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IMPRIMATUR: † Ioseph Palica, Arch. Philipp. Vicesger.

EDITORIAL

Alas! the list of past editors is rapidly growing. Will they, too, in some distant future claim a series of articles to rival that of the illustrious Rectors of this College? If so, Mr Duggan, the latest to go on that list, will merit a biographer as kind and painstaking as he himself has been with Doctor Neve (the defence of that Rector finishes in this the third instalment, and, for a while, closes the series: we are treading on the heel of contemporary history). But, seriously, the magazine is much indebted to Mr Duggan. Of the time that he has spent growing old in its service, he has passed two years as editor. With *nil nisi bonum* as a battle-cry, he has held firmly to the policy of his ancestors. Conservatism of this kind, we expect, will be followed by his successors. But they can scarcely hope to equal the harmony of nice discrimination and deliberate care which marked all his work.

The fall of the pound worked havoc in the schemes of the secretary. He had just arranged, innocently enough, to remove that obnoxious sixpence from the

five-and-sixpenny subscription. Now he is faced by a very much reduced income, by an increased taxing, a heavy postage, and a decrease in advertisement subscriptions; so that it is all that he can do to keep the subscription to the VENERABLE at its usual level. But just as long as that is possible, there it will remain: five-and-sixpence and no more.

We do not think that an apology is needed for the appearance of an Index to this volume. For a long time we have had the idea of one in mind. We were hurried into action by Doctor Crowley, who not only reminded us that one was necessary, but very practically sent us an author and subject index of the past four volumes back to 1922. 1922, how long ago that sounds! No wonder that as we grow older we need any little aid to memory that we can get.

G. P.

COLLEGE RECTORS

VII. — Frederick Neve (1863-1867)

(concluded)

WE HAVE read the hitherto accepted version of the story of Neve's retirement from the rectorship of the English College.

Two points stand out in this story: first that Neve had to retire because he could not keep the College in order; secondly that the excuse was accepted almost immediately by the bishops, who acknowledged the new Rector without further ado. Now this acquiescence of the bishops and still more a collapse of discipline in the English College are startling: they call for investigation. Let it be said at once, it is very easy to state that the discipline of a college is not good: and the statement will be swallowed twice as quickly if it is made of a college abroad. On this particular occasion it was accepted without question. It was never substantiated with facts. As far as we can see now, the College admired and appreciated its Rector. Take another peep into the meetings of the Literary Society. On January 13th, 1867 (only a few months before Neve decided to retire) a paper was read entitled, "What is the principle of Life in plants?"

... The paper was thought to be wanting in authority and definition by some, among whom was the Rev. Dr Neve, our most beloved and venerable Rector who deigned to honour us with his presence on this night. He also learnedly and aptly remarked that it was the object of the philosophy of the age to lower the dignity of the soul of man and to make it out as no better than the principle of life which pervades the animal and vegetable kingdoms...

A fortnight later they had another on "Coal" and the Chairman

... in a few expressive words thanked the Rev. Rector for attending our meeting and stated the many benefits that naturally accrue to the Society from his presence amongst us...

Such language today would, perhaps, lie open to suspicion. But in the sixties they spoke like that quite seriously: their gratitude and appreciation were sincere. And as far as can be seen the normal life of the College continued as it had been for ten years before. The men were not angels. They must have strayed from the narrow path of seminary rule occasionally. And their occasional delinquencies would be the only thing that would excite remark; not their normal regularity. Nobody goes out of his way to call attention to the fact that rules are observed in a college. But once a fracas does occur, the inevitable rash judgment is pronounced—that the college is evidently out of hand. One letter from Neve to Talbot—but only one—gives us a definite instance of trouble. It does not prove a general case of lax discipline. Even if it did it would also give an excellent clue to where the blame lay:¹

English College, 21 July, 1866.

My dear Monsignore—I have always had a great deal of trouble with Mr X—now one of the Senior Students of the English College who stands at present to be ordained priest at Christmas next.

He has on three several occasions broken out into violent passions and publicly insulted both myself and other persons in the College. On one occasion only he made a kind of half apology, saying that he had explained the whole matter to you, which he has always boasted of as a victory.

He is at the bottom of all the disputes which arise between the students and by his influence in ready speaking he leads them all. I have several times written to his Bishop, to his brother who is the Bishop's Secretary, and to a respectable Priest in his Diocese and friend of his family. None of these excuse him in any way.

¹ College Archives.

I may add that Stonor who knows him well has over and over again told me that I ought to get rid of him. But I have been willing to try him on.

Two days ago he broke out afresh, the subject matter was a trifle. He went into the Library where silence is always preserved and accused, in a very insolent manner and very insulting words, a student of the Pio College of having told the Rector lies about the students of the English College, for which accusation there was no foundation whatever.

I spoke to X— and said I was sorry that he could not control himself and that he had mistated the case; I added that as this had happened so often he must make a public apology. He became very insolent, contradicted and interrupted me in a very insolent manner, and refused to make any kind of apology. Upon which I said that unless I did so I could not keep him in the house. He then said in very violent and insolent words that he would make it all right in appealing to you, and that he would remain here.

Of course I never put any obstacle to this, he has been to you, and has returned. I meant to wait a day or two to see what was the result, to give him time to make his apology.

I never enquire of a student what has passed between yourself and him, but Mr Brownlow of the Pio College has just come to tell me that X— has related all that passed at his interview with you, in which he boasts that he has completely vindicated himself, and by his own showing has so misrepresented facts that Mr B hopes that he may have an opportunity of speaking to you before you come to a decision.

My own decision is, after consulting my Vice-rector, that unless X— makes the public apology he must go, or else I must go . . .

If you feel that you cannot support me in this I must ask for an audience of His Holiness and resign my office.

Since I have been here I have had no trouble at all with the students of the Pio College, but I have had plenty with those who have passed into it from the English College. Indeed this has been a most unfortunate arrangement, and quite hinders that separation of the College which His Holiness has often asked of me if it is maintained . . .

I am, Monsignore,

Yours sincerely obliged,
FREDERICK NEVE.

That is all very deplorable, and of course the man in question remained at the College. The Rector could not go over the head

of his Pro-Protector. In the circumstances, an appeal to the Pope even, would have promised Neve little satisfaction. But obviously the Pro-Protector could not justly blame the Rector as weak, when he himself encouraged delinquents to complain and then reversed the Rector's decisions. Was it weakness or loyalty that kept Neve in this intolerable position for a full twelvemonths further? Not weakness: the easy, dignified course would have been to resign and leave the College to the mercies of its Pro-Protector. More probably his persistent distrust of self led him to believe that his judgment in particular cases might be wrong, Talbot's right; possibly his loyalty to the College (which he certainly loved) urged him to face the difficulties that he might be able to oppose the projected "complete change in the management of this College" that he had apprehended in 1864.² Anyhow, he did remain for a year more, during which took place the Newman troubles and the correspondence between Manning and Talbot that led to Neve's resignation.³ When Talbot wrote and told him to resign he replied:⁴

My dear Monsignore—Thank you for what you have done for the audience for M. Quentin who is going not to England but to Texas. I am very glad that the state of the English College has come to the ears of the Pope, there are hopes of a remedy. You say that many complaints have come to you from various quarters on the subject, I hope that you will not forget that amongst them and more frequently than any have been my own complaints, that I have asked for assistance from your authority but have not had it. I have proclaimed my own incompetency for the post and my readiness to be summarily dismissed. I shall make no defence and shall attempt no extenuation of my failure on account of the difficulties that I inherited on my arrival here. I will only suggest that it might be better for the college if it were put into other hands than mine. A strong hand is much wanted in the vacation. A Pro-Rector might be appointed and I should only ask to remain in my rooms for about a fortnight to make up my accounts and papers. Stonor speaks of passing a great part of the vacation at Monte Porzio, and Mr Smith the

² cf. VENERABLE, Vol. V, p. 277.

³ *ibid.* seq.

⁴ College Archives.

Vice Rector of the Pio College will be there. As at present arranged, Dr Giles Vice Rector of the English College goes to England on the 21st of this month. Thanking you for the many kindnesses I have received from you I remain, Yours sincerely obliged,

FREDERICK NEVE.

English College, 18 July, 1867.

English College, 20 July, 1867.

My dear Monsignore—I have had my audience of the Holy Father, he was kind as ever I asked leave to resign my post as Rector, he said that he would speak to you and if he found it necessary he would accept it. He asked me who was to be named as my successor, of course I answered that this rested with His Holiness. I fancy it is probable (as I have thought since) that he meant who was to take over the College *ad interim*. Now I should beg you to name Mr Smith as Pro-Rector. The Villeggiatura time is a very difficult time and Mr Smith is a very accurate man who would stick to any rule that you gave him. The advantage would be not only to the College but also that in a shorter time I could make up all necessary work which remains for me to do here, whereas at Mte Porzio I might not only be distracted by my anxieties for the students, but should be at a distance from necessary documents and the officials of the College. I feel almost sure that the Holy Father thought of appointing a Pro-Rector. I cannot as yet form any idea as to where I shall go for though regretting much to leave Rome I do not see any possibility of my remaining here, and I am quite certain that my Bishop does not want me.⁵ However this uncertainty does not in the least interfere with my conviction that my leaving will be a benefit to the College.

Yours sincerely obliged,

FREDERICK NEVE.

31 July, 1867.

...The Students go out to Monte Porzio tomorrow under the care of Mr Smith. I had intended to inform them of the changes at dinner tomorrow before we went out, but to my surprise I find that Monsignor Stonor has already related all to them, so that the servants of the house have known it all for several days . . . I was at Monte Porzio yesterday, I found him in complete command giving orders to every one, to me amongst the rest; I had intended

⁵ Neve was quite mistaken here. *Vid.* Vol. V, pp. 166 and 285.

to go there from time to time, but now I cannot do so except under one of the two following conditions.

1st That you inform me that Stonor is my Superior as your *Sostituto*, in which case I shall have no responsibility, or else

2nd That Stonor leaves the house and takes up his quarters elsewhere. These conditions I shall adhere to whatever may be the consequences. But in fact I am not wanted there and the less hindrance there is put in the way of the remaining work I have to do will make it satisfactory to all parties . . . I have no wish to quarrel with him but I cannot stay in the house where he acts as Master, unless it is a thing publicly acknowledged. Two of the students who left the Pio College last year have applied *to me* to return in November—I shall of course send their applications to O'Callaghan, who will of course have the credit of having attracted them back—one is *Ramsey* who writes from Canada and the other *Slaughter* who wrote some time ago. I have only to repeat that I remain, Yours sincerely obliged,

FREDERICK NEVE.

These letters show us more of the difficulties that dogged even his retiring footsteps. What are these unspecified "complaints" that he alludes to? Believers in the discipline myth will fly to that for explanation. No doubt the discipline did not improve when it was found that the Pro-Protector was willing to annul the Rector's disciplinary measures. But it seems to be suggested by the following letters (from Neve to Ullathorne's secretary and to Ullathorne himself) that the charge of laxity was merely a convenient lever for removing a rector who ventured to disagree with his Pro-Protector on other matters:⁶

English College, Rome, 17 Sept., 1867.

My dear Estcourt—. . . It seems that Father O'Callaghan will go to England shortly and return here for the beginning of November. It is rather cool of them after the way they have been speaking of me here to leave me in charge, but I say nothing, else they will get me sent out of Rome. I cannot help thinking that it is [*sic*] been a personal vendetta on the part of Talbot, perhaps I have been too plain spoken with him as I know that he interferes too much at the Pope's ear about all English affairs.

⁶ cf. VENERABLE, Vol. V, p. 278, note.

He speaks well of no Bishop but Westminster and Beverley. Newman's business has perhaps had a great deal to do with it and the University question altogether. However there is no harm to the College that I should have dropt off. Only I wish that my successor had been a Roman and an old student. Talbot has never taken the slightest interest in the College and has given me no assistance which I asked much for at first starting. It is an evil also that he is not a Cardinal as in that case he would have a Secretary and a Lawyer who would study questions about property which are always arising and which he never looks at. Mind there is no *evidence whatever* that the Archbishop had any knowledge of O'Callaghan's appointment though I think that Talbot did it to please him. He certainly told the Pope that the Bishops would only send insignificant names if they were applied to in the usual way. Under the circumstances I think I had better not think about continuing the agency. I know that I could not have all of it and for the present at least my name is down in Rome. I think the best thing for me is to return to England in the spring. I have had several offers in England but I am most inclined to accept Mr [?] Windeyre's at Torquay but my Bishop is most earnest in his wish that I should return to him, but he is most kind in giving me every liberty to do what shall seem best, I almost think that I could face things better in Rome than return to England as a bad penny. *It is curious that up to the present moment I have not had a hint of the accusation against me*, it was got in a secret way and so it is kept secret. No doubt plenty would have been found in an open trial, but it is a bore that it has gone to the Pope in an exaggerated shape. It has been an odd business but as it cannot be undone I think the matter had better not be mooted any more as the parties concerned would stick at nothing in support of themselves...

English College, Rome, 4 Oct., 1867.

My dear Lord Bishop,

... Your Lordship mentioned that I had better have written to all the Bishops about myself. I wrote to the Archbishop's Secretary and to all the Bishops excepting Dr Cornthwaite, Dr Roskell and Dr Grant none of whom employ me as agent. The first of these I did not write to as I supposed he probably knew it was coming. The second was here in Rome at the time, and the third wrote to me offering me a mission almost before I had time to write to anyone. After my acknowledging his letter I got a sharp answer for the insinuation that he knew everything as soon as it happened and declaring that he had no private correspond-

ence with Rome. To all the others I wrote that I had been *superseded* by the Rev. H. O' Callaghan and that my agency would cease at the end of the month of October. You mention Dr Goss, I do not think that I ever saw him and know him only by frantic and contradictory letters quite in the fashion of Dr Errington.

Of what is going on here I know nothing never seeing Talbot. O'Callaghan will, I believe take possession at Monte Porzio, on the 13th, and about the 15th or 16th I shall move into lodgings, though letters may be sent here until I give another address. I believe that Talbot is in a scrape with the Pope for the damage done to the College property, yet why he does not remedy it I do not know as the Church has the means of doing it. I think that someone has spoken to the Pope on the subject. I have seen Tabot [*sic*] once, he was in low spirits, but most bullying and indeed insolent in his manner to me. If I insisted I have no doubt but that I should get a pension, but it would have to come from the College. No one knows so well as I do that the College cannot afford it, and I have always set my face against the facility with which pensions have been granted on the College funds, so that I cannot think of proposing it. Still I am curious to see what will happen, and as soon as I am free from his jurisdiction I will force Tabot to an explanation and will tell him my opinion of his conduct. It is still vacation and all my friends are out of Rome, so that I have no means of knowing how matters go. For the same reason I have not been able to ascertain what was the meaning of Propaganda's instruction about Dr N and Oxford. Dr N's sermon has now been printed in Paris and some copies have been sent to England . . . I am very grateful to your Lordship in saying that you would receive me into your diocese but my first duty is to Clifton, which I should only leave on the score of health, and then I should look rather to the south of England. As to our political state here, we have had no fear of Garibaldi, what we have been expecting is that the Italian troops will march on Rome. At Florence they are doing all they can to make Europe believe that they are invited by the Romans, and all sorts of stories are circulated to that effect. But Rome is perfectly tranquil and the people in the provinces around Rome show no signs of rising in favour of an invasion. The cholera seems to have disappeared . . .

214 Via de' Fornari, Rome, 24 Oct. 1867.

My dear Lord Bishop—In answer to your letter and enclosure, I say that *it is incorrect for Mgr Talbot to say that he has for*

several years been receiving complaints against me. At least up to very lately he has been continually praising me, and it has only been this summer that he has hinted only that people talked about the little show made in the prize list at the Roman College. On the 16th of July this year Stonor told me at Monte Porzio where he was staying (I had gone over to see him) that it was decided that I should be dismissed, and that if I did not resign I should be removed. I was vexed with the abruptness of the communication, but in my own mind acknowledged that the College wd. be better off in other hands. On my return to Rome I found Talbot's letter sayin [*sic*] that there were no end of complaints against me, that he must investigate them, but the whole tone was that he had made up his mind. I wrote in answer that if he intended to dismiss me I was ready to go and would make no defence against the charge of incompetency. His answer was that I had better resign at once which I did on the 20 July. What I said to the Pope was this: "Mgr Talbot is dissatisfied. I acknowledge that I have not sufficient firmness to manage young men. I found the discipline in a bad state. If it is any better now it is because the most difficult subjects are gone. If your Holiness wishes it I offer my resignation." The Pope said that if he found it necessary he would accept yr [*sic*] resignation and he asked me in that case to suggest my successor. This of course I declined doing. I did not say a word about Talbot as his word would be taken before mine. From the very first I have been asking for a visitation. I thought that nothing could be done for discipline without removing several of the students, and a visitation of the finances as I found not a scrap of accounts in the Rector's room. From Drinkwater, executor of the late Rector, I got some of them six months after. I deny that I ever before *July* in this year ever spoke to Talbot about my wish to resign. I have often said so to Stonor when grumbling about my difficulties. On the 17 July Talbot wrote to me saying that he had never interfered with me. On the 18 July he wrote to say that he had always given me every assistance. But really to all requests for an investigation he refused to do anything. He once verbally and twice in letters threatened to resign the protectorship as wearied with my importunities. Under every Rector some students have been to the Protector to complain, who in former times always made enquiries of the Rector. I have evidence that this used to happen in Cardinal Wiseman's time. Talbot has never done this, and latterly has encouraged and sought complaints but has never spoken of them to me. But to others he has based his complaints against me on such informations. He never had the civility to tell me that the Pope had accepted my resignation until upon his

coming to tell me that he had been speaking to the Pope about my successor. I asked him if it was [an illegible word]. To which he replied with great emphasis "Of course"—I saw him frequently, but he never said a word of his reasons for dismissing me, so I asked him for them. He replied that the students had complained of me, and that I was not the man for Rector being so fresh from Eton and Oxford that I did not understand Catholic young men. I remarked that he was fresher from both places by many years than I was. He then said that if I was out of money he would make me a present of £50 from himself. I thanked him & declined it saying that I had no claim upon him. I think he felt he had managed the affair clumsily.

With respect to the reports from the Bishops I have only heard lately (as the students have all been talking of passing events) that three very discontented students who have gone to Westminster & Southwark have said such things of me that one of the students here at the time wrote to reproach them for their exaggerations, and that another who is gone lately to Liverpool, who was Talbot's principal informer created such an indignation [an illegible word] the students by his own report of his conversation with Talbot, and that one of them (Brownlow) went to Talbot rather [?] to reproach him for having listened to him. It is a fact that Talbot came down to the College one day expressly to say to me, "I hear that you are a Newmanite. What do you mean by it?"

In fine I have only to say that I am not worth defending, and do not wish anything to be said in my favour.

Begging your Lordship's blessing &c—Frederick Neve.

The worst remains to be told in a Postscript as it has nothing to do with the above. I have taken my accounts to the College Accountant and thought I had nothing more to do with them. But on going over them with him he has found some inaccuracies and an insufficiency of vouchers, that all must be gone through again. This is a great bore and Talbot will storm roundly at me.

Commercially speaking I know that mistakes count for dishonesty and this is a great humiliation. I have only just learnt this myself, Talbot and O'Callaghan will hear of it today from [he does not say whom]. The College come in today from the country. I have removed to above address.—F. N.

The quiet acquiescence of the bishops, then, was chiefly due to Neve's own desire that he should not be defended. He knew that it would be awkward for him and harmful for the College that he should remain in opposition to his Pro-Protector's wishes

and his humility led him to believe that he had been a failure as Rector. In any case he was not agent for all the bishops. It seems strange that Grant and Cornthwaite, who had both been rectors and agents in their time, should have sent their agency work outside the old College: probably the continuity had been broken under English and they were loath to change again. And the bishops had much more to occupy their minds than this little fracas in Rome. England was still very much a missionary country. Cornthwaite, for instance, was immersed in the difficulties of his own diocese which was growing almost too fast for him to keep pace with it. He had to duplicate on Sundays in different parts of the diocese, on account of the shortage of priests; though he was so crippled with rheumatism that he had to write all his letters with his left hand: a secretary was, of course, an unattainable luxury! It was under such stress that he wrote to Talbot on October 7th, 1876: ⁷

I have this moment received a copy of your letter of 1st to the Archbp in reference to the appointment of the Rector of the English College, & I hasten to say that the displeasure to which you allude as existing among the Bishops is not I think very widely spread: I have heard little or nothing on the subject. The Ushaw-connected Bishops, or 4 of them, met at Ushaw the week before last & the subject was never mentioned, at least in my hearing. I own I was surprised and puzzled when the news of the change first reached, but of three things I was quite satisfied from the first:

1. The Holy Father had exercised his own right.
2. A change was expedient to say the least.
3. F. O'Callaghan is the best man that I know either here or in Rome. An end then of that . . .

The only reason for their thinking that "a change was expedient to say the least" was that the poor-discipline-myth had gained credence far beyond its deserts. As a complaint against the Rector it seems to contradict itself blatantly. For while those outside the College complained that Neve was not strict enough, those inside complained that he was too strict: and

⁷ College Archives.

Talbot endorsed both halves of the contradiction, pointing to Neve's Eton and Oxford training as the reason for his laxity, and steadily encouraging resistance and complaints against his authority. The *onus probandi* lies with the propagators of the myth: and till the case is proven we are justified in considering that the discipline of the College in Neve's time was as good as it had ever been since the reopening. We have only Talbot's statement that he had received "complaints from all quarters"—a statement declared by Neve to be incorrect. Doubtless during the last year of Neve's rectorship, whilst authority was thus divided against itself, discipline stood a poor chance. Certainly when the new régime started under O'Callaghan it was a far more rigorous régime than the modern College had ever known. But the relative rigours of the "reform" did not prove that the traditional system at the Venerabile had been lax in the absolute. There seems little doubt that Neve's real faults were his sympathy with Newman and the fact that he was a Venerabile man, fixed in what our future "reformers" called our "bad tradition"—which, however, happened to be the tradition handed down from Gradwell and Wiseman who had made the modern College all that it was. But the discipline-myth served its purpose and when Talbot's "official letter" reached the bishops the matter ended. Ullathorne indeed was anxious to probe the "Newmanite" charge and Herbert Vaughan wrote in haste to Talbot begging him to deny that he had actually mentioned that privately to Neve as his reason for dismissing him. Talbot wrote back and repudiated such a motive. Soon he was able to send Manning cheerful reports of the results of the change:⁸

13th November, 1867.

You will be glad to hear that already there is visible improvement in the English College. A change was absolutely necessary... Dr Neve is going about Rome grumbling as usual, and attributes motives which do not exist.

26th November, 1867.

The English College is going on very well. Every day I am

⁸ *ap.* PURCELL: *Manning*, Vol. II, p. 367.

finding out things about Dr Neve which show his complete incompetency for so important a work. The Holy Father has made O'Callaghan Doctor, as it is necessary that the Rector should have that title.

Manning was naturally pleased and replied:

I am rejoiced about the English College. This is our hope. Make some men fit to be professors, vicar-generals and bishops, and we may get seminaries here. I would not send a mere missionary to fill up the English College.

Flattering! Yet there are many who hope that the Venerable will never cease to provide "mere missionaries" for the English Mission. Finally he wrote:

I am most thankful about the English College, and that you had the firmness to put down the vulgar and mischievous acting of plays. This will begin a new spirit.

One wonders which spirit triumphed after all. It took fifty years for the stage to return. The last we hear of Neve is in a letter from Talbot to O'Callaghan, dated from Paris, Feast of Pentecost, 1868:⁹

... Dr Neve passed through Paris and Rogerson saw him. He was much struck by his stupidity. It is remarkable how everyone agrees that he was a most unfit man to be Rector of the English College.

Frankly, the testimony of the unknown Rogerson fails to convert us.

After this meteoric fashion Neve flashes back into the seclusion of Clifton, far out of the orbit of "the distinguished luminaries of the Venerable around whom he has hitherto humbly revolved"—to use words that the late Bishop of Clifton once wrote of himself. Neve became Provost of the Clifton Chapter and died at the age of eighty on November 8th, 1886, less than a month after Monsignor Talbot. One felt that to the end he would have persisted in being his "sincerely obliged". Such is the truest account of his story that our available records

⁹ College Archives. — It is quaint to think that for some years

2 now Manning's red biretta has been wearing itself headbare in the service of the green-room!

f facts

can provide. It tells of no great triumph for him, no triumph for the College. But if popular history can be said to have reversed the legal axiom that "the King can do no wrong" into a prevalent impression that "only the King can do wrong," it must be remembered that a similar weakness may infect the history of a College, written in the stories of its rectors: rectors, like kings, bear the brunt of the sins of others. In those days a Rector of the Venerabile had many external factors and influences to cope with that would cause him much trouble without exonerating him of any blame. The economic state of Italy, for instance, with fluctuating prices and dividends would affect his financial administration incalculably. It certainly must have caused anxiety to the rectors between 1848 and 1870 when Rome was beset by the makers of modern Italy. English politics and the various struggles between English Catholics would affect the number and quality of the men the Rector could take in. During Neve's time in particular there was a movement in England for each seminary to fight its own way; to guard jealously its own immediate interests by keeping its best men. Then there were influences in Rome, such as Pro-Protectors, who with the best will in the world sometimes meddled overmuch in college affairs. If a decline began under Dr English, nobody could lay the blame of it on that devoted and enlightened head. And fuller consideration must modify the judgment of his generation that wrote across the brief page of Neve's rectorship a verdict of failure.

THOMAS DUGGAN

THE RECTOR'S GITA

A First-year Pilgrimage to Subiaco

September 23rd. *Wednesday*. "All Palazzola lay sleeping" when, at the chill hour of five a.m., first year philosophers rolled out of their beds. Meditation and Mass began the day: and when breakfast was over we were all busy in the cortile packing provisions into our rucksacks. Fourteen newspaper parcels of unknown content, three wine flasks and tins innumerable of sardines had appeared from the kitchens to carry us through our first day's walk. At 7.30 we set off, followed by the envious cheers of the House who had just come out of Mass, and weighed down with the load of parcels, flasks and tins. We passed up through the Sforza and so started on the road.

Genazzano via Valmontone was to be our destination for the first day. We trustingly placed the *Ripetitore* at the head of the party to guide us to the Latin Vale: the Rector came along at the back and scattered groups in between formed a loose moral unity. We made along the side of the Vale towards Algidus and every kilometer increased the distance between the various groups. While the rear perambulated at a steady five kms. per hour and discussed the future of the £ (which had fallen on the previous day), those in front strode out mightily, to emulate, so far as they could, the record gitas of their elders.

Our first halt was at the fountain below Algidus where we arranged ourselves in a handsome group for a photograph. Here it was that someone made the horrid discovery that a wine-flask was leaking into his pyjamas. We were all very distressed: fortunately however the leak was only in the cork and was soon

plugged up—the pyjamas of course had all day to dry. So, restored to equilibrium once again after a nice drink of water, we set off for the Via Latina at Gasparone's Pass. When all the groups had trickled in and were trapped in the Pass, the Rector gently reminded us that we were on a pilgrimage as well as a gita, and arranged for the recitation of the Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary each day by each group. A little further on a second council of war was held to settle the time for our *al fresco*. Some wanted it at 11.30, others at 11 o'clock; while one scion of sturdy Devon stock kept up the reputation of his diocese by proposing 10.30! Eleven o'clock was fixed and so we continued our walk and started the Rosary.

Promptly on time we stopped for dinner. The place has no name nor can it be distinguished in any way. It was just a field—one of many. All proper precautions of course were taken against chills and there was much struggling and waving of arms as we donned pullovers or sweaters: then at last, when the *vino* and sardines had been laid out, we were ready to open our mysterious luncheon packages. Each of us, without distinction of age or rank, displayed the same delicacies—a loaf, plenty of *prosciutto* and *salame*, a single *polpetto* (cold), cheese, *dolce* and fruit. Our meal was interrupted by a gita party going to Valmontone, who had started off from Palazzola some time later. They unkindly snapped us while eating, but the photo has never been seen—it deserved to be a failure. When we had eaten enough we spread ourselves out in traditional style for a siesta: but by two o'clock the whole party was awake without sound of bell, and gathering up the rubbish to burn. Orders were given to keep what was left over of the dinner for supper or breakfast next morning, but when the rubbish was set ablaze there were many strange hissing sounds—surely not the cold *polpetti*?

The afternoon was hot and so our pace did not keep even its morning level. However in three-quarters of an hour we were at the foot of Valmontone, which we did not enter, keeping to the Genezzano road which skirts the bottom of the town. All we saw of Valmontone was an *osteria* where we stopped for a bit and where the Padrone (of course) had been in America and addressed us in a rude dialect which our inexperienced ears

found hard to catch. By now the shades of evening were falling and what is more, clouds were banking up in the direction we were to take. The walk now became more hilly as we approached the Sabines, lying right ahead, with Palestrina on the left and Paliano straight in front. For some time we thought Paliano was Genazzano itself, but realised our mistake when the road suddenly took a stupid bend at right angles. It must be eleven kms. from Valmontone to Genazzano, though the sign-posts say only nine. All this last part of the journey the Rector was very anxious to find out how many m. p. h. he really was doing between one kilometer stone and the next, and racked our poor brains with arithmetical reckonings. I wish eight kilometers made four miles instead of five!

Some way outside the town a few heavy raindrops warned us of the coming storm. The first group of the pilgrimage were by this time already in Genazzano and in a *trattoria*, but the rear ranks, along with the Capo del Pellegrinaggio himself, were only at the railway station when the storm broke. So we were divided, some sheltering coldly in the station while the others were warming the cockles of their hearts in the *trattoria*. However the laggards made a dash for it eventually and joined the others, and after another drink, since the rain had evidently set in for the night, we set off for the Friary at the top of the town. The Augustinians succeeded in putting us all up, scattering us all over the Friary from the luxurious visitors' rooms on the first floor to the novices' cells in the bell-tower: a couple of us in single rooms, the rest in twos and threes.

After a quick wash we made off to another *trattoria* for supper, which was served us in a sort of cellar, icy cold. Supper however soon warmed us up and we stayed here smoking and talking till about 9.45, while the good man of the house anxiously hung round our jolly party to receive his money and show us out. Finally the Rector handed him a 500 lire note—was it the first ever seen in Genazzano? Anyway he could not change it, but the Rector's open face must have reassured him and he let us out on parole for the night. And so very cheerfully to bed.

24th. *Thursday*. Up at 6.30 for the first aim of our pilgrimage,

the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel. We had made a short visit of course the previous evening, but now we heard two Masses, the Rector's and the Repeater's, and recited the prayers at the shrine. Breakfast then at the Friary, and we even got butter, while the remains of yesterday's dinner looked none the worse for their day's journey and night's rest. It was ten o'clock before we made ready to start off for Olevano Romano, and when we opened the door of the Friary we were met straightway by the landlord of the *trattoria*. We paid his bill—or rather it was paid—and started off for Olevano.

A long descent, a flat plain at the bottom and a still longer climb, through vineyards all the way and fairly rough going after the previous day's rain. Conversation consisted for the most part of individual reports as to the condition of feet and legs after the first day's walk: blisters had not yet made an appearance nor was stiffness too observable. Some found this conversation boring and were soon engrossed in a discussion on the proper derivation of Italian from Latin . . . Then of course there was the Rosary, so in one way or another we soon found ourselves in Olevano. Olevano is an Italian hill town—how else could you describe it? Anyway it possesses an excellent *trattoria*, the Roma, where we were given the free run of the house by the landlady. Dinner was a great success and from here we sent a postcard to our separated brethren at Palazzola—the secret of its Latin composition must not be divulged. The Visitors' Book provided much amusement, for the place is a *refugium clericorum* and full of Scots and North Americans. There were no Venerable names of later generations, but the Rector pointed out to us with great glee the names of stalwarts of his day. After dinner we withdrew to the sitting-room for a sing-song: the piano was badly out of tune, but our Capo managed to knock *Forty Seven Ginger-headed Sailors* out of it. *Ramona* however had the most far-reaching effect! But Subiaco not Olevano was supposed to be our destination for the day, so we set off about 3.30 on the last sixteen kms. to Subiaco.

This part of the walk was the most thrilling as the road wound its way in and out of the great hills—not however the mighty Simbruini, as some thought, legendary home of wolves and

mountaineers. Was it the Repeater put us wrong in our geography? A *carrozza*-driver, grieved to see the Rector walking thus, wanted to carry him all the way to Subiaco and could not believe he was doing it simply for "lo Sport"! He kept on along with us until finally our Capo nobly halted at a wayside tavern and called for drinks. The *carrozziere* joined us, and then tried to get us to come to his *albergo* in Subiaco: in this too he failed. Once the drink was over nothing exciting occurred on this walk. The vanguard, now without the Repeater, set up a startling pace and reached the well-known Belvedere in Subiaco, where a drink was found of immediate necessity, full forty minutes before the Rector's party arrived. Our original intention had been to sleep at S. Scholastica, but on second thoughts the Rector decided to put up at the Belvedere instead. This was the end of our walking, which we had enjoyed immensely: and to celebrate the occasion the Rector ordered special Cesanese after supper. Nobody stayed up long as we were tired after our long walk and went to bed almost immediately.

25th. *Friday*. The Rector's birthday. By 6.30 we were all on our way up to the famous Sacro Speco, the real goal of our pilgrimage. We meditated on the way up the mountain-side: it was one of those glorious early autumn mornings, cold but fresh and invigorating. At the top the inscription "Here is the Patriarchal Cradle of the monks of the West of the Order of St Benedict" gave us immediately the whole atmosphere of the place. For Mass we split into two parties, some attending the Rector's Mass in the Sacro Speco itself and the others Dr Park's in the Lady Chapel.

After breakfast in the Monastery a German monk showed us all over very methodically, right from the Upper Church down to the garden, chuckling gleefully over the frescoes of St Benedict discomfiting the Devil. To describe all the wonders of the Sacro Speco is unnecessary and beyond me. We saw everything and were enchanted. Especially delightful were the reminders of the *poverello* of Assisi—the portrait of St Francis painted when he visited the Sacro Speco, and of course the rose-bushes in the garden which were thorns before the touch of Francis turned them into roses. Wonderful too was the stern, majestic beauty of

the hills all round: St Benedict must indeed have had an eye for nature's glories. At S. Scholastica we spent only a short time: but long enough for the Repeater to buy a pot of honey which later appeared more than once in the Refectory, on the upper table.

Friday is not usually a good day for meals, but today was. In spite of the early hour everything was ready for us when we returned at 11 o'clock, and worthy of a birthday celebration. When we had eaten everything possible, our Senior Student rose on our behalf and congratulated the Rector on his birthday. He also took the opportunity of thanking him very much for the splendid gita he had given us and for generously bearing all the expenses. A fitting conclusion would have been *Ad Multos Annos* then and there: but the Repeater, soul of discretion, objected on the grounds of possible scandal. So we drank the Rector's health silently, but none the less deeply or heartily.

At Subiaco town we heard of a further drop in sterling and took a first-class train to Rome: from Rome to Rocca by tram and home through the woods, finishing our Rosary for that day. By 6.15 p.m. we were back at Palazzola and meeting a nondescript throng of theologians and philosophers just coming down from the Sforza. At supper the Rector's birthday was the occasion of *dolce* and extra wine for all: and in the common-room afterwards we were in time to see our post card from Olevano handed to the Senior Student.

So ended First Year's Gita—thanks to the Rector a great success!

JOHN MALONE

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NOTES

THE NEW SHRINE AT S. CROCE

THE RELICS of the Passion have now been placed in a new and very beautiful shrine. The entrance as before is on the left of the sanctuary. Immediately facing this is a loculus covered with glass and a bronze grill containing the wood from the Good Thief's cross. The old narrow ascending corridor has been turned into a rectangular vestibule, very broad, mounting in steps and terraces to a marble surrounded cruciform door which leads to the shrine proper. The top part of the door is glazed with golden coloured glass and one sees a glowing cross as the ascent is made. This vestibule has niches left for bronze Stations of the Cross, tablets between them bear texts concerning the Passion. The stones used are *peperino* and travertine, so that save for the doorway of dark green marble there are only two colours used. This simplicity of colouring gives a restful and chaste appearance. The vaulted ceiling, which is cream coloured, is lit by soft reflected lights.

The shrine itself is a rectangular chapel. Two thirds of its length constitute the sanctuary which is separated from the rest by a very graceful screen of wrought iron. The doorway and frame of this screen is made of rare marbles, as is the floor and the walls of the *schola* which surrounds the altar. The altar, which has the famous Limoges enamel cross upon it, is covered by a *tabernacolo* supported by four magnificent columns of black granite.

Immediately behind the altar is the Shrine of the Relics which is enclosed in a frame of red Porta Santa marble and alabaster. A deep ruby coloured curtain is before the Relics. This has reflected light shining upon it and the red gleams between the columns of black granite. Three stained glass windows light the chapel. They represent angels bearing the Relics of the Passion. The chief colours in the window of the Angel of the Cross are saffron and purple. The Cross borne is studded with crystals that shine like gems.

The shrine is not yet completed but it is already remarkably beautiful. White and purple *pavonazzetto* marble, golden alabaster, green and white *cipollino*, black granite, deep red porphyry and dark green Verde Antico marble are the chief ones used. They are used with remarkable restraint and good taste.

THE NEW BRONZE DOORS AT ST PAUL'S

One looked forward to seeing the doors that a modern sculptor would make for a great basilica. For great sculptors have worked on the doors of the House of God from the time when the Golden Doors were set up in the Temple till the time of Ghiberti who made those bronze doors for the Baptistry at Florence that Michael Angelo judged worthy to be the gates of Paradise. The symbolism of the door gives the greatest scope to the artist. One thinks of those gates of the city of joy in the Apocalypse, ever open, like the gleaming door of the Temple Josephus describes—a symbol to all men of the universal accessibility of heaven.

Work on doors of bronze during recent years has become too pictorial and fussy—witness the main doors of Pisa Cathedral. The simplicity of Barisano's doors at Monreale and the simplicity of the Byzantine tradition was vanishing. Maraini in these new doors of St Paul's returns to that simplicity. Unlike Ghiberti he does not rely on bronze alone for his effects; gilt, inlaid silver and lapis lazuli are all used for decoration. The great sculptors of the Renaissance—Pisano, Donatelli, Ghiberti—did all with wonderful care but Maraini's modelling is careless and rough, half faces are left out, backgrounds merely roughly "sketched", lines run

awry. There is none of that exquisite care in every detail that marks the doors of Ghiberti or of Pisano. But the scenes are well designed, simple and dignified, the main figures in them well modelled and full of power. In four of these figures only has the bronze been polished. One is a soldier with arms "shining as with oil" like the figures on Achilles' shield; the other figures are of boys or of women. For the rest the bronze of the whole door has been left dull. In the space this gives a particularly blind and empty effect.

It is in this matter of space around the figures that he often fails. Having put in the main figures, a desire for simplicity makes him leave out the background necessary to balance the scene. If only the dull surface had been hammered to give it light and shade it would not look so bare.

The door is divided naturally into four parts by a large cross inlaid with a silver vine which runs from top to bottom and across the doorway. This inlay relies for its effect on the mass of shining metal; it is not finely worked or carefully wedded to the bronze, like Damascus work, but has been very roughly hammered home.

The transverse bar of the cross has projecting symbols of the Four Evangelists upon it, the vertical bar has medallion busts of the twelve Apostles at intervals. They are roughly worked and inserted, cameo fashion, into lapis lazuli.

The top panel on the left has an angel supported by the arms of Pius XI and of the Abbot of St Paul's, that on the right has a female figure holding fasces supported by an eagle and the symbol of Rome—the Wolf with Romulus and Remus. Ruling bodies usually place their symbols upon church furniture when they have paid for it. When one remembers that the cost of the door has been paid out of interest on funds stolen from the Basilica after 1870 the inclusion of the eagle and the rest hardly seems warranted.

Below the arms of the cross on the left are five panels representing scenes from the life of St Paul. The scenes are well chosen, that of St Peter founding the Apostolic See being full of dramatic power. Rome is in the background, a man breaks the ground at St Peter's feet and a boy brings building stones. St Peter stands,

his arm beginning a magnificent sweeping gesture, his head is lifted up and his eyes (because they are left without pupils) seem to gaze in ecstasy beyond seas and mountains, even beyond the furthest boundary of the world. The third panel represents Our Lord giving the Keys to St Peter. The figure of Our Lord, like that in the corresponding panel—the Conversion of St Paul—is of silver, modelled in Byzantine fashion and the contrast against the dark bronze is very effective. The life of St Paul is given on the panels of the right side. Here the artist is happier because he uses more symbolism; by this means the incidents of the journey to Rome are very cleverly suggested in a single panel. The figures of soldiers are full of vigour, and in the panel which represents the execution of St Paul, he has taken away the emptiness from the top part of the panel by means of the lances held by the guards, which are disposed criss-cross as they are in the processional relief of the Arch of Titus.

The impression given by the whole is that it is a work finely conceived and well worked, yet blemished by a certain slapdash technique in many of its parts. This impression is strengthened when one sees the inside of the door. It is made of wood, thinly veneered, and the veneer is already peeling off.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY

It is now known that practically all the manuscripts and books of importance involved in the fall in the library have been recovered or can be replaced. The damage was greatly exaggerated in many papers. The great disaster was the loss of life. The structural damage was confined to the fall of two great pillars and their corresponding three arches in the Braccio Vecchio—the part built by Sixtus V in 1586-1588. The roofs of the Sala Sistina and the Sala di Consultazione were also broken. None of the mural frescoes of the Sala Sistina have been damaged and most of the harm can be made good. It is said that no trace of the fall will remain in a few months time.

A rose granite cup, the baptismal font of the Prince Imperial and two valuable tables have been destroyed. Only one of

the manuscript show cases fell, and seven of its great manuscripts were recovered immediately. The famous manuscript "Caccia al Falcone" thought to be lost, was discovered amid a pile of large tomes.

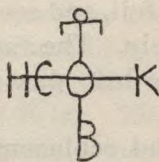
Rebinding, cleaning and replacement will soon restore the library. At present the Sala Sistina is full of scaffolding and the outside walls are buttressed strongly. No danger is felt from any cracks. There have been rumours of "oscillazione" in the other floors but 'Trattasi di oscillazione di fantasie' says the *Osservatore*. Evidently they are not 'treating of' the second room of our library!

EARLY MEDALS AND CROSSES FROM CARTHAGE

Father Delatre of the White Fathers recently sent to Rome a description of some very interesting early Christian medals and crosses. The medals show clearly the devotion of the early African Church to Our Lady. They are made of lead and are mostly about 2.2 cms. in diameter. Many years ago Father Delatre found the moulds that were used at Carthage in early Christian times for making leaden crosses. These medals were probably made in a similar type of mould.

De Rossi in his classical study on early Christian medals shows that they were used as far back as the 4th century and Thurston has suggested that the practice arose from a desire to do away with the pagan custom of wearing charms and amulets. Some of the bronze medals are very well designed, similar in subject and design to the sarcophagi and catacomb pictures. Their particular interest lies in the fact that they show the devotion of the people as such, in a new form.

The first medal has on one side a representation of Our Lady with the Infant Jesus on her left arm. On one side of her head is a star, on the other side is a latin cross. On the reverse side is a badly damaged monogram of the owner's name. On the second medal one inscription reads ΘΕΟΤΟΚΕ Β. (Βοηθει)—Mother of God help me!—This prayer is put in the form of a monogram on this medal and on all the others on which it occurs, thus:—



The form of the cross on these is curious—a capital T with a small O above. The same design of cross, the *crux ansata*, often appeared in the hands of the ancient Egyptian goddess Sekhet and from earliest time was among the hieroglyphic signs symbolic of life on many Egyptian monuments. In later times the Egyptian Christians, attracted by its form and perhaps by its symbolism which could be very well applied to the new life of grace, adopted it as the emblem of the Cross. The T by itself stood for 300, an apocalyptic sign of salvation just as H. I., which is also contained in these monograms, was the mystic numerical symbol of Christ the Saviour.

On the reverse side of the medal is:—

ΠΑΤΡ
ΙΚΙΩΑ
ΠΟΥΠΑ
ΤΩΝ

which reads:— ΠΑΤΡΙΚΙΩ ΑΠΟ ΥΠΑΤΩΝ :—Patricius, one of the consuls.

The third medal has on one side:— ΜΑΡΙΝΟΥ ΑΠΟ ΕΠΑΡΧΩΝ Marinus one of the Prefects. On the reverse:— ΔΟΥΛΟΝ ΤΗΣ ΘΕΟΤΟΚΟΥ: The servant of the Mother of God.

Two others with monogram invocations are from “Theodore the treasurer” and “Patricus treasurer of the consuls”. Another, without monograms, is from “Michael cubicularius, the servant of the Mother of God”. The Latin words Arcarius and cubicularius are written in Greek characters which reminds one of some catacomb inscriptions.

Besides the medals of Our Lady another was found. It has an *orante* between two lions—Daniel probably—, on the reverse is a person riding a horse, thought to be St George. Two crosses were found also, one 12.5 cms. high, the other smaller. Each

had a ring at the foot for attachment. They were made of bronze, had no figure of Our Lord, and were very reminiscent of the Stroganoff paten cross.

CATACOMBS—AN IMPORTANT ANALYSIS

During the excavations in the Catacomb of S. Panfilo a small glass ampolla, full of liquid, was found in a grave. The well known Dr Joachino De Sanctis made an analysis of the liquid. It was of a brownish red colour, contained much sediment and had no appreciable smell. When found it filled the glass to the brim. The chemicals contained in the liquid and its specific weight seemed to point to the fact that the analyst was dealing with ordinary water that had filtered through the ground. The sediment was examined under a microscope and was found to contain eyes, legs and wings of large "carrion" flies (*sarcophaga carnaria*). Dr De Sanctis thinks that the presence of these is due to the fact that the bodies were left uncared for some time in an open place (the place of martyrdom?). The flies laid their eggs on the body and these came to maturity after it had been laid in the tomb. The flies would find their way into the bottle attracted by the odour and would be unable to get out because of the narrowness of the bottle neck. He thinks that the water filtered through the ground, filled the tomb so that the bottle was submerged. The water which entered the bottle and so displaced the original contained in the flask, would not evaporate because of the dampness of the place.

L'ILLUSTRAZIONE VATICANA

The last half year's issue has been splendid. The excellent photos will delight the heart of every Venerabile man. If he be interested in the Vatican, Christian art, architecture, sculpture or just Catholic Rome and Italy in general he will find plenty to look at and to read. The articles are written briefly and in a popular style by experts, a mere list of them will be too long—try a few numbers—they are well worth double the five lire one pays for a copy.

W. KELLY

ROMANESQUES

14. — SOCIETIES

EVERY Venerabilino is a society man. The Schools, with their happy knack of putting things in a nutshell, have defined society as "the moral and constant union of certain persons, in order that by their mutual effort they may attain some desired end." Applied to ourselves this definition reveals a startling fact: in every nook and cranny of Roman life there are societies of every imaginable kind, dovetailing into each other with an unflinching harmony and precision. Take that most essential characteristic of Roman life—the camerata. Is it not the forming of certain persons into a union, stable and constant as the Seven Hills themselves? And has not Authority expressed its wish time and time again that the union between front and rear ranks should be at least moral? With regard to its end: for what other object is it founded than to get there as expeditiously as possible "with wings flapping bravely in the breeze"? In other words it is a society, complete in its entirety, perfect in its self-sufficiency, and simple in the equality of its members. The same is true of all the prominent constituents of Venerabile existence: concert committees, House meetings, common-room circles are all societies without which the world could not pursue its accustomed course. From which we conclude that whether he wills it or not, every Venerabilino is a society man.

It is not however of societies in this broad sense that we would treat here, but rather of those after-supper affairs which are officially recognized as Societies because they have a name. In

this sense society bears company with such words as "sheet", "tank", "rosolio" and "calendar". Their cold conventional meaning leaves a stranger entirely unmoved, but whispered in the ear of a Roman they will arouse deep and intimate passions of love (or maybe hate) and perhaps for that reason such subjects are always worthy of a Romanesque.

Of all these after-supper societies, the oldest and most venerable is the Literary. It is in a class by itself—the society *par excellence*. Others may invoke as their patrons illustrious names such as Wiseman or Grant but the Literary claims that kindly spirit which identifies itself with the very walls. In virtue of this, time itself is unhinged; the bell with a joyous peal announces fifteen minutes off study and early supper; the clock clangs its imperious call to night prayers and stops in amazement to see us take no notice. The common-room itself is commandeered as the meeting place and a large table with five reserved chairs for the powers that be gives the touch of solemnity necessary to so important an occasion. The audience is catholic in its taste: its members will enjoy an intellectual evening on "The Merits of Controversy". They will rise nobly to a scholarly paper on "Idealism" in Italian or French and will appreciate an exposition on "The Present State of the Church in England", but most of all they long for a subject which promises "something fresh". After all it is after supper and a day's burrowings in Remer or Billot require that one should emerge and frisk round for awhile in some fresher, more exhilarating atmosphere.

For example, a former member of the society once delivered a paper on "Cheese". The subject, though in itself non-committal was treated in such a way that had the *formaggiaio's* of the City been present they would have swelled with the pride of their calling. To quote the minutes: — "He spoke of no particular aspect of cheese but of cheese in its most comprehensive sense—just cheese. He considered the names of cheese in many languages. He traced its influence in mythology, where it had Hermes for its patron; and in hero-lore where he tried to make it 'launch a thousand ships' . . . For the influence of cheese on the Greek mind, it was sufficient to read one page of Liddell and Scott; there it was seen how the idea of cheese penetrated

into every sphere of life and ranged from the unspeakable infamy of the τυρόκλεψ to the mystic heaven of the τυρόμαντις. Mr Belloc was right when he said that cheese reflected the intimate mind of Europe; for cheese was in itself a microcosm,—nay it might be the end of all philosophical systems other than the scholastic; but not of the scholastic for its identity lay in its accident, e.g. smell." Now the *modus tractandi* of this subject was decidedly novel. Nobody had ever before considered this homely product as being involved in such vital issues and as a result the evening was a memorable success.

Or again an eminent Cardinal came once to describe the adventures he had had on a recent visit to Abyssinia. He began with a highly diverting demonstration of certain instruments of prayer used by the Easterns. Walking amongst his audience he rattled the "cysta" and gracefully waved a long flowing mane round the heads of those nearest him. The situation was enhanced by the presence of a Bishop who must have found the demonstration as embarrassing as it was instructive. But the move was strategic. An oriental atmosphere had been introduced and after such a piquant *antipaste* the audience were well prepared to enjoy what was to follow.

There are two types of papers; those given by members from within and those by visitors specially invited for the occasion. Needless to say the two types differ vastly. There are many difficulties that beset the student when he sits down to write a paper. Having breathed the atmosphere of text-books and scholastic disputations for some years, he may find his pen instinctively figuring out concessions, negations and contradictions (a depressing thought), and while the syllogism makes for lucidity, it tends to cramp "the feast of reason and flow of soul" which is the literary man's prerogative. And of course there is the consideration (unworthy but practical) that when a visitor has given his speech, he can, should the occasion arise, flee to some remote island far away from Rome. The student on the other hand must meet his companions, next day and every day, and bear the brunt of that easy familiarity which is the boon of true friendship. The result is that papers from the Society are more elaborate and carefully prepared than those

from outside: a man will devote all his energies to the task, and will be found at unexpected times in the library gleaning information with all the zeal of the professional grubber. And upon my word, he usually gives the Society a vivid, enjoyable evening, that can favourably compare with the very best that visitors can give.

Visitors on the other hand have an initial advantage. Around them is all the glamour of the unknown, which ensures an attentive audience. They usually live in a different sphere of life and have adventures that are denied to most of us; they can give the oldest of us a few years and consequently can retrospect on things that happened when we were very young. Furthermore, the Literary Society, like every other, loves to feel itself moving in high circles and getting "behind the scenes" with snippets that are too intimate to be published. If a visitor can begin by expressing apprehension lest any press reporters should be present and can colour his discourse with chance remarks such as "The King remarked to me" or "The Prime Minister looked very worried when I explained the true situation. . ." the evening will be an undoubted success. From the hazy common-room we can follow intrepid explorers through the dark African jungle or live a perilous life in Petrograd as secret-service agents to the Vatican or wallow and shiver in Ypres mud waiting for zero hour. The air gets bluer, the President leans back in his chair with a satisfied smile—all's well for another week anyway—in some odd corner Mr X is looking worried about the vote of thanks. The man on our right has found the lecturer's voice soporific and soothing. He nods and is asleep . . .

A very different affair is the Debating Society. Like the Literary it has years of history behind it: both were founded as "The English College Debating and Literary Society" in 1841 (it is significant that this year saw the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament) and had the same president and secretary who as far as possible arranged debates and papers alternately. But the two were separated in 1922 (a time when many smaller powers in Europe were struggling for independence) and the Debating became a private concern under the title of the "Grant Debating Society". It could now no longer claim the common-room as its

place of meeting and had therefore to find quarters elsewhere. For four years it struggled to find a home. Its usual place of meeting was the reception-room (a draughty place in those days), where debaters, if they wanted to sit, had to bring their chairs from the refectory. The Salone was tried by way of variation but proved unsatisfactory (we wonder why?), and the reception-room was again adopted until the nuns' quarters were moved and the music room came into being. Such history proves that the Debating Society is a popular one. To argue is peculiar to the rational animal; neither angels nor beasts worry about stating the pros and cons. It is man's realm and he feels impelled to make the best of it. But debating is an even more refined process—a development on the mere faculty of reasoning. In a small room overlooking one of the worst slums in Rome a little company of men are banded together. The world would not go on so calmly did it but know; for they have come there to discuss a question of vital importance to millions of people—"Is England's Outlook catastrophic?" A speaker rises to affirm the motion. "No-one can shut his eyes to England's present plight. What need is there to seek for proof when evidence of the fact crowds upon us? The economic ruin of the country is patent in the bankruptcy of its most important industries, silent and starving witnesses of which are the two million or more unemployed who tramp the roads in idleness. Who can say that the final phase of the catastrophe will not be the outbreak of bloody revolution?" Parliament listens strangely unmoved at such a contingency and the speaker sits down to a burst of positively indecent applause. A member from the Opposition rises to propound a more optimistic view. "We do not deny that manifold evils are now the scourge of our country. But all this talk about revolt and Bolshevism is mere hot exuding from the political geysers of Fleet Street. There is no danger to be feared from our English people. They are being duped by politicians hardly worthy of the name and by business men of a strong Semitic strain . . ."

The debate is opened to general discussion and heated views are expressed from the extreme left and right. The ballot is then taken and as the bell goes for night prayers the little band of stalwarts has saved the Homeland. By the uplifting of a hand

they decide that England's outlook is not catastrophic. Cabinet ministers in Westminster may have just finished dinner.

More intimate problems also have to be solved in this assembly. Parish priests in England only avoided by four votes the institution of a financial council of laymen in each parish as being something very desirable, and on one occasion men trained for years on the hard benches of the Gregorian set their minds to consider the question "Whether Beauty was a greater asset in the world than Brains." Beauty won by a single vote. The debate that "The English Clergy would do well to adopt the cassock as their ordinary dress" evoked some striking remarks: — "The leader of the Opposition then quaintly described the vagaries of fashion. Whatever might be prescribed, were it bustle or flounces or crinoline, he assured the Society that he would adopt it calmly—he would not let the cloth down."

As a variation from the formal debates there are the impromptus. They have a thrill all their own. Many a man who has sub-distinguished his way triumphantly through all the subtleties of Metaphysics has been confounded when called upon to discuss some such question as "Is it better to think there is one step more when you have in reality reached the top of the stairs, than to think you have reached the top of the stairs when there is in reality one step more?"

The sparks fly sometimes; nimble brains wrestle in brilliant repartee and the sombre music-room becomes the arena for epic battles of wit and intellect—to the distress of that harassed official, the secretary.

Closely related to the Literary Society is the Wiseman. As the name of its illustrious patron would indicate, it moves in a slightly more rarified and intellectual atmosphere than its fellows. The Literary Society belies its name; for its subject is by no means exclusively literary but of more general and social interest. So the Wiseman supplies the need of those who would retire apart and feast the intellect on some more ethereal banquet. The number of its members remains fairly low so that after the reading of a paper there can follow a lively general discussion. On those evenings the music-room loses the heated atmosphere of a debating hall and admits as true a company of

blue-stockings as Mrs Montague ever entertained. Whether the subject be the "Politics of Aristotle", "Music as a form of emotional expression", or "A new theory on Baroque" it will grip with genuine interest the enthusiastic little coterie that make up the Society; and as the facts prove, the enjoyment they gain is sufficient to withstand the comments of their more physical brethren.

The Mezzofanti is the last of the Societies proper. Its birth was chronicled four years ago and in its early years it proved to be a precocious infant with great powers of attraction. To quote from its first public report:—"Nuntiatum certo die factum iri experimentum: statim aula communis vacuefacta praeter unum constantissimum circulum, qui perituram ac vix non extinctam, ut aiebant, vitam communem magno clamore deflebant." This was all the more remarkable in that the large number of societies then existing had already occasioned the remark "Singularis ergo plane ille ingenii fuit qui in tanta silva societatum unam adhuc intemptatam excogitare potuit." The Mezzofanti was run on ordinary debating society lines but members were allowed to speak only in Latin, French or Italian. An exception was once made to this rule when a certain archbishop lately *ex Africa redux* was given the opportunity of holding the floor with an address in Zulu. He graciously declined. The precocious infant is silent at present; has it itself joined the society of defunct societies—an honourable list: the Dante, the Selborne and the Orpheus?

The Social Study Guild shows by its name that it is to be considered as one apart—a guild, mark you, not a society—whose doings are serious, whose members earnest. Not for us to speak flippantly of men who are learning to talk with authority on the living wage.

Nearly everybody belongs to one or other of these societies; for the First Year man while yet he is busy cutting the pages of his Remer will be infallibly run to earth by some smooth-tongued canvasser, and before he realises it will find himself consenting to go to one meeting "just to see what it is like". Did he but know it he has shaped his whole career in that moment. For he has plunged into the powerful society stream which will

bear him along gently at first and then with irresistible force. But after all it is a pleasant stream and bubbling with life. An occasional night communing with the Muses or adjusting the distribution of the world's wealth will give him fresh zest for the common-room: he will return and sing songs more lustily and will tell stories, without a blush, that are as tall as the Gran Sasso.

BERNARD GRADY

NOVA ET VETERA

THE POPE'S GIFT

WHEN the College had its audience last May with the Holy Father we were given a small picture of the English Martyrs: a reproduction of the new altarpiece at St James's, Spanish Place. This summer his Holiness sent Monsignor Caccia Dominioni to the villa with a further gift: the pectoral cross and ring of the late Cardinal Gasquet. The cross contains the relics of the True Cross, Our Lady, St Joseph, SS Peter and Paul, St Benedict, St Scholastica, St Sebastian and St Lawrence. The gift was labelled with a note in the Holy Father's handwriting. This kind thought of his Holiness for the College puts us all under the further pleasant obligation of remembering him gratefully: may the eleventh year of his pontificate be greatly blessed.

PALAZZOLA

"It is hoped that the urgent need of accomodation at the Villa will be met in time for the beginning of the *villeggiatura*. The depreciation of the pound is enough to make a Rector pause before beginning this task, but the need is great, the decision has been taken, the workmen are even now at work, and—"Deus providebit"!

"The whole of the Library wing will be remodelled. The sisters will migrate to the *Palazzina*, itself adapted for use as a convent with chapel and all complete. The *custode* will have a new home on the spot where formerly the hens scratched or slept lazily in the sunshine. The College will have the whole of the Library wing which will be adapted to provide twenty-five new rooms. We look forward to living in the new wing in the

summer. Meanwhile we pray earnestly that the friends of the Venerabile may see us through this enterprise and that our Blessed Martyrs may introduce us to a stream of benefactors who will show their love for this venerable home in a practical way. We hope to describe the work done at Palazzola in more detail in the October number and, *Deo adjuvante*, to be able to announce triumphantly that not only is the new wing complete, but that the means are in the Rector's hands to meet the bills which come his way."

W. G.

A MARTYR'S BOOK

In the second library (LV. J5) is a half folio pergamena bound copy of Paulus Manutius' "In M. Tullii Ciceronis Orationes Commentarius", published in 1578 at Venice. The first owner of this, as the signatures on the title page show, was James Bishop who gave it to Joseph Lambton the martyr. Cuthbert Trollop, Francis Blenkinsop, Francis Barber and Michael Russell, all students of the English College, owned it afterwards.

JOSEPH LAMBTON was the third son of John Lambton of Lambton Hall, Co. Durham, the ancestor of the earls of Durham. His mother was related to Edward the Fourth.

"He was born at Malton in Yorkshire in 1570," says Cardinal Gasquet in his History of the College. "He set out for Rome (after five years at Rheims College) on August 18, 1589. At his request, we are told, his course at the English College was shortened in order to allow him to hasten to the harvest of souls in England. He left on April 22, 1592 (with Bl. John Thules and William Clerk—the latter, according to the *Liber Ruber*, wrote works against Father Persons and other Jesuits, and was put to death in England *laesa majestate* in 1603) and on landing in England was almost immediately apprehended, cast into prison and tried for high treason because he was a priest. He suffered a savage and most horrible butchery at Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 27th, 1593, being cut down whilst still alive, and a felon from the prison, as a ransom for his own life, was appointed to carry out the barbarous task of disembowelling and quartering the martyr.

In the midst of his task he was filled with horror at what he was doing, and refused at all costs to continue. The sheriff was obliged to seek for another, whilst the sufferer, still living, with invincible patience and courage endured a torment that shocked all present. At length a butcher from a neighbouring village was brought who completed the ripping up and disembowelling."

In another number we will publish interesting information about the other men whose names appear on this title page.

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

The temporary tomb of our late Cardinal Protector has been replaced by a beautiful sarcophagus of pale green translucent marble (technically Majorca Onyx). The simple inscription "Da mihi animas coetera tolle" remains the same. The tomb which has become a shrine for many, is near to that of Pius X, and imitates it in its simplicity of design.

Recently Monsignor Canali with kind thought sent the College a copy of the last photograph that was taken of the Cardinal. The picture is framed in gold wood, and Monsignor Canali has written on it as follows: "To the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Godfrey and the students of the English College, in lasting memory of their saintly Cardinal Protector, to whom the Venerabile was ever a special object of interest and devotion."

ODDS AND ENDS

"Wide and lofty vaulted corridors; a noble staircase leading to vast and airy halls succeeding one another..." Thus Wiseman. And lately a certain amount of interior furbishing has smartened up the old Venerabile again. The "spacious garden glowing with the lemon and the orange" remains the same (save for the kind thought of a wooden box for the cat to sleep in): but within there are many improvements. The walls of the noble staircase have been distempered: rejuvenated too is the ageing cream of the common-room: and even that broken bench, fuel for so many public meetings, has been repaired. New and powerful

electric bulbs covered by twisty glass shades of intricate design, throw a searching light on any scratches or smudges on the newly-painted walls. Then there is a new frame for the vice-rectorial lists, now carefully glassed over: and every man has a neat little brass holder for his name-and-number card on his door. At this rate they will soon be laying h. - and - c. on in the rooms!

We must thank the kindness of an anonymous benefactor for a new square that has been inserted in the mosaic floor of the church. Another square near the font, whose looseness in times past has been the occasion of distressing falls, has been temporarily patched.

To conclude this list of achievement mention must be made of the nuns' new time-saving electric machine, more efficacious even than the ill-famed potato machine. It washes our clothes quicker (though we get them back no sooner) and more gently: which is a good thing.

THE MARTYRS

Many a man, we fear, has considered that inscription above the "Martyrs Corridor"—*Quadragesima Quattuor huius Collegi . . .*, and has then gone away without bothering to ask himself who were these glorious Forty-Four. Ignorance is now inexcusable: a list of their names, hand-illuminated, now hangs in the lower corridor. The design is a work of art, simple and dignified, and well set off by a plain black frame: but most of all is it valuable for its historical accuracy. There has always been a sort of vagueness about the names of some of our Martyrs: we are now able to state, on certain knowledge, that this document was drawn up only after a full examination of the sources, and may be taken as authentic: there are twenty-eight *beati* and thirteen *venerabili*: these are all the names which certainly belong to us and whose cause has been brought up for consideration.

THE SWEDISH HOSPICE

The departure of the Carmelite nuns from St Bridget's and the return of the Bridgettines renews an old feature of the

Monserrato district. For the sisters, following a tradition of their order have opened an up-to-date pension in connection with the convent where pilgrims to Rome may make their stay (comfortably and at a reasonable price). The Monserrato thus welcomes back one of the many hospices which flourished here when it was the Ludovisi quarter of the day. The Bridgettines were our neighbours since the fourteenth century, except for the last hundred years when the house has been in the hands of various religious orders. Venerabilini will remember that in this house St Bridget lived and (in 1373) died. Her daughter St Catherine also passed her life here, and the rooms of both saints may still be seen and Mass may be said in them. Here too is venerated the table at which St Bridget wrote her revelations. The convent church (enriched by the royal house of Sweden just before the Reformation) has an interest for us in the altar and chapel dedicated to Bl. Richard Reynolds, the English Bridgettine who died at Tyburn. His life size picture, recently painted by one of the nuns, hangs over the altar. A distinguished Swedish convert, Nils Bjelke, lies buried here: he was made a Senator of Rome by Clement XII.

The grey habits of the sisters add yet another picturesque detail to the varied scene of the Campo di Fiori. Their life of prayer is directed towards asking of graces for priests and those outside the Church. May this historic house bring blessings on Sweden once again.

AN IRISH HERO OF PAPAL ROME

Sergeant Shea has been mentioned before in this magazine. In number 4 of volume III we read in the diary of Father William Kirkham (1869-1873) for September 14th, 1870: "Went to Porta Angelica and met Guinness, who told us all about the skirmish with the Italian Lancers, when Shea was wounded and taken prisoner beyond Monte Mario."—And for September 17th: "News of Shea at length: Mrs Stone ¹ went out to enquire. He has six wounds from the Lancers and is in a critical state."

¹ An Englishwoman who had been present assisting the wounded on the battlefield of Mentana in 1867.

Recently Father John O'Connor (1889-1895) sent us the following note:

"Sergeant Shea was a magnificent sample to look at. He gave us a thrilling story of his last fight for the Pope. A day or two before the Venti Settembre, he was out patrolling the road north beyond Monte Mario when he descried a reconnaissance of Piedmontese lancers pricking along towards them. Fourteen or twenty men against eight. He at once lined his men across the road with orders to fall back in fours each side of the road, line the fences and re-load after firing from the line. The lancers charged and Shea's men fired, emptying five saddles. The lancers swept by spearing nothing. Back they came, and five more saddles were evacuated. Then Shea ordered his men home to report and stood alone to face the third charge of the remainder. He shot one man dead, bayoneted a second who lanced his thigh as he came. "I was nearly smothered in his blood, and it felt quite hot," he said. Then he pulled a third off his horse, and got a down cut of a sabre which knocked him out. His zouave cap had saved his life, but he woke in Viterbo lying on straw in a flat cart with his head aching horribly.

"After some weeks of rough hospital he was set free and found his way to England, where he was put in command of the training-ship which had got out of hand. How much so may be estimated from the fact that he told us his method for six months was to lie down in his cabin at night with a revolver in each hand. The whole ship knew that the door was open wide, and also that anyone who passed that door would be shot.

"My last look at him was in St Peter's a few days after his visit to the College. A Sunday afternoon veneration of a new Beato. I happened to have a borrowed pair of opera-glasses. Shea was in a tribune across the nave looking like a potentate. Perhaps I swung the glasses about too giddily, but he glared at me with the eyes that the Piedmontese lancers must have seen before they died. 'Severe but merited,' was my unspoken reflection."

THE SEVEN CHURCHES

Why always seven in Rome? Seven hills . . . seven years . . . seven churches.

Yet those seven churches are certainly pre-eminent among all the churches of the Eternal City—nearly a thousand perhaps, of which not a few have fame. If you had the choosing of the seven most sacred spots in Rome you would find it difficult to omit one of those which an age-long tradition of practical piety has called, for their excellence, The Seven. Nor would it be very easy to name another seven of such great note which would take such a long time to visit: and if you did succeed in naming them, your resultant route would be too obviously a labour of ingenuity, whereas the distance today is rightly regarded as a mere coincidence (not deplored), rather than the outcome of malicious design.

This devotion, called of the Seven Churches, is probably as old as the churches themselves. Scarcely are the persecutions over when we find the faithful following the pious custom of visiting the great shrines of the city—that itself a growth from the days of the secret visits to the places where the martyrs died, or where their bodies lay. It is certain that already in the fourth century pilgrims were coming from afar to make their devotions at the tombs of the Apostles and the other holy places of Rome. For the triumphs of pagan Rome had passed away, and these pilgrimages served to impress on the Romans the change in the destiny of their city. The nations no longer came in chains to adorn the Capitol, but to pay a new and voluntary homage to the spiritual glories of Rome. The Great Transformation had taken place.

And if distant lands showed such zeal, what must have been the enthusiasm of the Romans whose ardent faith had long ago been praised by that keen judge of character St Paul, and who merited that eulogy of St Jerome: "Ubinam alibi tanto studio et frequentia concurritur ad ecclesias et martyrum sepulchra? Romanae plebis laudatur fides eo quod devotio in eis major sit, et simplicitas ad credendum,"¹ a simplicity that sooner or later is Rome's gift to the most stolid of barbarians who come beneath her spell.

The particular circuit of devotion of which we speak was at first, it seems, confined to five basilicas, and those the greater or patriarchal, the Lateran, St Peter, St Paul, St Mary Major and St Lawrence without the Walls. They were singled out for their celebrity, their grandeur, their wealth of relics, and the indulgences which were early attached to visiting them. Then naturally enough it came about that the wayfarer took San Sebastiano in his stride between St Paul and the Lateran: "consuetudine receptum est non praeterire ecclesiam Sancti Sebastiani ob venerandum divi Calisti coemeterium tot sanctorum corporibus nobilitatum et ob sacras catacumbas."² This took the pilgrim to a spot that had no rival in sanctity and over ground that fairly cries aloud the memory of those first three hundred years. Finally the Basilica of Santa Croce was added on the way to or from the Lateran, and the mystic number of the visits was complete: "ecclesia septima adiuncta fuit, atque ita septenarius numerus completus est, *ne tam religioso instituto mysterium deesse videretur.*"³ This popular and representative pilgrimage of the Eternal City was soon enriched with copious indulgences by the supreme Pontiffs. Popes themselves, Kings, and even an occasional emperor, have travelled the road we take today. Everyone knows of the enthusiasm of St Philip Neri for this pilgrimage—a Roman devotion dear to his most Roman heart—and how he organised the youth of Rome to make a gita of it, just as his successors at the Chiesa Nuova still do.

¹ P.L. 26, 427.

² *De Septem Urbis Ecclesiis*, Serrani, Roma, 1575.

³ *ibid.*

Every year the manifesto goes forth to stir the Romans to their immemorial round of piety and faith: "ancora una volta l'Urbe si manifesta e si afferma cristiana sotto gli occhi delle nuove generazioni desiose di bene." Year by year the clergy followed by the men and women who have responded to the call of St Philip proceed at the Roman pace upon the long and tiring march—broken only at S. Nereo for *refezione e sermoncino*.⁴

Old authors when speaking of the pilgrimage have been at great pains to point out the full significance of the number seven, adducing with a laudable thoroughness every reference to that mystic number in the Old and New Testament, but with a special appeal to the Apocalypse, so that many even saw in this itinerary a figure or memorial in some manner of the seven churches of Asia. Indeed it would seem likely that but for the perfection of that number Seven, the pilgrimage would have been of nine, for it was the custom to visit Tre Fontane and S. Maria Annunziata between S. Paolo and S. Sebastiano. The Nine Churches was a well-known and ancient title of this pilgrimage, but one hears little of it nowadays. Here too Seven has prevailed.

The Seven Churches is a devotion which will not be suffered to decay. As you set out on that circuit of the City, Pagan Rome for all its splendour recedes into its proper place—the background, and the glorious traditions of the Christian centuries are uppermost in the mind. This Rome of the Apostles Peter and Paul—whose memory is very fresh even now; Rome of the persecutions and the triumph of the Faith; Rome of the Christians, Rome of the Leo, the Gregory and the Innocent—names that awaken in us a great pride in our inheritance. The road you travel is holy: first sanctified by the martyrs whose shrines determined its route: consecrated a thousand times by the passage of living saints without number: and surely hallowed too by the untiring tread of the great host of sinners who have made this their road of penance and found here inspiration and strength.

A book on the Seven Churches of Rome, published in 1639, begins thus:—"Due sono i fini che si devono havere nel visitar le

⁴ "Per la refezione a S. Nereo si forniscono sul posto cestini dietro prenotazione presso la Chiesa Nuova. L. 10."

sette chiese: uno della gloria di Dio e dei suoi santi: l'altro della propria utilità, cioè del merito e del frutto dell'anima."⁵ For the round of the seven churches is a true pilgrimage, and one of the oldest pilgrimages in Christendom; indeed as Abbot Piazza says in his book on the same, "a pilgrimage peradventure the most celebrated after Calvary and the Sepulchre of Christ."⁶

Those two intentions therefore, the glory of God and gaining of merit, are but the right and proper equipment for so holy a work as a pilgrimage, more especially since they ought to be the major and chief ends of all our actions. But no one, not even the pious author of that book, would limit our range of purpose to so noble an end. There is such a thing as subordination of ends, and the subordination of the lesser and more human to the greater and more divine will even permit that, given the just appreciation and intention of the higher good, the pleasure we take in the lesser may be perceptibly more intense. For as long as the natural end is healthy and good, its presence by no means diminishes the efficacy of the supernatural one. Rather is the natural end itself given a new value of being transferred and subordinated into a new order, which is the order of merit. And human experience sets the seal of approval on this theology. What man has not known that multiplicity of intentions in which there is yet no conflict—but a harmony which indicates a kind of infinite capacity in the human soul?

It was too a principle of the saints that the body may be given a reasonable amount of pleasure without ever prejudicing the soul. Not that any of the saints actually gave their own bodies much pleasure. I know of none that did; but they did not demand of others what they inflicted on themselves. St Francis of Assisi remembered on occasion Brother Ass, and I have seen holy men in Rome making holiday like very children on a day's romp. It were indeed a sad religion that never permitted a thought at all for poor Brother Ass. Nobody denies that pilgrims have from time to time taken advantage of the large-mindedness of the Church, and have by undue attention to the physical side

⁵ By Giovanni Severano, Roma 1639.

⁶ *Le Sette Chiese*, Roma 1694.

of the affair—especially when their devotions were done—given fools occasion to talk of laxity. St Augustine apologizing for certain excesses in his own day remarked that Mother Church had to make some “concession to the infirmities of the lately heathen.” It was the very complexity of the act of pilgrimage that led the simple-minded astray. St Paulinus of Nola wished heartily that the simple would not “fill high the wine-cup on the very threshold of the saints.” But these are sheer abuses. The complex nature and many-sided appeal of the pilgrimage is a fact of human experience.

All this being so (you may perhaps think I am sadly strayed from the point: on the contrary I have yet to come to it) consider this wise remark about pilgrimages penned by one who above all others ought to know. “There has always hung round the idea of a pilgrimage with all people and at all times something more than the mere objective.” That is to say, men have in all ages made an adventure and a holiday out of this holy thing. There is no contradiction in thus satisfying at the same time two cravings that are within us separate and distinct: just as when a man is hungry, there is no reason why he should not satisfy his thirst as well. Nor was there ever any reason why a man should not make holiday and pilgrimage together, or why that pilgrimage should not count, provided that the two be combined with a due subordination of the lesser to the nobler motive. They have been doing that kind of thing in the Church for two thousand years.

So it comes about that, emphasize the *gita* element as much as you like, there is nothing extraordinary in making a *gita* of the Seven Churches—a thing I too once did, to the great astonishment and distrust of my contemporaries. But, God bless them, they were hard and unbelieving men.

R. DELANY



JULIAN WATTS-RUSSELL

FOR us living in the twentieth century it is hard to imagine a body of men breathing the same spirit as the Crusaders, fired with zeal for our holy religion, ready to defend the rights of the Church against all comers, prepared to sacrifice even life itself for the Holy See and Christ's Vicar on earth. And yet it is only some sixty years since the curtain was rung down on the last crusade when the knights of the Holy Cross yielded to overwhelming odds at the Porta Pia in the year eighteen hundred and seventy. Well might the Zouaves of Pius IX be compared with the doughty adversaries of the Moslems!

In the year 1867, with which we are mostly concerned, encroachments on the territory of the Papal States had caused Pio Nono such anxiety that he found it necessary to increase the strength of his standing army. Repeated raids by guerrilla bands on border towns demanded extra garrisons. The recruits were enrolled for the most part from the Italians, but in addition several hundreds of volunteers from all over the world joined the Papal *corps d'élite*, the Zouaves. Among these was a young man named Julian Watts-Russell. The family seat of the Watts-Russells was Ilam Hall in Staffordshire, but owing to his wife's failing health Julian's father lived the greater part of his married life in warmer climes. Thus in 1850 we find them at Florence where Julian was born on the feast of the Epiphany. His early education consisted mainly of private tuition by Oratorian Fathers and Jesuits. He was sent to Ushaw in 1861 and remained there until January 1863 when he returned to Rome to the wide-

spread regret of those who had come to recognise in him a genuine sanctity and a charming disposition. He made himself famous in the annals of Ushaw by an attempted runaway, frustrated after seven miles by the discovery of two small adventurers hungry and miserable on the roadside. Of the subsequent events of Julian's life until 1867 we know very little save for one interesting fact. When he was sixteen, he and his elder brother Wilfrid, were offered commissions in the Austrian army, then preparing for war in consequence of the efforts of Bismarck to stir up central European unrest. They did actually enlist and even performed a period of three months' training, but when it was represented to their father that his sons were thereby becoming traitors to their native land, he immediately withdrew them and they settled down once more to home life.

In the early spring of 1867 Pio Nono, that magnificent and long-suffering pontiff, was compelled to send out his appeal for help to all his faithful children scattered throughout the world, and when generous and loyal-hearted Catholics were nobly responding from France, Belgium and Austria, from distant Canada and the South American republics, our islands were not silent. A brave handful showed the Holy Father that strong bonds still bound us fast to the centre of Christianity. Among this select coterie one notices particularly the names of the two Collingridge brothers, the elder of whom, Alfred, had the honour of laying down his life for the Holy See; Shea,¹ the gallant Irishman who performed prodigious feats of valour, and lastly the two Watts-Russells, Wilfrid and Julian who in April 1867 were enrolled in the Zouaves: and Julian was but seventeen years and three months. He and his brother soon found their previous military training standing them in good stead, and were thus early able to take their places in the flying squadrons which moved rapidly up and down the northern border of the Pontifical States repelling the insistent raids of Garibaldian invaders. Some idea of Julian and the kind of warfare in which he was engaged may be gathered from a letter he wrote to his father from Rome, dated October 23rd, 1867:

¹ cf. *Nova et Vetera* of this number, page 374.

My Dear Papa,

We came back four days ago: six days before that we started in the train for Monte Rotondo: from there we marched to the town, and there we slept on the straw with our sacks for pillows. This morning at half-past four we started off for Monte Libretti—nine hours' march. Next morning at six we started for Nerola, where we heard that 1200 Garibaldians were fortified. We arrived about three o' clock in the afternoon and began the attack. Our company was complimented on its gallantry: numbers of balls were whizzing about us: but thanks to Our Blessed Lady we were not touched. We got into some houses and shot away at the Garibaldians from some windows: in about one hour and a half there were about seven flags of truce hanging out of the windows, and the order was given to cease firing. The cannon knocked down the flag at the third shot; and then the Pope's flag was put upon the top of the fort, and everyone shouted "Viva Pio Nono". It was awfully grand. We slept at Nerola in the same room with a dead soldier of the Antibe (French) Legion; we all of us said a *De Profundis* over him. First the Dutchmen said public prayers before going to sleep; and then the English: there were five of us altogether. When we took the prisoners there were only 137: the rest had got off the night before. Next morning we marched from Nerola to Monte Rotondo, a march of sixteen hours, with our sacks on our backs. At Nerola we eat the Colonel's (De Charette) horse which was killed: it was very good: there was nothing else to eat the whole day of that long march, fifteen hours, etc. etc.

This repulse at Nerola and previous defeats which he and his sons had suffered, decided Garibaldi to stake his all on a final attempt to bring him into better odour with the Piedmontese king and his annexing parliament at Florence, in their efforts towards a united Italy. News reached Rome at the beginning of November that the insurgents were massing at Monte Rotondo with a view to a general engagement whose aim would be to wipe out entirely the Papal army. Nothing daunted, the Pontificals immediately made preparations for the struggle and the joy of the men was unbounded when they were ordered to assemble in the courtyard of Castel S. Angelo at midnight, November 2nd. The march began at four a. m. in pouring rain. The troops crossed the Ponte Nomentana and advanced as quickly

as possible under such trying conditions along the Via Nomentana. They had not expected to come up with the enemy until nearing Monte Rotondo, but the Papal advance-guard was surprised by shots from Garibaldian outposts four kilometres before Mentana, a strongly-posted little town on the left bank of the Tiber and sixteen miles from Rome. Thus contact was made at about one p. m. Julian's company of Zouaves in the van was eager for the charge, but the Pontifical general, Kanzler, ordered his men to bivouack and dry their clothes in the sun which had by then appeared, whilst he disposed his little force in as good battle array as possible. In all he had three thousand men, and was supported by a reserve of two thousand French under General de Polhés, whom he had urgently summoned to his aid from Cività Vecchia.

After a halt of an hour the order was given to advance up the steep road and the Zouaves, seeking what cover there was, began to drive in the enemy outposts until they approached the Vigna Santucci, a farm situated on an eminence, and an almost impregnable barrier from any side. From this a large and strongly entrenched body of Garibaldians poured down a murderous fire on the assailants, among whom Julian was conspicuous for his coolness and gallantry. His cap was knocked off by a ball early in the battle, but he continued steadily onward with his companions, loading and firing as rapidly as he could, and each time his finger pressed the trigger an Ave sped after the bullet for the unfortunate wretch it might send into eternity. The loss of men round the Vigna Santucci checked the first Zouave onslaught, but Kanzler, realising the paramount importance of taking it, ordered up more of his Zouaves who rushed impetuously to the very walls of the farm. Here closing with the bayonet, they routed the enemy, stormed the buildings and took hundreds of prisoners,—the most brilliant action of the whole battle and the turning point as Garibaldi was dislodged from his vantage. Meantime the fighting had become general along an extensive front and although his right had been successful Kanzler saw that his left and centre were in danger of being crushed by sheer weight of numbers. He had thrown in all his three thousand men and they were opposed to thrice

that number of the enemy. Until this point the French had taken no part in the action but had watched impatiently the courageous attempts of the heroic little Papal army. Now Kanzler called on them to relieve his hard-pressed left and the well trained battalions, eager to show their devotion and loyalty to the Holy See, swept into the firing line like a tornado. Nothing could resist their well disciplined attack and steady, shattering fire. The mercenary army melted before them and the remnant fled through the gates of Mentana or, like Garibaldi himself, left the field of battle far behind and crossed the border with all speed.

Julian Watts-Russell had borne himself bravely during the whole conflict and had escaped without a scratch until that final pursuit of the beaten enemy into the town, when with several of his fellow Zouaves he was shot down through extreme bravery. A ball fired from one of the windows over the gate struck him in the eye and pierced his head. He fell dead instantaneously, nearest to the walls of Mentana. From the obvious danger of its position his body was left unheeded when a short time later Kanzler gave the order to cease fire. The battle had been won and further loss of life would have been to no purpose, the best thing to do then was to settle down for the night round the town and if the besieged did not submit next morning, as he anticipated, then it must be stormed. But at dawn on the morning of the fourth, a flag of truce was flown above the citadel and an officer came out for a parley. He desired surrender with the full honours of war but Kanzler, confident in his strength, demanded an unconditional submission, terms which the Garibaldians found themselves compelled to accept. They were in no mood for further resistance after the dreadful rout they had suffered. More than a thousand of them had been killed or wounded and one thousand seven hundred made prisoners. The Pontifical loss on the other hand had been slight; thirty killed and one hundred and three wounded, of whom twenty-four and fifty-seven respectively were Zouaves, a sufficient tribute to their share in the engagement.

And thus ended the last victory of the Papal army, a success the significance of which is scarcely realised: very few are aware that this defeat of Garibaldi left the Piedmontese cabinet with

no other alternative but to disclose the dastardly power which had sustained the insurgents under the mask of peace. The royal army which had long waited hungrily on the borders of the Papal States was now thrust upon the Campagna under the specious pretext of protecting the people from ill-government. Farcical plebiscites took place in various towns and annexation swelled like a tidal bore until in 1870 it burst through the walls of Rome. To return however to the fate of Julian. As soon as his friends learnt of his death search was made for his body, but it was not found till early on the 6th. Apparently in removing the dead some soldier, not knowing who he was, had put his corpse at the bottom of a waggon and piled others above it. Now Shea and others of Julian's friends had sought in vain for him until nightfall of the 5th and then reluctantly they were forced to yield to the oncoming darkness when, strange to say, Shea was detailed to drive that same waggon to Monte Rotondo cemetery. Unable to bury the corpses that night they left them for the following morning and it was only when they had almost completed their task that they found Julian's body. The same day orders were received that it should remain above ground and be sent to Rome for burial with that of a French Zouave. This entailed the opening of the grave in which it rested and so as not to injure him his friends scooped out the soil with their hands, a long task, but eventually rewarded by the finding of the body, which still maintained an astonishing suppleness. Many who had known Julian intimately felt that they were in the presence of a martyr, knowing as they did his ardent spirit of sacrifice and his premonition of his death as he set out on the road to Mentana.

A personal friend of his father, Signor Geneste, received the precious remains in his house close by St Mary Major and after the embalming the public were permitted to pray at the bier. Among those who came was a young Englishman named Vansittart who had long been wanting to join the Zouaves but had not been able to obtain his mother's consent. She thought that the sight of his dead friend Julian would convince him of his folly, but it had quite the opposite effect. Turning from the bedside he said, "Now one of the Pope's few English Zouaves is gone, you see mother, I must go in to fill his place," which he did.

The obsequies were carried out in the English College where several of the students had been old acquaintances of the Watts-Russells at Ushaw, and they with everyone else did their best to console Wilfrid who stayed in the college at this time to recover from a fever which had kept him back from the battle of Mentana. Father O'Callaghan who had just succeeded Dr Neve in the administration of the College, sang the Requiem and gave the Absolutions in the presence of the students and the English colony, which included Monsignor Talbot and Monsignor Stonor. The funeral took place immediately afterwards and the body was laid to rest in San Lorenzo. So closed the mortal career of a holy and noble-hearted youth. He is almost, but not quite, forgotten: a little monument, erected at Mentana in 1868, outraged and torn down in 1870, stands in an obscure corner of our church, and the story it bears proves it worthy of its place amongst the monuments of this College of Martyrs:

QUI MORÌ
 PUGNANDO PRO SEDE PETRI
 GIULIO WATTS-RUSSELL
 ZUAVO PONTIFICIO
 GIOVANETTO INGLESE
 D'ANNI 17 E 10 MESI
 IL PIÙ GIOVANE
 CADUTO NEL CAMPO DELLA VITTORIA
 E IL PIÙ D'APPRESSO A MENTANA

JAMES JOHNSTON

A LETTER FROM TANGANYIKA

My dear Mr Editor,

You have pricked my conscience. It is true that I have not written to the Old College for a long time. But it is not true that I have so far become absorbed in my interest for Black Boys as to forget the Venerable and the students of the dear old place. Perish the thought and the rascals who uttered it! You want to know something about my doings. You expect ἀεί τι καινόν ἐκ Λιβύας, as someone used to say, and I am sorry I have not much of fresh interest to send. Since last May, when I did a bit of a trip in Uganda and Kenya and had a nasty experience of locusts, I have been living an uneventful life at Mombasa. I have longed for something more active than correspondence.

A little bit of a chance came my way at the end of November. I started from Mombasa on November 26th for Nairobi. There I had to perform the marriage service of the daughter of the Governor of Kenya. A grand affair, of course, must be a wedding from Government House, and this was a nuptial marriage—not a frequent event in these African colonies. Then I was privileged to consecrate the new church of the Greater Seminary at Katigondo, Villa Maria, in the Vicariate of Uganda of the White Fathers. The missions in Uganda are most consoling, and I am overjoyed when I can spend a few days in such an atmosphere of Catholicity.

The Catholics of Buddu province outnumber the pagans, mahometans and protestants together. Villa Maria, the centre

of the White Fathers' Vicariate of Uganda, comprises five great institutions, the two seminaries Minor and Major, the Convent of the White Sisters, splendid schools for girls and the noviciate of the *Banabikire* or Native Sisterhood, besides a big Mission Station. This amazing centre of faith is the outcome of only 52 years of the apostolate in Uganda. The Native Sisters number well over 200, and the cheerful simple Black Nuns are working in the schools and catechumates all over the Vicariate, while the number of aspirants and novices at Villa Maria is very large. In the Major Seminary there are just about the same number of students as the first missionaries sent out by Our Lord (Luke X). The Minor Seminary has more than double that number in the courses preparatory for philosophy and theology. The spirit of the students is serious but joyous. They can laugh and cheer just as well as the best set of Venerabilini, while their piety and zeal for work is, I will not say greater, but just as good as can be found elsewhere. Sports are not taboo and music makes glad the "savage breast"—I must tell you there is an excellent band amongst the students of Villa Maria, of which the conductor seems to be the embodiment of harmony. More I must tell you, the students of both seminaries are skilful in plain chant beyond what I could boast even about the Venerabile. On my arrival at Katigondo, the Major Seminary, I was met by the whole body of the seminarians and conducted to the Hall, once the chapel, and there honoured by a Latin address. This had been composed by two of the students. You can judge from the copy I send you of the knowledge of Latinity of these Africans, and say honestly whether any of you could do better.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception the full rite of the Consecration of the New Church of the seminary took place. We began at 7.30, and the first Mass in the new temple was ended at 11.45. Throughout, the chant was faultless, and you know, if ever you have assisted at this ceremony, how long and intricate is the music. I speak as almost a noteless idiot in music, but there is an instinct somewhere in me which tells me when an effort is excellent—and this was such an effort. The whole ceremony was arranged and carried out in perfect form: everything was in order and everyone knew his place and part. Think of this in

Central Africa, and after only half a century of missionary work among these tribes so lately civilised!

The church itself is a gem. A lay-brother from Holland, Brother Bonaventure, was the architect, clerk of works, and builder. The race of Lay Brothers is blessed for ever more. He began to burn the bricks about 18 months ago—and now there rises up before me a grand artistic triumph. The church is built on a slope, and a fine crypt in which are three altars has solved the difficulty of the inequality of the ground. It serves as the chapel for the workpeople of the Seminary. The apse is a special feature of the church, and is a masterpiece of artistry; within the apse are twelve side altars. In the afternoon I assisted at Vespers and Benediction. The church had been thoroughly cleaned after the consecration of the morning, and the stalls arranged and everything beautified and decorated. There is room for about 200 students in the stalls. It was a fine sight to behold,—the broad long church with its double tiers of black students in their white cottas. Again the singing was astonishingly good.

After Vespers and Benediction a football match gave delight to the boys of the Minor Seminary and to the visitors. Unfortunately, rain had made the ground so slippery that high jumping and other gymnastic display had to be cut out, but I had seen what these boys could do on my previous visit in May last. Of course I had to plead for a holiday for all from Monsignor Streicher, the beloved Father and Bishop of Uganda Vicariate. This dear man has been 40 years in Africa. He is just about 70 years of age. But he is very young! His heart is like that of a boy. He inspires one with a reverence and love which grow stronger every time you meet him. What work and what trials he has faced! He was there about Rubaga in the days of the religious wars, and must have heard the bullets whistle when the machine guns were turned on the Catholics. May he live long to continue his unique work. He is not the only one of his type among the missionaries of East and Central Africa,—men of genius, saints and real apostles. Yet we want more; do you understand?

From Villa Maria to Kampala, the administrative centre of the Kingdom and Protectorate of Uganda, and then on to Nairobi,

I was obliged to hurry back in order to fulfil an engagement. Fortunately three good friends gave me great help. From Villa Maria Father Domin—a cheery, lovable missionary of many years standing—drove me in Monsignor Streicher's car to and from Villa Maria. Father Domin is a Norman and boasts that his ancestors were the greatest colonists the world has seen because they founded England! Then on my return journey the Chevalier Macken drove me from Kampala across the Nile, by the new bridge which spans the river just above the Ripon Falls where Victoria Nyanza gushes forth to contribute its waters to the Delta—right on to a little station on the Kenya Uganda Railway—a kindness which saved me a round about weary journey of a full day. Last time this trip was made in Monsignor Campling's car, and we had to pass over and through miles of locusts in the Busoga country. You must not think that Cardinal Newman's description of a plague of locusts in *Calista* is exaggerated: I can realise something of what these *diavoletti* mean to an afflicted land.

Well on to Nairobi! My task accomplished there, I had to decide how I was to get to Ujiji, by Tabora and Kigoma. Train journeys are trying: the lake boats are slow. The alternative was flying. To go by train to Kisumu and by boat from there to Musanga and from Musanga to Tabora again by train, and from Tabora by a slow bumpy line to Kigoma and thence to Ujiji by car—all this would have meant nearly a week of weariness and expense. So I screwed up my courage to the sticking point and settled to fly from Nairobi to Tabora, a distance of 381 miles as the Puss Moth flies. I did it, and happily. In three hours and a half we reached Tabora—6 a.m. to 9.30 a.m.

I had never been up in the air before except metaphorically. Of course you young sprites would have no quiver of an eyelid: but an old fellow on the downward course towards four score years cannot be expected to be as recklessly bold as a young blood. Fortunately a Puss Moth of the Wilson Airways is a splendid machine, and the pilot, Mr Mistreat, was a well experienced airman. In taking off you could not tell when you left the solid earth and in landing you felt not the slightest bump. Of

course, occasionally there were "air pockets", and then a thump on one side of the plane sent my heart down to my left boot and then another on the other side and my heart was in the right boot: a lunge underneath the seat and up went the fluttering heart to the ceiling. I said my prayers fervently. But if you ask me now what I think of flying, I say, given all the conditions which we had in our favour, flying is as safe as walking. It is much safer than the motor car, for the other driver has not to be considered in the air, and you have more than one plane wherein to move. So all my prayers, though good perhaps, were not unprompted by imagination of absent terrors: anticipation is much worse than reality. And the expense? Taking all things into consideration, the cost by air was not much more than the fares would have been by prosaic land and water, while the saving of time and fatigue was worth while.

We passed over that strange lake Maghadi, a great reservoir of soda (without its concomitant spirit) it looked like a sheet of brown mud from above. Lake Natron also appeared below us, after an hour's flying, and there at the south end of this lake I noticed a sugarloaf shaped mountain with its top knocked off. This mountain I afterwards learned is Ol-Doenje-Lengai (God's mountain),—a volcano very active as lately as 1917: the whole of the surrounding country is strewn with lava. We skirted also Lake Eyasi,—a big brackish pool, also thick with soda but not workable soda as in Maghadi which latter is exploited by a British soda manufacturing company. The view from the air of the mountains and plains was grand. We passed on our left, as we travelled S.W. from Nairobi, the snow-crowned dome of Kibo of Kilima Njaro gleaming in the bright morning sun. So steady was the flight that as we hovered over the walls of the Great Rift Valley, I had to gaze down steadily to make sure in measuring the distance that we were moving at all. Yet the index of air speed showed 80 miles an hour, and there was a following wind which must have meant 110 miles on an average. From the height of two or three thousand feet I looked down on the immense sweep of the Seriengeth plains—hundreds of miles they seemed in extent—and there below were dense herds of big game. The pilot told me the moving objects were Wilde beeste and

Congonis. There may have been lions and elephants, but only like sheep seemed the galloping groups of these animals as the engine's noise startled them. Do not conclude that the engines made such din that we were distracted in saying office in the car. I always imagined that the motion and the din were such that they made one sick and weary. It was not so, and I could have written this letter on my knee as we sped through the air, with only a pause when the "air pockets" were troublesome in passing over the hills and rivers.

So we reached Tabora, to the relief of my imagination. There at the aerodrome were a group of White Fathers, the students from the Kipalapala Seminary near Tabora, and some 200 schoolchildren from the City. The pilot side-swooped over the town and brought us gently to earth without the least shock. My first air experience and a jolly one!

We spent a day at Tabora. There I visited the fine new Central School opened about 12 months ago: it stands on the site of a once famous slave market of an infamous Arab. No better school of its kind could be desired anywhere. In the afternoon I went to the Regional Seminary of Kipalapala. These Africans, I may tell you, study their philosophy and theology very thoroughly under able professors (White Fathers). Now I do not want to say that these students would beat the Venerabile record for *summa cum laudes*: all the same look to your laurels, my boys, if ever we send batches of Africans to compete with you in Rome. At Kipalapala Seminary I saw a wonderful scientific equipment for the teaching of physical sciences. There were all sorts of instruments for demonstration and experiment. A finely illustrated text book of science in Kiswahile has been produced by the Father in charge of this department. The whole place is a marvel; building and equipment are of the best, the spirit of the boys is excellent and they seem an earnest happy crowd. Kipalapala will be famous in the days to come. There again the singing was of the first quality.

So on to Kigoma by a jolting train, in despite of which I slept the sleep of the just after a full day of works as I may call it, or pleasure if you will: and thence by car to Ujiji. Ujiji when I

visited it two years ago was a desolate place where stood the old German Boma, the Askari lines and the prison on a hill overlooking the lake of Tanganyika. Now the site has been cleared, a fine Central School has been built and a new Seminary: a quick transformation made by the White Fathers under the hardworking hands and able direction of the never weary Vicar Apostolic. Just below the window where I write, five minutes away, is the spot where Stanley met Livingstone, "Mr L. I presume?" But the old mango tree beneath which that historic remark was made—so 'tis said—has been removed and its aged trunk rests in the British Museum.

Hard have been the struggles of the White Fathers and many their difficulties on the hill of Ujiji. In spite of all in six months they have changed a desert into a promising paradise for African youth. A pleasing body of boys occupy the new classrooms. They are expert at drill and love football. They are clearly as happy as boys can be in their new surroundings. Tomorrow, the Fourth Sunday of Advent, I shall have the happiness of blessing the new chapel of the Seminary and the buildings.

The old prison has been made into an industrial school, and I had the pleasure of seeing many boys at work in the carpenter's shop. Among the rubbish that had to be carted away from the spot were several tons of bats' *guano*, I believe ten from one building. Bats in these parts of the world, with locusts and mosquitoes and ticks, are the portion of missionary joys. But ten tons of bats' manure!

Please be satisfied with this scribbled effort. I am on a "long gita", or as we say here on *safari*, and can do no more. Please note the difference between your gitas and mine. Aye! and think of the *safari* of the earliest missionaries in these parts. If you have ever read *Jock of the Bushveldt*, you will picture to yourself the caravan of the Bwana (or master) with an oxcart and a long line of natives carrying head loads. The first missionaries travelled like that, if they could afford the ox waggon. Perhaps they could run to a donkey or two. Sometimes anyway they did most of their *safari* on foot, and those who first came to Tabora from the coast had to walk for 220 days to reach Tabora. And

I am luxurious enough to do a *safari* of almost the same length through the air, high above the mountains and the rivers and swamps and endless plains to the same Tabora in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

I have now travelled in Africa in every sort of conveyance—oxcarts, glorified perambulators, machilla, motorcars, trains, lake-steamers, native “dug-outs” on the lakes and aeroplane,—the donkey, however, I have tried only once many years ago on a short trip in the Sahara from Magador to Morocco. One donkey is sufficient, and here he is at your service.

A bit of a sermon to end up! I dare not suggest that I expect some of you fellows out here some day in the African mission field. Those Bishops in England may overhear me and cry out *anathema* on me. But everyone of you must try to stir up enthusiasm for the cause of the missions when you are “on the mission” in England. The grandest work you can imagine is being done by our Fathers and Brothers and Sisters out in these far off wilds of the once Dark Continent. Help all you can! One of the most effective means of converting England is to assist the Foreign Missions in every way possible. Charity begins at home, but does not stay there.

✠ ARTHUR

Archbishop of Sardis

PERSONAL

BISHOP MORIARTY (1888-1894) must come to the College very soon and find out for himself how very proud we are of the honour that the Holy See has conferred on him. We noticed that at the consecration there were a number of old Romans assisting: Bishop Keatinge, Canons Hazlehurst and O'Farrel, Dr Worsley and Dr Kelly. The VENERABLE is particularly happy to publish its congratulations, for more than once his Lordship has shown his loyalty by coming to the editor's help at very short notice. *Ad multos annos!*

The BISHOP of SOUTHWARK and Monsignor Canon SPRANKLING were once more our guests during January. His Lordship actively interested us in Spain during his visit: spoke to us in the Literary Society on his experiences there, and brought Cardinal Segura to the College. In the *cortile* the Cardinal, *sudente episcopo*, talked for a few minutes on our martyrs and his own escape from martyrdom.

To the Bishop of CLIFTON, Monsignor LEE, who knows us in pleasant Palazzola mood, we offer our respectful congratulations.

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor KOLBE and Monsignor James V. WARWICK (both 1877-1882) will celebrate their golden jubilees this summer. To both we offer the very warm congratulations of their Alma Mater.

The evidence given before the Malta Royal Commission in 1931 by the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Monsignor Enrico DANDRIA (1913-1915) and the correspondence between himself and the Hon. Everard Feilding have been published in a small volume by the Mecurius Press, Valletta, Malta. Monsignor Dandria had a serious breakdown last Easter, but has recovered now and carries on his work for the solution of the vexed Malta question.

The Rev. H. O'BRIEN ENGLAND (1903-1907) said his silver jubilee Mass at Westminster Cathedral last December 22nd.

Canon PEACOCK (1885-1891) would not want us to tell of his generous subscriptions to the magazine, but his example of offering a diary of his Roman days to the editor must not be silenced. *O si sic omnes!*

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor REDMOND, long tried in the College *computeria*, has been shouldering the arduous work of Vicar General of Liverpool during the illness of Bishop Dobson, to whom we send our sympathy.

We offer our hearty congratulations to the Very Rev. J. CLAU (1907-1908) on his elevation to the chapter of Middlesbrough, and on the completion of his beautiful church.

The Rev. J. SUNN (1908-1915) writes to say that in spite of a heavy debt he is about to build a hall which can be used as a temporary church to accommodate the increasing number of his parishioners at New Southgate, London.

The Revv. J. MACMILLAN, R. L. SMITH and V. ELWES were our guests during the Christmas holidays. They seemed to be as happy at their home again as we were glad to have them with us. Some of their doings will be found in the Diary.

The Rev. R. GOWLAND (1923-1930) has left the mission to teach philosophy at Ushaw. He finds that he is left with very little time to do or think of anything else. A warning (or an enticement) to the would-be *cum laude-er*.

We see that the Rev. J. GARVIN (1923-1930) is literary editor of the Upholland College Magazine (to which *tanti auguri* in its new career). We enjoyed the interesting Roman Letter in the last number. It smacked of old times—a sentimental journey to the Via del Seminario. Dear me, how time passes! Was it only two years ago that we were trudging anywhere else at 7-45 but to the Piazza Pilotta?

The Rev. James TURNER (1916-1921) becomes the parish priest of the new parish of Weaste Hall, Manchester, and the Rev. H. ATKINSON (1919-1927) is to be parish priest at Matlock. Our best wishes to them both, and congratulations to their parishioners.

Literally on the eve of going to press (at the beginning of February), we learn the news that Dr Humphrey WILSON has been recalled to his diocese for parish work, and that his place as Vice-Rector is to be taken by Dr R. L. SMITH. The news comes as a surprise, and our feelings are mixed. We are sincerely sorry to say goodbye to Dr Wilson—he doesn't need to read this to know that!—we are glad to welcome Dr Smith (a past editor!) who has never spared himself in the interests of the College. *Ave atque vale!*

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 14th. *Tuesday*. "For thee, O dear, dear Country, mine eyes their vigils keep." Through toilsome, breathless days, and often enough through nights that frayed still further care's ravelled sleeve, have those straining vigils been kept. But we could still share the hopefulfulness of the young philosopher, reviving (on the off chance . . .) his acquaintance with minor logic and cheering himself with the poet's line:

Ruri cras stabo, sed tunicatus ero.

In fact it communicated to some the necessary *élan* for an early walk out by the Appian. The rest crawled out by tram and felt the weight lifting at every stride of the great aqueducts that sped past them towards Rome. Impossible to convey to any who have not felt it the exhilarating effect of Alban breezes in mid-July. They struck us with full force as we climbed to the crest of the lakeside and looked across to the "little grey home" under Cavo's crest—*sedes ubi fata quietas ostendunt*. The workmen were just finishing as we arrived. The church has been thoroughly scraped and cleaned within. Gone are all the hideous yellow stripes, the crawling ends of electric wire, the rusty nails; gone, too, that improbable quotation, "*Dilexi decorem domus tuae*," though now it would have some justification. The two arches of the roof have been discovered to have very handsome ribs of native stone, and have been left showing. The rest of the interior has been whitened, and the blankness is relieved by lines of stucco so persistently imitative of the aforesaid native stone as to reproduce a remarkably invariable white fossil in each "block". Over the Madonna has been unearthed an ancient fresco that ought to keep our antiquarians out of worse mischief for a long time yet: to the layman its outline is vague. The fresco of S. Chiara (of a much later date) has survived the whitewashers and will doubtless interest antiquarians many years hence: we hope so, for otherwise its *raison d'être* is obscure. The "furnishings" have been cleaned and

stained. The old indoor porch has been removed and the end of the church made much more spacious—a consideration when you have five superiors. The old tribune above remains but time has softened its garishness, and it has been strengthened with girders so that it looks a less precarious perch than of yore. Even the windows have been cleaned.—In the cloister-court four new pots with unfriendly looking lemon trees have ousted the old flower-tubs.

15th. *Wednesday*. It was strange to be sung to sleep by a very high wind last night soughing through the trees, and to think of the Via Monserrato, lying parched and breathless down among those twinkling lights across the Campagna, not after all so far away. The horizon was diligently swept with the telescope after breakfast. Rocca shows its joy at our return by inviting us to attend Cardinal Lega on Sunday and provide a choir for the high Mass: there is, it seems, a confirmation toward. It is very hot in spite of the persistent wind which all day has been blowing mists of spray along the jade and purple surface of that wrinkled old lake.

16th. *Thursday* and a no bell day instead of a Sforza gita. The Sforza is in good condition—somewhat to our surprise, as the woodcutters were in last winter and we were expecting the worst: even so, much shade has been taken where it can ill be spared. Today the wicket was cleared of its daisies and the stubble of the hard court was fired. That buffeting hot wind has dropped.

17th. *Friday*. Palazzola is a very full house this summer: so full that we have invaded the rooms over the garage. Living in the Palazzina (for such is its name) has this drawback, felt chiefly after night prayers and before meditation: that between your room and the rest of the villa you have to go up and down three separate staircases, through the old choir of the church and across a *cortile*. In compensation you have the luxury of a prie-dieu in your room, though staying there for meditation is not encouraged. Cricket started today, on a hard and bumpy wicket, under a relentless sun. The same sun beating down on Rome drives you creeping into the shadow of every welcome wall. Here “the run-stealers flicker to and fro”, and the bowlers hurl their weight about, unwearied: such a tonic virtue has the Alban air after the miasma of the plain.

18th. *Saturday*. We have ever amongst us spiritual descendants of the fabled Dickory Dock—that undying tribe whose hearts are restless till their fingers find an ailing clock to tinker at. And how many such hearts have been broken by the senile perversity of that old grandfather’s clock in the common-room at Palazzola? It has claimed its latest victim today. A bright resilient youth—we shall be sorry to watch his spirit wilting slowly away.

19th. *Sunday*. Much pomp and circumstance at Rocca di Papa, for Cardinal Lega, as Bishop of Frascati, is their Ordinary. The band met his car on the Frascati road early in the morning and escorted him with

fanfaronade to the *parrocchia*: and the tune they played was *With catlike tread* from *The Pirates of Penzance*. Monsignor Hall sang the High Mass *coram Cardinali* and Perosi's *Missa Pontificalis* was "rendered" by the Schola. The *parroco* had thoughtfully provided a *rinresco* for us all at the nearest café and as we hurried home to dinner we were caught in the magnificent procession. During the Mass I had been somewhat distracted by a disturbance in the sacristy where a very small bishop in mitre and cope was smiting an equally small cardinal on the biretta with a diminutive crozier. But in the procession they had regained due ecclesiastical decorum. Not so the little angel who could not restrain her tears and had to pull down a wing to dry them on.

20th. *Monday*. The Vice-rector held his first sermon class. A public meeting (merely *post hoc*) after dinner: the senior student had providentially oiled the machinery of state yesterday by giving his ordination smokes, so he was let off comparatively lightly. The man who takes his siesta on the Piazza Venezia is likely to be annoyed by that perverse grandfather's clock which has now been keyed up to such a pitch that it goes for an hour or two after each recreation; and as it totters along, like the lean and slippersed pantaloons it is, it indulges in much querulous striking on its cracked old bell. But it is bound to turn on its rejuvenator soon.

21st. *Tuesday*. Reading was resumed in the refectory with Sir George Buchanan's *My Mission to Russia* which is, at any rate, post-war: but its author belongs to a more smug and platitudinous age. Still, the reminiscences of a diplomat seldom fail to be entertaining, especially when he is a mild old gentleman suddenly embroiled in the beginnings of Bolshevism.

22nd. *Wednesday*. In the morning some of us went down to the lake and bathed from the Gabino rock. Is there anything quite like the helter-skelter down through those tunnels of green foliage that swing down to the lake, the crumbling heel-slides across the short cuts; the suddenly wary stepping when a chasm unexpectedly yawns or treacherous roots weave snares; the first consciousness of "lake-water lapping with low sounds by the shore"? Nowadays the journey back is more arduous than ever, for the segment of lakeside immediately under Palazzola was denuded by the woodcutters a year ago and has lost all its shade. So the paths are overrun with a new growth of all the rank ferns and stinging nettles and snaky brambles that an unhindered sun can draw from a very fertile soil. Even the veteran who once knew every path of the lakeside as intimately as the lines on his own palm may now find himself astray, or tripped up by one creeper while another very prickly one whips his face. A cricket match was going on on the Sforza, not to mention golf, and one long-legged camerata had walked to Rocca Priora and back, so the appetites that attacked Domenico's substantial meal were whetted to it. And as repletion overcame even the Rocca Priora crowd, the heat swam,

the *grilli* croaked, conversation droned and then sank into a drowsy silence.

Quum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictaeque volucres
 Quaeque lacus late liquidos, quaeque aspera dumis
 Rura tenet, sommo positae...

The spell was rudely broken by the cricket captain who at this unnatural hour brutally hounded out his men into the scorched field; and soon maliciously directed leg-glides made a mess of many a siesta. On our return to the house we were astonished to find Mr McKenna "in our midst". For the last few days he has been languishing at the Blue Nuns', expecting a very serious operation. Evidently it has been found unnecessary. *Meno male*. We are glad to have him back.

23rd. *Thursday*. Alas, he was taken back to Rome this evening in the ambulance. The car came without headlights and would have had a difficult journey from our rocky fastnesses to the Ariccia road had not the Vice-rector gone before them with a powerful electric torch. One not yet well versed in the Castelli idiom was saluted today by an innocent child with the words, "Sia lodato Gesù Cristo," to which he absently made the most unchristian reply "Non c'è." He thought he had been asked for a *santino*.

24th. *Friday*. Thanks to the labours of the stalwarts who have been toiling with tubs of water up the Sforza steps all week, the tennis court is fit for play. Little sound other than strains from the gramophone or the turning over of exciting pages is heard in the billiard-room after supper. But tonight during the hush that accompanies the changing of a record someone put his head in at the door and said with quiet nonchalance, "Do you know anything about this fire?" It was some time before this remark went home and we happened to look towards the window and saw a lurid sky at the end of the garden. A more effective hue and cry had routed the card-players out of the common-room, and it was a weird crowd that dashed down to the tank through the firelit garden, snatching up rakes, spades and buckets as they went. A fire of last year's beanstalks, left smouldering from the afternoon, had been whipped into flame by a freshet of wind and caught the dead creeper on the face of the cliff. When we arrived the bushes at the end of the Sforza were just aflame. It was a matter of two minutes to put out the rubbish fire—the *fons et origo*—with a few bucketfuls of water from the tank. With rapid decision a chain was formed up the Sforza steps and a well-sustained douching from above put out the blaze on the cliff-face. To the intense disgust of those who had fought lakeside fires in the brave days of old, the thing was out and the fun all over in less than ten minutes. But as we came down from the Sforza we noticed a fire of more worthy dimensions over by Marino.

25th. *Saturday*. Bad news of Mr McKenna at the Blue Nuns' took the Vice-rector and Dr Ibbett to Rome; and Monsignor Hall takes a very

regular constitutional in the evening; so that when Monsignor Caccia Dominioni and one or two friends arrived, a few golfers had to be hastily summoned from the Sforza to meet them. The Maestro di Camera had been sent by the Pope to present to the College Cardinal Gasquet's pectoral cross and ring. We began to think that this was our lucky day when the after-supper post brought another surprise packet, registered, "containing coin." A covering letter, read out by the Vice-rector, explained that the enclosures were: one for the Rector, one for the Vice-rector, and "one for each of the dear students." We all rallied round expectantly and then found that only the Shrewsbury men were indicated: the rest were allowed to look at the Pope's presents for their solace.

26th. *Sunday*. The grandfather-clock has stopped dead and refuses to stagger a second further. Well, we told him so. What probably finished it off was the vibration caused in the common-room by the first practices for *Ruddigore*.

27th. *Monday*. How has the villa diary continued so long with no mention of Palazzola's newest inmate? He is already so much one of ourselves that he has passed unnoticed—and if there is one thing he insists upon it is being noticed. His name is Febo (Italian for Phoebus) and he is a veritable Apollo among dogs in spite of the fact that the dividing line between his Alsatian half and his Italian sheep-dog half passes straight along his snout; so that on one side glowers a wicked Campagna sheep-dog's eye and on the other smiles the slightly larger and more friendly organ of the wolf. This striking peculiarity of physiognomy was pointed out to us on the first day by Luigi, with great pride. But on the whole Febo is quite a handsome pup and is growing rapidly since the arrival of the *cucina economica*. He will make friends with anything in a cassock but has a special predilection for the senior student whose knecs he finds good to chew. Occasionally he finds his way into the tribune of the church and joins in the singing with more *slancio* than is approved of by members of the Schola.

28th. *Tuesday*. A cricket match between the *Chi lo sa?* XI and the VENERABLE XI, to the great discomfiture of our senior contemporary. Mr McKenna still lies at the Blue Nuns' in a very critical condition. Today we began a novena for him to BB. John Fisher and Thomas More.

29th. *Wednesday*. Who was it wrote in these pages of "the inevitable distemper that swoops upon the new man like Jove's eagle upon a new Prometheus"? Something in the villa water or in these unexampled hot winds is reducing even the hoariest to the callow level of the freshman. Only a day or two ago we ourselves were in the throes. Now the Vice-rector has taken his thermometer to bed with him. The Savoyards considerably refrained from having their first rehearsal in the cortile lest it should raise his temperature. But at the Sforza dinner we noticed that the majority of appetites showed a healthy defiance of stomachic troubles.

30th. *Tuesday*. If the villa tank has a drawback it is that its life-

giving waters cannot renew themselves during the whole three months' *villeggiatura*. Our amateur hydrographers talk of calling in the aid of Father Silva-Tarouca who has the reputation at the Gregorian of being a water-diviner. Their harder-headed brethren, however, assure us that Luigi wastes as much water on raising sunflowers and caterpillar-food as would fill the tank many times a villa. Our galvanic tank-man has taken them at their word and laid a pipe from Luigi's reservoir to the tank. Luigi declares that the water comes from an overflow, intermittent and uncertain, beyond human control. But the overflow stopped when the pipe was laid: and peeping into the future, we may say it remained stopped for the rest of the summer: evidently the water nymphs do not like our tank-man.

31st. *Friday*. We notice from our calendar that today, the feast of St Ignatius, the examinations officially end. How easily one forgets the existence of such things after a fortnight at Palazzola! Ratings from H.M.S. Royal Oak paid us a visit this afternoon, and the one man in the College whose private rule of life is King's Regulations has been suffering from nostalgic sea-sickness ever since. A different sort of spasm shook one of the servants during the night and we were awakened by a hue and a cry for medical aid: eventually the infirmarians were aroused. The patient was none the worse next morning.

AUGUST 1st. *Saturday*. This afternoon we had a surprise visit from Cardinal Marchetti, the Pope's Vicar.

2nd. *Sunday*. There should have been a cinema show this evening, but the censors had decided that the film was too dull to waste our time on. So the bridge-fans and the pontoon-fiends returned to "the rigour of the game".

3rd. *Monday*. Yet another fierce hot wind, Horace's "plumbeus Auster" himself. The Vice-rector rose from his bed of pain. The barber paid us one of his rare visits so that we were all very spruce on,

4th. *Tuesday*, when the Rector returned from England, in time for Spiritual Reading. It is just twelve months since he first arrived at Palazzola. He very thoughtfully left his English cigarettes about during coffee and *rosolio*.

5th. *Wednesday*. Our Lady of the Snows, the dedication-day of Palazzola church, and so a no-bell day.

6th. *Thursday*. A Sforza gita. Domenico's beloved relaxation after cooking our dinner and consuming his own is what he grandiosely calls "la caccia". This consists of a stealthy stalk towards any little bird that wakes from its siesta and is foolish enough to try out the new song it has just dreamt of. "The bleating of the kid excites the tiger," so to say, and a spreading shower of lead from the ancient fowling-piece does the rest. Today he proudly dangled two bleeding little corpses before the blazing eyes of our Naturalist, blissfully unconscious of the suppressed

mege

wrath that shook that gentle heart. The Rector has been called to Rome: Mr McKenna is worse.

7th. *Friday*. When a *scirocco* like today's leaves you limp even at Palazzola, you can imagine what it must be like lying in Rome in great pain, swathed in bandages and unable to take even a drop of water. The Rector returned and we began a novena of Benedictions to Our Lady.

8th. *Saturday*. We awoke to find that yesterday's *scirocco* had turned the lakeside yellow.

9th. *Sunday*. A fresh breeze, a breath of heaven, but it fanned the woods into flame just outside the Sforza. So that as we sat restfully in the garden after dinner listening to the tinkle of a cowbell down on the lakeside, our peace was rudely disturbed by a wildly gesticulating old man who appeared on the Sforza battlements and led us to believe that the Sforza itself was ablaze. Armed to the teeth we toiled wearily up, only to find that our own demesne was inviolate: what the old scoundrel wanted was someone to help him to put out a fire in the adjacent woods of which he was *custode!* The Vice-rector left us today for England and we tried to distract ourselves from the parting with a film, *Malandrino Gallante*.

10th. *Monday*. The *sveglia* in the morning has been very aggressive since the Rector came back. The servant broke the bell at it this morning, so we have had to take the one that used to hang in the old choir of the church. They can hardly be very aggressive with that little thing.

11th. *Tuesday*. Mr McKenna has taken a sudden and decided turn for the better.

12th. *Wednesday*. Sforza gita. Monsignor Cicognani paid us a short visit in the evening, looking very fit after his trip to the United States. He brought with him Cardinal Sincero and his secretary and Bishop Albers of Cincinnati. As his Eminence sat and talked with us in the garden towards the Ave, the various *addetti al lavoro* began to wander down from the Sforza, their "fatigue kit" cloaked under the ever respectable *zimarra* and their shoulders burdened with a fearsome array of spades, rakes, adzes, axes, saws, mallets and bill-hooks. These signs of honest toil pleased him immensely and even the shiest was not allowed to slip past without a question or two about the work in hand. If you are carrying a two-handed saw with one hand and holding your *zimarra* together with the other, it is difficult to achieve a really graceful obeisance to the Purple!

13th. *Thursday*. A camerata that visited the American villa today reports their new swimming-pool to be a magnificent affair, three times as large as ours and gleaming with fittings of burnished brass. Lifebelts are provided.

14th. *Friday*. A party who went into Rome with the Rector to see the patient found him looking quite lively. At the College they found two kittens newly born, and the *Ripetitore* who has just returned from a holiday in England. They brought him back with them, and very well

he looks. Owing to the fact that he has been cruising on a choppy sea without food for the last five days he is also very hungry.

15th. *Saturday*. The Assumption. Had you happened to slip into Palazzola church this morning you would have been surprised to see what was apparently a young bride *en grande tenue* kneeling at a prie-dieu before the high altar during the second Mass. This was Chiara who made her First Communion today. In England a gathering of Venerabilini in Manchester for Mr Fay's ordination: *Ad Multos Annos!*

16th. *Sunday*. Some of our intrepid mountaineers have climbed to the top of Palazzola pyramid and set the Labarum there.

17th. *Monday*. Father V. Reade, Cong. Orat., brought a party of boys from St Philip's Grammar School, Birmingham to see us today: there were one or two Ushaw boys among them. One of our cricketers leaned too heavily on his ankle and had to be deported to the Blue Nuns' this evening.

18th. *Tuesday*. The tireless tank-man, having completed his waterworks, is now building a new wing to the "cabin" and furnishing it with Delanian seats. This is the sort of thing that has made Palazzola what it is.

19th. *Wednesday*. Sforza gita. Now that the Book-a-Month Club has so many adherents in the College, it was quite refreshing to hear a youthful voice breaking into the silence of the spaghetti course with the electric remark: "I intend to read the Bible some day!"

20th. *Thursday*. A cricket match between Theologians and Philosophers. To dinner Father Simpson, C.S.S.R. In the evening the *Ripetitore* led a camerata up Faette. They were swept home by a strong east wind that seemed to be blowing most of Hannibal's camp across the Campagna to the sea.

21st. *Friday*. More excursions and alarms for the infirmarian—in our hours of pain, a ministering angel he. An urgent case of appendicitis (one of yesterday's Faette party) has had to be rushed off to the Blue Nuns'—now a lesser Venerabile.

22nd. *Saturday*. To dinner Monsignor Clapperton, Father Stephens (Ushaw) and of course Father Welsby, S.J.

23rd. *Sunday*. Disturbing news from England of the Secretary of the VENERABILE. He was driving along, it seems, in his Baby Austin, wondering however we should publish the October number without him, when a big motor 'bus ran over them. There were no casualties, however.

24th. *Monday*. The last touches are being put to the opera and the decorators are making garlands in the woods. There has been a certain amount of drizzle today, so the sooner we have the show the better.

25th. *Tuesday*. Archbishop Hinsley's birthday, the day which has so often been crowned with the first nights of Palazzola operas. A fervent *Ad Multos Annos* goes out to distant Mombasa, where we trust his Grace spent a happy day. At Palazzola it was a busy day, spent in hurried

decoration, for an unexpected turn of fortune decided that *Ruddigore* should be done on the traditional night. We cannot do better than offer the hospitality of the diary to our able Dramatic Critic for the rest of the day.

RECTORI DILECTISSIMO
PRIMO MUNERIS ANNO COMPLETO
COMOEDI PALATIOLENSIS
SOLEMNI DIE
EDUNT
A. D. VIII KAL. SEPT. MCMXXXI
RUDDIGORE

or,
The Witch's Curse
by
W. S. Gilbert and A. Sullivan

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

I. Mortals:

<i>Robin Oakapple (a young farmer)</i>	Mr Campbell.
<i>Richard Dauntless (his foster-brother, a man-o-war's man)</i>	Mr Cunningham.
<i>Sir Despard Murgatroyd (of Ruddigore, a wicked Baronet)</i>	Mr T. Marsh.
<i>Old Adam Goodheart (Robin's faithful servant)</i>	Mr Roberts.
<i>Rose Maybud (a village maiden)</i>	Mr McCarthy.
<i>Dame Hannah (Rose's Aunt)</i>	Mr Duggan.
<i>Mad Margaret</i>	Mr Kelly.
<i>Chorus of Professional Bridesmaids</i>	Messrs Hennessy, A. Jones, Nesbitt, Ford & Doyle.
<i>Chorus of Bucks & Blades</i>	Messrs Carey, Weldon, Leahy, Luke & Spicer.

II. Ghosts:

<i>Sir Roderick Murgatroyd (last Baronet of Ruddigore)</i>	Mr. Carey.
<i>Chorus of Ghostly Ancestors</i>	Messrs Weldon, Leahy, Luke, Spicer.

Act I. The Fishing Village of Redderring in Cornwall.

Act II. The Picture Gallery in Ruddigore Castle.

Dresses: Mr Abbing.

Accompanist: Mr Flynn.

Stage Effects: Messrs Fee, Walsh, G. Pearson.

"Events did not combine to make the Opera night one of unsullied pleasure. Two of our number were at the Blue Nuns and the weather was cold and windy. But the decorators made extra efforts to fill up the emptiness we felt and for *Ruddigore* the *cortile* looked lovelier than ever before. The scene was a fairyland of swaying lights and leafy shadows moved by the moaning wind; and a big white moon, like De Cupis, was determined to have a peep. The well was entwined with snakes of holly leaf, and a rope of greenery drooped from the wheel into the well which was flowing radiance from a hidden light. Owing to various delays we sat an unprecedented time in the drain, huddled in zimarras and crowned with a motley array of villa hats, straws, gor'blimeys and one beret, what time the Rector with his guests paced the cloisters wrapped in a patient smile. At last the Overture began and the maidens were seen tripping round the arches, taking their last few pulls at cigarette-ends, before they tried to startle us by their entrance. When they did enter we lost the effect of the opening chorus with laughing at the maiden who, spurning the torture of high heels inflicted on the others, clumped about in a pair of house-shoes and looked as though she had fallen into the grease paint.

"Dame Hannah looked very beautiful and dignified in a blue dress which somehow we seemed to have seen before. In spite of being in "the sere and yellow leaf" she twinkled and sparkled as of old and the clever little details of her acting during the legend of Sir Rupert Murgatroyd and the prim scene with Rose that followed were delightful. The Prima Donna was assured of success before she entered, having trilled and ha-ha'd her way to fame last year; she sustained it admirably this year and with Robin, who in big gita boots and leggings looked a perfect rustic, sang sweetly and truly the whole time, but nowhere better than in the trio with Richard, "In sailing o'er life's ocean wide".

"A thrill ran through the audience when the maidens formed a triumphal way and pointed out (in spite of its being "manners out of joint, to point") the entrance, singing "From the briny sea comes young Richard all victorious", and everyone knew that the suit and hat from H.M.S. Revenge (and had not the hat been meticulously pipe-clayed?) were about to enter. Then were biscuits hastily swallowed and glasses put down as every throat prepared for lusty cheering. A roar of applause greeted Richard as he bounded in and the song of his diplomatic mercy on the High Seas was received with anything but a compassionating cheer. The horn-pipe that followed was executed with such grim realism that one could almost hear the creaking capstans and the swish of the sea. From here the Opera rollicked along as Dick's heart kept dictating and the duet of Richard and Rose "When the battle's roar is over O my love" sounded lovely in the stilly night of Palazzola. The perky persistence of the maidens' "Hail the bridegroom, hail the bride" delighted us until they

were finally driven off by a very sincerely uttered "vulgar girls" in choice Liverpoolese.

"Nobody knew quite what was happening when the lights faded out leaving only the moon and a few spluttering lanterns that had braved the breeze, until, in the purple of the spot-light, Mad Meg in tattered rags and her eyes a-gleam could be seen creeping in, running, then crouching against the green garlands on the well, so that everyone gasped at the vivid effect of the colours and melodramatic entrance. Her song and crazy laugh sent delicious little shivers down the spine soon after to be dispelled by the entrance of the chorus of Bucks and Blades. They made a brave splash of colour and a voluminous chorus, and wicked Sir Despard with his gaunt features and savage slashes was terrifying to see.

"The Madrigal followed by the Gavotte and Reel at the end of the first act was undoubtedly the best part of the Opera. The chorus swelled until it must have filled the Alban Hills; then they gavotted backwards and forwards with excruciatingly funny decorum and then they sang some more, and not content with this they suddenly formed two rings and proceeded to whirl round like spinning tops while the piano jiggled on, colours grew bright and faded and shifted, and shouts rang out until we were dizzy with watching and the ghosts of the old monks must have fled away howling their dismay. Our *cortile* may have witnessed funnier things, but never in its history such wild exhilaration worthy of an Irish revel, and why the floor of the well didn't drop through, heaven only knows.

"The interval presented the usual motley scene: maidens devouring *prosciutto* sandwiches with gusty relish; uniforms of red with big red faces fraternizing with the meek frozen clerics from the audience; a uniform of blue rolling across a floor that seemed to heave, Rose and Robin surrounded by a coterie of mimicking admirers, and heads bonnetted, helmeted, of pretty hair and tonsured, all squashed together over the wireless to hear the latest news.

"The difficult staging of the second act was done perfectly and we can hardly express our admiration of the producer—at the time a harrassed looking maiden—sufficiently. The ancestors were installed in the arches at the back of the *cortile* which were converted into picture frames by triangular cornices of holly—four baronets and one ghastly looking bishop. When they became animated and stepped down as ghosts from their frames, red and purple lights freely played on them by our electrician, while the moonlight sparkled like frost on the floor all round, it looked eerie enough for a scene from M.R. James. Sir Roderic sang the "Ghosts high noon" in sepulchral but ringing notes and we were held in the grip of the uncanny even when he fluttered his cloak and tried to fly like a bat, which is remarkable to those who know how substantial he is. After this Sir Despard and Margaret, very much reformed appeared again, and no words can describe the consummate gravity with which they acted

the splendid scene of Basingstoke. Likewise in the scene that followed when Robin and Hannah skipped round the *cortile* with the agility of lizards and provoked roars of laughter from the delighted audience.

"In the finale all were paired off as we knew they would be, and Richard took Zorah who will live on the lips of the present generation in the piercing treble of "Who is the wretch that hath BETRAYED thee?"

"It was after eleven when the Opera finished—but we didn't mind that. It was a success far beyond our expectations for we knew that the evening of delight for us had meant a wealth of hard work.

"*Ruddigore* is one of the poorest of the Savoy Operas and it had to compete with the rollicking memory of last year's *Pirates*: it is an ample tribute to the two producers that their care of the music and clever staging made *Ruddigore* a distinct success, worthy of the Palazzola tradition."

26th. *Wednesday*. A grilling morning while photographers made their record of *Ruddigore*. A black hole in the Palazzina has been turned into a dark room and by some mysterious rapid process the proofs of the photos were ready before the actors had removed their war-paint and staggered up to the Sforza for a still more staggering meal. *Prosit* the photographers! They can distort your face with marvellous effect. Not so thoroughly, however, or so painfully as the common gadfly, which settled on the face of our Chief Photographer this afternoon as he was taking a well deserved siesta and seriously deranged his otherwise perfect profile.

27th. *Thursday*. Today we welcomed twenty Scots. It was a beautiful day for the cricket match and the Palazzola wicket flattened itself out as graciously as it could. We congratulate the home-team on a well earned victory: though there were moments during the first half of our innings when things looked black. The first gita party left for the long gita this evening.

28th. *Friday*. The three sick men in Rome are all looking much better. They are at least missing the reading of Silvio Pellico's *Le Mie Prigioni* which began tonight.

29th. *Saturday*. The infirmarian drove today to the Rocca clinic with a patient (the Chief Photographer) in the *biga*. Bucephalus, a many storied steed, was in the shafts. While they were inside, he grew tired of standing, so he carefully overturned the *biga* and lay down in the road to wait. The willing hands of Roccheggiani helped him up but he refused to move until he had been unharnessed. Now if the Chief Photographer had only brought his gadfly with him, things might have moved quicker.

30th. *Sunday*. A Buster Keaton film in the garden. The music was supplied by the *Ripetitore's* monstrous combination of gramophone and wireless.

31st. *Monday*. Silvio Pellico has been replaced at supper-reading by leaders from the *Osservatore* and *Weekly Times*. But tomorrow the short-

reading period begins, and we realize with horror that the *villeggiatura* is already half over.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Tuesday*. Welcome to September with its weekly *gitas*, *gitas* κατ' ἐξοχὴν (as the professors say) those days that shine like jewels in the Roman course. Today's lists advertised Algidus, Faette, Tusculum and Grottaferrata—all *al fresco* (hot or cold) except the Tusculum party who, of course, proposed to dine sumptuously at "dear old Monte P."

2nd. *Wednesday*. The Rector went into Rome. And others who had business to transact in town took advantage of the car. In fact, it was rumoured that the Rector had some difficulty in finding a place when the starting time came.

3rd. *Thursday*. At S. Pastore "our German cousins" (as we used to say) received twenty of us today. Five of the less robust went with Father Hall by motor: he very handsomely arranged for a delightful *giro* through the Volscians and a visit to the shrine at Genazzano on the way. Those who walked all the way got there first. The unfortunates were those who put their faith in trams. For the trams went no further than M. Compatri, and the walk from there to S. Pastore, if we are to believe the victims, is worse than the whole tramp across country from Palazzola. Thus dinner was delayed a little and by the time the *teatro* was over we were too late to catch our tram from S. Cesareo. The *pétroleurs* had to explain to the Rector on their return that the others might be later than usual. But the stay-at-homes had done themselves so proudly in our absence that they recked little whether we came back at all.

5th. *Saturday*. Monsignor Cicognani came for the weekend, a pleasure we have been expecting with impatience.

6th. *Sunday*. He atoned for his long absence with a *pranzonetto* and we drank his health at coffee and *rosolio*.

7th. *Monday*. The social swirl! Today we went to the Scots—a warm walk on a sultry morning, but a cool collation awaits you in the green-grey cloister with its tinkling fountain. Tennis and bathing were the order of the day, and they have contrived a little golf-course, where Father Stephens is the Colonel Bogey. Only a pagan could do justice to Monsignor Clapperton's wines: *ὅταν πῖω τὸν οἶνον, εὐδοκῶ αἱ μέρμηνα...* After dinner there was coffee in the playroom, and a delightful sing-song. Then tea, more tennis, more bathing even, and the climb back homewards in the gloaming...

8th. *Tuesday*. Our incomparable tank-man (may his tribe increase) has now, with the aid of his faithful henchman, hewn a niche in the great mass of *peperino* that last year's landslide brought down to the edge of the tank. Somewhere beneath lies the original Madonna del Vascone that the landslide buried. For the new niche a new statue has been bought—a temporary one, we trust, for it is a poor, formless little thing of majolica. It was to have been solemnly blessed at the midday Ave but for a rainstorm that came on and lasted till evening. The *vignaioli* must have insisted on

having rain before today was over: there has been scarcely a drop since the Assumption. So we were driven into the common-room with our coffee and *rosolio*, with a lively card or two from gitamen to brighten the gloom. At sunset the rain had cleared and all repaired to the tank. The Rector blessed the statue and we sang a litany and the old Porzio hymn, *Evviva Maria!*—the first time within recent memory that it has been sung at Palazzola: Monteporziani will hear with a shudder that we needed a short practice after breakfast to learn it.

10th. *Thursday*. Beautiful sunshine for our visit to the American villa at Castel Gandolfo. Their tennis courts are in fine condition and the resplendent swimming-pool sparkles nearby. It has, they say, all the advantages of Lake Albano without its drawbacks. It was certainly very popular with ours: and as you had to change up in the house you hardly recognised your homely companions when you met them strolling tankwards like Nabobs or Begums. They had suffered a swimming-pool change into something rich and strange: for the bath-robe of the Middle West is a thing of Oriental splendour. After dinner there was an exhilarating concert, full of gunmen and niggers, and rumrunners and gangsters. Then baseball for the brawny and a bridge tournament for the brains, before tea. And who should we find awaiting us on our return home but Father Atkins (Old Swan) as large as life and extremely welcome.

13th. *Sunday*. Monsignor Cicognani is here for the weekend and Father O'Shaughnessy (Bolton) came to dinner. A new version of The Three Bears story: "Somebody's been lying in *my* bed," said Father Hall, "and he's lying there still!" Little Goldenlocks, having occasion to spend the night in Rome, found that the Spiritual Director's bed was the only one with sheets on it. When he, too, unexpectedly turned up to spend the night in Rome, little Goldenlocks "did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

14th. *Monday*. Heavy rain did not prevent the return of the "ankle case" from the Blue Nuns' this evening. The other patients are doing well and when we have them all back we shall celebrate.

15th. *Tuesday*. We wring our hospitable hands and wonder will the Americans come through all this rain. Finally they risk it and arrive in taxis. The weather plays up bravely and after a very elaborate and delectable *pranzone* and an enjoyable concert during coffee and *rosolio*, we can stretch our legs in the garden and point out, with a proud sense of ownership, an incomparable sunset. Sympathies to the four unfortunate gitamen who were thwarted by trains all day so that they returned too late for the *pranzone*. Father Atkins, alas, is leaving us tomorrow. We hope it is not the incorrigible stupidity of that grandfather's clock that is driving him away. Where Father Atkins' pocket screwdriver fails we hope that lesser men will not try to succeed.

17th. *Thursday*. In spite of threatening weather, enjoyable gitas to

Lanuvio (*già* Civita Lavinia), Monte Porzio, Colonna, and even Anzio.

18th. *Friday*. The soccer season opened with *élan*.

19th. *Saturday*. Congratulations to Messrs Wilkinson, Carey, McGee and Slater who were ordained deacons today by the Vice-Gerent at S. Teresa fuori le mura. Father Hall has gone to make a retreat in the Borgo S. Spirito.

20th. *Sunday*. Sympathies to the man who dropped a bottle of wine going up Cavo today with Monsignor Cicognani.—It broke.

21st. *Monday*. Father Scannell (Doncaster) who stayed with us last night left today after a game of golf: we hope it wasn't the "rough" that drove him away. It has just been decreed that tonsures are to be worn at Palazzola. Our canon lawyers, however, assert that, as there is an immemorial *consuetudo* against this practice at the English College villa, the more correct thing is not to wear them. None the less, a crop sprang up like mushrooms in the night. There are wild rumours abroad about a drop in the value of the *sterlina* and the worst was feared when a violent thunderstorm interrupted Mr Snowden's speech as it came over the wireless.

22nd. *Tuesday*. The weather proved too much even for the Germans. The refectory tables groaned with the weight of good fare, and we with hunger, till about one o'clock. Then we ate it all, to prevent waste. After supper we found a telegram from the Germans among the evening post. It had been carefully preserved at the post-office till called for.

23rd. *Wednesday*. Rising early in the morning, first year (or second, as they prefer to be called) walked off with the Rector on a "pilgrimage" to Genazzano and Subiaco. The *Ripetitore* has gone with them to see that they accept no lifts from motorcars on the way. The rest of us went on our usual weekly gita. On our return we were very grieved to find a telegram announcing the death of Bishop Dunn. His long connection with the College, his strong *Romanità* and his charming devotion to the common-room had endeared him to us more every year. Only a month or so ago he wrote to say he was hot on the trail of certain interesting MSS for the VENERABILE. *Requiescat*.

24th. *Thursday*. How quiet things are with no superiors to disturb us! A postcard from the "pilgrims" begins: "A fratribus vestris absentibus et pellegrinantibus necnon et bibentibus vinum bonum Olevitanum." It is bitterly cold now and there seems to be some foundation for these rumours about the £: the banks are giving about 80 instead of 92. But our expert economists assure us it cannot remain long like that.

25th. *Friday*. It is still remarkably cold. Everyone is coughing and sneezing: clerics put it down to these unaccustomed tonsures. It is the Rector's birthday and so by dinnertime all the gita parties had returned, but the pilgrimage train did not arrive till evening. There was what our ancestors used to call "an extra bicker of red" at supper to augur

many happy returns to the Rector. We were hoping it would make first (second) year talk: but their reports of the pilgrimage are very discreet.

27th. *Sunday*. Adequate celebrations of the *compleanno* at dinner and a hearty *Ad Multos Annos* at coffee and *rosolio*. The Rector and Monsignor Cicognani made speeches, the Assessore producing another consignment of Tintura Imperiale, that distillation of fire and brimstone to which he introduced us last year—"tal non per foco, ma per divina arte, bollià:"

Io vedea lei, ma non vedea in essa
ma' che le bolle che il bollor levava
e gonfiar tutta e riseder compressa.

29th. *Tuesday*. The mighty race of Palazzola-builders is not yet extinct! For some time now momentous building has been going on—entirely in the hands of men who are spending their first summer at Palazzola. They mean to utilize that magnificent wall that divides the tank from the rest of the garden by making a handball court where the wall abuts on the Sforza cliff. A good deal of the rock that came down in the landslide has been broken up for the foundations, and poor old Bucephalus (who has never been so hard worked in his long, long life) is daily in harness carting *pozzolana* from various quarters of the estate. Meanwhile herculean labourers delve, level, break stones, push wheelbarrows, sieve cinders, slake lime and finally wallow in an orgy of mud-piemaking, spreading the finished mess with plumb precision over the surface of the court—"Larry's Alley", as it is called, after the most incorrigible of these mud-larks. A grand achievement, and a taunt for ever at those who prophesied it would be only another such "folly" as those which have scarred the face of the Sforza. We can almost forgive them for hacking down our favourite pomegranate-tree,—the only one in the garden. And as it will be necessary to plaster the wall, we hope we shall be able to forgive them for the ruin of its lovely antiquity: just as when the walls of the old house itself come to be weeded and repointed, we shall have to resign ourselves to the loss of that indescribable colour which only the suns and winds and rains of centuries have wrought. *Sunt lacrymae rerum . . .*

30th. *Wednesday*. Gitas to Segni, Palestrina, M. Compatri, Velletri, Tusculum, Marino and Genzano.

OCTOBER 1st. *Thursday*. At an early hour, much gathering of cyclamen in the Sforza glades (where after the rains, "a light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread,") wherewith to lard the refectory tables for the Germans. Their long walk had given them an appetite both for the tank and for the *pranzone*; and after coffee and *rosolio* in the garden (at which our gramophone lightened the conversation with a few German "rags") they had the energy to challenge us to a game of football on the Sforza.

2nd. *Friday*. Visits from Monsignor Heard and Father Moore, General of the Servites.

3rd. *Saturday*. At cock-crow, or thereabouts, the *Ripetitore* said Mass for about a dozen of us and then came up to see the sunrise from Cavo. It was a sharp morning but the pace was brisk and the east was already warming with the colours of dawn. We had just reached the gap in the trees that looks due east when the radiance seemed suddenly to swell and the sun *popped* up behind the dark blue hills. Their forward flung shadows receded from us as the sun rose higher—just a golden glowing ball—and the valley below us was slowly flooded with light. Meanwhile the primus-stove was hissing and whiffing behind us on the bank of Jove's enclosure, and when we had crowed and sighed our fill over the beautiful scene there was our master chef with a steaming cauldron of tea—*ἄριστον μὲν τι*—perhaps more intoxicating, certainly more warming, than the lovely sunrise in that biting air. And thereupon we sped swiftly down to Palazzola for breakfast. Our still drowsy fellowmen seemed to think we broke it with an unnecessary crash: a morning cup of tea makes such a difference.

5th. *Monday*. A tennis tournament (doubles) is in progress and attracts admiring crowds. Whether they go to see the game or to watch Humpty Dumpty, the judge on his ladder, were impossible to say. Certainly the play was lively but "the more we gazed, the more the wonder grew" that one small ladder could support our Pooh.

6th. *Tuesday*. The golf-committee, who daily enliven the notice-board with heart-to-heart talks on the etiquette of the game, stung to rivalry by the tennis tournament, announce a Tombstone Competition.

7th. *Wednesday*. Gita fervour is narrowing itself to the haunts nearer home. Most parties today encamped at spots round the lakeside, though we did hear one very noisy crowd coming home from Velletri; and we must not forget the *Ripetitore's* party who did the memorable walk to Pratica. Rumour said that owing to some lamentable oversight no food was provided: on the other hand they had an excellent car to bring them home.

8th. *Thursday*. Not to be outdone by the golfers, the tennis club started another (singles) tournament.

9th. *Friday*. But the golfers got the last word in by starting today a Two-Ball Foursome Handicap.

10th. *Saturday*. Mr McKenna has progressed so well that he was able to have his second operation today and came through it very well.

11th. *Sunday*. It is always understood that our weekends are brightened by a visit from Monsignor Cicognani. Even when his duties keep him in Rome till Sunday morning he never fails to come out for the remainder of his brief rest—just to see that we are observing all the traditions! We cannot say how much we appreciate these visits. "He's an exemplary Venerab'lino," as the song goes.

12th. *Monday*. We brood over the dramatic irony in our amateur economist's recent verdict, that the £ could not remain long at 80: it is steadily dropping to 70.

13th. *Tuesday*. St Edward's. A grey day with a bleak wind—not at all the sort of thing for visitors. To dinner came his Eminence the Protector, and suite; Monsignor Heard, Clapperton and Burke; Fathers Welsby, S.J., Vaughan (Missionary Society), Mann (Fairfield) and Leighton (Bolton). The Vice-rector managed to slip back quietly, among the guests: he has, of course, his lists to make up for next year. The dulness of the weather did not affect the dinner by any means, nor diminish the sparkle of the *spumante*, and we were able to have coffee and *rosolio* in the garden after all. But it rained in the afternoon, as it generally does on St Edward's. *Chi Lo Sa?* is, as usual, better than ever, though the new editor has banished from its pages one of our oldest friends, The Man Who. It pokes, of course, much bitter fun at what it calls "the minimum quid". If one could only be sure that 70 was the minimum!

14th. *Wednesday*. Gitas to the lakeside, Grottaferrata, Genzano and Algidus—a very comfortable day in spite of a few showers in the morning.

15th. *Thursday*. The days are beginning to close in early; and towards evening as you cross the Sforza—at the Golf House, the Pergola and in the various gullies—you will be attracted by the friendly glow of a fire, and find chestnuts sizzling and popping among the embers, while tired sportsmen, huddled in *zimarras*, throw on a stick or two, poke about a bit, dart wary fingers into the flames and munch away contentedly with smarting eyes. And as the evening bells of the Cappuccini and Albano and Castel Gandolfo mingle across the twilit lake and our own dear, cracked old Ave rings, the last sparks have to be stamped out and the iron stairway rings with homing footsteps.

16th. *Friday*. Who was he who so prudently changed his hoarded wealth into a stable currency when the £ first crashed? He is now known as the Dollar King.

17th. *Saturday*. We feared, when we came in for breakfast this morning, that the economic crisis had already begun to affect the College, for instead of our usual pat of butter there was only a blob of jam meted out. But this was due to some miscalculation on the part of the sisters. New men and old will now be starting from England on the Romeward journey and our anxious thoughts are with the First Lord of the Greenroom, whose bags are sure to cause a flutter in the dovecots of the continental Customs.

18th. *Sunday*. The theologians played the philosophers at football and beat them, 5-1. Never mind, they will be theologians some day. Semi-finals and finals of all the various tournaments and competitions crowd in upon us.

20th. *Tuesday*. A brave array of gita-lists brightened the board and the (now more valuable) lire had been issued, and

21st. *Wednesday*, the gita breakfast had been eaten, when we found it was too wet to go. So we did our packing and had an extra glass of red and fires in the billiard-room and common-room to warm us. And so to the last day.

22nd. *Thursday*. *O Meliboee, deus nobis haec otia fecit!* We have never stayed out here quite as late before, so the sight of the lakeside in full autumn leaf is an unfamiliar glory. The whole great arc of woods, from the Meadow to the Cappuccini Pine, from Palazzola to Castel Gandolfo, is splashed with glowing colour, ranging through sepia, purple, copper, orange, crimson, saffron and pale yellow, against the background of the evergreens. We went off in the morning to bid farewell to Monte Gentile, and the Pines. (Last year we restored the shrine on Gentile, and on the old tree, high up out of harm's way a copy of the S. Alfonso Madonna now shines in a blue frame. Today they were busy plastering up another such picture to the old brick pillar near our cross on the lower path to Rocca. The one embedded in rock on the Albano path is still safe). At dinner an extra *piatto* and a modicum of *spumante*, for two of the sick men are already well and strong, and Mr McKenna looks better every day. In the evening a grey drizzle did not prevent us from performing a gigantic if somewhat savage rite on the Sforza. Outside the Golf House, as dusk was falling, a roaring fire was built and an effigy, lifesize, of the senior student, arrayed in various items of his worn-out golf apparel, with a pumpkin for face and the whole surmounted by an old straw hat that has weathered many Palazzola summers, was thrust upon the flames. It had been borne up in state by a wild procession that repeatedly inquired in the words of an old song, "What shall we do with the senior student?" and replied with Kipling (the poet): "Take him away, he's gone where the best men go!" The roof of the Golf House, too, was duly burnt, for our Golf House, unlike so many others, is fitted with a new roof every summer. Febo strolled along to see what all the noise was about, but finding the senior student safe and sound, decided that everything was all right. Meanwhile news has reached the Rector that a hitherto unheard of new man is on the high seas and we are discussing ways and means of squeezing him into a very full house. Grasar is his name and he has been dubbed the Gate Crasher.

23rd. *Friday*. The rain softened the wrench of our departure: yet some walked and had the stoicism to decline a lift from Monsignor Burke who chanced to overtake them in his car. Some decoration has been done in the College—chiefly of the staircase and the common-room. Both repay the attention well. The original colours have been kept—the basic colours, that is; how many years of sun and tobacco will it take to restore the, well, meerscham mellowness of the common-room ceiling? How many generations must scurry downstairs swinging on the corners, ere

their newly washed fingers mark them with the old colours? The early arrivals found the common-room denuded of its furniture, pictures and even curtains. At the sight of so many paint-splashed floors to be cleaned, poor old Giuseppe has been stricken with gout. So it fell to the early-worms to make the common-room fit for habitation and they had the satisfaction of putting the pictures back into something like their old positions. But now that the old time stains on the wall are gone, it is no light task to place with precision our beloved Gilesian *acquarelli* and the clustering photographs. And what is more upsetting than to find a familiar picture glaring at you uncomfortably from an unaccustomed place?

24th. *Saturday*. Let us introduce the new men: B. Foley (Brentwood), J. Mullin (Liverpool), W. Murray (Liverpool), R. Smith (Southwark), B. Jackson (Salford), F. Stone (Salford), G. Ekbery (Salford), F. Gallagher (Plymouth), E. Grasar (Nottingham).

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction . . .

And the new men will, no doubt, be finer men than ever were before!
Prosperè procedant.

25th. *Sunday*. Feast of Christ the King. The Pope said Mass in St Peter's, so the new men began their Roman course well, especially as there was coffee and *rosolio* after dinner and *O Roma Felix* with the Papal toast.

28th. *Wednesday*. The retreat began yesterday but we peep out to say that as today was the Rector's ordination-day and the silver jubilee of several Venerabile men we had an extra *piatto* and a glass of red; and telegrams were sent to the jubilarians. The retreat is being given by Father O'Neill, Rector of S. Susanna.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Sunday*. All Saints. The Cardinal Vicar held an ordination in the College Church and we were surprised to be able to seat over a hundred *ordinandi* and to prostrate thirty-seven candidates for major orders (besides accommodating a large congregation) without any crushing. In fact the whole ceremony went much more smoothly and comfortably than we have noticed anywhere else except at St John Lateran. From the College, Messrs Wilkinson, Carey, McGee and Slater received the Priesthood; and second year theology, first minor orders. *Prosit!* To dinner Monsignor Heard and Mr Ogilvie-Forbes. In the afternoon to S. Lorenzo. At Benediction the kissing of hands and *Te Deum*.

2nd. *Monday*. All Souls. *Primitiae Missarum*. Mr Wilkinson sang the Solemn Requiem. The guests at the ordination dinner were Monsignor Heard, Fathers Welsby, S. J., O'Neill, and McNarney, and Messrs Carey and T. McGee.

3rd. *Tuesday*. *Lectio Brevis* followed by the Red Mass in S. Ignazio.

4th. *Wednesday*. The VENERABLE was published and we hope it provided entertainment for those who were too far away to follow Father Vermeersch's stirring address on Social Charity at the *Premiatio*.

5th. *Thursday*. The Rector was subdeacon at the Requiem for the Gregorian Sodality.

7th. *Saturday*. How a full day's "Greg" takes it out of you! Pastor is being read in the refectory to the strange accompaniment of a circus-show under the vacant middle table by the two kittens and their mother. They are especially lively on Saturdays because that is their tripe-day.

8th. *Sunday*. Mr Bowring came to tea. It is easy nowadays to get permission to decorate your own room, but the Vice-Rector sustained a shock when he found a room up on the "slums" aglow with new frescoes!

9th. *Monday*. A public meeting revealed the public purse as practically empty, and the £ is now sinking steadily towards 60, so with heavy hearts we proceeded to "retrench" and decided to give up *Punch*.

12th. *Thursday*. Mr Bowring and Father Grant (Procure de S. Sulpice) dined with us. Brass frames now cast a halo round our names on the room-doors.

13th. *Friday*. Our young philosophers probe so deeply into their problems that the *Ripetitore* has joined the Magisterial Course at the Gregorian.

15th. *Sunday*. Heard at the sermon-criticism class: "The conclusion would have been a good deal better if it had come much earlier." After supper we had a Chaplin film, *Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore*—a shameless patchwork of old Keystone comedies but extremely refreshing.

17th. *Tuesday*. *Risotto* is once again a fairly stable and not unpopular element in the *menu*. Coffee and *rosolio* today, deferred from Premiation Day. The Rector proposed the health of the newly laurelled, congratulated us on our last year's work and urged the elimination of the *aegre*.

18th. *Wednesday*. The Vice-rector has erected an elaborate shrine on the common-room corridor, with folding glass doors to enclose his list. The *horarium* too, has been handsomely framed in old oak.

21st. *Saturday*. Mr Punch is to have another year's lease of the common-room, owing to the timely subvention of the Venerabile colony at Upholland—*semper fideles*.

22nd. *Sunday*. The organ choked into silence at High Mass, but the *schola* stepped into the breach with great efficiency.

23rd. *Monday*. A certain depletion noticed in common-room circles must mean that the St Catherine's concert is being prepared.

And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage" . . .
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

24th. *Tuesday*. A Draconian law is just coming into force that will change the face of Roman streets. All lettering outside shops is now heavily taxed and the shopkeepers are painting out their long gilt litanies of specialities. *Trattorie*, like "Qui sta Romolo con vini di Frascati," across the Sisto, are changing their legends for simple signs.

25th. *Wednesday*. The new men made their *début* with six speeches in reply to the toast at coffee and *rosolio*, one young scapegrace explaining that it was the first time he had "experienced the sensation of being drunk..." A roar from the mob drowned his explanation that he meant having his health drunk. Benediction at S. Caterina. Then one of the best philosophers' concerts we remember, disclosing much new talent, and ending with a rollicking sketch. The public purse had recovered sufficiently to provide wine and biscuits.

1. . . . *First Year Song*
2. Song . . . *Bashful Tommy* . . . Mr Stone.
3. Violin Solo . *The Call of the Angelus* . Mr. Ekbery.
4. Interlude . *Blind Beggars (Operetta)*

Characters:

Mr Zachariah Morgan . . . Mr Stone.
Mr Buffles . . . Mr Jackson.
A Pedestrian . . . Mr Foley.

5. Quartet . . *Song without words*
(Mendelssohn) . . Messrs Luke, Ekbery,
 Gallagher & Grasar.
6. Song . . *When Dull Care* . . Mr Grasar.
7. Ensemble . *Drink Brothers Drink*
8. Sketch:

THE WARMING PAN (W.W. Jacobs)

(A Comedy in one act).

Characters:

Mr Boom . . . Mr McCurdy.
Mr Raggett . . . Mr Luke.
Dick Tarrell . . . Mr Doyle.
Kate Brown . . . Mr Ford.

26th. *Thursday*. St John Berchmans. Mass at the shrine. Count Riccardi Cubitt and Mr Bowring came to dinner.

27th. *Friday*. There was a certain tension in the air this morning during lectures, explained when we heard that the South Americans beat the Scots at football yesterday.

28th. *Saturday*. The Archbishop of Birmingham and Father Emery came to dinner.

29th. *Sunday*. Monsignor Moss is preaching the Advent course at S. Silvestro. His Grace of Birmingham came to supper and gave us an interesting talk afterwards.

DECEMBER 1st. *Tuesday*. A welcome holiday for St Robert Bellarmine's "doctorate". There was Pontifical Mass at S. Ignazio followed by Benediction from Cardinal Laurenti.

2nd. *Wednesday*. A marrow-searching *tramontana* is blowing but the heating is on, not merely in the College, but even at the University. (Yes, things were very different in your day!).

3rd. *Thursday*. St Francis Xavier. This year more than ever, the *feste* collide with Thursdays. There was a large crowd this morning for Mass at the Catacombs.

6th. *Sunday*. To dinner Monsignor Moss and another priest. They still make at S. Nicola dei Lorenesi the traditional *pagnottelle di S. Nicola*, kneaded with the oil that exudes from the Saint's bones: one camerata brought some home for tea. After supper a film: *Non si vende, si regala*.

7th. *Monday*. A moist scirocco after last week's chilling blasts. The Christmas stalls are already going up in Piazza Navona. The Rector and the Westminster Student were at the station to greet Cardinal Bourne this evening.

8th. *Tuesday*. The Immaculate Conception. High Mass was sung by the Vice-rector. From certain unmistakable indications it is suspected that the long lamented orchestra is being revived. "Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight."

9th. *Wednesday*. Passing through the Campo to afternoon schools we met a man with legs ten feet long, bestriding the world like a Colossus to the great admiration of all lesser men. Was this but a dream, destined to end in a rush downstairs to catch the last camerata? Then we noticed it was written in large letters on the monster's back that he was the representative of Mr Busch, and we realized that we were wide awake after all. Mr Busch and Mr Schneider have just swooped on Rome with rival circuses and settled, one in the Prati, and one outside the Porta S. Giovanni. Cameratas that walked in those directions, hoping to catch sight of the hundred lions advertized, peeped unsuccessfully. The actual shows are expressly forbidden to the clergy, so we shall have to be content with the Zoo.

11th. *Friday*. We are now having the Westminster Version of St John's Gospel for Scripture reading. The usual public meeting on guests was less prolix than usual but succeeded in running to a second day.

13th. *Sunday*. Cardinal Bourne came to dinner and Mr Ogilvie Forbes; and though the state of the *sterlina* would not admit of coffee and *rosolio* his Eminence came up to the common-room and talked with us. The time passed so quickly that we found that it was too late to have Vespers that afternoon.

14th. *Monday*. You are now summoned *ad audiendum verbum* by

means of a slate posted at the top of the stairs, emblazoned with the words: "The Rector wishes to see Mr..."

15th. *Tuesday*. Now the Vice-rector has got one.

19th. *Saturday*. At the University we learned with regret that Father Billot is *in extremis*.

20th. *Sunday*. The Giant and his minion transformed the church for *Quaran'Ore* and seemed to have a mouth-capacity for nails even greater than heretofore.

21st. *Monday*. Is any congregation quite so picturesquely assorted as that which fills our church during *Quaran'Ore*? However they vary, they are in one thing agreed: not to let any *schola* bowdlerize the true Roman rendering of the Litanies.

22nd. *Tuesday*. Father Vermeersch sang the Requiem for Father Billot in S. Ignazio. Already in the common-room the stage is going up. The Walrus and the Carpenter grow year by year more feeble. Whether the decorations have altered substantially the shape of the common-room we cannot say but the Walrus was heard to complain that he had been putting this stage up, man and boy, for the last ten years and had never had so much trouble in making it fit. Father Hall, wandering in the Vatican precincts this evening found himself in the Library. Shortly afterwards he betook himself to a neighbouring building and was surprised to see clouds of dust rolling from the Library windows—the first signs of the famous smash.

23rd. *Wednesday*. At the end of exposition, the church decorations were removed in a twinkling. Our own struggles with holly in the common-room after tea were more prolonged.

24th. *Thursday*. The first of our Christmas guests, Mr V. Elwes, arrived in time for the singing of the Martyrology, so he had already paid his visit to "Peter's and Pam" before the hard-worked professors, Dr Macmillan and Dr Smith arrived in the evening. If the names of these three "*Venerabiloni*" appear but seldom in the record of the next few days it is not because they were not as welcome as Christmas itself nor yet that they had grown any quieter, but because they merged themselves so completely into the family that we forgot that they had ever been away from us, and they paid us the compliment of being perfectly at home from the start. The Rector sang Midnight Mass and after Lauds we found that the refectory had been seasonably decorated with greenery and fruit. We sat up and made a noise round the fire until quite late and so—

25th. *Friday*. Christmas Day. We awoke with aching heads. To share our turkey and plum-pudding came Monsignor Cicognani and Heard. *Chi Lo Sa?* added to the gaiety at coffee and *rosolio*. The revived orchestra made a triumphal first appearance at the concert to everyone's loudly emphasized delight. The Spiritual Father revived with great success a song of his youth and several old tunes were enlivened with new and topical words: one of these was suitably devoted to the orchestra.

Both sketches were full of life and set us longing for more. Presents were given after supper amid much mirth.

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|--------------------|--------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. Carol . . . | <i>Regina Coeli</i> . . . | The Orpheus. |
| 2. Selection . . . | <i>The Bohemian Girl</i> . . . | The Orchestra. |
| 3. Song . . . | <i>In Commemoration</i> . . . | Mr Purdy. |
| 4. Sketch: | | |

FALSE COLOURS.

Characters:

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|------------------|--------------------------------------|--|
| | <i>Skipper</i> | Mr Tickle. |
| | <i>First Mate</i> | Mr Tootell. |
| | <i>Bill Cousins</i> | Mr Hodskinson. |
| | <i>Bob Pillin</i> | Mr Dawson. |
| | <i>Joe Smith</i> | Mr Restieaux. |
| | <i>Ted Hill</i> | Mr McNeill. |
| | <i>Carpenter</i> | Mr Sweeney. |
| 5. Song . . . | <i>Mrs' Enry 'Awkins</i> . . . | Monsignor Hall. |
| 6. Duet . . . | | Messrs Park & Elcock. |
| 7. Song & Chorus | <i>When the Guards are on Parade</i> | Messrs Leahy, Ford, McCarthy, Luke & Spicer. |
| 8. Sketch: | | |

BUNKUM (A Melodrama).

Characters:

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|---|--------------|
| <i>John Ruislip</i> | Mr Jackson. |
| <i>Maria, (his wife)</i> | Mr Simmons. |
| <i>Faith, (their daughter)</i> | Mr Grace. |
| <i>Lancelot Boldboy, (her suitor)</i> | Mr Johnston. |
| <i>Jasper Slushy, (a villain)</i> | Mr Jones. |

Scene: A Notts Cottage: Xmas Eve.

26th. *Saturday.* A quiet day to restore the tissues. There was enough ice on the Pamphili lake to hold one or two feather-weights who made a slide there. In the evening a comic film or two.

27th. *Sunday.* St John. The Holy Father said Mass in St Peter's and there was the usual heavy rain all morning. In the evening a magnificent concert, inevitably so after the fine running start given to it by the *March of the Peers*. The visitors valiantly reproduced *Dov'è Lei?* and how shall we (who are urged by a parsimonious Secretary to take as our motto, "Nulla linea sine die") sing the praises of the first play produced in the Venerable since the drama was banished in 1867? Since it was last acted it has grown into a legend and it is high praise to say it fulfilled our

expectations. *Tons of Money* which immediately followed was a striking testimony to the gospel of *Dov'è Lei?* and probably the greatest success since.

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|----|-----------|---|---|--|--|
| 1. | . | . | . | "March of the Peers" (<i>Iolanthe</i>) | The Orpheus. |
| 2. | Song | . | . | <i>A Prayer to Our Lady</i> | Mr Park. |
| 3. | Interlude | . | . | <i>He Who Gets Sacked</i> | Messrs Duggan,
Lyons, Dwyer, Flem-
ing, Foley, Cunning-
ham & Rogers. |
| 4. | Song | . | . | <i>When Mother and Me joined in</i> | Mr Spicer. |
| 5. | . | . | . | <i>The Historic Dov'è Lei</i> | Messrs Smith, Mac-
millan & Elwes. |
| 6. | Sketch: | | | | |

TONS OF MONEY (*adapted*).

Characters in order of appearance:

<i>Sprules</i> (<i>a butler</i>)	Mr Wroe.
<i>Simpson</i> (<i>a parlourmaid</i>)	Mr Murray.
<i>Miss Benita Mullett</i>	Mr Mullin.
<i>Louise Allington</i>	Mr Grady.
<i>Aubrey Allington</i>	Mr Tomei.
<i>Giles</i> (<i>a gardener</i>)	Mr Pearse.
<i>Mr Chesterman</i> (<i>a solicitor</i>)	Mr Foster.
<i>Henery</i>	Mr Redmond.
<i>George Maitland</i>	Mr Lennon.

Act 1. Drawing-room of Aubrey Allington's House at Marlow.

Act 2. Same: three weeks later. Act 3. Same: next afternoon.

28th. *Monday*. The rain continues but fails to damp our spirits. Doctors McNarney and Halsall dined. A party went to the American College in the afternoon and came back with glowing reports of their presentation of *Journey's End*. We at home spent a quiet evening at cards: quiet, at least, if you played bridge or whist: but some played pontoon. This quiet spell had its reaction after supper when things speeded up (at a well known touch on the piano) from Musical Chairs and Are you there Kelly? to Dead Man and Boat Races.

29th. *Tuesday*. St Thomas of Canterbury. True to tradition, Monsignor Cicognani said Mass in the College Church. The Rector sang the High Mass. At dinner the guests were Monsignori Clapperton, Burke and Duchemin and Fathers Moore, O.S.M. and Welsby, S.J. There was quite a crowd of outsiders at Benediction. There was no falling below standard at the concert. The Vice-rector's encore eclipsed even his first delicious song, for it was *Jones of the Lancers*. *Macdagger* (which is Shakespeare's *Macbeth* as it would have been, had it been written as a musical comedy)

was laid down three years ago and showed fine bottle flavour tonight. Like *Dov'è Lei* it has lost none of its sparkle and was enlivened by many a flash of novelty.

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| 1. Carol . . . | <i>When Joseph was a-walking</i> | The Orpheus. |
| 2. Serenade . . . | | Messrs Flynn and
Grasar. |
| 3. Song . . . | <i>When I was in the
Blankety Fusiliers</i> . . . | The Vice-rector. |
| 4. Interlude . . . | <i>Hands Up!</i> | Messrs McGee, Camp-
bell, Ford, Johnston,
V. Marsh. |
| 5. Violin Solo . . . | <i>Liebesleid</i> | Messrs Ekbery &
Ellison. |
| 6. Interlude . . . | <i>The Ripetitore's Wireless</i> . . . | Messrs Fee, Neary,
Weldon, Roberts &
Duggan. |
| 7. Song . . . | <i>Sea Roads</i> | Mr Cunningham. |
| 8. Sketch: | | |

MAGDAGGER; or, *Blood will have blood*

(A Melodrama with Lyrics, speeded up from the Elizabethan).

Characters:

<i>Macdagger (a respectable but needy bourgeois)</i>	Mr Park.
<i>Mrs Macdagger (a needy but ambitious bourgeois)</i>	Mr Beevers.
<i>Sir Giles Macdagger, Bart., O.B.E. (a fabulously rich uncle)</i>	Mr Dwyer.
<i>Ghost of Sir Giles Macdagger</i>	Mr Dwyer.
<i>Maid</i>	Mr Hodkinson.
<i>Detective</i>	Mr McReavy.
<i>1st Policeman</i>	Mr Cashman.
<i>2nd Policeman</i>	Mr Lynch.
<i>Chorus of Foul Fiends</i>	Messrs Wilkinson Flynn, Rickaby, Gra- sar, MacReavy & Cashman.

Scenes 1 & 2. Hall of Macdagger's House.

Scenes 3 & 4. The Drawing-room of same.

30th. *Wednesday.* This should have been the day of the Scots' match but the rain was so heavy that it had to be postponed. A traitorous patch of sunshine earlier in the day had lured the Rector and our guests to revisit old haunts at Palazzola. To dinner Dr Magauran, the Scots' Vice-rector.

In the evening a vivacious film, *Figlio di Zorro*, which was full of fun though it had to be toned down with a blue glass in parts.

31st. *Thursday*. Rough weather prevented us from beating the Scots in 1931 after all: it poured all the day. Much business was done at the fair in the evening, especially by the purveyor of foodstuffs and the flashlight photographer who deceived us by displaying samples of his work enlarged to four times the actual size. *Te Deum* at Benediction and *Auld Lang Syne* after supper. We view the departure of 1931 with equanimity but it was a wrench to say goodbye to Mr Elwes who is returning to Fribourg tomorrow evening. So the old year went out with a voluminous *He's a jolly good fellow* and a short speech from the quarter-deck in which Mr Elwes tried to make out that he was the gainer by his visit!

1932

JANUARY 1st. *Friday*. Some declared they were wakened by the New Year's entrance into the Via de' Cappellari but most of us heard nothing: so much for the mince-pie sold at the fair. Dr Smith sang the High Mass. Soracte is really *alta nive candidum*. Monsignor Heard and Father Croft-Fraser dined with us. The concert kept up the almost incredible standard of the rest and the sketch showed us that the Victorians compare very favourably with our later age in the comic drama. Mr Lamb (Fribourg) stayed to supper and then carried off Mr Elwes while the old *cortile* reverberated with cheers.

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| 1. Song | <i>For You Alone</i> | Mr Beevers (with Violin <i>obbligato</i> Mr Ekbery). |
| 2. | <i>Andiamo</i> | Messrs Park & Dwyer. |
| 3. | <i>Blow Blow, Thou Winter Wind</i> | The Rector. |
| 4. Chorus | <i>Turkish Delight</i> | The Orpheus. |
| 5. Burlesque Oratorio " <i>Jimmy Law</i> " | | Messrs Luke, Leahy, Flynn and McCarthy. |
| 6. Sketch: | | |

DANDY DICK

(A Victorian Comedy by Sir A Pinero).

Persons of the Play:

<i>Very Rev. Augustin Jedd, Dean of St.</i>	
<i>Marvells</i>	Mr Pritchard.
<i>Salome and</i>	Mr Ekbery.
<i>Sheba, his Daughters</i>	Mr Abbing.

<i>Blore, the Butler</i>	Mr Stone.
<i>Georgiana Tidman, the Dean's Sister</i>	Mr McDonald.
<i>Sir Tristram Mardon, Bart</i>	Mr Rea.
<i>Hatcham, his groom.</i>	Mr Smith.
<i>Noah Topping, constable</i>	Mr T. B. Pearson.
<i>Hannah, his Wife</i>	Mr McCurdy.

Scene 1. The Deanery - Morning. *Scene 2.* The same - Evening.

Scene 3. The Police Station - Next Day. *Scene 4.* The Deanery - Same Day.

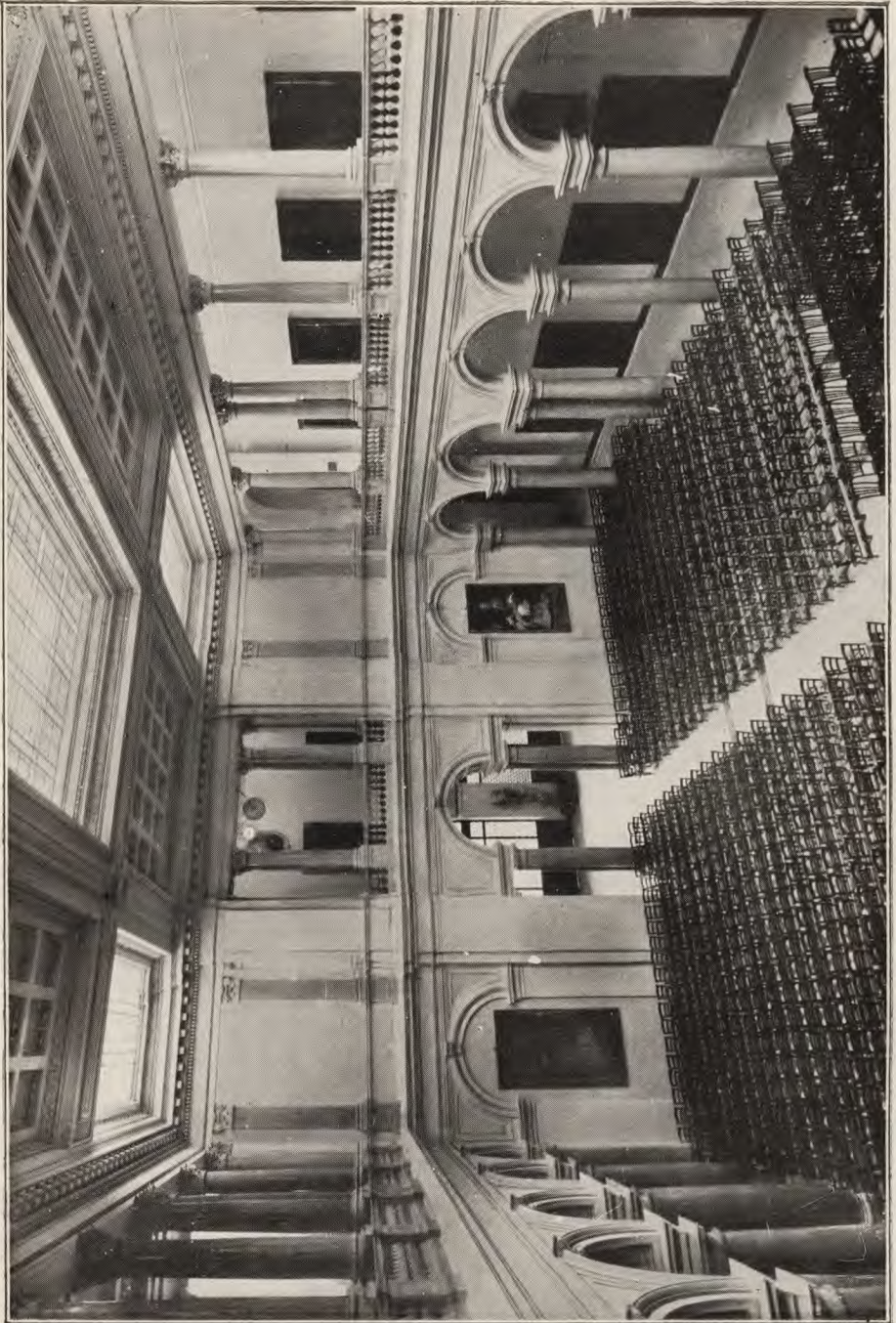
2nd. *Saturday. Docetur.*

3rd. *Sunday.* Half of us went to the Collegio Beda for tea and enjoyed their concert very much.

6th. *Wednesday. Befana.* Dr Macmillan said the community Mass and the Rector sang the High Mass. Monsignor Heard and Father O'Connor, P.S.M. came to dinner. *Ruddigore* commenced at half-past four and taxed our little stage to the utmost: in fact one of the chorus stepped right off it in the excitement of the reel. There was, as usual, a goodly crowd of visitors and all acclaimed the opera a signal success—a fitting crown to a fine concert season. On the triumphant note of the *Ruddigore* finale this Diary should end, but as tomorrow is—

7th. *Thursday,* the vacation (and so the Diary) is prolonged, and the edge is taken off that sudden plunge into everyday life. It was in a business-like common-room, bare of festive greenery, that we sang a parting *Ad Multos Annos* to our two remaining guests and heard them pay us compliments that almost contained a challenge. After we had sped them on their way with a cheer we sank back peacefully from the fret and fever of merry-making into the comparative restfulness of work. But we are not Spartan enough to “long for the delights of war after the horrors of peace”, and we look forward with little enthusiasm to the hour of early schools tomorrow, when we return to the treadmill.

THOMAS DUGGAN.



CENTRAL HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The following is the present staff:

Editor: MR PRITCHARD.

Secretary: MR REDMOND.

Sub-editor: MR GRADY.

Under-secretary: MR JOHNSTON.

Fifth Member: MR NESBITT.

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges: *Baeda*, *The Douai Magazine*, *The Downside Review*, *The Lisbonian*, *The Oscotian*, *Pax*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Stonyhurst Magazine*, *The Upholland College Magazine*, *The Ushaw Magazine*, *The Prior Park Magazine*.

We gratefully received *The Pantonian*, *The Chesterian* from Messrs Chester, and *The Scrip* from the Catholic Association.

THE UNIVERSITY

We are holding over the University Notes until the end of the year, when perhaps we may do them more justice. A suggestion from a reader that we should give more prominence to works published at the Gregorian will then receive due attention. The picture that we publish (for which we thank Father Welsby and the Father Rector) shows the covered *cortile*, ready with chairs for a premiation. Normally the space is left free. The central panel of the roof is of glass, which slides back; and in summer the opening is shaded with an awning. Lecture halls for theology are on the ground and first floors (to the right and left of the picture). Above these overlooking the glass roof are the two floors of professors' rooms,

and one floor of lecture rooms for the philosophers. The entrance from the Piazza Pilotta faces you: to the right and left are the stairways and the lifts.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

“I would like you to consider the question of having some feature in the VENERABLE for old students of the College. I know this was talked about before, but I think you could hardly find a College Magazine which has not some feature that brings old boys together, and reminds one of one’s own days at the College. Reading the VENERABLE is very interesting; it is got up and produced well; the articles are good; the students are obviously living up to the old venerable traditions,—but one misses something. My seven years there and all those who passed through are forgotten. You present students will not realise this until some years after you have all left, in reading the pages of the VENERABLE.”

[We were pleased to receive this letter from a pre-war Roman. It will elicit a few suggestions perhaps. As far as we can see the want can be partly satisfied by articles, reminiscences, diaries etc. from old students (which will be sent without further invitation we hope), partly by swelling the Personal column. But this latter is naturally restricted: the editorial office is in Rome, so that for news of Venerabilini in England, the editor depends almost entirely on their letters to him. The moral seems to be: give us news of yourself and other Venerabilini, and we will see that you are not forgotten. Ed.]

THE ORCHESTRA

Many former members, and perhaps some others who are interested, will be glad to know that the orchestra has been reformed this year. After High Mass on Sunday morning, a band of eight assemble in the music room, and there “begin and somewhat loudly sweep the string”. Recently, the services of a conductor have been obtained. At present, the orchestra consists of strings and piano only. However, a number of people are learning different instruments, and it is hoped that the wind section will be in action before long. A handsome subscription from the Rector, for which we were duly grateful, has enabled the management to carry on so far. We are grateful too to a member of the house for a flute which we have received. At the moment there is a shortage of music stands, and little enough—but already the note has changed and this musical morsel will no doubt to trained ears sound suspiciously like an appeal. *Ma che!*

T. LYNCH

SPORTS

I. — Cricket

The Philosophers beat us! The many gibes of the diarist of the last number of the magazine at the philosophers make sorry reading now. They thrashed our bowling to their hearts' content and then surfeited in knocking down our wickets. G. Nesbitt hit 57 in fine style and E. Doyle gave him great assistance. That was in the morning; in the afternoon the best batter and the captain of the theologians went in with a swaggering show of confidence and determination. But Dawson immediately pounded them out, together with the rest of the team. W. Kelly alone of the theologians did anything worth while: his score was 28. We could, I suppose, make excuses; such as that one of our best bowlers was recovering lost juices at the Blue Nuns, or that a stormy wind helped the bowlers in the afternoon. But we do not make them. At the recollection of that declining summer evening and of those jumping boys with their faces aglow as victory crept nearer and nearer, we just bow our heads—we were beaten. It was a great game.

We won against the Scots again this year. The remarkable thing about the match was the coolness of all our batters. Everyone played himself in well, made seven or eight, and then was out. It was as well that no one had the chance of staying too long as no time would have been left for Dawson to skittle out the Scots for 24.

On the whole we had a good deal of cricket. There were plenty of men to choose from for the Scots team. And the selection of the team might have been more difficult had not three of four shown a disinclination towards the ordinary day-matches.

We have a number of keen cricketers now, so from that point of view there should be plenty of good cricket next summer. As, however, the Rocca cobbler has had his fingers on all the balls but two, the cricket season may be disappointingly short.

P. MCGEE, *Captain*

2. Association

The Football season opened at Palazzola on September 18th, and we had several very enjoyable games. Occasionally we had to resort to a little moral persuasion to get the full numbers owing to the competing interests of golf and tennis. A match was played between the Theologians and Philosophers this season at the villa, and although the Theologians won 4-1, they never had matters their own way at any part of the game.

We must thank the Vice-rector, Dr Wilson, for his efficient refereeing of this game.

With the return to Rome the numbers for football increased considerably; in fact with an average of thirty on the list for every game, the committee has been faced on every occasion with the necessity of dropping a certain number, a very unpleasant duty on account of the keenness of all. Although Pamfili is crowded every Thursday we have usually no difficulty in holding the concessions made to us by the Prince. Sometimes newcomers are unwilling to move, but if tact fails, we find that they will move if they find themselves in the middle of a more robust game than they are used to.

We found it impossible to play the Scots match during the Xmas holidays; the only two dates which would have suited both sides would have been Boxing Day and New Year's Eve. The ground was unavailable on Boxing Day, and quite unfit for play on New Year's Eve. Eventually the match was played on February 4th, and since the weather had been extraordinarily fine for about a month, the pitch was in perfect condition. A bigger crowd than ever found the stand too small for them, and many watched the game from the opposite touch-line. The English College was represented by:—Wilkinson: Luke, Carey: Grace, McGee, Weldon: Nesbitt, Jones, Campbell, Slater, Dawson.

The Scots won the toss and we kicked off against a brilliant sun. In spite of rather warm weather the match opened at a great pace with the play changing quickly from end to end. The Scots' ball control was very good, but our own more direct methods evened up the run of the game. After about half an hour a very good shot from the Scots' inside-right struck the cross-bar and rebounded to the inside-left who had no difficulty in scoring. From the kick-off we might have equalised, but the shooting was faulty, and play continued more or less even until half-time with the Scots' College leading by 1-0.

With the sun behind us in the second half we went all out and in about a quarter of an hour had scored two goals in quick succession, the first through Jones from a corner beautifully placed by Slater, the second through Campbell. From that point the game, if anything, speeded up, and very good play on the part of our half-backs kept the ball in the Scots' half most of the time. The Scots' forwards broke away several times, and were always dangerous, once especially from a corner, when only a magnificent save by Wilkinson retained our lead and on another occasion from a hard shot from their outside-right which struck the cross-bar but was safely cleared. These were rather in the nature of isolated raids, while our forwards kept up a continual pressure and the Scots' goal

had some narrow escapes, although our shooting was rather off the mark. A good match finished amid great excitement with the English College still attacking vigorously:

English College 2, Scots' College 1.

We thank Mr Horspool for again refereeing the match this year.

EDWARD CAREY, *Captain*

3. Rugby

Although we have had the right this year to alternate games with Soccer, we have actually only played one match so far. Enthusiasm for this strenuous game is not always so easily roused amongst those who have not played it in their youth and are now on the downward slope towards thirty! Then too since the beginning of December we were careful to see that we did not handicap Soccer players in their preparation for the Scots' match,—no one knew that it would take place so late. We hope yet to play theologians against the philosophers: and the odds are with the younger men.

G. PRITCHARD and G. TICKLE

4. Golf

The annual business meeting of the Golf Club took place last May, and the following officers were elected:

Secretary: MR HODSKINSON. Groundsman: MR DAWSON.

Clubman: MR GRACE.

It was decided that balls purchased by the Club for the coming season should be all new instead of re-paints, which had proved unsatisfactory during the past year.

Operations were started on the course immediately on arrival at Palazzola, but play did not begin until ten days later. This was on account of a peculiar species of tough low-lying weed (not to be identified with the bracken of which former Secretaries have complained) which infested the course and defied both scythe and sickle. And added to this was the fact that Luigi had neglected to give the Sforza its annual crop. Eventually the Senior Student opened the course in the traditional way, i. e. by driving his ball into the nearest clump of ferns.

During the first part of the villeggiatura golf was patronised but little, still with the final settling down of the gita men and the advent of cooler weather many became enthusiastic. This was the time when we realised the utter inadequacy of our supply of clubs—eight bags between thirty members.

The competitions held were as follows:

Tombstone Competition: Mr Kelly. (*Proxime accessit*: Mr Grace).
 Two-Ball Foursome Handicap: Mr Campbell and Mr Spicer
 (runners-up: Dr Park and Mr Rea).

The course remains unchanged but bogey has been increased by one stroke which has been allotted to the seventh hole. Thus bogey stands at 36. Fortunately at long last the Roccheggiani seem to have decided to leave us in possession of our flags and hole-cups. Perhaps they have discovered that enamel mugs pierced with holes made by a pickaxe are useless after all.

The sincere thanks of the club go to the Rev. A. Atkins for the welcome gift of a dozen new golf-balls which he sent to us last October. Likewise to the Rev. W. Sewell who obliged us by selecting this year's balls in England and thereby making sure that we received value for our money.

S. HODSKINSON, *Secretary*

5. *Tennis*

Tennis at Palazzola, as the hard-worked members who spent many mornings passing buckets of water from tank to court can testify, has its ups and downs. This summer enthusiasm in the club waxed really high—enthusiasm which would have had a poor chance of showing itself if the Treasurer, Mr Weldon, had not shown much zeal and spent the greater part of August gathering and carting shale (and urging others to do likewise) from the orchard district to the court, and then spreading it out over the rather worn surface. It was worth while, for after the rains the court satisfied even the faddists, pampered by the luxurious courts of their friends at S. Caterina and Marino. Our own tennis-court is now fundamentally sound and superficially smooth.

At the end of the season a tournament was held, quite the most successful that we remember. Twenty-two entered for the Handicap Doubles (won by Mr Pearson and Mr Elcock) and twenty for the Open Singles (won by Mr Pritchard; runner-up, Mr Campbell). The prizes were of no great value but the spirit shown by the competitors was good and the matches were all keenly fought. Perhaps this was greatly due to a strict adherence to L.T.A. tournament rules and the result of having an umpire for every match (perched on top of a pair of steps lent by the nuns). And of course there was the supporting interest shown by a large crowd of spectators nestling in deck-chairs and squatting on rocks behind the wire-netting.

The tennis-net struggled on bravely till the end of October in spite of slashing and 'killing', but the committee after the return to the city bought

a new net out of the club funds—a good one that should last at least ten years.

The water problem, in spite of many suggestions, has not been solved. The hand to hand bucket arrangement, however willing your bucket-carriers, is quite inadequate—as well try watering the Sahara with a garden spray. The old hand-pump and pipe which fetched water from the cow-trough are now useless, for the trough is permanently dry. Anyway the pump was always slow and feeble. It would seem that a small electric or petrol engine is needed to pump up superfluous water from the tank. Of course such a thing would cost more than the club can afford to pay. But it would be worth getting for it would mean that an excellent tennis-court could then be used for three months instead of only one.

G. PRITCHARD, *Secretary*

6. *Ball-court*

A notable feature of last *villeggiatura* was the commencement of work on a ball court. The plan in the minds of the hand-ball enthusiasts was to make use of the rock and the wall that makes the arch in the piece of garden near the tank. The wall only needs re-facing, the rock smoothing, and a hard cemented floor laid down over the garden to the extent of about fifteen metres: this would provide a two walled court.

The work was begun with the approval of the Rector in the middle of September, the little pomegranate tree was rooted up, and though there was no ceremony, the Rector and Father Hall helped in laying the foundation stones. The more numerous and more regular labourers were first year men, but nearly everyone helped at some time or other, and worked with a will. The result was that by the middle of October we had completed a floor and foundation eighteen inches in depth. It has yet to be covered by an inch of cement; but at present we hear that it is wintering well. This task involved the carrying of no less than 86 cart loads of *pozzolana* (alas, the poor horse!). We hope to complete the work early next summer. The only difficult part will be smoothing or covering the rock; this will mean skilled labour. But we hope that it will be done, for the court should be a real asset to villa life.

M. ELCOCK

OBITUARY

THOMAS DUNN BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM.

To Venerabilini the memory of Bishop DUNN will always remain as a true friend of Rome and of the English College with which he was connected for forty years. Although he was never a student here it was a loss which he himself frequently regretted. Those who recall his speech at the unveiling of the monument to Bishop Stanley three years ago will appreciate the devotion he felt towards the Venerable. They will perhaps remember how enthusiastically he spoke then of the great privilege any man had gained who was handed down to memory as a friend of the English College.

It was through mere chance that Bishop Dunn was ever a student in the Eternal City. He was studying theology at Cardinal Manning's seminary at Hammersmith when, during the summer holidays of 1890, he went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. While on the return journey he left the party, who were on their way back to England, and paid a visit to Rome. This first glimpse made such an impression that he determined to come back and finish his studies in Rome, and so in the same year he took lodgings with the Pious Society of Missions at the English Church of San Silvestro in Capite.

It was during this time that he gained such an interest in Rome, and a love for all things Roman. Since in those days there was no easy means of conveyance to the outskirts of the city, he bought a *carrozza* and horse to carry him on his voyages of discovery. When he left Rome he presented this "chariot" as he called it, to the driver who, for years afterwards, always came to meet him at the station when he returned to Rome. He sometimes liked to relate how he pacified an anti-clerical mob in the Piazza of San Silvestro by bowing from his window and

addressing a few words to the crowd, which gradually moved away. During this time he took lectures at the Gregorian University and joined in the friendly crush at 120 Via del Seminario. He got well acquainted with all the men at the English College, including Monsignor Hinsley, who was a student at the time, and with their Alma Mater which he learned to admire.

On the Feast of the Purification 1893, when only twenty-two years old, he was ordained by Cardinal Vaughan, who had come to Rome to receive the red hat from Pope Leo XIII. (It is probable that the ordination took place in the College Church). The next year he became private secretary to the Cardinal with whom he came to Rome each year until the Cardinal's death in 1903. It was while on these visits to Rome that he first came to live in the College, and the memory of these days was, in his after life, a source of great happiness to him, and a revival of the devotion he felt towards the saintly Cardinal. In recent years he always wished to be lodged in one of the rooms on the corridor opposite the library, those once used by Cardinal Vaughan. "How privileged I am," he would say if put in the room overlooking the swimming tank, and then he would look out of the window and point out the little changes that had been made since those days; and he would speak as if recalling some of the happiest days of his life. On entering the second room along the corridor he once said: "Yes, it was here that I told Cardinal Vaughan that his speed at ceremonies had gained for him the name of the "Scarlet Runner"."

After his consecration in 1916, in spite of the difficulties occasioned by the War, he managed to obtain a diplomatic passport, and came to do homage to the Holy Father, and from that time he never failed to make an annual visit to Rome.

It was as a Bishop that he proved his love for the Venerabile. When the College was in need of students after the War the Rector appealed to the Bishops to send more men to Rome, and Bishop Dunn responded nobly. At one time he had 14 students here—about half the College in those days. Again when the present Rector was looking for his Vice-rector last year, it was the Bishop of Nottingham who enabled Dr Wilson to come and take up that position. A great believer in the Roman course, he wanted each of his men to be thoroughly imbued with the Roman spirit,—that *Romanità* which was so near to his heart. He once admitted that of all his tasks as a Bishop he enjoyed most those which brought him into touch with his students. He corresponded with each one regularly, and Sometimes he would put questions to see how well a first year man was using his opportunities in Rome. One such levite was once examined on the top of the Janiculum, and was told to give the names of all the churches

in sight! But he also took us further afield. Each year we looked forward to a gita to Subiaco or Palazzola, Orvieto or Assisi. On these days he was at his best, enlivening us with tales and past experiences which he always told so well. He used to say that we were to plan the gita and he would expect to do nothing more than pay the bill at the end. Once, after a visit to the Villa, we told him that the next stop was the top of Monte Cavo, but he thought it was time to be getting home. He acquiesced however with his usual remark about an *Episcopus Mansuetus*, and suggested a drink when we got to the top. But not only the Nottingham men enjoyed his company; he was a familiar figure in the common-room and even sitting on the stone seats in Pamphili, surrounded by a little group which he could always entertain so well.

Yet how many of us here, I wonder, would have guessed that he suffered from poor health for years? He was always active and cheerful when he stayed with us; he joked when you referred to his illnesses; he hid his piety, and only by chance, for instance, did you discover that it was his habit never to let a day pass in Rome without a visit to the tomb of St Peter. And now that he is dead our memories help us to see how saintly a man was this merry and unassuming bishop; we recognise too how deeply he loved this place and all that it stands for. Surely we shall remember him, as he wished, as a friend of the Venerable?

C. E. RESTIEAUX

ALBERT GEORGE CLARKE (1889-1892).

We commend to the prayers of our readers the Rev. A. G. CLARKE, B. A., who died recently in Sydney, Australia. He came to the Venerabile shortly after his conversion and continued his studies until he was compelled, through ill-health, to return to England as a Subdeacon. He was ordained for the Portsmouth diocese where he laboured for twenty-one years, until his health again failed him and he was invalided to New Zealand. Resuming his work, he received appointments in Queensland and New South Wales where he became widely known for his benefactions, and his contributions to the Sydney Morning Herald.

Mother VERONICA GIULIANI of the Convent of Marie Réparatrice in Rome died on January 28th. For many years, for she lived to the age of seventy eight, she had prayed in an especial manner for the welfare of this College. May she rest in peace.

In the October number of the magazine we expect to publish an appreciation of the great Roman theologian, Father LOUIS BILLOT, S.J., who died at Galloro on December 19th, 1931. R.I.P.

OUR BOOK SHELF

The Satin Slipper, by PAUL CLAUDEL: translated by Father JOHN O'CONNOR.
London: Sheed & Ward. pp. xxv - 310 8/6 net.

If you were to put in one word the essential thing that has made this play that word would be Vision. Vision intellectual for the structure of the thing: vision of the imagination for the detail and the drawing. Every work of art aims at being a sort of cross section of Reality, of Life, and an attempt to reveal the roots of things, to solve the problems presented, in terms of some philosophy held by the artist. But "The Satin Slipper" is not merely one more explanation of things, this time in terms of the Catholic Faith. It is a new section. Here are not only new interpretations but new problems, new motives, new forces at work among men. The words of Henri Massis on the function of the Catholic artist are worth quoting, for they hold the secret of Claudel's art: "La foi pour le catholique n'est point d'abord une doctrine, une explication, une morale; elle introduit dans la réalité même et non plus limitée à celle que perçoit l'observation naturelle. L'artiste catholique devra donc reproduire la nature informée par la Grâce et non seulement cette réalité courte et toute matérielle qui n'intéresse que la sensibilité mais ce réel divin, vivant, autonome qui s'impose à notre esprit et comble notre cœur."

Thus in this play while events and personalities are knocking like ninepins one against the other, there is the continual and mysterious guidance of Divine Providence at work. The fundamental doctrines of the Communion of Saints, freewill and self-sacrifice and the "gradual evangelisation of the flesh" are in the very texture of the play and the continual cry is heard of that longing for fulfillment which is the lot of our pilgrimage and the core of all great poetry. "God writes straight with crooked lines," writes Claudel as an epigraph and so all things are made to serve the salvation of Rodrigo—even his own undisciplined desires. His longing for fulfillment on earth is gradually transformed—

with what anguish and striving—to a longing for the only adequate and satisfying thing. Prouheze—the wife of Don Pelagio, desired by and in love with Rodrigo, puts her satin slipper into the hands of a statue of Our Lady begging, “When I try to rush on evil let it be with limping foot”. Under that mighty guidance she realizes:

“If I cannot be his Paradise at least I can be his cross! Since I cannot give him heaven I can tear him away from earth. I alone can provide him with a need on all fours with his longing!

I alone had power to bereave him of self.”

So a continual discipline of denial, of unfulfillment is put upon Rodrigo: he accepts, rebels again time after time and not until the last lines when Prouheze is dead and his longing looks for fulfillment in Heaven, in God, does he realize the force of her words:

“The will of Him who possesses me is my will alone and the will of Him in Whom I am annihilated, in that Will it is for you to find me again.”

Thus is answered the prayer of his brother the Jesuit who, dying in the first scene, had prayed that Rodrigo might go to God “if not by what he has of straight may he go to you by what he has of indirection”.

The work of Claudel has been described as a “germe agissant” in French literature; a work like this, you imagine, should have been rather like a stick of dynamite—for it is a new heaven and a new earth. There will be those however who will be unable to make head or tail of his doctrine, but no one of any sensibility will fail to appreciate the imaginative force of the writing. I have called the characteristic of his work Vision. Here it is the vision that you get, when walking down a dark street in an Italian hill-town, you suddenly see in a cleft between two houses the Campagna very bright below, with the olives, and vineyards, and the sea shining in the distance. That note of unexpectedness; common things—things taken for granted, suddenly open and reveal immensities.

“This breeze, breathing on you which makes your leafage rustle and your shutters bang, 'tis Africa that calls it up . . .”

The imagination leaps from the banging of a shutter in the breeze to Africa and its world function, so too the “look-out man” at sea sights the constellation of Orion behind Teneriffe and it is St. James “already steeped in sea up to the shoulders”.

The whole play is full of windows, like that room with the seventy windows from which Rodrigo held all Japan captive:

“ . . . the country all crackled, the earth pink, the little woods black and the least detail delicately drawn as with a boar's bristle on finest porcelain.”

For with all the seeming disorder, the multitudes of characters, scenes tumbling one over the other, the night sky suddenly becoming alive, the trumpets and the cannon, there is a fastidious choice and firm drawing of detail. There is no smudginess: it is all steel point. Take this stage direction: "The front of a nobleman's house in Spain. First hour of the morning. The garden full of orange trees. A little blue terra cotta fountain under the trees."—It would be a pity to spoil that with scenery! And throughout runs a delightful vein of humour to relieve the intensity of the main plot.

The translation is done with a real sense of the value of words. It is not a version, it is an equivalent. Every word rings true and there is none of that translator's jargon that steamrolls all individuality from the various characters and sets them babbling an impossible and identical idiom. Father O'Connor has preserved the difference not only as between the dialect of rustic and noble but the more subtle shades as, say, between Pelagio and Balthazar, Prouheze and Doña Musica. Here and there is a charming and useful turn of phrase borrowed from Dublin, and Yorkshire is not absent from the dialect of the seamen.

As a final reflection—what fun it must have been to write this play! To rig between two covers the framework of Creation, and then to weave a tapestry of all that ever pleased, angered, puzzled, tortured, inspired or amused you! And to any Venerabilino it ought to bring back something of the days of his youth when Italy and the Mediterranean first dawned on him, and he had eyes to see and ears to hear.

G. P. DWYER

A Champion of the Church, by WILLIAM REANY, D.D. Dublin: Browne & Nolan Ltd. pp. 206. 3/6 net.

"To relate in detail and to follow faithfully what Blessed Peter Canisius did and accomplished throughout the course of his life, which spanned seventy-seven years, would certainly be a very long task although it would be very pleasant to hear and would benefit all Christendom," (thus the Decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites concerning the Solemn Canonisation of Blessed Peter Canisius). Dr Reany's volume cannot be said to be a detailed account, but it gives us in small compass the main lines of the life of the great Jesuit apostle and Doctor of the Church. The author shows us all the phases of the saint's apostolate, his professorship, his preaching, his work as Provincial of the South German Province, his apostolate in Augsburg and Magdeburg and finally his labours in the foundation of the college of St Michel in Fribourg: and his work as a writer during the latter years of his life.

Writing to the bishops of Germany in 1897 Leo XIII had pointed out the resemblance between those times and the period in which St Peter Canisius lived, "an epoch," says the Pontiff, "in which the desire for innovation and freedom in religious thought was followed by a decrease in faith and very great laxity in morals. The deliverance from this twofold pest of all classes of society, and especially youth, was the end in view of him who, after Boniface, was the Apostle of Germany. The means which he employed for this purpose were not only public speaking and conferences, but also, particularly, the foundation of schools and the writing of excellent books."

If Divine Providence made use of this holy Jesuit as an instrument for His glory well suited to the period in which he lived, so also has this same Providence placed him before the world at the present time as Saint and Doctor of the Universal Church, an inspiring example to us that we may, in these days too, make use of the same weapons which Canisius used so zealously and successfully in the service of God.

Dr Reany deserves our thanks for the efficient manner in which he has gathered together in this little volume the chief works in the life of the Saint. His book may lead many to a more comprehensive study of the great Jesuit Doctor.

The book is very well printed and the price, we think, not excessive.

WILLIAM GODFREY

Prior Park College, by the Rev. Br. J. S. ROCHE, with a preface by Bishop Burton. Burns Oates and Washbourne Ltd. pp. xvi., 318. 15/- net.

Every Prior Parker should welcome this full and impartial history of his old college. But others? Will they place this work alongside the accepted valued histories of nineteenth century Catholic England? They should. After all Prior Park was—hackneyed as the metaphor may be—a very bright lamp of learning to our forefathers; around its flame buzzed dignitaries and leading men and women (to the burning of their purple wings be it said, and the singeing of their pockets); and when blown out by an Errington and a Wiseman, it was relit by a Clifford and a Burton, who indeed snuffed it, but lived to see it alight once again in safe keeping at last. And the history of this illuminating and fascinating place is now decently set forth.

It is called a tragic history. Scene: a lovely hill and noble mansion outside Bath. Plot: the making of it into a school and seminary for the Western district and the residence of the bishop thereof, a Catholic University, even, for the whole of England. The hero (at least while he is on the stage): the gifted Bishop Baines. Villains: all who did not agree

with the hero (not a few). Chorus of noble benefactors, professors and creditors. A great fire gives excitement to the long first act, which is closed by the death of the founder, Bishop Baines, in 1843. At the time of his death he has estranged the college from nearly all its friends; the college is vast and the debts heavy (a church begun at this time is left unroofed), and the next scene shows Prior Park, with a few tantalising snatches at good fortune which catch your breath, heading straight for dismantling and sale (arranged by Wiseman, managed by Errington). And the chorus begins to shuffle off. There is a resurrection scene however, and Bishop Clifford buys back the property (a grumble from one of the chorus, Frederick Neve, rector of the English College: "You had better let it for a madhouse than make a college of it and worse still to put old Prior Park men at the head of it, *meno male* if it is to be only a lay-college") and Dr Williams from the Pio takes command. For thirty years all is well: the prophecy of success seems to have come true. Even Errington is attracted to live there and profess theology. But death makes a clean sweep: the college loses almost at once its capable president and the bishop who had supported it from his own purse. And after a brave attempt at a rally under Bishop Burton, the "white elephant" of the Clifton diocese passes out of the hands of the secular clergy for ever. The tragedy, classically, does not bring down a guillotine curtain on the unhappy close, but shows how after suffering the indignity of a barracks and a reformatory (shades of Peter Baines!) Prior Park becomes the flourishing school of the Christian Brothers.

'Q' says somewhere that of all reading the history of dead controversies is the driest dust. But it is not so here. One follows the events that emerge from a very maze of controversy (cleverly managed and simplified by the author) almost anxiously, so interested does one become in the fortunes of this old college, this "considerable establishment" as it was once quaintly called. Apart too from the history of events Brother Roche introduces us to some characters, well worth the meeting. Peter Augustine Baines takes the first place. And it is easy to see that the author himself has been fascinated by this attractive man, a Benedictine and the gad-fly of the Benedictines, a bishop, twice nearly a Cardinal, the most gifted Catholic in England of his day, and—a failure. A man of controversies it is true, but he is shown here also in more pleasant light. By his letters he is chiefly remembered, but he could tell the Pope in a friendly chat (with Wiseman waiting in the ante-room): "I write warmly, tho in my verbal intercourse I am usually as quiet as I am now." He was a "special favourite" with the poor, who appreciate a man's finer qualities, loved by many who knew him intimately, and wept over when dead by that sturdy

old northerner Bishop Briggs. Yet one cannot neglect the judgements of his contemporaries. He did make so many sweeping plans. Much petty persecution hampered him it is true. Witness a letter of his in our archives which tells of hostile criticisms, such as that he was living in too great magnificence at Prior Park: instance, he wore a capoch! "I plead guilty however to the capoch" he writes, "it was a zimarra worth about thirty shillings." Yet no one seemed to be able to work *with* him. Prior Park was always to be a one man show, and when he, the showman, was busy with other things, or changing his plans, his supporters and staff suffered shabby treatment. And his colossal activity made many distrust him. Why by the way is there no mention in this book of Baines's quarrel with the Jesuits? Rightly or wrongly he was convinced that they prevented Wiseman from becoming his co-adjutor. And his letters on this (at least in our archives) are not weakly worded. But it is a small point.

Not so distinguished, but perhaps more lovable are many others whose lot was connected with that of Prior Park. You cannot help liking Bishop Burgess, who as Prior of Ampleforth, wrote to Baines: "Treat me as a pocket handkerchief, to be put in any position you think best." His wish was granted for he was made president, given little authority and quickly removed. It was said afterwards that he was the third bishop whose death was hastened by the cares of Prior Park. Dr Brindle, twice Vicar General and Vicar Capitular, is remembered for first suggesting the purchase of the mansion to the founder. When he was president, it was his old fashioned and leisurely ways that exasperated Ullathorne and raised the wrath of his opponents. Yet when he was taken off and succeeded by "Daddy" Rooker,—Errington by the way came near to taking his place—Brindle stayed on at the college and Rooker could write of him: "Dr Brindle has acted admirably—not a word of objection nor of complaint—not a look of unkindness, all perfect submission and willingness to assist wherever he can." 'Daddy' himself is a dear, but he only survived a year after the break-up of the College in 1856, an event which to a laymaster like 'Jem' Kavanagh, who had spent the best of his life there, meant the breaking with all that he valued. An incident in the career of Father Gentili is worth quoting:—There had been a sharp frost and "Dr Gentili had never seen such ice and skating . . . The good priest became quite alarmed for the safety of both masters and boys, and began preaching from the side of the pond *that it was one mortal sin to go upon the glass* . . . he was very excited and prepared to give the last blessing . . . even Dr Rooker, who was good on the skates, could not reassure him there was no danger; James Baines then ran up to his uncle, the Bishop, and he having been a good skater . . . came down,

borrowed his nephew's skates and was soon skating about on the ice with his purple silk Fariola flying in the air and inviting Dr Gentili to come on the ice, and he would conduct him round the pond." And there is the immortal story of the Thewenetti brothers and the pagan statues,—but you know it surely?

No, this book is anything but dry. And Brother Roche has made it valuable by his full quotations from sources, some of which now see the light for the first time, e.g. Dr Brindle's Diary and Bishop Ullathorne's straightforward and entertaining account of his struggles with Prior Park. The snippets from funeral panegyrics perhaps might have been spared: they are by their nature of antiquarian rather than historical interest; and the first chapter in the book which dives down into almost prehistoric Bath is mercifully short. There is a good index and many fine illustrations, though I doubt if Baines would have chosen the particular portrait of himself that makes the frontispiece. One notes that Father Grimshaw has been behind the scenes translating Italian documents.

A Venerable man will find many 'home' interests; the parts played in the drama by Wiseman and Errington of course; Dr Logan, who, in the words of Wiseman at Rome, "was one of the most precious acquisitions which the Church has made in our days. To me he is a serious loss, for he was of the greatest use to me in many parts of my studies"; Bishop Baggs, whose portrait as our rector complete with Roman cloak is reproduced, and who is the occasion of one of the long quotations from the VENERABLE; Baines's suggestion to the Pope that he should found a secular college, a sort of British School, in Rome; the many Parkers who studied also at number 45, (may the tribe increase!); and lastly Bishop Burton whose own notes on his part in the story are here published (indeed much appears from the archives of the late Bishop), and to whose memory this "tragic history is affectionately dedicated". The very last piece of writing to come from Bishop Burton's pen is the preface, in which he concludes: "On closing Brother Roche's most interesting volume, a feeling of gratitude is the one that rises uppermost in my mind. My own failure to link Prior Park once again to the diocesan chariot and lead it in triumph, moves me but little. I am but too glad and too grateful to God, that He should have deigned to make use of my inexperience and lack of achievement in order to speed the old school upon a new and happy career, from which I feel sure that it will never swerve awry."

GUY PRITCHARD

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