever she is found. In Australia she has spent vast sums of money in the building of cathedrals, churches, schools and colleges, all of which have not only a religious but a great educational value. Her institutions for higher education are found everywhere and thus she is upholding the prestige of the nation. The work, which after fifty years I feel proudest of, and which will be most enduring for God and country, is the work of Christian education. It has been my privilege to bring this blessing to the most remote townships in Queensland, as well as to multiply it in the cities, and I

do not think I could have done a better service to Australia that took me to its arms as a child, that became my adopted country, and that afforded me opportunities which I might have looked for in vain elsewhere.

The Macarthur Press
66 Macarthur Street
Parramatta

WITNESS TO THE STARS

Edited by PAUL GRANO

This anthology is intended as a cross section of Catholic poetry in Australia and New Zealand and, as such, it demonstrated the quality of the Catholic contribution to Australian poetry, both religious and secular.

Witness to the Stars presents the work of poets who first made their names in the nineties side by side with that of the younger writers of today. But the poems, although they vary also in treatment and theme, flow into a single stream of genuine idealism.

These poems express such simple everyday qualities as affection and humour in the section "Of Man". In the section "Of God" is expressed the spiritual aspiration of mysticism. In the hands of the writers of a young country these age-old and universal themes take on the colour of a fresh environment which adds a new beauty to the interpretation of a heritage already rich.

AROUND THE BOREE LOG AND OTHER VERSE

By

"JOHN O'BRIEN"

This is the book of the Irish settlers in Australia. In its verses are enshrined the best and most characteristic of their ideals and their surroundings—the home life, full of intimate affection and instinct with true piety; the intercourse, gay or humorous or comradely, with neighbours and friends; the ties of religion and family unity that bind to the home hearth even those who wander farthest from it, and the "Church upon the Hill" that is the centre of all.

APPRECIATIONS

Adelaide Advertiser: "He is the Poet Laureate of the Irish settlers of Australia."

C. J. Dennis in the *Bulletin* (Sydney): "Many a reader who remembers his country town with its Church upon the Hill' and its 'Father Pat' and its 'young O'Neill' will be deeply grateful to the author for reintroducing so many delightful friends."

Melbourne Age: "Although the beauty of bush home life and the charm of religious faith are almost his exclusive themes, the writer touches a wide range of human emotions. He has proved his title to a worthy place among Australian poets."

Catholic Times (Liverpool, England): "The outstanding personalities of the little settlement, McEvoy, the altar-boy, aged 'sixty come November', little Miss McCroddie, the 'tidy little body', the pessimistic Hanrahan, faithful old Josephine, the housekeeper at the Presbytery. Laughing Mary, 'with cheeks that paled the rosy morn', and, above all, dear Father Pat, and his old grey Currajong, are sketched with deft literary skill and the finest gradations of humour, sympathy, and affection."

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