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BISHOP COWGILL
GOLDEN JUBILARIAN

EDITORIAL

We feel flattered. It almost seems as though the Holy Father had read our last editorial. Perhaps you read it, too? It sounded, if you remember, the merry note of jubilee, and, in Triple Bob Major, pealed out the tender anniversary of the VENERABLE. Now here we are in April of 1933 at the beginning of a new Jubilee year, celebrating a very great anniversary and looking forward to the pleasure of seeing many of our readers from England a-pilgrimaging in Rome. Of course you will come! But we might very well remind you that in May the Roman Association will hold an adjourned meeting in Rome, and recommend you to read what the Rector, the President for this year, has to say about it on page 154. We ourselves feel that we would almost like to be old Romans—venerable ancients—to have the pleasure of sampling the delights of Palazzola in

early May. As it is, we shall be here, meeting you in basilicas perhaps, certainly in the College: and you will find us very willing to receive any of those MSS of yours which you have slipped into your valises before leaving England. Meantime, come who (and come what) come may,—the VENERABLE wishes each one of its friends the joys of a happy Holy Year.

G.P.

ROBERT GRADWELL

HAS any other prospective Rector set out for Rome with no brief in his pocket and with no students to rule? "We wish to know for certain that the College is given to us, before we send them" wrote Bishop Poynter; and so it was that Robert Gradwell, late missionary of Cloughton and agent to three of the Vicars Apostolic, found himself a stranger in Rome, with the doors of the national college shut in his face. This was in 1817 when he was the guest of Mr MacPherson at the Scots College, for many months hoping and praying that the English College would blossom in the Spring which the return of Pius VII had brought back to Rome after its hard winter under the French. Although every day confronted by exasperating opposition, he had, as he himself says, "cheerfulness and the pleasing prospect of doing good".

It was a delicate situation. "With regard to the English College at Rome" he wrote to Charles Butler, "you know that the manner in which it was wrested out of the hands of its original possessors was one principal cause of the dissensions which so long disgraced the English Catholics, and did so much harm to the common cause." The dissensions were now fanned to flame when with the reopening of the College the appointment of its superiors was interesting the English Catholics, and Gradwell was anxious to ascertain exactly how the land lay. To his host, Mr MacPherson, who was staying at the Scots Villa at Marino, he wrote in the February of 1818: "There are rumours in Rome that

the Jesuits are labouring to prevent my appointment to the Rectory of the College. . . . I have received information that leaves little room for doubt that some of their adherents at least have been forward in speaking on the subject." He found little to allay his fears in the reply.

"By what I heard from Cardinal Consalvi, from the *Maggiordomo*, and from other well-informed personages, I cannot entertain a doubt of the indefatigable exertions of the Jesuits to get possession of your College, to the exclusion for ever of the Secular Clergy. . . . Their hopes are sanguine, nor are they entirely groundless. During the last two years this object formed a prominent part of their negotiations. Notwithstanding all this I am morally certain that all attempts of these religious and their friends will by your prudent activity, the justice of your cause, and the standing of Cardinal Consalvi prove abortive." ¹

It must be noticed, however, that the English Jesuits have constantly asserted that they did not wish to take over the College, declaring that they could not at the time have spared suitable men to govern it, and although the English ex-Jesuit in Rome, the Rev Edward Walsh, applied to the Pope through Cardinal Litta to obtain it for the "Gentlemen of Stonyhurst", it is now well known that his scheme was unauthorised. ²

This last piece of information, however, was never brought to Gradwell's notice or else merely failed to convince him: he was not satisfied, and day by day his fears vacillated between the Jesuits and the Italian Seculars. It was a position nobody in his wits would spontaneously seek. "Without any previous information", he tells Charles Butler, "three of the Bishops wrote me a request equal to a command, to leave my beloved Mission, and set out for Rome, at the end of 1817. Though very reluctant I would not for the first time in my life refuse to obey those to whom I had professed obedience. I accordingly set out on very short notice, ignorant of the Italian language and Italian habits, without a single acquaintance in Rome, with a disposition to do my

¹ College archives.

² cf. e.g. article by Father Pollen S.J. in the *Month* for June 1910.

best, but stipulating with the Bishops that if I had not good health or could do no good at Rome, I should be allowed to return to my own congregation in Lancashire, which I left not from inclination but a sense of public duty."

Then suddenly his greatest fear was abated. One fine day MacPherson quite accidentally came across a decree in the Archives of Propaganda, dated as far back as 1783 and granting, albeit unwillingly, the requests of the Vicars Apostolic to appoint an English Secular Superior of the College.³ Gradwell lost no time but hurried off to present it to the Protector of the College, Cardinal Consalvi, and it was in virtue of this decree that the new Rector was appointed.

Naturally Gradwell was pleased. To his sister he wrote in 1818. "I had to fight my way at first against the Jesuits, but the Pope and his ministers would not believe that I was either a blockhead, or heretic, or an imposter who had come to Rome as an adventurer without authority."

Yet an outsider might very well be surprised at the fuss made over the possession of such a college. "The building", says Gradwell, "was empty and only bare walls were left standing. The financial state of the College was in great confusion, and only 3000 scudi were left in the bank, which was promptly invested." Moreover, even the stoutest heart must have been dismayed at the havoc which the French had wrought of the church. What the new Rector felt when he saw the bones of Allen and Parsons strewn on the church floor must be proportioned to his hopeless anger when he looked in at the library.

"When I first came to the College, I found a great cartload of dusty and rotting papers on the library floor. The greater part were rubbish but several were very valuable. There were letters of Cardinal Pole, which perhaps have been printed, some in Latin, some in Italian: letters and other things in the handwriting of Fr Parsons, Garnet, Fitzherbert, Southwell, Blond etc., the petitions to the Pope, memorials to the cardinals, avvisi se-

³ There is some mystery surrounding this decree. The Vicars Apostolic to whom it was addressed seemed not to have heard of it. In 1787 it was ignored, when another Italian secular became Rector of the College.

greti etc. from 1600 to about 1640. I selected all the valuable papers and carried them carefully to my own room, where I filled three drawers with them. I read them with curiosity. Though many of them are published, referred to or abridged by Dodd etc., there were many quite new to me. Unfortunately two of my drawers did not lock. A superannuated servant had used these valuable papers as waste paper before I found it out. Of about 120 papers scarcely thirty valuable ones remain.”⁴

The “superannuated servant” was, of course, the famous Vincenzo whom Wiseman describes in his “Last Four Popes”. He had served the College faithfully for 40 years and at the students’ return had “stood all attention, from the wagging appendage to his grey head to the large silver buckles on his shoes”.

There was one other human link with the past—Benedetto Gerolamo, who was both cook and tailor. To his sister Gradwell writes “I can testify that he is a better tailor than cook”—! Poor Gerolamo was one of the victims pounced on by the *esattore* and *computista*, Italian officials who still managed the College property, and who made it their business not to see eye to eye with the unwelcome English rector. Their interference became intolerable: they did all they could to upset things, from cashiering the servants to abusing the College finances, and at last Gradwell had to complain to Consalvi. The only result was that the Rector was given their work, and two “*Deputati*” were appointed to watch over the College interests in Consalvi’s name. The “*Deputati*” figure prominently in a later page, but to the *esattore* and *computista* Gradwell makes reference in a letter to his brother.

“After fighting hard battles first against the Jesuits and their friends for possession of the College, and subsequently harder battles still against the administration of the College to secure the independence of the Rector and authority to enforce a good administration of its revenues, I have at length succeeded, and hope, that however arduous and painful these labours have been to me, they will prove a great and permanent advantage to the

⁴ Letter to Lingard from a copy in the Ushaw archives. The original letters of Dr Gradwell to Lingard are kept at Farm Street.

English Mission. Secret intrigue, sly insinuation and open calumny have been industriously employed against me in the highest quarters. To these I had nothing to oppose but my character, my tongue and my pen. . . . I have been at length enabled to trample on all the opposition that has been made against me.”⁵

In the same tenor he was able to assure Dr Poynter that he could send his students now with all security; there was only one stipulation: only those were to be admitted who had already finished their humanities and who were therefore prepared to enter Philosophy. This was but a reversion to the constitutions of the College, and anyway, the old need of having to accommodate the children of exiled Jacobites had died out. Three of the Bishops at once sent students, ten in all. Milner's attitude towards the other Vicars Apostolic was still strong enough to persuade him not to send any of his subjects to a College, the Rector of which was their agent. Gradwell, however, had included him with the other Bishops only for the sake of etiquette: he did not really expect any students from the Midland District, and in the event there was satisfaction on both sides.

To get the students to Rome in safety was no easy matter in those days, and for each and all Gradwell had to be sponsor. Of course he could not charter a boat for the journey, and consequently had to make somebody in England the channel through which his instructions were issued. This was his brother John in Preston. Nothing was omitted in the well-ordered letter.

“I have instructions to give as to the objects which I could wish the students to bring with them, partly for the college, partly for myself and partly for themselves.

1° For the College. Forty or fifty yards of moderately good black cloth for the students' cassocks in winter. A piece of strong calico for linings. Sufficient of Drogheda or Wigan sheeting for a dozen or fifteen pair of sheets. College beds are not broad. Three dozen of substantial knives for the table, and some forks. It is not necessary to send forks in proportion to the knives, as silver forks are here universally used. Two or

⁵ College archives.

three carving knives and forks. A piece of huckaback for towels.

2° I would have all the students to come furnished with shirting that will last the first year, and well furnished with black worsted stockings which is their only wear, with a good set of flannel waistcoats and drawers for winter, and of cotton drawers for summer. Though the winter is mild, yet they will often be in large schoolrooms without a fire-place, a good supply of flannel is necessary.

Good English shoes are an article of great importance at Rome where the leather, though it looks well is spungy, and does not stand wet. Their English hats and coats will be laid aside, all other articles of dress will be useful and much cheaper in England than in Rome. They need not bring Latin books or Classics which may be bought here for a trifle; but I could wish them to bring English books as the College is ill furnished with them. A variety of these is very desirable such as books of religious instruction, history, geography, philosophy and the different branches of education. There are some more useful little grammars such as Blair's of natural philosophy, Parke's of chemistry, etc., etc., which they will long for in vain as a clear and concise body of information if they do not bring such articles with them. Other things will naturally suggest themselves to the young Gentlemen.

3° As for myself. You know my habits and dispositions. I have an aversion to useless or foolish expense, and have always aimed at having a little under rather than a little over my income. But I have always been encouraged by your liberality and that of my father to be liberal on proper occasions, where either public propriety or my own comforts seemed to require it. For this I feel and always shall feel grateful. As it has pleased my superiors to raise me to a situation of higher dignity and honour than I had ever desired or aspired to, and made me a public character in the most conspicuous city in the world, there may be propriety and perhaps necessity for my expenses to exceed my income for a couple of years at first setting out. In this case I am sure you would not wish me to be stinted, and I shall trust with confidence that you will support my credit with my banker. My income will be £100 a year as agent from the Bishops, above £135 a year pension from the Pope which he granted me last January without my asking for it, and about £40 and my board as rector of the College. This may appear liberal, but then there are heavy expenses, clothing, postage, *mancie* or stated presents, the necessity of often using a coach about my business, which in this hot weather is really a necessity

and not a luxury. In a year or two I shall have things more in order and as I shall probably take one or two young gentlemen of fortune as private pupils, paying me a £100 a year over the College expenses, I expect to make all things straight and by my own industry keep a carriage and servant for myself."⁶

Brother John was a good agent, and arranged that the new men should set out from Liverpool in the "Susanna". "The Captain" he assured Robert, "appears a very clever and steady man, and has an excellent character. The students are remarkably fine young men and were all in high spirits at the time of sailing." The "Susanna", nevertheless, was to give them many an exciting adventure and hair-breadth escape, but all drove up to the Via di Monserrato in the same high, jubilant spirits, safe and sound.⁷ In Rome they found a new world, and daily grew their wonder as they went about exploring the city, only to be brought back to earth by the study to which the Rector directed their attention. From Gradwell's letter to Lingard some seven months later it would seem that they remained on earth some time.

"The students came too late in 1818 to begin the College year at the Roman College, and were also ignorant of Italian. They have therefore had two of the cleverest professors from the Roman College to attend them every day here. Considering that this is the first year of being in a new climate, it was necessary to take many precautions as to study, exercise, etc., that the College might not by too much vigour of discipline and study be turned into a hospital; and the acquisition of Italian was an indispensable requisite. I have not been able to attend the schools much myself, but the masters give me a flattering account of the great progress in philosophical studies, and they have made great progress in Italian. I expect that most of them will shine at their approaching examinations and defensions at which Cardinal Consalvi, Card. Litta, Mgr Testa and others will take a part in September."

Despite their diligence in study, however, the students were

⁶ College archives.

⁷ For an account of their journey see Wiseman's letter to his mother, vol IV, p. 164.

not yet saints. "You will then wish to know", continues Gradwell, "whether all the students are content and satisfied. I answer not quite." They found the camerata system irksome, and the Rector appreciating their difficulty tells Lingard that "to make a little variety" he sometimes took a few of them with him in his walks. Their faults Gradwell considered the outcome of youthful spirits, and to calm any misgiving he always had before him their progress in study. Referring to the defensions in the College, which were evidently of so great importance, he writes to his sister: "The scholars defended their mathematics in the Italian language, and the rest of their philosophy in Latin. They distinguished themselves, and all the strangers were not only satisfied but surprised at their progress."

Hand in hand with the progress in studies went the good administration of the College.

"With indefatigable pains and fighting incessantly against formidable opposition, I have now put the College in a good and greatly improving state, suppressing abuses, improving the property, letting it honestly and on an improved system. For twelve months I have had the full confidence of Cardl. Consalvi, who made me independent of the fellows who had been abusing the College property for twenty years. . . . they are all under my control, can do nothing without my leave, and have been deprived of the unjust pensions which they got by knavish pretensions and imposition. Had I entered into possession the year you were in Rome I should have saved £200. . . . I have induced the Cardinal (Consalvi) to derogate from several restrictive rules which were too monastic for English students: and have got his leave to regulate many things of internal discipline at my own discretion."

For the new Rector to obtain full recognition and security from those outside the College as well as to be ruler inside was no easy task. In the same letter to Lingard (1819) he gives the story himself:

"I took a petition to the Pope requesting that he would favour the College by granting a certain brief, which would consolidate and confirm by the highest authority, the good which he had already done in restoring the College to the English clergy. The

Pope granted my request, writing the concession with his own hand; which gives it the authority of the most formal brief. The specific nature of this favour I am requested to keep secret for the present. But assure yourself it is a great benefit to the College and the secular clergy. . . . The whole of the College business has been done in the highest style. The restoration of the College to the secular clergy was *the act of the Pope*; my personal appointment as Rector was *the act of the Pope*; the confirmation of these favours is also *the act of the Pope*. . . . I have put things in the best train: and those who come after me will find it easy to follow up.”⁸

But man’s capacity is limited, and even Gradwell found himself breaking under the strain of too much work and worry.

“I am quite as incapable of doing the work of sole superior,” he writes to Dr Poynter, “as I should be incapable of serving in the capacity of sole missionary in London. My time is so forced out of my hands that after a day of the hardest labour I can only find time in the night to write my letters or memorials; and I am quite certain that if another does not arrive in Rome in 6 or 7 weeks, I shall be obliged to resign from the effects of a constitution ruined by too much labour. . . . The students are well and happy and behave well. . . . But it is most distressing to discipline that I, in the midst of so many occupations, am left alone without another priest to assist me.”⁹ The Reverend Mr White soon arrived, whom Gradwell describes as “an excellent person”, and the Rector’s constitution was spared for a few years more.

Amid the plethora of matter connected with the administration of the College it is as welcome as a fresh breeze in Rome to find that no scoundrelly *esattore* or *computista* laid his hands on Monte Porzio “the Claughton of Italy”. The whole house adjourned there for a month; nevertheless they all had time enough to catch the villa spirit. During the first *villeggiatura* Gradwell wrote to his sister-in-law:—“We all left Rome towards the end of September, and came to our country house in the

⁸ College archives.

⁹ College archives.

small town of Monte Porzio near Frascati. We have been here about three weeks, and return to Rome on All Saints Eve. We have all enjoyed our *villeggiatura* and are better for its relaxations and amusements." Then follows a description of Monte Porzio and its inhabitants who are "quite glad the English College is restored after twenty years suppression".

"It is the season of the vintage and of gathering the chestnuts, and several other Romans have come to this place to spend their vacation month, and as the weather is fine the country is all alive. We have frequently gone to Frascati, and have seen all the magnificent villas with which it is ornamented. Two or three times we have taken longer expeditions to Grottaferrata, Marino etc. These give great pleasure to our young men. I go on horseback. The others ride on asses; and as some of the donkeys go briskly, others turn restive and stupid and others either throw their rider or endeavour to carry him into a hedge or a ditch, or dislodge him every expedition is attended with some laughable adventures. All the roads are covered with people from Rome amusing themselves in the same manner. It is a droll sight to meet a set of half a dozen donkies mounted by ladies well dressed in silks or muslins and all astride. This variety of amusement for a month in the country so different from the gravity and formality of Rome cheers our young men."

Although given a month's holiday complete with donkey gitas at Monte Porzio, the students' grievances were not yet at an end. It was not merely the number of lectures: the very subjects taught at the Roman College got on their nerves; they felt they were wasting time. In their Rector they found a sympathetic adviser, and when he presented his reasons to Consalvi for having schools at the College rather than at the Roman College, he had before him the precedents of the English Colleges at Douai, Rheims, Louvain, Valladolid and Lisbon, all of which had abandoned the local universities in favour of schools at home. They had all decided that the teaching at the Universities did not correspond to the special training which an English missionary priest required. As Dr Gradwell says: "An English missionary surrounded by jealous Protestants of all sorts requires a great extent of knowledge and a deep acquaintance with many things

such as Scripture, History, Controversy etc., which are not so generally necessary to all of our clergy." However the teaching was not the whole trouble: "The time allowed to students for real study is three hours a day, and these hours are often reduced by fatigue and the inconvenience of attending the schools in all weather at such a distance from home. The consequence is that too much time is allotted for schools, and too little for study; by which their education is reduced in disproportionate degree to the faculty of hearing and the exercise of memory."¹⁰

His Eminence replied that he could not see why the English College alone should find objection to attending the Roman College, but while he pointed out that those who came to Rome to learn should conform to its practice and not pretend to give the law, he did allow the English College men to forego the writing of dictates, and promised that the new system of studies would remedy other objections. Gradwell bowed his head submissively, and later when a Bishop, he could write to his successor, Wiseman: "The first petition (of the students to have schools at home) is mischievous as well as unwise. I for one on many accounts never will consent to your students abandoning the Roman public schools to have private schools at home."

Meanwhile, seeing that the students were settling down again to their lectures at the Roman College, and considering everything "settled on a firm basis", the Rector left Mr White in charge while he went for a well-earned rest to his beloved Lancashire. This was in the summer of 1820. When he returned in the autumn he found that whilst the strong man of the house had been away those "robbers", Messrs Tosti and Piatti, the two "*Deputati*" who were appointed to help the Rector "*opere et consilio*" had interfered with the College administration with gross effrontery: everything was topsyturvy.

"Economy" as Gradwell himself informs Dr Poynter, "was disregarded, good sense seems to have fled: the Vice-rector and the students, who remonstrated against the follies of the deputies which they daily witnessed, were insulted and ill-treated by those

¹⁰ College archives.

gentlemen. I could not repair the mischief all at once. But I immediately stopped the ill-judged profusion, which had already involved the College in debts above 3,000 Crowns; and relieved it from disgrace and misery by advancing my own property. My firmness and still more my generosity only provoked Tosti. . . . I was too generous in wishing to spare the character of Tosti as well as to save the College. Thus things went on till June 1821, he and Piatti vilifying and defaming and persecuting the College till there was no peace or comfort but in the brotherly union which subsisted among ourselves, and in the consciousness of doing our duty.”¹¹

At length an appeal to Cardinal Consalvi secured the restriction of the deputies' activities and the supposedly moderating influence of a third deputy, Monsignor Nicolai. It was Nicolai who in his report to Consalvi on the College mentions Wiseman. “Mr Wiseman has great talents and is a leader of sedition, and if the Rector did his duty, he would discharge him without delay. . . . If the Rector did not repress the spirit of mutiny, it became the duty of the Cardinal to do it.”¹² This statement, we are told, “raised the Cardinal's blood”, nor did Gradwell allow it to pass unchallenged: Wiseman was not discharged, and anyone who knew the Rector well (as did Consalvi) must have laughed at the suggestion of a mutiny whilst he was in charge.

He makes no reference in his letters to any College mutiny, and it is only his scrupulous candour which urges him to tell Dr Poynter of “some instances of unjustifiable behaviour”, and these occurred after the time of Nicolai's report. He relates how he dealt with the misconduct: “As the College is now numerous and miscellaneous it will be necessary to strengthen the government, to increase vigilance, and to leave the students less to the dictates of their conscience and discretion. On Sunday next, Mr Heptingstall and Mr Harrington will be ordained priests. . . . I intend to make Mr Heptingstall general prefect.”¹³ Indeed his

¹¹ Westminster archives.

¹² College archives.

¹³ Westminster archives. There were at the time twenty-six alumni and one convictor.

conviction of the necessity of maintaining a firm discipline lived as long as he lived, and to Wiseman he could write even after he had left the College and was a Bishop: "I feel very glad at your account of the strict discipline and economy in the College. It does both you and Dr Errington great honour, and is a benefit to every inhabitant of the College."

"A good cause will prevail at Rome" was his cheering remark on one occasion to worried Bishop Gibson, and now events were clearly proving that bishops' causes did not exhaust Rome's attention; for hardly had the Rector received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Holy Father himself than along with Lingard in 1822 he was elected to become a member of the "*Accademia della Religione Cattolica*". The significance of this honour can be gleaned from the letter which he wrote to Lingard at the time:—"I remember your praising the *Accademia della Religione Cattolica* which you went to see in Rome. It comprises the first divines in this city, and three tremendous defensions are the door by which anyone becomes a member. . . . Our diplomas, which are a matter of envy to many in Rome, will soon be made out."¹⁴

It was no mere coincidence, however, that linked the two friends' names together in the membership lists of the *Accademia*; nor was it an act of mere complaisance towards Gradwell: it was only fair to admit him with the author of the *History* for the success of which he had ransacked the archives of Rome. But he was more than an author's devil, and in 1818 when he had left England Lingard bewailed his loss. "I have no one, absolutely no one, whom I can consult or whose help I can ask towards my literary pursuits. How I should like to have an hour's or two chat with you on several subjects connected with my history!" Again, Charles Butler could write: "What thanks do I not owe you for all you do to serve me. The obligations which you have conferred on me are very great, and I am incapable of forgetting as of repaying them."

In many spheres he was becoming a distinguished leader and

¹⁴ Ushaw archives.

he could well be envied who was able to give such a glowing account of his College to Cardinal Zurla in 1825. "I told him," he writes to Dr Poynter in reference to the Cardinal, "that 15 months ago he had put the College on such a footing as left us nothing more to desire. The superiors are relieved from many vexations, and from the loss of much valuable time. The students are healthy and happy, obedient to their superiors, friendly with each other, cheerfully exercising and exciting their best talents in the best way. The College has subsisted 245 years, under 20 Cardinal Protectors and 39 Rectors, I being the 40th. I have studied the history of the College diligently and minutely; and I have no hesitation in saying that it is now in point of piety, discipline, study, talent and good conduct, in a better state than ever it was since its foundation." Nor does it seem that Gradwell was exaggerating; for Wiseman's famous defension at S. Ignazio which made the reputation of the College soar, was followed up by Errington's three years later. Referring to this latter Gradwell writes:—

"It did not yield to the celebrated performance of Dr Wiseman in the church of S. Ignazio three years ago. Several Cardinals and Prelates have since made our College the highest compliments, and have told me that all Rome is indebted to us for having set such an example; that the other colleges must now follow us in the Scriptural School; and that they are all jealous of the English College having had the honour of taking the lead and so ably showing the way. . . . On Thursday next a nephew of Cardinal di Pietro defends at the same place theses from Ecclesiastical History, to which the Pope had been invited and promised to come. . . . A day or two after Errington's defensions the Pope said to Mgr. Gasperini, late Rector of the Roman College, "I am to go next Thursday to hear the defensions of a few propositions from ecclesiastical history. I should rather have gone to those of the English College, which has defended a most beautiful thesis, of innumerable propositions, of real erudition. . . ." His Holiness then added: "Bisogna che quel Rettore Inglese sia furbo (a sly fellow) to be able to excite in his College such a spirit of study, as to enable his young men to defend theses which would alarm the ablest professors."¹⁵

¹⁵ Westminster archives.

The Rector's jubilant spirits knew no bounds, and in the refectory there was a lavish display to which he refers in the same letter: "Today all the Professors, arguers, and others concerned are coming to dine at the College. In the evening I am going to the Pope to present Mr Errington and his theses to His Holiness and to tell him that Dr Wiseman, and as his second, Mr Errington, have undertaken to preach every Sunday next winter from Christmas till Easter, publicly in the church of SS. Trinità, Via Condotti, as the Pope desired."

Some allusion has already been made to his love of history and tradition; perhaps it is this which formed the basis of his friendship with Lingard. On one occasion he pays the historian a very high tribute: "We will drink your health in a boccale of the best Monte Porzio", and the only time he discarded his turgid style was when the fourth volume of the famous History arrived. "Your fourth volume arrived here about three weeks ago, to the great joy of the whole College. We were reading at that period in the Refectory Bell's Wanderings. But O Tempora! O Mores! tell it not in Lancashire; without consulting me, I found that the Wanderings half read, were laid upon the shelf, and the history put in possession of the pulpit. . . . Mr Bell must keep his place until the Doctor has told us the story of Harry and Edward." No better reading could be found: "We have read your history once through in the refectory, and shall begin it a second time about Christmas, when we shall have finished Mr Butler's Memoirs of the Catholics." Then when the History had been heard out in the College refectory, it would begin the round of the English-speaking colony in Rome. "You will have the goodness to lend him (i.e. Mr MacPherson) your copy" writes Lingard to Gradwell, "but let it be in cool weather, for there are some passages in it which will set his Scotch blood in a ferment."

Current literature was in those days scarce, and although the Rector took in "Galignani's Paper", printed in Paris, he did so for the sake of the students. He himself could see it elsewhere in Rome, and would in fact, he says, "have preferred a London weekly paper, e.g. Bill's Messenger".

If we peep outside his spheres as Rector and Agent, we find a very kind hearted person whose help and advice were at the disposal of persons far apart. To the Sisters of the famous Bridgettine convent at Lisbon he was a father whose "letters ought to be framed". "Next Monday," he tells them in one letter, "is the festival of St. Bridget, at her house next to ours. I go on that day to say Mass in her room, now her sanctuary; I will pray for her daughters." Indeed, to nuns in general he seems to have been a good friend, and when he was a bishop far away from Rome, he wrote to Wiseman: "£5 is a present to the Reformed nuns *in borgo St. Agata sul Quirinale*. The abbess wrote to me to beg some relief just before I left Rome. £2 is a present for Natalucci (his servant) who has written to me to say that since I left he has not been able to get any work, and that his family is in distress."

But we are anticipating. With his College in Rome forging ahead and his reputation rising day by day with the English Bishops, it would have been unnatural if his name had not been mentioned amongst those likely to be raised to the purple. In 1828 there were rumours, and Gradwell was very much perturbed. There were many reasons against his being removed from Rome, he told Doctor Poynter; for although the Agency work in Rome was now firmly established; although the College had "not a farthing of debt"; although its moral and literary reputation was "to say the least, equal to that of any college in Rome", there was his successor to be found. His shrewd judgment of character is manifest:

"Dr Wiseman is a person of excellent character, the most amiable dispositions, and first rate talents. He loves Rome and the College, and understands perfectly every part of the administration. He likes his situation as Vice-Rector. But he is young, has so much sensibility that if anything happens wrong or teasing, he is apt to fret himself into illness and despondency; and so good-natured that he would find it difficult to say *no*, or resist or censure on every proper occasion. I should have some fear of his indulging the students till he either gave offence to the Romans, or suffered the students to get the better of his authority, and tease him till he resigned in disgust. Again

Dr. Errington has most of the same good qualities for a Vice-Rector, but though he has more firmness in resisting acute sensibility, he is younger still, and perhaps still less convinced of the necessity of the austerer parts of college discipline."

Then there was his health:

"I am 51 years of age, and though in a state of general good health, much troubled by a cough, which makes me sometimes suspect that it is some affection of the lungs beyond that of an ordinary cold. . . . I begin to feel the effects of the desperate labour of the first four or five years of my residence in Rome, and cannot undergo the same continuance and intensity of labour. . . . On these accounts I have projected to myself no plan of futurity, but that of serving our beloved mission; and then retiring to some small congregation for the rest of my days."¹⁶

Their Lordships, however, had other plans, and on June 24th, 1828, he started the long line of mitred rectors, and was consecrated coadjutor to Bishop Bramston in the College chapel. In one of his diaries, Wiseman has an entry for the occasion:

"*St. John's*. Rose at five. At half after said Mass. About six there began to be a stir. The company was numerous to see the Dr's consecration. Lord Arundel and Lady, Miss Bendora. . . and a Geneva parson who abjured last Sunday. The chapel was hung with blue and white. At 6 came Mgr. Caprano and after him Dr. Baines. About seven His Em. Card. Zurla made his appearance. I met him with the aspersion at the chapel door. He conducted the Consecrand into chapel and the ceremony commenced. It lasted under two hours and is an affecting ceremony. We sang the *Te Deum* in alternate verses in four parts without organ. After the consecration we went to the Dr's room where chocolate, granite, and ices with sweetmeats were served up. About nine we broke up, the Dr. went to the Cappella at *St. John's*. I laid down on my bed with a number of the *Bulletin*, as I had a head-ache and was a little sick. Mr. Kaye came in with Vyse's French grammar which seems a farrago and very incorrect. We talked till towards 12, when I shaved and went down. Company arriving viz: His Em. the Protector, Mgri Nicolai, Testa, Caprano, Baines, Gasparini, Capacini, Abb. Fournon, Santucci, Testa, Lord Arundell, Mr. Clyar. The dinner was good, chiefly of course made out of the calf

¹⁶ Westminster archives.

which His Em. sent on Sunday. The service was better managed than usual, and all were, I think, content. The divines sent a servant to tell me they were going to drink my health. After dinner we went upstairs for coffee etc, and then I walked with Fornari, Kaye, Jack and Gillet to St. John Lateran's for Vespers." ¹⁷

Gradwell's departure for England, far from elating him was rather like that of an emigrant who strains to stamp the picture of his land more and more firmly on his mind as the ship widens the distance between. No detail of College administration was too small for his advice, no word of encouragement to Wiseman was ever wanting, and his keen eye sought out assiduously the priests from the College as they arrived in England. "I see with satisfaction," he writes, "that the priests who come on the Mission from your College are daily rising in reputation, and in the respect and esteem of the bishops, priests and people. . . . They are sought for as spiritual directors. This is the fruit of banishing follies and preserving sound discipline in the college, and of studying things in a proper manner."

His years in England as a Bishop were not many. "I have not seen the sun since Monday fortnight," he writes in the December of 1829, "I cannot see to write without a candle. O il bel cielo d'Italia! I am coughing and scrambling on as well as I can through the winter." However, he came successfully through that winter, but only to live for a further two. He died in March 1833, just a hundred years ago. Wiseman received the news from Bishop Bramston: "Our friend Dr Gradwell is no more. . . he had no agony. . . he evidently attempted to pronounce the Holy Name even to the last breath. . . his patience was perfect, and the whole frame of his mind was admirable and most edifying to all around him. He surely was blessed from on High with Faith, Hope and Charity in a most eminent degree. The love he had for the Roman College and its excellent Rector lived as long as he lived, and I trust will avail both in the Court of Heaven — I know how devotedly you will all pray for him." ¹⁸

D.J. LEAHY

¹⁷ Westminster archives.

¹⁸ College archives.

ANOTHER RELIC OF ST THOMAS OF CANTERBURY

SOME years ago when Duffy's Circus and Menagerie were touring through West Kerry a python and a boa constrictor were on show. A visitor is reported to have said: "Them's no snakes; there are no snakes in Ireland." I was reminded of this story a few weeks ago when hearing at Westminster the doubtless apocryphal story, that when a distinguished hagiographer was being shown the relics there of St Thomas, labelled *ex cranio S. Thomae*, he is reported to have said: "There are no relics of St Thomas of Canterbury, so this must be the relic of St Thomas Cantelope of Hereford." Unfortunately for the hero of this story (as the Rev. A.D. Tomei has shown us in the last number of the *VENERABILE*) there are various relics of St Thomas of Canterbury in Italy.

I propose telling the story of another relic—a *reliqua insignis*—that some of us Venerabilini came across in the year 1892 in the city of Veroli,—a cathedral city some fifty miles south of Rome. I do not think it has ever yet appeared in print.

In the October of 1892 five of us students went in company of Dr Prior on a long gita. Of the party Canon O'Farrell, Father John O'Connor, Father E.B. Mostyn and this scribe survive; the others are with God. We went from Porzio to Frosinone and thence to Veroli, afterwards tramping by Casamari, Colleparado,

Trisulti, Guarcino (who of the party will ever forget that night?) Subiaco and Genazzano. In the Cathedral of Veroli, in the Relics Chapel, we were shown the very great treasures kept there. One of these was a silver cross of 13th century work containing what is said to be the largest piece of the True Cross in existence outside of Rome. There was also a very large chalice said to have been used in the period of Communion under both species. After showing us these our guide said, "This is something that will interest you English", and showed us a relic of St Thomas of Canterbury. I remember the relic well and have often described it as it made a great impression on my mind. In shape it was a detruncated triangle about $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch in height, and $\frac{5}{8}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch at the base and about $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch at the apex. Of the reliquary itself I cannot remember any details, so I suppose it was nothing extraordinary but of the usual shape. The other large reliquary, of which later, I do not remember being shown. I said to the Canon who was showing us the relics: "This ought to be given to the new Cathedral which is being built at Westminster". He smiled and said something about "Un regalo—capite". Then I asked how such a valuable relic came to be at Veroli. His story was that Alexander III after canonising St Thomas at Segni—not far away on the other side of the Val del Secco,—spent his *villeggiatura* at the new Cistercian abbey of Casamari. (It was there, doubtless, that he discussed the question of the canonisation of St Bernard which took place two years later at Anagni.) Now according to the common custom at the ceremony of canonisation, the Pope received a large relic of the newly canonised saint. And this gift-relic of St Thomas was part of the skull. This large relic the Pope in his turn gave to the Abbey of Casamari as a thank-offering for his visit,—and there it remained till the end of the 18th century when the French Revolutionary troops were ravaging the countryside. According to our Canon the monks sent their relics to the Cathedral of Veroli for safety and so safely had they been kept that they had never been returned. This relic made a deep impression on me and I longed for it to find a home in England. So when Archbishop Vaughan

came to Rome in January 1893 to receive the Cardinal's Hat and was staying at the Venerabile I spoke to him of it. He was very interested at what I had told him and said he would go and bring it back with him. Some few days afterwards I met him as he was coming up the staircase and I asked him if he had yet found the relic. He said that he had been to Veroli that very day and had the relic in his pocket.

Until the other day I had always taken it for granted that this relic was kept and venerated at Westminster. In October last, however, his Eminence Cardinal Bourne in conversation told me that the only relic of St Thomas that was at the Cathedral was the mitre of the Saint. I asked, what of the Veroli relic? He said that there was a relic that Cardinal Vaughan had left there but it had no history and no authentication and that he would be glad if I could find any authentication so that it might be venerated. As I was going to Rome in the next month for the visit *ad limina* I said I would see what I could find at Veroli in the way of documentary evidence.

So it was that one wet day last December Dr Smith, the Vice-rector, and I went by road to Veroli passing under Porzio, Colonna, down through Labicum, Ferentino, Anagni, to Frosinone,—all this country redolent of Boniface VIII and his family the Gaetani—and then turned eastward climbing all the way to Veroli. When we arrived there we found that it was market day and full of people of the *contrada*, and the *piazzetta* and the narrow streets were full of *contadini* dressed in the brightest colours and wearing the local footwear—the *ciocce*, a piece of leather for the sole to which were attached narrow leather thongs which were bound round their ankles and calves. There, too, we saw some *pifferari* going the rounds of the Madonnas and whatever cribs had been erected. These *pifferari* were a feature of Papal Rome but were forbidden after 1870.

We made our way to the Bishop's House and introduced ourselves and our mission. His Lordship was most gracious, but told us that he had had a somewhat similar visit from a Spanish bishop who had a fortnight before lost his relic of the True Cross in the recent revolution. He had applied to

the Lipsanoteca in Rome, but was recommended to go to Veroli and see what they would do for him there, as there was nothing to be given away in Rome. This Spanish visit seems to have queered our pitch, as the Bishop was gracious but not encouraging. Seeing this, I said that we were not after relics but after an authentication. I told him that I had a recommendation to him from Cardinal Rossi, who wished him to give me all the help he could. He then took us over to the Cathedral, but on our way we met in the courtyard some of the Chapter, who on hearing from the Bishop of our mission were not too gracious. It might have been because we had caught them unawares and they were not prepared to receive visitors. It was a cold day, and it was not a *fiesta*. The Bishop told them in detail of what we wanted, and we noticed an unfriendly atmosphere growing round us. When his Lordship asked them if any of the Chapter remembered Cardinal Vaughan coming to the Cathedral forty years ago, one of them who must have been a Defensor of some kind in the Curia said in a very loud voice "Ma che, ma che, non c'è nessuno!" The Bishop gently suggested that perhaps one of the older Canons might remember the occasion: "No, no," replied our robust friend, "quaranta anni, macchè, macchè, non si fanno canonici dei bambini." We all agreed to this but one of us suggested that such an important visit might have been recorded in the Minute Book of the Chapter Curia. "Ma no, non c'era curia" he again replied with some asperity and some untruth. It was evident that by that time he regarded us as relic pirates. The Bishop very gently said that perhaps one of the elder clergy might have been in the Seminary at that time. "Non c'era nemmeno Seminario allora" he replied in his loudest voice which was indeed loud. At this even the ranks of Tuscany laughed loud and long, and his Lordship seeing that he prevailed nothing but rather a tumult was made asked us to accompany him to the Cathedral and the Chapel of the Relics.

Our quest was for an historical authentication and not for actual relics. That did not seem to worry the Canon in charge who at least disregarded our repeated request and instead took out of the great case a metal bust of a mitred bishop and said

“Ecco!” This bust is a beautiful piece of 17th century metal work in silver and brass (or bronze). It is about 21 inches in height and contained the St Thomas relic. This I had not seen in my previous visit in 1892. On the base was engraved the following: D. THOMAE CANTOR CAPUT R.D. VESPASIANUS JULIUS CATHE VERUL CAN PROP SUMPTIBUS DECORAVIT ANNO MDCLI. That ought to settle the question as to whether the relic was of the Saint of Hereford or Canterbury. To corroborate this there is the local spelling of the old Primatial See “San Tommaso da Sciantorboury”. The inscription on the reliquary seems to cast doubt on the story that was given me in 1892: that it rested at Casamari till the end of the 18th century. It may be a rash judgement but I do not think that the Reverend Canon Vespasiano would have gone to the expense of this handsome bust made “*propriis sumptibus*” to adorn the Abbey of Casamari. Dr Erasmo Diamanti the author of the unusual spelling of Canterbury in his handbook on the relics of Veroli speaks of the “*volontaria donazione nel secolo XIV del Santuario di Casamari*”. I wonder why he used the word “*volontaria*”? The old Canon in 1892 said the relics were sent to the city for protection and they did not return.

When the mitre was removed by much effort and the help of a small screw driver, we found to our joy a cylindrical canister about eight inches in height and three in diameter. It was closed as is usual with silk and sealing wax. There were three seals on opposite sides showing that it had been opened three times. The two earlier seals were obliterated but the third and most recent was that of Bishop Fioravanti who was Bishop during the period when the Cardinal paid his visit there. So far as this there is certainty.

Now begins uncertainty. Cardinal Vaughan told me in January 1893 on his return from Veroli that he had the relic of the Saint on his person. What was that relic? Was it the one which is now at Westminster? On our return from Veroli the other day I was telling the College Sacristan of our adventures and he asked me if I had seen the relic of St Thomas which Cardinal Vaughan had given to the College. He then showed the very

relic which I had been shown in 1892 at Veroli. Of this I could have little doubt. It was the same shape, and presumably the same the Cardinal had on his person when he returned from his quest which I had inspired. It appears that the Cardinal had given it to the College in the year 1899 and had resealed it and given the authentication. It is arguable that the Cardinal must have then had at Westminster something which he had not in 1893 which was more important than the one he gave to the College. That seems but reasonable. If so what was the relic that he had received which made the first one that he had brought from Veroli in 1893 less valuable? Was this the one that now rests in the Relics Chapel in the Crypt at Westminster? This relic consists of many bones and amongst them is a jawbone. There is no authentication of this relic I was assured. Now the question arises—did this come from Veroli? There is no satisfactory answer to this. Did the Cardinal pay a second visit to Veroli? If so, did he obtain from Bishop Fioravanti a large portion of the relic? The inscription on the base of the bust speaks of the *caput*. Both Dr Smith and I shook the canister and we agreed that there remained in it but little more than fragments. The Bishop made no answer to our overtures and hints that it would be a great pleasure to see inside the canister.

What then has become of the *insignis reliqua* that was brought by the English authorities to Segni in 1174 and which was left to the Abbey of Casamari? It would be of considerable size and dignity and the skull of the Saint would satisfy both these conditions. Is it more than too improbable that the relic now at Westminster is the very relic that was brought to Segni and which rested first at Casamari and then at Veroli?

✠ AMBROSE

BISHOP OF MILETOPOLIS

A ROMAN'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS

THE SOLE charm, if any, of these jottings must lie in their juvenility and their *ex professo* rawness. They are not (perish the thought!) Hints for Young Curates or Meditations on the Mission. They are "First Impressions", the artless prattlings of a babe (an *enfant terrible*, if you will) round-eyed with the wonder of the world: to be accepted therefore with a tolerant smile if you are old, and if you are young with a grain of salt. And they were written, too, under pressure: the Editor wanted me to balance the recent article "First Impressions of Rome". Now the obvious way to balance first impressions of Rome is to give second or even last impressions of the same—but I am asked to give impressions of something entirely different. So much for the Editor; yet the magazine thrives.

Without attempting in any way to balance by reproduction that wealth of classical erudition so becoming the pen of one fresh from his Horace, I must commence these literary acrobatics with a protest that this world, whose impressions I give, is very limited. For me it is limited objectively by geographical boundaries (no, a month in New York has not lured me into writing a history of the U.S.A.) and subjectively by my Pauline training, in virtue of which I am very much in but not of it. I shall have to be mighty careful. If I set my jaw and write seriously, these impressions—the first ones, I mean—might develop into a tirade against my one-time domestic surroundings. My parish

priest may read the VENERABLE. He reads all sorts of things. And he would look reproachfully at me. Were I on the other hand just to retail amusing anecdotes, he would be sure to recognize some of his own property, and would claim damages. So for safety's sake I must cover myself legally by a second protest (the one that used to cover the libellous songs at Christmas concerts): the characters are purely fictitious.

My first impressions of the Mission were received at the Bishop's House. His Lordship was not in the least excited because at long last Rome had yielded up its (and his) treasure. In point of fact I was allowed to vanish for some weeks until he thought of what to do with me. Eventually I gathered that it did not much matter where I went so long as I went out of his sight and created no disturbance. So here am I in London, like a good-looking mouse, only quieter.

Before brightening up the East End by my residence I had time to make plans and, of course, resolutions. Plans, I have since discovered, are quite useless until you know the precise nature of your future work. For example: I had intended to inaugurate a class of apologetics for the young people whose Faith is constantly being attacked in workshop and office. Theoretically the idea is admirable, almost a necessity. In practice you find that the best way to safeguard them is to arrange frequent social gatherings which have an almost indefinable effect of mutual confidence in the practice of religion. At work they are alone amongst unbelievers, in the dance hall they are surrounded by other boys and girls who are just as up to date and sensible as their colleagues but who are all a little different and perhaps a little more refined by reason of their religion. This confidence is later extended to the priest, to whom they will then reveal their difficulties spontaneously and relate the topics concerning which they have been persecuted. They could not stand classes of any sort. They would soon be bored, and might even become a trifle rationalistic. So much then for preconceived plans. Resolutions on the other hand are excellent. Not that they will be observed with exact fidelity, but because they are a useful indication of what was honestly felt as the ideal of the

priestly life before the actual stress, labour and heats of mission life began. The Apostolic Union is a godsend to a secular priest. But one should be at least twenty years out of college I suppose, before attempting to teach Grandmother,—so to resume my impressions.

Eventually I came on the mission (this is beginning to sound like the recollections of a retired Vicar Apostolic, however). My allotted room was a simple tragedy: a series of draughts skilfully conserved within four walls, walls so close together that I had to open the door to stretch. Müller was a mockery, pacing the room a sobriety test. You have seen the caged wolves on the Capitol?... True to Venerabile tradition (you seem to have heard that before, gentlemen?) I refused to complain. In any case I am now comfortably housed and, though I had no mind to mention such a subject, fed.

The first Sunday was an ordeal. I felt that I was on trial. I seemed to see the writing on the wall. Mane Thecal Phares—especially Thecal. People don't listen that first Sunday, they just look. You are an exhibit. You wonder if you have a smudge on your nose. I had.

My first thrill was to hear my bell call—three short ones—sounding for the first time. It gives no thrill now,—in fact it's a... but life is like that. To impress my visitor with the busy nature of the priestly life I kept him waiting five minutes. When the apostolic zeal was at the requisite glow I descended to the waiting room. I had a premonition that it would be a *casus complexus* and was half minded to retrace my steps for a brief refresher (of Vermeersch). But I carried on to find an old man who called me "Mister". My suspicions were aroused and had he wanted a half-a-crown I should most certainly have asked which priest had said Mass on Sunday. As a matter of fact he wanted not a half-a-crown but something which transcends mere monetary values; he wanted my autograph—to be precise, my signature to a pension form. I told him that since he was unknown to me I could not in conscience sign. That wiser priests than I (I was pained to notice no glance of incredulity) had come into contact with the civil authorities through

carelessness in such cases. I recommended him to try his panel doctor, a justice of the peace or (with a hasty glance at the document) "a salvation army officer above the rank of captain". Having impressed him I paused. His smile bespoke infinite patience and understanding as he assured me that he was stone deaf. So I signed. Rather an impressive signature, I thought, even after he had closed it still wet and smudged it. They all do that. Pearls. . . .

But I have more interesting callers. A fellow came late one evening for an interview. Nice young man, about twenty-one. He admitted that his mission was curious. He had met and loved a girl in France. Having been accepted he visited the curé who refused—sensible man—to allow Marie Thérèse to marry a protestant, so he had to change his religion immediately. I suggested that it was somewhat late to change that night and asked if he had read "Maria Monk". He had of course, but broadmindedly supposed that there were good and bad in every religion. Anyhow his girl friend was not a nun. I asked if he knew the terrible things Catholics did and believed and told him to come round the next night to hear some more horrible facts and shocking stories. He came. The story I told him is in the sixth chapter of St John's Gospel. The Blessed Sacrament is quite literally a revelation to the non-Catholic. It shows him why Catholics fill their churches. He went home to tell his mother, who was a spiritist and bitter. The Blessed Sacrament is a magnet. They are both under instruction now. But I have been cautioned against writing in a serious strain. . . .

One of the most pleasant experiences of the first few weeks is what for lack of more precise terminology may be called "the sensation of being taken for granted". The feeling is sweet after seven years spent among the most inquisitive people in the world. That inevitable and ubiquitous cross-examination in Italy is wearing. "Da dove viene?" "Perchè è venuto qui?" "È molto giovane, è vero?". But here it is different. I have no doubt that the *Christi fideles* make discreet and indiscreet enquiries among themselves. But they don't ask you, they take you for granted. You are the priest and with Catholic intuition

they assign you to the order of Melchisedech, without enquiries into genealogy, beginning of days or end of life. They know that you are come to find out why they were not present at Mass on Sunday. They know that you won't believe their excuse, so they give it. They listen to the eulogy of the just man and the proof of the essential relation between church-going and christian perfection. When you have finished they tell you "That's what Father So-and-So, God be good to him, used to say". Then with the skill of a Spanish *arguens* at a Menstrua, they take you off the point with a panegyric of the virtues of the late pastor. You smile, give it up, and say "God bless you, see you at Mass on Sunday". But you know you won't.

One of the greatest anxieties awaiting the new priest is the misery caused by the over-frequent mixed marriage. Yet the subsequent lapse from faith is by no means usually the fault of the non-Catholic. Many unbelievers try to persuade lazy Catholic partners to discharge their duties to the Church. One protestant husband of a large and entirely non-practising Catholic family protested that he always begged them to go to Mass. He knew the Catholic Faith was worth while. I challenged him if he felt that way to smoke his pipe in the presbytery instead of his own kitchen, to learn more about the Faith. Being unable to read or write he was unwilling to waste my time. "Nego Suppositum" I replied—you know what I mean—"St Peter was a good Catholic but he couldn't read or write". Don't remind me of St Peter's Epistles. He may have dictated them. The point is this. He alone of all his family was seen at church the following Sunday. It is all very puzzling.

It would be easy to prolong the account of impressions received from the people, but a word about the clergy. The *esprit de corps* is a byword, but one misses the common-room horribly. In Rome community life was almost a Christian communism. Seated in a straw-bottomed chair with foul pipe and fouler Trinciato (now I smoke Bishop's Move be it noted) we used to discuss in light or serious mood the turning of the great world and the running of the Church of God. Sharing cigarettes with the great—their cigarettes, of course—we spoke familiarly of

the mighty who were fighting for the Church in England. The effect of all this was to engender an all-embracing sympathy with Catholic action of every type and in every place. Northerners were interested in the mission to the Hop Pickers of Kent, and men of the South admired and marvelled at the great work of retreats for workers in Lancashire. Our outlook could not be diocesan, still less parochial. On the mission circumstances are so different. You don't meet priests from other dioceses; you don't hear discussions of great work which goes on elsewhere. There is no opportunity for anything like the Literary Society. There are few points of contact on the rare occasions when priests meet.

I am going to agitate for a Curate's Club. We can call it the Nursery. A regional affair for young priests, with meetings twice a week. It might copy a few points from the Rotary with advantage. Tea and toast, if you will, and chats about all sorts of things. A wall-map of the World. A universal outlook through wreathing smoke. Papers, discussions. . . . You'll join, won't you? Just write. . . . Yes, yes, dreams. Anyway it's time I set my alarm clock,—or will the night bell anticipate it? It's late enough, thanks to that Editor fellow. And I have left out my moral. It was to say that life on the mission—as far as an impressionist can tell—is not the shock you might expect it to be. Make a rule of life, keep a sense of humour, discount the compliments of the laity (given remember unstintingly to all irrespective of merit), accept good-naturedly the criticisms of your fellow clergy, and. . . .

I thought so,—the bell!

J.C. HEENAN

NOVA ET VETERA

ROMAN ASSOCIATION

“During my visit to England in the early summer I had the honour of attending the Roman Association meeting and of being chosen as its President for the year. On the same occasion I suggested that the Association should hold its next meeting in Rome. The suggestion was welcomed by the members and it was forthwith resolved that early in May a preliminary meeting be held in London, after which the party should adjourn, the meeting to be continued in Rome, in the Venerabile under the presidency of the Rector of the College.

“I suggest, therefore, that the members who intend to come should arrive in time for the feast of the English Martyrs, May 4th. On that day they could attend High Mass in the College after which they could proceed to Palazzola remaining there until the morning of the 7th. On that morning the members could return to Rome in the forenoon, hold the meeting in the College, followed by dinner in the refectory. I look forward with pleasure to this gathering within the walls of the old house as a means of strengthening the bond between the past and the present, and of providing an opportunity for old friends to meet once more in their Roman Alma Mater.

“The Holy Father has shown great interest in the Association and highly commended its work for the priesthood in Eng-

land. During a private audience he wished to be informed fully concerning it and wrote as follows:

‘We gladly bless the Association of former students of the Venerable English College, the mother of so many glorious Martyrs and Confessors.’

“These words were written in illuminated script below a photo of the Holy Father, and his name was signed with his own hand. I am sure he will give us a very kindly and gracious welcome when the past and present are received together by him next May. The Vicar of Christ knows well how the Venerable glories in the steadfast loyalty of its sons to the Bishop of Rome and the Apostolic See.”

The Rector

GRADWELL'S CENTENARY

We think that the centenary of Robert Gradwell should not pass unnoticed by the College that he restored, and for which he laboured so gallantly. It was due to his efforts that we are what we are today, and that the wings of Englishmen, sadly crushed in 1799, shook themselves out again and still flutter proudly through the streets of Rome. To the College, Robert Gradwell gave of his best in the summer of his life; and that best cost him his health, and his life.

In view then of the centenary of his death, we venture to publish yet one more article on this patriarch of rectors; begging your leave for the author who has made use of letters and notes hitherto unpublished found in our own archives, and in the archives of Westminster and Ushaw.

Our picture illustrates Gradwell's tomb. It was carved by J. Carew of London just after the Bishop's death in 1833, and was originally in the old church of St Mary Moorfields. When that church was pulled down, the body and the monument were transferred to St Edmund's College, where they have now honourable place in 'Monument Lane'. The carving shows a more pleasing picture of Gradwell than the oil-portrait we have



ROBERTO GRADWELL
EPISCOPO LYDDENSI

ET
JACOBI EPISCOPI USULENSIS V. A. I.
COADJUTORI
HOC MARMOR

FRATRES AC SOROR EJUS MERENTES REVERERUNT.
OBIT DIE 15^o MARTII A. D. MDCCCXXXIII. ET LVI.

DOCTRINA PRUDENTIA ET MANSUETUDINE SUMMIS ERAT
ACCEPTISSIMUS INFIMIS BENIGNUS. OMNIBUS PERCARUS.
EXEMPLUM IN VITA SUA DEDIT PRÆCLARUM HUIUS SACRÆ
SCRIPTURÆ SENTENTIÆ DOCTRINÆ VIRI PER PATIENTIAM
NOSCITUR ET GLORIA EJUS EST INIQUA PRÆTERGREDI PROV. 19

in the College Library, reproduced by Cardinal Gasquet in his History of the College. There is still one more picture which may yet be tracked down. Gradwell himself refers to it in a letter written in March 1827:

"... The Marquis of Stackpoole is getting a very fine large picture painted by Cavalleri, the best hand in Rome in this style, of my presenting his family, and Lady Teresa Dease and her daughters, to the Pope in St Peter's on the 18th of June last: the first reception of the kind his present Holiness condescended to give to ladies. Several of the portraits are already finished, and all good ones. I have sitten for mine, for the first time in my life. Cavalleri has taken my portrait so exactly, that though it is not handsome on that account, everybody is going to see it as a shew.... Cavalleri flatters himself that it will considerably contribute to establish his credit, and make his fortune... and what is of great consequence to him it has induced the Pope to give him a sitting."

AROMA ROMANA

"Although it is forty-two years ago, I distinctly remember that, in one of my first letters home from the Venerabile, I mentioned the varied and peculiar smells of Rome.

"Foremost among them, and still easily recalled, was that pungent odour issuing from the many small *pizzicherie* in the narrow streets about the Campo and Piazza Farnese. A most distinctive smell this, or rather a harmony of smells. Cheese of many kinds, rich and racy, gave the tone which was filled in with *baccalà*, salted herrings, *prosciutto*, olive oil, dried fruit garlic and sundry strange and queer sorts of sausages. A piercing smell yet homely and not altogether displeasing, that, as time went on, came to be associated with pleasant things like gitas, and Tusculum days, and meals in country villages.

"Then there was the smell from the lower sort of *osteria*, where rough men sat in a kind of cellar and drank red wine at two *soldi* the *mezzo-litro*. An honest smell, sharp and sour, yet redolent of country air and sights. The Campo, of course,

with its flowers and fruits was always refreshing to the nostrils, though if you strayed to the top end where the meat and fish were sold, you were generally glad to get back out quickly, especially after the hot weather had begun.

“Of a summer morning, the herd of goats brought daily into the city and standing about in the piazzas waiting for call upon their milk, supplied the English nostril with yet another experience, to which, I suspect, the goatsherd himself, unwashed and picturesque in his breeches of undressed fleece, contributed not a little. There was also ‘the peculiar smell of station churches, the fragrance of crushed laurel and bay, the musty air’; the words are from the “College Diary” in the October 1932 number of the VENERABILE. The smell evidently still persists, but it has lost its ancient strength and is but a poor thing now.

“We must not forget the common smell of the streets, due largely to the horse and mule-drawn traffic and enriched with many other elements impossible to trace or define. The crowded church on a *festa* with its crush of humanity and its multitude of dripping candles, and the equally crowded ’bus contributed their own special smells, in which garlic was usually clearly discernible.

“The lecture rooms in the old Gregorian were not without their smells, especially on warm, rainy days. There was a certain recently founded religious congregation still living in the truly evangelical poverty that distinguishes the beginning of all such societies. Their coarse habits, apparently very susceptible to atmospheric influences, were generous in giving off when damp what they had taken in when dry, and on days of damp *scirocco* they were people to be carefully avoided.

“Truly Rome, in the ’nineties, was a city of many smells. It is so no more. Recent experience has shown it to me as a city of one smell. You notice this smell as the train crawls its last slow mile or two from the Trastevere station to the Termini. Even the reek of the railway cannot wholly smother it. It comes at you with a rush as you step out into the *piazza*, and thence forward never leaves you until you leave Rome behind.

The streets are thick with it; it permeates the hotel, you take it in with your soup and sip it with your wine. It greets you in the churches; even in the changeless atmosphere of St Peter's it has become a permanent element. It mixes with your tobacco. The most assertive *pizzicheria* cannot overcome it, the fishiest corner of the Campo cannot oust it. It seems to become fixed in your nostrils; your last conscious breath before sleep is tainted with it; it is the first thing you taste on waking. It is everywhere, in everything, on everything. No wonder the VENERABILE Diarist of last October notes that "the air on the Appia was like nectar after Rome". But even as far out as the tomb of Cecilia Metella the smell can still be detected. It is the smell of inferior petrol, a hanging, clogging, soaking smell. There is about it nothing human or humane; it is essentially nasty, dead, springing from corruption.

"The Venerabilino of these days, has without a doubt, many advantages over the ancients. But in one thing, at least, we scored; we did have a wholesome variety of our smells."

An Ancient

NOVA

Lest the Vetera should seem to predominate in these notes, it will be well to mention some of the Nova that have been acquired by the College in the last few months.

First of all the Rector has presented a handsome reliquary of white metal in a severely modern style. This is to contain the relic of Blessed John Almond, which the Abbot of Downside recently sent to us. It is worth noting that this is the one and only first-class relic that we have of all our many College martyrs.

Then there is a new altar at the Villa, which was made by two of the students last summer. The many weeks that they gave to the work yielded a very satisfactory piece of carpentry.

In the common-room the Rector has introduced some modern light bowls, spurred thereunto, we believe, by the electricians

who turned out some excellent home-made fittings for Christmas week. The pleasant effect of a common-room with no glaring lights—'diffused radiance' is the term, is it not?—morally forced his generous hand.

A new picture of St Joseph is to be placed above the side altar near the tomb of Cardinal Bainbridge. It is hoped to unveil it on March 19th. Professor Ridolfi is the artist and we are confident that he will do justice to his subject. The present picture is quite unworthy of our College chapel, and though it has served us well in keeping us reminded of the foster-father of Our Lord, it is time that it gave place to a larger and more beautiful picture. We are in need of benefactors for this object and also for a picture of Blessed Ralph Sherwin and the martyrs of the Venerable which it is hoped to place over the altar of the English Martyrs on the epistle side of the chapel.

THE COLLEGE IN 1821

Dear Cousin,

I was very much surprised, when I was informed by your letter, that you had not received mine, but Mr Gradwell tells me that you would not receive it till a week after you wrote yours.

I am extremely happy to hear that the fourth volume of your history has met with such an excellent reception.

As in my last letter which I suppose you have by this time received, I gave you an account of our journey, so I now presume that an account of our studies and description of our College will not be unacceptable.

We generally rise at half past five: at six we go to meditations, and hear mass, after mass we breakfast; and then go to our room, till nine o'clock; we then go to school, where we generally remain till eleven. We learn Horace's odes by heart; we have nearly finished *pro Milone*, we have read the two first books of odes in Horace, his *de arte poetica*, and his ninth and fifth books of Satyres and are now reading the first. In Greek we explain Aeschines' oration *κατα Κτησι Φωντος*. We sometimes make arguments for school. After school we go to dinner which is now at half past twelve. At three those who have

Greek go to school. After school we take a walk till the "Ave, Maria", when we return we go to our rooms till a quarter to eight. We have then a quarter of an hour spiritual reading. At eight we go to supper. After supper we have last prayers and then go to bed as soon as we like.

On Sundays we go to a church called "the Missions" to hear high mass. Here we stand in the choir and say the Iudica, Gloria, Credo etc. one officiating as priest the other as clerk. The students of the other two colleges attend.

I shall now endeavour to describe the college. It is situated in via de Monserrato near the Farnesian palace. When you enter you proceed along a broad ambulatory, it is lofty and arched; at the end of it opposite each other are the refectory and chapel. Above the refectory on the outside are the British arms. It is small and neatly painted. Over the door by which you enter is a picture of Gregory XIII founder of the college, over the door opposite is another of St Thomas of Cant: the roof is arched and adorned with a picture of St George killing the dragon.

The chapel is small and is painted; the altar, tabernacle and steps are of marble. Over the altar is a picture of the Martyrdom of St Thomas, representations of the British Saints adorn the walls, and the arched roof is ornamented with the Assumption of B. V. and supported by Angels.

I shall now conduct you upstairs. On the first story are Mr Gradwell's six rooms, the B. . . . room; a large school, the college library, and the wardrobe. On the next story the vicerector's rooms, the Divines' rooms, the students' library, the Playroom the end of which is a small chapel dedicated to the B. Virgin, also another gallery on the same story is the infirmary. . . . which consists of. . . . and the Archives.

On the next story are our rooms to which we ascend by one hundred and twenty stone steps. Each has a chest of drawers, a bookcase, a desk or table, 3 or 4 chairs, a washing stand etc. and a crucifix. In the two first stories there is a long broad ambulatory.

Our dress now remains to be described. When we go out into the city we wear a cassock, a kind of gown with long narrow wings, and three cocked hat, collars instead of cravats; we do not wear buckles to our shoes. All belonging to our gallery go out together and walk two by two and always have a prefect.

With regard to discontent upon which you seem to insist so much in your last, you may be assured that I shall do everything

in my power to make myself happy, and I think we have almost every means of making ourselves happy if we only choose to make use of them and it is the height of folly to endeavour to make yourself uncomfortable on account of every trifle which does not exactly correspond with your wishes. If we were determined to indulge in discontent we can easily make ourselves miserable. But I can assure you that I am extremely well satisfied with my choice, and that if, in the present circumstances I had an offer to return to Ushaw I should most undoubtedly refuse it. Besides I think we were extremely fortunate in leaving when we did, for we have heard that they have had the scarlet fever in the house, and many have left for their health.

But I must finish my letter as Mr Gradwell wishes to write a few lines more, he will inform you of the political state of Italy.

I therefore remain

Most truly yours

W. I. HALL.

To Rev. Dr Lingard, Hornby, Lancashire. March 22nd.1821.

ROMANESQUES

16. — CHI LO SA?

“WHERE’S *Chi Lo Sa*? We want *Chi Lo Sa*? It is a wild, insistent cry that arises from around the fire on Christmas morning and the Editor, barricaded in his room, hears it and urges his weary, paste-covered fingers to greater haste. But how that cry would have gladdened the heart of its first Editor and Founder, could he have stretched a prophetic ear into the future during that Villa of 1921 when he began his enterprise. A gallant enterprise it was and its history deserves recording. It was in the December of 1921 that the first number made a tentative appearance, and briefly the Editorial introduces and explains itself. “By some this is considered a trial run for the ‘College Mag.’. Big events often have little beginnings and anyone may who would like, practise his literary abilities under a pseudonym.” Prophetic words!—but the man who wrote them, his eyes fixed on the tinsel glory of a College Mag., could hardly have foreseen what an avalanche he was tentatively loosening, a roaring, irresistible onslaught of outrageous fun and mockery before which even the most dignified would lie helpless.

The first number is rather like the “*primus motor immobilis*”, a “*causa non univoca*”, beginning, yet itself outside the series of which it is the head. “Grave or Gay?” asks the introductory Editorial, and truth to tell its contents are a little overwhelming. The list is headed by “The Living Wage”, a longish article which

I have not read although I see a sentence in it about "appealing to the intelligence of the thinking man". After the solid the aesthetic, a lucubration on "Durham Cathedral"—and would it be an irreverent stirring of dead bones to wonder if the author (pseudonymous of course) hailed from a certain College in the North? Then (aha!) comes "Notes & Fragments", a little snippet in which for a moment the real *Chi Lo Sa?* raises a cautious head: ducking down again quickly however at sight of "Modern Irish Lyrists". But Gay, heavily outnumbered until now, scores, if a trifle ponderously, with the last article: and the whole closes with an appeal for the Black Babies and a sudden attack on one "Lazzar", an ogre who was to appear often in these pages. There were no illustrations, not even a vignette, and as Alice wisely remarked, what is the use of a book without illustrations? One omen only was there of the future: the cover was a roughly drawn but marvellously vivid sketch of the Cappuccini lakeside—the seed from which our present *Chi Lo Sa?* has grown.

So the venture hung in the balance and who could foretell its future? A year passed and the second number was begun. But articles came in slowly and in October 1922, or thereabouts, appeared the first number of the VENERABLE, a solemn child with all the gravity of youth. *Chi Lo Sa?* No. 2 looked like perishing unborn when, like the Heavenly Twins at Lake Regillus, two demi-gods appeared *ex machina* and changed the course of history. Their names deserve to be written in imperishable Indian ink, but *Chi Lo Sa?* is nameless. They took the little fellow and remoulded him as he stood with all his sins upon him, and the result was a funny hybrid but already "on the right lines". Side by side with "The Catholic Church in England in the 19th Century" and a doubtless weighty appreciation of Leonardo da Vinci, were the first fruits of those rollicking artists who were to seize on the very soul of the Venerable and pickle it for ever in these pages. This number did not appear till mid-1932, so "Our Junior Contemporary" beat us with its second yellow-back: but No. 3, *ex professo* Gay ("we screw ourselves to the ultra-serious task of being funny", confesses Editor), was out by the end of that Villa, sixty pages long and

Chi Lo Sa? to its very core. Already it contains Suggestions for the New Greg. (then still a distant dream) and a charming picture of a cow lying on a golf green. *Chi Lo Sa?* is launched!

It is pleasant to picture some bespectacled historian in years to come rooting round the ruins of Fascist Rome (or the Second Empire) and lighting on a bound copy of *Chi Lo Sa?* How vividly it would reconstruct the period for him! Here the Venerabile is mirrored, like Gandolfo in the Lake on a summer's morn, clear-cut and sparkling, though admittedly upside-down. For it is a topsyturvy mirror that *Chi Lo Sa?* presents, and the fundament *in re* for some of its flights of fancy hard to discern for the uninitiate. To parade it indiscriminately before chance visitors is foolish. We are not ashamed of *Chi Lo Sa?* nay, as members of the living body that produced it, we show it off with pride: but it is too domestic, too intimate a treasure to flaunt before the uncomprehending outer world. Its private jokes should be caviare to the multitude or *Chi Lo Sa?* will have lost its special charm.



"Very good Sir!" C.L.S. '25

A generation passes swiftly in a place like this. It is not twelve years since *Chi Lo Sa?* began and already it is a bygone age. A dozen little habits, jokes, traditions that formed part and parcel of the daily round are now extinct and as forgotten as the Gargle Duck that once brooded over our fish-pond. Number One itself reveals many long-forgotten customs of the ancient Venerabile, though the article professes to be humorous and so must be accepted cautiously. How many who now walk into the *cartoleria* (with permission) for "Inchiostro Waterman" know that the College once supplied our ink? "It was

made by the Vice from some kind of powder.... It was never intended for fountain-pens.... Blotting paper was also supplied." A Public Meeting could be called about this to demand indignantly who robbed us of our ancient privileges: nor should the cynical language of the article blind us to the principle at stake. It is *Chi Lo Sa?*'s privilege to be scathing about College goods. Birettas too were still worn by the giants of those days: and strange to say, *Chi Lo Sa?* has only one small mention of their blessed passing. There was no heating—*ça va sans dire*. We ourselves dwelt with the pre-riscaldamento men in our first year, and never were we allowed to forget it! "The Slums", even in these cultured days, have always had a sinister repute, but our gentlemanly souls shudder to read of "the thud of soft oranges, over-ripe figs or other orthodox missiles which were used in those immortal conflicts when the members of the slums defended their hearth and home against barbarian invasions from the lower regions". There is mention, too, of ruffians laying waste the Beda corridor with air-guns. If any '20 man would rise in wrath to repudiate all this, let him not blame me—we are drawing the picture from internal evidence alone which, as every Scripture scholar knows, is a vicious method *scatetque periculis*.

Tradition is a notorious boomerang: it will suddenly twist back and hit you in the stomach just when you had directed a cunning stroke against a hated foe. In fact *Chi Lo Sa?* itself once revolted against its malign and perilous influence:

" Since first upon this earth was laid
 The primal ban
 The fiend "Traditio" has played
 The deuce with man.
 And at the magic name the crowd
 Falls and adores
 And durst not question aught that loved
 Tradition roars."

But it is the swiftness with which immemorial traditions can be made and forgotten that is the most disheartening discovery; their poor pale ghosts flutter wailing from every volume of *Chi*

Lo Sa? An early number has a picture of "That anxious pause before the Prosit": by our own day this right rendering of the Prosit in the refectory had been so long forgotten that its restoration was scorned as a foolish innovation! Then there is an article on those ferraiuolas that used to hang behind the Vice-rectorial door for common use.

Where are they now? Gone with the College ink. The author of the article is obviously himself to blame. His "Hints for the use of Ferraiuolas" begin:

"1. Never ask permission.

2. Don't be satisfied with one ferraiuola. Take all you can get and hang those you can't behind your own door."

I suspect that in the wardrobe of some English presbytery the whole disreputable stock of College ferraiuolas now lies care-fully packed away. And the "baby-crusher" at the Church

door, a wicked innovation then for the undoing of late-comers; the cramped "Old Greg," and the historic battles on its stairs; the importunities of pilgrims in the Holy Year; the Boy Scout occupation of the College; Nigger, Sisto's pup, horse-gitas and the bug-hunters—what does our generation even know of these?

But if details change kaleidoscopically, it only shows with greater force the unchanging permanence of essences. Have not we ourselves seen a New University, new Rector, new Spiritual Father, several new Vices, a new Madre and finally a completely New Course—and all without loss of continuity? *Chi Lo Sa?* can be taken as the symbol of our permanence. So these early heroes who wore birettas and threw soft figs about the Slums, who shivered in unheated rooms and sweltered in tankless garden are so much our very selves (may they pardon our presumption! rather we are, by participation, they) that they



"Please, Father, where can I buy some sweets?" C.L.S. '25

seem to step down alive from the pages of *Chi Lo Sa?* into our company again. We are quite at home with them. It is the atmosphere we know, all the more mellow for its age—if we can speak of atmospheres as “mellow” without associating ourselves with *Chi Lo Sa?*'s more hoary jokes about the “Greg.”. Pilotta or



C.L.S. '28

Seminar', the rush of early schools and the sorrows of Waiiomer remain the same. So do the “Profs”, different faces as the years roll by but the same types, earnest or solid, sublime or waggish. Sermons and sermonclasses, the unheard-of tyrannies of the Powers that Be, the vagaries of public-meeting orators, the



C.L.S. '28

meditation-bell, these are themes not of an age but for all time.

Palazzola is of the very woof and warp of *Chi Lo Sa?*: they were knit to one another from the first. The Sisyphean labours of the Tennis court:

“Let us then be up and spraying
With a heart for any fate—
Pumping, rolling, aught but playing
Learn to water and to wait!”

and the no less tyrannical Golf-course:

“Here we labour with scythe, with sickle, with plough and with hatchet,
Toiling to make for the sport of our master a smooth-lying fairway.
Low our proud backs we bend, sorely our fingers we blister,
What time the unknown foe with his mules makes light of our labours,
Raising aloft on our difficult lawns his unspeakable haystacks.”

Gitas too, like the touching wail of the lost and wearied wanderer:

“O Algidus
Is far from us
And what is wuss
There ain't no bus
To Algidus.”

And "Black Pratica", where no man has ever been on bike, horse, foot or motor-lorry without disaster overtaking him.

"At last when night her pall had cast
O'er Palazzola, came the last
Of those who that fair day had passed
At Pratica;—"

a verse that might have been written in any year since *Chi Lo Sa?* began! Then there are Carnevale's cows, and the Golf-House: while Cavo and the Lakeside under a dozen aspects have been the inspiration of its covers since its childhood days.

The Operas careen through its pages, limned in deathless colours, and caricature has caught the character of each as



C.L.S. '30

photographs can never do. Here are the neat little drawings of our maiden effort, the *Mikado*, which you can now compare with the magnificently "unattractive old thing" of its revival: the outrageous policemen of the *Pirates*, and the epitaph of the *Gondoliers*, "In loving Memory of the Gondoliers' Chorus, lost in the Grand Canal". Refectory books too have left their mark, notably *Through Darkest Africa*, featuring the smugly unscrü-

pulous H.M. Stanley and his faithful retainers Mafuta and the Pococks, who let loose a perfect torrent of prose and verse. *Lawrence and the Arabs* occasioned the famous maxim "When in doubt, leave it out".

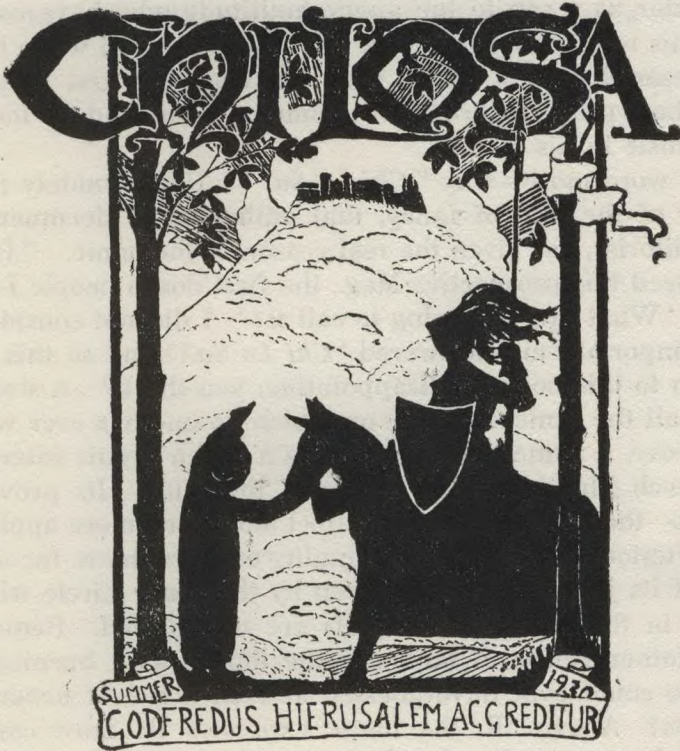
"If the refectory Author waxes vulgar
And talks of things that ought to be taboo...
If the Martyr-book goes into details horrid
Fit to turn the stomach or bedew the forehead,
I ask you what, oh what am I to do?—
When in doubt
Leave it out."

And Pastor on the Council of Trent inspired the delightful picture of the Consternation of the Fathers at the approach of the Spotted Fever. But enough,—we are approaching dangerously near the perilous pitfall of "You should have seen the picture"!

Personalities have always formed its mainstay. "Knife your friends under our aegis" should be its motto, and its barbed shafts strike in the dark without mercy or respect. They even transcend the boundaries of the Pupillary State and wing the Mighty Ones, but only when they have proved themselves worthy of such honour. It is no part of *Chi Lo Sa?*'s task to act the moral censor and reform abuses from below: it simply comments sardonically. Whoever does or says, is or looks like anything, is liable to be included, though some men of course are more provocative of mirth than others. The stout-bodied especially are always a useful fall-back: in fact, were it not for the proverbial good-temper of the adipose, they would have risen long ago to burn the rag. But it is really an honour to be in *Chi Lo Sa?* and you will find men, when they think no one is looking, hunting eagerly for mention of themselves. The mere *inesse aptitudinale*, the right to figure in its pages, gives a man self-respect. He is no nonentity, he is worth pillorying. What grander fame!

Who could worthily relate the epic worries of an Editor? His first move is a bright, hopeful little notice on the board in plea of voluntary contributions. No notice whatever is taken. He begins to sympathise with the feelings of Rectors appealing

for "some improvement to be shown in this regard", and realises that personal treatment, the direct method, is the only way. Commences a harassing period of room-to-room canvassing and by three days before the appointed date he is tearing his



hair out in despair. Artists, authors, men of ideas, all seem stricken with cerebral paralysis. But let him take heart, no man has ever got *Chi Lo Sa?* out save in the last-minute sweat of his brow, and its finest hits are usually on the happenings of the last few days. And then the final feverish fret and flurry as he sits in his room scribing wearily, nauseated with the awful glut of funniness. Inks, blue, green, red and Indian surround him; scissors, rulers, paste and pictures in hopeless confusion

all around, his waste-paper basket at his side and inexorable time driving him on. I know an Editor whose hair was singed four times before midnight in his candle-flame, and even he was not ready in time. Moreover his example is to be deplored. And at the last moment he may even have to throw his Sub-editor as a sop to the angry multitude who have come to storm his room. But it is well worth it at the end when he can sink wearily into a chair with his cigarette and watch its triumphant progress through the common-room, and the laughter is as music in his ears.

One word more—why “*Chi Lo Sa?*”? Unfortunately for the weaver of the web of fancy, that authoritative document, the first Editorial, has given the real reason of the name. “Having announced this prospective Mag., the first dozen people I spoke to said ‘What are you going to call it?’ I did not consider the name important and answered ‘*Chi Lo Sa?*’ and so this name is given to this book.” Disappointing, you think? A stroke of genius all the same—a name on which no one has ever wanted to improve, a name that now admits a dozen mystic interpretations, each illumining one aspect of the thing. Its proverbial lateness—though this is really a libel and much more applicable to our Junior: the unguessable quality of its contents, for though some of its jokes may be foreseen by the Inner Circle who are always in the know, its best hits are unexpected. Remember the “Mother House at Padua”—the topic was a burning one, but who could ever have guessed at such a riot of towers and minarets? Above all, the name expresses its most essential quality, its anonymity, the darkness which shrouds and alone permits its wicked doings. It allows the “killer, with knyfe under his cloke” to stab with impunity: it also allows the blushing author to stand by nonchalantly and drink in the comments on his work, or even, if brazen-faced enough, season it with judicious praise. Originally it admitted pseudonyms, a half-measure which our own age has rejected as puerile. But its first great artists, whose works still form a mine for copyists, had each his mystic sign. ‘R.M.’, a libel, we are told, on an innocent fellow-student: ‘Minimax’ or ‘Raffaello’, also a libel

on a great artist, and 'XY' who helped to carry it down to our own days. Shall we see their like again? Several times has *Chi Lo Sa?* seemed on the point of extinction at the departure of such men, but every time it has called up our infinite powers of recuperation. Artists come and artists go, but *Chi Lo Sa?* goes on for ever. Why should it end before the crack of doom?

R.P. REDMOND

THE "ENGLISH ROMAYNE LYFE" IN THE 17TH CENTURY

WE ARE indebted to Anthony Munday¹, one of the less worthy members of the Venerable, for a vivid account of life at the English College in its earliest days. Though written in his priest-hunting days to demonstrate his utility, it is, apart from its anti-Catholic bias, quite trustworthy. Of student life in the following century we have no such independent account; our information must be gleaned from scattered documents,—a report of the Rector, a notice from the Cardinal Protector, whilst many points are to be gained from an unexpected source—a series of account books (*libri degli scolari*) showing the small sums disbursed by the procurator to various students, for the most part *convictores*, from the monies they had deposited with him.

¹ cf. the Venerable vol. III no. 3. To save repeating references we give here the principal *loci*. The Barberini Visitation of 1657 in its *Scrittura* vol. 47 no. 5. The *libri delli scolari* are no. 311 et seq. Cf. also the VENERABLE vol. 5, no. 2 and 3 (April October 1931). There is also some useful information in "Notae circa exercitia scholastica" no. 320. The doctor's certificates and applications for permit to return to England are in *Scrittura* vol. 23. The complaints of the students are in *Scrittura* vol. 29 no. 3, as is the *librorum elenchus* for 1625. Several of Cardinal Howard's decrees are to be found in *Scrittura* vol. 20 "Protectorum decreta", which includes notices from other Protectors. The decrees of other Visitations may be found under that name in the *Scrittura*; a selection of them is also in the *Liber Ruber*.

There is much we shall never know—their topics of conversation and interests. Did their walks take them to the churches or Forum (the three columns then visible) or to some *seicento* Pamphilj? The 17th century has for us a double interest, for not only do we see the College set firm as it were on its foundations and with a definite tradition of its own, but it was still training students who were to become martyrs. The present sketch was written in an attempt to obtain a clearer conception of their early life, and the training that moulded them.

In summarising the early history of the Venerabile as an intermittent conflict between students and superiors, we make a statement which requires some qualification to be fair to either party. One cannot deny the existence of several disturbances, but we depend on official reports and these are of their nature brief and to that extent untruthful, as they omit the secondary shades which reduce the picture to its proper tone. Moreover official eyes are apt to overestimate the seriousness of an offence, just as young men transform a minute grievance into fierce arguments and reviling. It must also be borne in mind that all institutions tend towards a plethora of rules, and at the Venerabile those due to Italian ideas of a seminary would be particularly irksome to Englishmen, many of whom came from the freer life of Cambridge or Oxford. Even to this day our athletic activities remain rather restricted.

The years 1620-1624 were troubled by accusations of favouritism brought against the Jesuit superiors with but doubtful justice, to judge from the long document² of Nathaniel Southwell, a student at that time. Again in 1654 came the mysterious outbreaks of fire, when several students were taken to prison and threatened with torture and death in the attempt to discover those responsible for the mischief. But such events are after all exceptional; the documents they occasioned do however give us some useful incidental information on the normal routine of the College.

² *Scrittura* vol. 29 "scolares seditiosi".

The framework of this account is taken from the report of the Visitation of 1657, which first states that "the students vigorously maintain the spirit of its foundation and its martyrs. The priests take turns every six months in instructing the English who come to Rome, with such success that since the last Visitation (1630?) there have been sixty converts".

The first paragraph is on "disciplina domestica". In summer they rise normally at "eight hours" (5 a.m.). Half an hour is allowed for dressing, followed by half an hour's mental prayer on some passage in Scripture; they then go to Mass and afterwards study for about two hours. In 1680 Cardinal Howard stopped the meditation in rooms—"In future when the bell goes all must come down to the hall and make the meditation together, kneeling. Also Father Minister or another should be present to ensure the observance of this rule". At II (8.30) "*si calce a basso*" and after "*un poco di collatione*" in the refectory, when not a day of fast or abstinence, all set out together for the Roman College, walking with their appointed companions, and saying the rosary on the way.

At 13 ³/₄ (10.45) on returning from schools, they immediately proceed to tidy their rooms until 14 (11) when all dine together remaining "*semper in silentio et edificate*" during the reading of some latin (?) history or homily from the Fathers. The meal lasts about half an hour (is this fact or only theory?) and is followed by an hour's recreation—each *camerata* having a separate common room. Munday waxes enthusiastic over the diet³: "for every man hath his owne Trentcher, his manchete, knife, spoone and forke layde by it, with his glasse and pot of wine set by him. And the messe or Antipast (as they call it) that is brought to the table, is some fine meat to urge them to have an appetite: as sometime the Spanish anchovies, and sometime stued Prunes and Raysons of the Sun together, having such a fine tarte sirope made to them, as I promise you a weake stomacke would very wel digest them. The second is a certain messe of

³ Although Munday was in Rome in the 16th. century his account tallies so closely with the Visitation that one may be pardoned for quoting him to fill in some details.

potage of that countrey manner, no meat sod in them, but are made of divers thinges, whose proper names I doo not remember: but me thought they were both good and wholesome. The thirde is boylde meate, as kid, mutton, Chickin, and such like: everie man a pretie modicum of eche thing. The fourth is rosted meat, and sometime stewde and bakte meate, according as pleaseth Maister Cooke to order it. The first and last is some time preserved conceytes, some tyme Figges, Almonds and Raysons, a Limon and Sugar, a Pomegranite, or some such geere: for they knowe that English men looveth sweete meates.” He also mentions their equivalent of tea—a glass of wine and quarter of a manchet again, according as they had in the morning.

At 15 1/2 (12.30) all disperse to their rooms and prepare for the repetition, a daily affair for each class, lasting an hour and followed by further study until afternoon schools⁴. Those who have Mathematics go out at 19 (4), Hebrew at 19 1/2 (5.30) and the rest at 20 (6).

A list of text books of the Roman College for 1623-6 is of interest. In Theology the lectures were: Scripture—“The prophetic visions of the Old and New Testament will be explained in alternat lectures, hora 22 (3.30 p.m.)”. In dogma: “De Gratia 16 (9 a.m.)”. Matrimony 17. Eucharist 21 1/2 (2.30). Morals—“On censures and irregularities 16”. On the 7 last precepts of the decalogue 21 1/2. At 21 (2) there was half an hour’s Hebrew, for which the text books were Cardinal Bellarmine’s grammar and the Book of Genesis. This course was taken in second year theology. In Philosophy the Metaphysicians (3rd year) had at 16 and 21 Aristotle’s De Generatione et Corruptione, De Anima, and the Metaphysics, and at 22 1/2 the Nicomachean Ethics. The Logicians (1st year) had only two lectures, at 16 and 21, on the Introduction to Logic, and Aristotle’s Organum. But an inspiring note adds: “Praeter haec, audita quotidie recolentur in circulis, privatis quaestionibus acuentur ingenia. De certis

⁴ The hours are counted apparently from the Evening Ave Maria. It will be seen that those in the lecture list are based on a winter Ave, and the Horarium on a summer one. I am not quite sure of the exact time of these, but give an equivalent which seems probable.

Philosophiae capitibus octavo quoque die disceptabitur. Eadem diligentius et copiosius menstruis disputationibus agitabantur." The Initia Studiorum took place on the second of November with an Oration on "Lustratio litterarum, sive de luxu in singulis bonarum artium coercendo".

To continue the Horarium. All return at 22 ¹/₄ (7.15), and since there are two lectures after the Hebrew for most of the house, and they only go out at 20, there could not have been an afternoon walk on lecture days. Beds and rooms are then prepared until supper at 22 ¹/₂ (7.30), which like dinner is followed by an hour's recreation. At 24 (9) the litanies are recited and the evening examen made. All then retire to their cubicula, when the prefect reads out the meditation, and at 24 ¹/₂ (9.30) all retire to bed, where they rest "normally for 7 ¹/₂ hours, but on feasts and holidays for 8 ¹/₂ hours". It may be of interest to add one or two further details from Munday's account: "The scholars are divided by certaine number into every Chamber as in some foure, in some six, or so many as the Rector thinketh convenient, as well for the health of the schollers as the troubling not much roome." The beds are described as "two trestles with four or five boordes layde along over them and thereon a quilted mattress, which everie morning after they are rysen they fold up their sheets handsomelie, laying them in the middest of the bed, and so rowle it up to one ende, covering it with the Quilt". For study everyone has "his deske, table, and chayre to himselfe verie orderlie, and all the time of studie, silence is used of everie one in the Chamber, not one offering molastation in speeche to an other". As mentioned above there were four or five to each room, and a member of one *camerata* was not allowed to visit another's room. This rule was always stressed in each Visitation, and amongst the series of penances read out in the early years of the following century we find "Thirdly that none are to absent themselves from the usual places of recreation at the times of it, much less are they to go to the chambers of others at that time nor in times of studys nor after litanies or at any other time else".

The next section deals with Piety, and mentions weekly con-

fession on Saturday and communion on Sundays and Feastdays, when there is also High Mass and Vespers. There is a confraternity of the Assumption, which has various devotions:—on the Saturday evenings in Lent a theologian preaches a short sermon on some point of the Passion; the sermon finishes with a discipline taken “con tutta la devotione di ciascuno”. In one book the Procurator notes 60 baiocchi given to the Rector for hair-shirts.

In the autumn holidays and at Easter many by their own wish make the Spiritual Exercises, and it is an established custom for new-comers to go through them. And on the weekly holiday many visit the seven churches or “qualche altro luogo sacro”. Cardinal Howard in his *addenda* to the College rules mentions that no one is allowed to enter a *taberna* either inside or outside the walls except when making these visits, when “a moderate refection with the superior’s permission may be taken”.

We now come to the paragraph on studies. Every evening each class had an hour’s repetition, except on Saturday and vigils when the bell went for confessions. And of course on wet days only the “*bidelli*” went to schools and at nights instead of the repetition they dictated their notes. For a certain period we have a diary of the prefect of studies which notes all these exceptions; in one week it rained on four successive days. His comments become briefer each day, and perhaps we may detect his opinion that it is not right for students to miss so many valuable lectures. Once a week the philosophers and theologians had a public disputation (*conclusioni communiore*) at which all the superiors were present, whilst first and second year philosophers and theologians were examined at the end of the year to see what proficiency they had made, and to select the most fitting in each class for a public defension, and for a defension of the whole of philosophy in the presence of some Cardinal. Thus in 1644 Giovanni Martio (John Marsh or Blessed John Wall) dedicated his act to Cardinal Rosetti and had a special copy of his theses printed on satin for him, and also paid “fifteen crownes to Marrochi for ye musicke at his defension of philosophy”.

On Sunday after recreation all assembled for “*Toni*” at which a philosopher recited a short Latin composition, specially

prepared and a theologian gave a "*sermoncino di dieci righe*" on the epistle of the day, whilst at supper a theologian preached on the gospel. The name "Tones" is still preserved by the Jesuits, at least at Heythrop, for the oratory class. Sometimes owing to the presence of some guest, dinner and recreation would be delayed so that the bell for Vespers went before the end of recreation, and Tones had therefore to be omitted. Yet the prefect notes for Dec. 22, 1643 that they took place "*licet Comes Somers lautum prandium fecisset in Collegio*". At supper on Mondays a philosopher would read a paper on some subject to exercise both his Latinity and his Philosophy. One day in March 1643 it was omitted, as it had been prepared in verse. Apparently this was considered a good joke, since the same occurred the following week (*omissa penitus lectione Logicorum quam Th. Middleton fecit carmine*). Tones were followed by half an hour's Greek academy when each was assigned work according to his proficiency. A note dated 28 Oct. 1647 on the College exams, which were held in October, mentions that they lasted a quarter of an hour, the Rector, Confessor, and two *Ripetitori* often being the examiners. Their purpose was to see who were fit for *casus conscientiae* and controversies— "*ne tempus minori cum fructu aliis in rebus collocent*". The repetitions in some years at least were omitted for about a fortnight before Shrove-tide, as some were busy learning their parts in the Tragedy which was performed at Carnival time (e. g. from February 14th. 1644 till March).

(to be continued)

F. J. SHUTT

“...FUIMUS TROES”
(Eheufugacides to Nonprobatophron)¹

My dear Nonprobatophron,

I have been intending to write to you ever since we got back from Rome, but the third class travelling to which the state of the exchange reduced us has left me with a chill. However, I am better now, and as I sit in an armchair before the fire smoking a cigarette and sipping the hot medicine sent up by a benevolent housekeeper to hasten the departure of the disease, I am just in the mood for desultory meditation. I have been thinking of that conversation we had on the Pincio, when you brought up all your philosophical heavy artillery to demolish my poor little regret for the past. I cannot leave you without an answer, and really, my dear fellow, that evening on the Pincio your eloquence hardly left me the chance to get a word in edgeways. So let me try to answer you now.

You tell me that, while we are actually young, we do not appreciate the advantages of youth, and, when we are old, we tend to sink into a senility which is equally incapable of making the most of life. Only at some period *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, we find ourselves, unlike Dante, firmly planted on *la diritta via*, at a height of maturity whence our backwards gaze gathers up a purified quintessence of our own youthful past and we look forward to the future with an appreciation of which,

¹ cf. “The Philosopher on Pincio” VENERABILE VI, I October 1932.

when we are in fact old, we shall no longer be capable. How foolish then to regret that the past is past, when its recollection is so superior to its actuality, or to long for the future, when our anticipation of it is so much richer than it can itself ever be!

I will not stop to enquire how our anticipation of anything can be superior to what we know that thing will actually be, nor will I do more than mention the comforting assurance given by a learned American lady from Yale to last year's Psychological Congress at Copenhagen, that her observations have revealed no general law of intellectual degeneration in old age, but I do want to make out a good case in defence of my feeling for the past. The whole point about the past, my dear Nonprobatophron, is that it *is* past and gone, and can never exist again save in the attenuated images of memory. Every moment we die a death, the death of that moment which was just now present and now is left behind us in the succession of time. "If we begin to die when we live", says Sir Thomas Browne, "and long life be but a prolongation of death, our life is a sad composition; we live with death and die not in a moment." To acknowledge this does not mean to include all things in a Heraclitean flux; still less does it imply the fantastic extreme scornfully recalled to us by Aristotle, "such as was held by Cratylus, who finally did not think it right to say anything but only moved his finger, and criticised Heraclitus for saying that it is impossible to step twice into the same river: for *he* thought one could not do it even once." No, there are indeed unchanging things, but human life is not one of them, and at some peak of happiness when, like the Faust of your beloved Goethe, a man is at last tempted to say to the present moment "Stay awhile, thou art so fair", he knows only too well that it will not stay at his bidding but will pass away in the inexorable course of time.

So in recalling the past, we are always recalling something that we have lost, and the sense of loss tinges with melancholy the mood of reminiscence. Of course there are things which, like a visit to a dentist, are pleasanter in recollection than in actuality; but they are not pleasant—they are merely less

unpleasant. The memory of unpleasant things in the past must always share in some degree the unpleasantness of the things recalled, while the memory of pleasant things brings with it regret as we realise that they are lost to us. Memory can only be altogether gladdening when we know that the happiness of the present is a continuation or repetition of past happiness, and few of our memories can be brought under that head. For the development of a human life, even that of the most fortunate individual, is never a mere addition of good to good; there is always something lost by the way. Each of the ages of man has its specific virtue, and when that age is past, life has shed a quality that it cannot have again. As we look back at the time when we were very young and green, we do indeed say, if we are honest with ourselves, “What a so-and-so young fool I was!”, but it is with a certain no doubt egoistic, but not altogether unpardonable affection, that we say it. For were we not, perhaps, more candid and more energetic and more aspiring then than we are now, when we have, or think we have, so much more balance and common sense? Perhaps, too, in ten years’ time again we shall look back on what we are now, and be forced to say “What a fool I was!”. But even then, there will be something lost as well as something gained. So now, when you look back on your years in Rome, however much wiser you may have become since, do you not feel that you have lost a great deal in leaving behind you the straw chairs and vast ash-trays and good fellowship of the common-room, and the green shades of Pamphili and Palazzola, and all the other things, both the more and the less important, which go to make up a Venerabilino’s idea of Rome? And if you have lost, you must regret.

Really, Nonprobatophron, what you are trying to do is to abolish the note of *desiderium*, and how much of what you love in letters would lose its meaning if you succeeded. If *fuit*, as contrasted with *est*, had not some poignancy of association, there would be no significance in

... *fui*mus Troes, *fuit* Ilium et ingens
gloria Teucrorum.

The state you extol is one in which there are no tears, and mortal things touch not the mind; it is a stoic apathy in the coldest sense. But we are men and must not be ashamed of feelings that are natural and human. To aim at the altogether superhuman inevitably leads to disaster. Do you not remember Goethe in *Grenzen der Menschheit*? "For a man must not measure himself with the gods. If he lift up his head among the stars, his unsteady feet find no firm resting-place and he becomes the sport of clouds and winds. . . . What sunders gods from men? That, before their gaze passes the multitude of waves, an eternal stream, while we are first lifted up by a wave, then the wave engulfs us and we sink." Do you know, too, the delightful doggerel of Fulbert of Chartres about the monk who wished to lead an altogether angelic life, leaving everything human behind him?

*'Volo' dicebat 'vivere
sicut angelus secure.'*

After a week he could stand it no longer and made his way back to the monastery. But when he timidly knocked at the door,

*Respondit ille deintus
'Johannes, factus angelus,
miratur caeli cardines,
ultra non curat homines.'*

So he had to spend a bitter night outside, but the next day he was admitted and, made wise by experience, contentedly resumed his normal human life.

*Castigatur angustia
de levitate nimia;
cum angelus non potuit
vir bonus esse didicit.*

A man must needs live the life of a man, and a human life is a succession of changes involving both loss and gain, and so also regret for what is lost. Everyone at some time or other has to echo the Horatian *Non sum qualis eram*. No wisdom can

be human wisdom which does not accept all the conditions of human life, and so the true philosopher will not seek to obliterate the distinction of past, present and future, and all that is entailed by it.

Of course we cannot be always indulging in the painful pleasures of memory; that would be to become a sentimental idiot. Activity is in the present and for the future; the past being fixed and unalterable, concerns us less. Nor need we emulate the old gentlemen who from the depths of their club armchairs concoct letters to the *Times* deploring every change that has taken place since they were boys. Still there are occasional moods and moments when it is permissible to dwell a little on our memories, and to regret the good things that we have no longer. What more excusable time could there have been for such an indulgence than that evening on the Pincio? Do not tell me, Nonprobatophron, that you had no feelings of this kind while we were in Rome. Do not tell me that you were able to see all the old familiar sights and savour again the life that was once yours of everyday, without regretting that you had become half a stranger. And do not tell me that now, when we are back in England again, you are not sorry that our brief stay is over.

The raven has croaked his Nevermore for long enough, too long perhaps, and I will make an end. If there is anything too solemn or sentimental about my musings, please put it down to the hot gruel and the armchair before the fire.

Yours,
Eheufugacides.

D.J.B. HAWKINS

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From Subiaco to Genazzano

AFTER MASS in the chapel of St Benedict in the Sacro Speco, they gave us breakfast in a little pannelled room adjoining the vaulted sacristy, the latter being a model of orderly care and having several ancient frescoes. One expected this in a Benedictine monastery, but the contrast with the slovenliness of parish churches in Rome was striking indeed, as was also the refreshing absence of tinsel of all kinds, faded paper flowers, painted imitations of marble etc. The candlesticks, mostly of Gothic form and all of true metal, were a pleasant change from the roped onions of wood smeared with half-moulded gilding, that Italy perversely delights in. We had unhappily time only for a short look at the marvellous church. It was a sight not to be forgotten to see the devout peasantry ascending the Scala Santa of St Benedict on their knees. Then a laybrother showed us the famous ravens and the uppermost terrace of the monastery gardens, which descend tier by tier to the brawling Anio, with the gaunt steps of Monte della Croce just beyond it. Above is the grey precipitous rock. The wildness of the place is indeed awe-inspiring today, but in the days of St Benedict must have been terrible.

We made our way down the valley to St Scholastica where we were welcomed, first of all by the cloister dog. A lay brother took us to the church, and we stayed for High Mass which was celebrated with Benedictine dignity.

Children were most of them carrying the olives which are here used for palms, and after Mass blessed candles were distributed. The head-dresses of the countrywomen and girls, with their oranges and reds and blues, were very beautiful: the children beset us for *santi* and much enjoyed our plunging into

the Italian idiom. We reached the convent, where the other priest was installed in the bedroom where Pope Pius VI once stayed. After dinner we went out to see the castle or archiepiscopal palace which had loomed so grandly up into "the intense clear, star-sown vault of heaven" the night before. In the morning someone greeted us with "buon Carnevale".

The building is even grandlier set than Bracciano itself. It quite literally looks down on the city that clothes the slopes below it on every side. The view from it was spoiled by a mizzling rain. Up among the olive slopes, on the vast slope to the north was the grey home of the Capuchins; on the other side were one or two outlying little churches near the banks of the stream. We saw a woman carrying on her head two copper vessels full of water, one on the top of the other. The cathedral is a large rococo and the music akin to it, but it was cheering to see it filled with country folk sitting all round the walls and the beautiful head-dresses of Sabine peasant women relieved the unlovely architecture. A short descent brought us to a bridge whence there is a noble view of the Rocca, which on this side reminded me strongly of the two Canteranos. The second priest of the party arranged with me that we should stop the night with the monks of St Scholastica; we set forth in the drizzling dusk wherein the rugged pyramid of Subiaco glimmered with lights. We reached the cloisters of St Scholastica, and it was a deep joy to find them free from the garish vulgarity of gas or electric light. A lay brother gave us a warm welcome which was soon followed by a fervent one from the guestmaster, who led us in to supper through the darkness.

We made an ample meal of soup, eggs, beans, bread, cheese and wine and for my part I heartily rejoiced at the absence of meat. We were placed at the Abbot's table. The guestmaster came and talked to us again for a while with that perfect hospitality that is a Benedictine heirloom. It was a joy to get into the spotlessly clean curtained beds in the goodly bricked-floor bedroom attached to the guest-parlour. Thank heaven no British ass raving of "progress" had yet succeeded in introducing the abomination of thick carpets into that sunny region. We found

workmen engaged in repairs in the still dark cloisters as we set forth at 6 a.m. for the Sacro Speco. To my shame I confess that I missed the leftward turning by the chapel, and went up a narrow boulder-strewn valley straight ahead. But the absence of the sound of water and the unclimbing path by the dry stream-bed brought me to my senses and we soon righted ourselves. I served my fellow pilgrim's Mass (the votive Mass of St Benedict) and again had the privilege of receiving Holy Communion in the cave of St Benedict. Unhappily we had no time to examine the church, and after buying a few postcards in the sacristy hastened back to St Scholastica.

There was an entrancing view, from the gate, of ranged hill-ridges before us, and the graceful Lombard tower of St Scholastica. The clouds were breaking and the sunshine radiant. We were given an excellent breakfast of unstinted cheese, bread, butter, nuts and wine in the refectory, and while my friend said his office the lay brother showed me hurriedly over the monastery.

We had arranged to meet the rest of the party at a pink-washed house near a stone quarry visible from the convent, but they had given us up in despair and gone on, leaving at a wayside shrine a note that never reached us. They had come by a short cut, a deep narrow lane from the town to the quarry which passes a little vaulted shrine-chapel. Unhappily I kept no notes of the journey across the hills.

The sun soon became hot and we were glad to throw our grets over our knapsacks. We crossed over a spur of a hill, went along the slope of another, where we had glorious views of the range of Monte Castell'Amato above Subiaco. Occasionally country folk would pass us.

Among the intricate hills in front stood up the mountain city-let Rocca S. Stefano, canopied with blue smoke that chimed with its glimmering grey walls and russet leafless woodlands below. On our left amid orchards and olives stood grey Affile. We halted on a little stone bridge, where two Belgian clerics, whom we met the day before at the Convent, overtook us. After some miles we passed down a narrow dark valley which almost re-

mind me of the famous Gondoshlucht in the Simplon Pass. The road bending, crossed the Fosso Carpine, and with many windings climbed steadily up towards Bellegra. Just on our left the grey compact townlet of Roiate, with its blue smoke gave life to a stony mountainous tract diversified here and there with orchards and patches of woodland. We halted, about one and a half miles below Bellegra, where the view was grandest and amplest. To the north were distant glimmering snow peaks softly outlined in this warm air, the icy hardness of the Alps being markedly absent. To the south ran the upper stretches of a broad valley with pastures, and the road wound up the northern rim of a side-dale clothed with brown oak-wood over which kestrels and hawks were sailing. Three country girls came from a cottage bearing copper pitchers. After seeing and losing sight of Bellegra several times we reached the head of the valley and came upon the head of the river. Here the road divided, and leaving Bellegra on our right about half a mile away, we took the left turn down the long slant towards Olevano, having opposite us the ridge which ranges from above S. Vito to Genazzano, and beyond it the higher ridge on which Capranica stands perched like a perilous approachless lighthouse. The eye travelled down to that great plain that runs into the sealike Campagna between the Hernican and Sabine on the north and the Volscian and Alban hills on the south. Bellegra itself is one of the most fascinating hill-towns in all these parts. It is still utterly unsophisticated, men, women and children show intense reverence for the cassock, beg for medals and pictures and not for money, and travellers who are content with the Italian diet, that is all reasonable persons, may get excellent food and wine far cheaper than at Olevano. Seen from a distance the *Stadtbild* is fascinating, a grey rugged stony slope capped and crowned with its many clustered garlands of grey stone houses glinting in the sunlight and its just protruding bell-tower. The outside ring of houses being continuous or nearly so forms with its base a protecting wall. One misses, one may yearn for, some jut of steeple or spire or high-springing roof, some peaked gable or pinnacle to wing the heavy pile, as in the little hill towns that soar in Dürer's backgrounds; one thinks of

towered Laon or turretted Carcassonne, of Toledo or Ávila or soaring Mont S. Michel, and realises the gulf between north and south, or rather between the Gothic lands and Italy. If only one could set the grace and glory of northern Romanesque or Gothic upon the purple or grey fastnesses of the Italian hills!

We followed down the edge of the ridge and saw Olevano below us but just as we seemed to be touching its first houses, the ridge ended and the road swung back along its further side to a bridge over a little stream and then returned parallel with the ridge.

In the parish church of Olevano there was Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. Alas! Olevano seemed disappointing, at least as compared with the beautiful description afterwards read in Hare. We were in haste, did not know of the delightful *Albergo degli Artisti*, and dined in an anglicised *albergo* with cheap royal pictures and anglicised prices Mrs Crawford-Fraser somewhere laments the place's spoiling by over-resort. Its situation is perfect; it is the gateway to the fertile valley, then bright with young wheat and green crops, crowned by the castle. Olive and vineyard, cornland and valley, river and mountain, grey walls and lichened roofs all contribute to this little Mecca of beauty. If only the concourse of pilgrims had not tarnished it!

We found here the rest of the party and went on together. Presently we fell in with a peasant riding a mule with empty pannier-tubs, who had lately returned from America. My friend, Father Hawes, who had lived in the Bahamas before his conversion, entered into eager conversation with him, while I answered his non-Catholic brother's questions about the Pope.

It was dark when we sighted Genazzano, duly entered by a gateway (I hope not yet sacrificed to the blatant *pétroleurs*) with a fountain before it.

We found a *trattoria* that was just perfect,—an open welcome, a homely, clean and inexpensive harbour. A dance was then in progress with the town band's assistance, as different as possible from the barbarisms of the jungle then nearly universal. Not a trace of rowdiness or vulgarity or fanatical pleasure hunting, but homely, modest, decorous, recreation. Often did Belloc's

line come to my mind, that,

“ the grace of God is in courtesy ”.

A more courteous town I have never seen. We supped at the *trattoria* and stayed in the annexe of the monastery, most kindly welcomed by the Augustinian fathers, and the matron of the guesthouse. Next day I saw the sun rise over the steps of the church. The two priests of our party said Mass at the altar of Our Lady of Good Counsel, in a little vaulted chapel far more beautiful than the church containing it. (The rococo enthusiasts left nothing alone). At High Mass a bright-handkerchiefed crowd thronged the church. An old woman offered one of us her seat. By special permission obtained from the Augustinian mother-house in Rome, the miraculous picture was unveiled, a revelation unforgettable, its prevalent expression, I thought, a certain sadness as though regarding the world that forgets God, above all an intensely refined spiritual beauty that seems to enjoin recollection and reparation. All the reproductions I had seen seemed in effect travesties, like those inflicted by commerce on Fra Angelico. Later on, when our small party was by some chance separated, people came of their own accord to tell us where our friends might be. Such was the old Catholic Italy that knew not Manchester nor Chicago. Does it yet anywhere survive into this petrolatrous age?

We went on to see the Vannutelli palace, a noble building with several Gothic windows remaining; it was being restored and the blocked windows were to be brought back to their old form, which spoke well for the taste of the two Cardinals of the house. There are a few other medieval remains.

All we saw was decent, homely and beautiful, a woman with a distaff, others with ear-rings, pendants and graceful headgear, a baby being given a ride on a donkey, sacks of stones being weighed out on a steelyard, courtesy, simplicity, charity, devotion, with never a suspicion of anything vulgar or mercenary. It would be too much to hope that Genazzano has escaped altogether the evil influences of the wartime and its “ propaganda ” the urban mania, the film and wireless manias and the contempt

of all homely traditions. When I consider that I am never likely to see these lovely sacred places again I am consoled by the thought that mine was the privilege of seeing them before the sundering flood came to shut us off from the civilised past.

At length after passing along an enchanting road, a rough steep track led up towards our Praenestine goal. This, too, like Olevano, had suffered from tourist resort, was infested with modern journals, but superb in grandeur of outlook and rich in historical monuments. A child I saw had very Giotto-like features. A few of the old towers remained, the new buildings were sadly discordant. We found a place for luncheon commanding the majestic Volscian range, sown here and there with immemorial grey hill towns that once disputed sway with Rome itself. From the heart of these mountains came the great pope who laid down the principles of social welfare, Leo XIII, but Carpineto lies hidden in a raised hollow between two ridges. We noticed a quantity of spotless and excellent homespun linen in the house. We climbed up the brow of the mountain, to the village of S. Pietro, whose indwellers seemed to have a touch of columnar ferocity; and their children were beggars who would take no refusal.

The westering sun flushed the bare Volscian steeps and kindled their grey townlets into gleams of gold, the cypresses stood out over the *campi santi* in the fertile plain below, and the sky began to glow with rose when we reluctantly set forward into the twilight and the starlight, looking backwards more than once to see Paliano, another hill-stronghold of the Colonna, grandly framed between the ranges, with mountain snows beyond it, while in front of us the rosered afterglow swiftly gave place to the majesty of starlight with Orion above us and the silence of the mighty heavens, undesecrated then by hooting petrolleys. We saw the glimmering lights of Zagarolo town uphill on left up stream valley, as we passed down a by-road towards the station where we had to wait for the train from Naples, but even the anti-clerical station-master's surly hostility could not tarnish or minish the sheaf of memories we carried Romewards.



JOSEPH COWGILL

1883

PERSONAL

With very great pleasure do we congratulate his Lordship the BISHOP OF LEEDS (1877-1883) on his golden jubilee, and we are glad that the VENERABLE comes out in nice time for us to offer him the heartfelt wishes of all our readers for May the 19th. We publish a photograph of Joseph Cowgill, taken just after his ordination (it was recognised at once by Bishop Cowgill when he was with us in November) and one of his Lordship taken in his year of Jubilee. *Ad multos annos!*

When his Eminence CARDINAL BOURNE was at the Blue Nuns' the Rector and two students went up to see him on St Stephen's day, and stayed for a long talk. His Eminence was very much better then, and sent his thanks to the College, where we have been doing our share of praying for his recovery.

At the beginning of the scholastic year stayed with us their Graces the ARCHBISHOPS of CARDIFF and LIVERPOOL, and their Lordships the BISHOPS of LEEDS, MIDDLESBROUGH and SALFORD. So many zucchettoed heads at once, made it seem as though a Synod were being held in the College.

BISHOP MORIARTY (1888-1894) paid his first visit to us since his consecration; while he was here he hallowed the proceedings on St Catherine's day, addressed the Literary Society, and went relic hunting (or rather hunting for authentication papers) as you will read on another page.

BISHOP McNULTY came to see us at the Villa, and though he was busy enough with his affairs in Rome, found time to do the VENERABLE a favour: we thank him for his interest and kindness.

We offer our congratulations and good wishes to CANON KING (1899-1904) who has recently been made a Domestic Prelate.

The Rev. George McBREARTY (1902-1909) will be celebrating his silver jubilee in August. As we shall not appear again until October we offer him our good wishes this long way in advance, and recommend to him the example of

the Rev. J.R. MEAGHER (1901-1908), who celebrated his jubilee last November at Newton-le-Willows *con slancio*, but not before he had made a pilgrimage to Rome and given his Alma Mater the pleasure of a visit.

The Rev. J. MACMILLAN (1922-1929) was toasted with great enthusiasm when the news of his appointment as Vice-president of Upholland was given to us in the refectory. During the absence of the President, whose health has made him seek the climate of tropic islands for a time, the Vice-president is at the helm: we have no doubt that the ship will steer a good course, and the crew dance right merrily to his piping.

We apologise to the Rev. M. McNARNEY (1919-1926) for not mentioning his new doctorate in the last number. And as he became a Doctor of Canon Law *cum laude*, we have reason to be ashamed of our oversight.

The Rev. W. O'LEARY (1921-1928) was in Rome during October, but was extremely busy managing a pilgrimage (lucky pilgrims!). We must say that he looked tired, and surely deserved a holiday afterwards.

Towards the end of the *villeggiatura*, when the golf course was at its best, came to stay the Rev. J. GOODEAR (1919-1926) and the Rev. J. RUDDERHAM (1923-1927). We hope they enjoyed 'the blessed solitude' as much as we enjoyed their company. Dr Rudderham took some fine photographs of Palazzola, one of which we reproduced in the last number; but the subject—the Cortile of St Edward—was not very favourable, and the printer did his worst by putting it on a *giallo antico* background, a mistake for which we beg the photographer's pardon.

So far, in Rome, we have had short visits from the Revv. B. GRIFFIN (1921-1925) and W.R. LYNCH (1919-1921), and visits of a few days from the Revv. A.N. BARRE (1914-1921) and H.R. KELLY (1919-1926). They do not need us to tell them how welcome they were.

The Rev. W. SEWELL (1922-1929) inspects schools in Southwark now, and wrote and told us that he comes into contact with some 30,000 children. A prodigious number! Surely he wrote to us after a particularly gruelling day.

We congratulate the Rev. J. HEENAN (1924-1931) who, if his young co-diocesan here report aright, is spending his spare moments teaching philosophy to nuns. Or is it the other way about? Anyway good is being done somewhere!

Before finally going to Bagdad Mr OGILVIE FORBES came to a farewell dinner and his *vale* health was drunk in the common-room. His final act of kindness in Rome was to introduce us to a new friend, Mr KIRKPATRICK, who takes Mr Ogilvie Forbes' place as Chargé d'affaires.

Prosit the Rev. F. TOOTELL (1925-1932) on being made Bishop's Secretary. His address—Bishop's Palace—sounds well: and if only for the sake of that, we are glad that the blank cheque which he sent us at Christmas time, and which was stolen, was opportunely made null and void.

We were sorry to hear that the Rev. J. CAMPBELL (1925-1932) had rather a serious accident at the beginning of his professorial career at Upholland, and that the arm that should have been used to wield such things as chalk, was in a sling for many weeks. We were told, however that he was never so cheerful as when in hospital.

At Christmas time we had the sorry news that the Rev. M. MCKENNA (1926-1932) was in hospital again. But we have since heard that he is at home resting, and he has written to say that though he has joined that sinister society of the Deceased Clergy, he is an active member, and has no intention of becoming a sleeping partner yet.

The Rev. L. JONES (1924-1931) came and joined our Christmas party, and felt at once, he said, as though he had never left Rome. We, too, found it difficult to suspect that we had a schoolmaster in our midst, though it was noticed that the Cotton men were all on their best behaviour.

The Rev. J. HALSALL (1924-1931) still studies Canon Law at the Gregorian, and occasionally comes down from the Beda to grace our board, or cast a professional eye at an opera or concert.

We have two kindly benefactors sent to us by St Clare. MOTHER CLARE of Shrewsbury, who is always thinking of ingenious presents for the College and for individuals (the Editor received a large diary this year so that now he *can't* forget things), paid us a visit at Palazzola, and of course came with her hands laden. But the weather was not behaving itself that day, and the Villa did not look as well as we should have liked it for the occasion. MOTHER ST CLARE of Ipswich, for so long our friend at Tor di Quinto, does not forget us, and though she has been in bad health this winter, sent us a New Year's gift as of old.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABLE

The appointment of a Sixth Member, and the Secretary's purchase of a large new Remington, might lead the reader to think that the magazine is about to open a big offensive. *Stia tranquillo*,—there will be no explosions. The typewriter was necessary, and the early summer will see the shuffling-off of superannuated members of the staff, and the restoration of the traditional committee of five.

Editor: Mr Pritchard.

Secretary: Mr Johnston.

Sub-editor: Mr Grady

Under-secretary: Mr Nesbitt

Fifth and Sixth Members: Mr Foley and Mr Mullin

EXCHANGES

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

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

SPORTS

1. Cricket

The season may be summed up in a single phrase—good cricket and plenty of it. We began early, played regularly, and finished as late as

possible, so that we were able to get the record number of eleven games. As to the quality of the play, the batting and fielding were better than ever before, but the bowling was rarely both accurate and dangerous.

The first match of the year was one which we had tried unsuccessfully the year before—Philosophers v Theologians in Pamphijl. The Theologians batted first and scored 61, which on a Pamphijl wicket is worth about 150. Then R.P. Redmond, bowling with an enormous speed and an expression varying from the faintly severe to the demoniacal, hustled out the terrified youngsters for a poky 22.

Two of the Villa games deserve to be recorded: that between the New Wing and the Old Place and that between Philosophers and Theologians. In the former the Old Place began and made 92. J. Dawson hit two astounding sixes, one of which was arrested by the higher branches of the big tree immediately in front of the De Cupis' wall. The second came to earth on the rocks in the "folly". The New Wingers, undismayed, went for the House bowling with freedom and determination, drew level in three-quarters of an hour for only two wickets, and finished merrily as the shades of evening fell with the record score of 166 for nine.

The Philosophers were put out this time for 65, but proceeded to remove eight Theologians for 61. This so excited them that their fast bowler immediately bowled a ball for 4 byes which brought their scores level. The batsmen then tried to sneak the winning run, and one of them was promptly run out. This was too palpitating for the other bowler (a mere stripling) who first of all bowled a wide to end the suspense and then clean-bowled the last man. Thereupon it was decided to play a second innings—"to make things more definite". This time the Philosophers made 134 (due principally to a hearty 54 by G. Ekbery) and left themselves an hour and a half to get us out. Halfway through our innings a tornado or typhoon or something of the sort began to blow across the Sforza. Clerical hats, straws and cricket caps parted from their proper heads and whisked away into the ferns. The sight-screens were rent away from their supports, the score-board toppled over as though in shame, but not until it was almost impossible to stand upright, and the only light came from forked lightning, did these tenacious youths relinquish the sweet prospect of victory. A notable struggle this, which might have drawn sparks from the placid pen of the Chronicler of Hambledon.

The match with the Scots was abandoned after a few of our wickets had fallen. Yes, it was rain that stopped the game, strange to say, and made the Sforza look like Old Trafford on a Test Match day. It is worth recording that while some of our distinguished batsmen left the crease without a single run, T. Lynch carried his bat for a "characteristic" 17.

We were delighted to have Doctor Charlier playing with us so often, and thank him for his kindness in selecting balls and helping us financially. In this respect Mr McGee also "rallied round" in a manner worthy of so great a cricketer.

We experimented with a "*pozzolana*" wicket, which, though better than the old grass one, was still far from perfect. Through the generosity of the Rector, Vice-rector and Spiritual Director we were also able to improve the conditions to the extent of sight-screens and practice-net. Unfortunately the bats are now in such a bad state that, unless we acquire two or three new ones it will be impossible to continue the game throughout next season. We exhort those who in the past have swung the blade so lustily and knocked the covers off so many balls "'neath Cavo's gently-wooded height" to do what they can to prevent this calamity.

W.A. PURDY, *Captain*

2. Association

After last season had ended and thoughts were turning towards cricket in Pamphilj we received a challenge from the Banco del Santo Spirito, and accordingly turned out on April 27th on Fortitudo under a blazing sun; in spite of which, however, we defeated the Italians 4-2. This was the last appearance of the hoary veterans of seventh year who had formed half the team for the last six years, and so it was all the more fitting that the Fates should have crowned their arms with another victory in reparation for the disappointments of the past.

The present season has not been an unqualified success. At Palazzola bad weather and the attractions of rival sports combined to prevent our having more than four games. In Rome we probably had one of the wettest seasons on record until Christmas. We had one period of five weeks without a game, and the telephone message from Pamphilj "*Il campo sta bagnato*" was becoming almost so monotonous as not to be disappointing. However this has if anything increased the keenness of the House, and the few games we have had have all attracted too many people so that the committee have been faced with the usual unpleasant duty of having to ask people to drop. Since Christmas the weather has picked up and we have only been refused permission to play on one or two occasions.

We accepted a challenge from the North American College on January 15th, and although our forwards found themselves too cramped on the small pitch at Propaganda to do themselves justice, we had a very enjoyable game which resulted in a draw 1-1. We wish to thank Doctor Delany for the gift of a new ball.

Stop Press. March 16th. Scots' Match. Team: — Lennon: Kelly, Daw-

son: Nesbitt, Henshaw, Weldon: McCurdy, Jones, Gallagher, McDonald, Grasar.

Result: English College 1, Scots' College 3.

G. NESBITT, *Captain*

3. *Rugby*

Rome moves slowly but very surely! The year 1892 first saw the Venerabile in the field as a Soccer unit, and now some forty years later 1933 sees us emerge in Rugger colours (motley though they be).

This is by no means our first effort to arrange a match; we have made several attempts in the last few years, but without success, because none of the other colleges could raise a sufficient number. This year, however, the Irish College gave us the welcome news that they could get together a side and immediately negotiations were set on foot. Up till a very late date the question of the ground offered considerable difficulty. The Roman Rugby Club had very kindly offered us the use of their pitch which is about two minutes walk from the Via delle Cave. This pitch itself is excellent, but under normal weather conditions really too hard for Rugger. Fortunately, however, a few days of heavy rain before the match solved the difficulty and incidentally almost presented us with the opposite extreme, for we were faced with a ground that was practically flooded. Naturally enough under such conditions handling was out of the question, and the game developed into a stern struggle between two excellent packs of forwards. If we showed to advantage in the formal scrums through better packing and heeling, the Irish were more forceful in the loose, where their extra weight helped them considerably and they fully deserved their try early in the first half—the only score in the match. It was a thoroughly enjoyable game and we hope the first of many. Brother Dalton of the Irish Augustinians earned our thanks for the capable way in which he refereed the game. The Venerabile was represented by: - Messrs Ashworth; Pritchard, McCurdy, Foster, Henshaw; Roberts, Newton; Tickle, Ford, Walsh, Dawson, McReavy, Sweeney, Lescher, McKeever.

Meanwhile the practice games had been progressing satisfactorily, being well supported and very enjoyable, and what perhaps is more important in our stage of development, decidedly more orthodox than in the past. The scrumming in the loose still needs improving and the tackling should be a little lower. It was a pity that we were deprived of so many games at the beginning of the season. Seldom, I think, has the rain conspired so successfully to deprive us of our weekly exercise. For about seven weeks, each Wednesday night saw a heavy downpour of rain, which, needless to say, destroyed our chances for the morrow.

We take this opportunity of thanking the Rev. Howard Joyce for sending us two ruggier-bladders,—so difficult to obtain here in Rome. They reached us at a very opportune moment.

G.W. TICKLE, *Captain*

4. *Golf*

The preparation of the golf course at Palazzola has always been an uphill fight, usually between the blunt scythes and wiry ferns; this year however the task was accomplished within a few days of arrival at the Villa. The 7th green near the gate at the top of the Sforza suffered more havoc than usual from the moles, so that a new green had to be made twenty yards down the slope and the tee moved back. Another experiment was the cutting of a new green at the side of the "Folly" which was not used during the past season. Many may regret the passing of the old "Folly" or "Dancing Floor" especially as the new green was not a success. The greatest misfortune occurred towards the end of the season just before the semi-finals of the competition when the moles decided to move headquarters from the old 7th to the 3rd green, which has been the pride of so many groundsmen. Imagine the surprise of early morning golfers on seeing the neat array of mole hills dotted all over the green and the consternation of the clubman who was unable to cope with the demand for niblicks! Despite the state of this green the competition continued and was won by Doctor Park and Mr Roberts who beat the Vice-rector and Mr Lyons in the final.

The number of members increased and is now over forty though not everyone joined in the Tombstone and the Foursome Competition. Mr Ellison must be congratulated on his excellent round of 31 which is the lowest score for the course and is five below bogey.

The arrival of nearly a hundred clubs, so generously sent by Mr Park, contributed greatly to the success and enjoyment of the season and helped to solve the problem of the shortage of clubs. Our thanks are also due to Mr Park and Doctor Rudderham for the gifts of golf balls and to Doctor Charlier for a subscription. And not less grateful are we to Mr Wroe and Mr Doyle for their gigantic efforts as groundsmen and clubman respectively.

R.J. FOSTER, *Secretary*

5. *Tennis*

Our season this year was rather a poor one. On our arrival at the Villa, the court presented as fine a collection of flowers and weeds as you

could wish to see. A few rather ill-timed visits of Brother Rain gave them an added strength and virility. Several of our prize specimens even appeared in due time on the altar. Very nice, of course, but we can't hope to provide a bouquet every year. We might wish in fact that one of our readers who after a busy day in the Vineyard turn their attention for a short time to the cultivation of *Dianthi Caryophylli* would give us news of some really infallible weed-killer. It would certainly lighten the work of our successor who having applied the daily dose of what the doctor orders, would have something that looked more like a tennis court and less like the nursery for the Rocca vegetable market.

Last year's committee before handing over the cares of office to our unworthy selves went out and bought a new tennis net which we used this season. Some, of course, regretted the passing of the old one. It was a venerable relic having borne the burden of the balls and dealt masterfully with many a smashing serve. It had deserved well of the state and earned a long rest. *Molliter recumbant ossa eius*—you might have thought. But an enthusiastic cricket committee—we suppose it's the long practice of not letting anything pass you in the slips that does it—seized upon it, and now, having suffered a wee change, it has begun a new and exciting life as practice net.

We record with thanks a generous subscription from Doctor Charlier and a gift of balls from Doctor Delany.

J.A. LYONS, *Secretary*

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 7th. Thursday. The last night before the Villa produces always a certain synthetic gaiety. Your eyes are full of dust from your recently unearthed valises, your nostrils full of *naftalena* from your recently interred woolies. Although feeling filthy from the dusty labour of packing, you are wearing your best cassock lest it should be used to wrap up boots on Giobbe's camion. You are wearing an uncomfortable pair of brogues because your house shoes went with the last load, and you are faced with the prospect of carrying a zimarra round the lake because no piece of canvas can be found. Finally you are dubiously biting the coin doled out to you by the senior student for your fare. In spite of all this, you stand in a group round the piano in a half empty common room and sing loudly songs which you consider as dead as a door nail. The bell brings a happy release until:—

8th. Friday. Came the dawn: A last minute rush to the car with an alarm clock stuffed into your rucksack and painfully sticking into your spine (this year it went off most embarrassingly in a bus on the Nazionale), and then you see the Lateran slip by, and Cavo begins to dominate the plain. This year our approach was unusual. As our tram crept up the Valle Violata the clouds were black over Cavo. Rome swung slowly into view in a space of watery sunshine but the trees were black on the Albans. The multitude of poppies and the white catkins on the chestnuts spoke of the late spring and of a summer which is to make the *vino*, as Luigi told us in a burst of Latinity, "aspro ed acerbo". In the afternoon the clouds burst and Bridge fiends were able to start at once. Those who have still to interview the board saw a providential warder in the rain.

9th. Saturday. A tour of inspection this morning began of course in the "new wing". This is the library wing transformed. Upper and lower floors are double-sided corridors. Luigi has been housed in a

new dwelling towards the nuns' garden and the garage wing or *palazzina* is now strictly a *γυμνασιόν* where the Sisters have their new chapel. Surrounded by these renovated and artistically weather-stained buildings is St Edward's cortile—for to this title has been elevated the triangular courtyard where Anita used to receive her annual salvo of shoes at the end of the Villa. The altar has been removed from the "Catacombs" ("sarebbe la sala di ricreazione del Sor Domenico" says Luigi) and the nuns' chapel makes an admirable sacristy. The library has been transferred to the "ticket office" room, near the "pericolo di morte" cabin upstairs, and is adequately housed in new bins round the walls and down the middle. Meanwhile we in the old wing—a misnomer but current and convenient—settle down comfortably to dust away the mosquito we killed two years ago. Nor do we envy the men who must feel distinctly parvenu in the cold splendours of tiled floors, new paint and running water.

10th. *Sunday*. Traces are many and varied of the advance guard of diversely qualified workers who came out some days ago to prepare the way by airing sheets and performing other domestic offices. In the common-room they have installed a monumental sofa behind a board-room table in the corner where many a box of *cerini* has changed hands. We doubt, though, if the walls will ever recover from the efforts of the man who tried to whitewash them with a few bold strokes of a brush of slaked lime. Congratulations to Messrs Duggan and Cashman who received the priesthood from Cardinal Marchetti at S. Ignazio this morning.

11th. *Monday*. First Masses—one of them served with great dignity by two subdeacons. To dinner Mr Duggan. No mention has yet been made of the four wrought iron lanterns which hang at the corners of the cortile. Their design is composed of elements of the College arms, and shows up handsomely against ground glass. They are the gift of the *Ripetitore*. Hardly had they been hung when a pair of swallows built a nest over one of them and produced five eggs. Our arrival, however, has caused a great flutter in the home. A row of our upturned faces seen from above must be fraught with nameless horrors for the creatures.

12th. *Tuesday*. The first fine day. Returning from Rome in the evening after facing the board, we revelled in the sensations of relief and expectation which you associate with departure for the Villa but which last Friday's rain had all but drowned.

13th. *Wednesday*,—brought the Sforza gita. The modern version makes humane provision for a tank before dinner and a siesta in the house. A walk this morning showed some changes in the woods. The tree-cutting has now reached the Fontana Tempesta, and from there on to the ruined *mezzo cammino* the logs lie in heaps along the paths. The Latin Vale is under strawberries near the pink house. On the Sforza

Giuseppe appeared in an alpaca jacket to perform the necessary butting. As apostrophized by the Rector during dinner he trails about the aura of Tusculan tradition, but to this he is indifferent. In fact, he is bearing this week of country life with manifest ill ease, and views with some austerity any attempts to break his reserve. Has the weather finally taken up?

14th. *Thursday*. No. After meditation an Alban downpour was the signal for a rapid exitus from chapel to close the windows optimistically left open. The mendicant friar from the Cappuccini was heard to remark that man and boy for fifty years he had never seen such a season. The lake was full of cloud pouring over the Villa wall and up the gully in real October style. Nevertheless four young swallows were hatched out over the Repeater's cortile light—the one near Domenico's organ pipe.

15th. *Friday*. A brilliant day of blue and gold. First game of cricket. Doctor Charlier arrived, and Giuseppe left for home, making his first spontaneous remark as he crossed the threshold "*È finita la settimana magra*".

16th. *Saturday*. "*Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque!*" A blustering day set the cortile lamp swinging too yarely and one of the young swallows was culled by Nature red in tooth and claw. The boys had a choir practice in preparation for,

17th. *Sunday*. High Mass at 8.30. A historic event. The golden angels are gone from the high altar and their places filled by wooden candlesticks painted red, blue and gold to match the tall crucifix with the tiny figure. We hear that they are replicas of a Porzio set. At 11.20 the Cardinal Protector arrived with Padre Anacleto and suite and was escorted by ferraiuole'd torchbearers to the sanctuary from which he delivered a short address of congratulation. The *cortège* then formed and moved off to the entrance which was once Luigi's front door, where the Cardinal unveiled a tablet with as imposing an array of names as ever rode behind Tom Pierce's grey mare. By this time the function was *alla Romana*. A more or less coherent group of ministers followed by an interested rabble moved from point to point bestowing holy water and blessings. We met many old friends in the crowd, Father Welsby, Commendatori Freddi and Schneider and Doctor Charlier of course. Over coffee and *rosolio* in the garden we cheered everybody we could, and solemn benediction at night closed what must certainly be regarded as a landmark in Palazzola history—it can now hold 55 students.

18th. *Monday*. The wheels of the Villa are beginning to move: the piano went up to the opera room this morning. This is the first room that you meet coming out of the *coro*. That familiar feature of Villa life, the Board of Works, has constituted itself and is putting all the old white elephants through their paces. A panting band was assisting the

conscripted Gigio this morning around that venerable relic the electric pump, at the top of the Sforza steps. Meanwhile blasting operations continue at the tank. Grim swarthy men in blue shirts and broad belts swing themselves from ropes down the face of the rock, ram in a charge, clamber back, and then sit on top and mention regretfully that the law does not permit the use of dynamite. As always happens when the artist works in uncongenial material the results are sometimes unsatisfactory. Thus

19th. *Tuesday*, this afternoon a miscalculated charge blew out a mass of rock which staved in the side of the tank, and smashed in two the top flag of the diving board. The authorities rushed to the scene, and spoke at length on the economic consequences of the act to a crestfallen band fifty feet above.

20th. *Wednesday*. We are back in the great transparent Villa weather again now. Does that convey anything? It seemed an expressive phrase this morning as a party swung round the Velletri pass and saw Circeo and the Volscians riding the sky. But halfway through the after-dinner smoke we were rained off the Sforza, and subjected to the severe strain of running to the steps bearing a deck chair aloft for shelter.

21st. *Thursday*. The arrival of the celebrant for Mass this morning was announced by a loud clang on a bell that has been hung for the purpose above the gospel-side entrance to the sanctuary. How legend would have accumulated about that simple incident in the time of the ancients! The alarmclock jest is still current.

22nd. *Friday*. There is still some water about, and a sudden shower this morning drew a crowd to the Sforza steps for a mid-morning smoke. One is used to sitting among a heap of agricultural implements but lengths of fuse and cans of blasting powder are the latest furniture. The sun set in a clear sky with a line of little silver clouds to catch the afterglow. The Rector went to Rome at news of the sudden illness of the Marchesa Ciccolini.

23rd. *Saturday*. The Sforza is the one place where the cleric may emerge from the chrysalis of a cassock and give rein to the normal desire for warpaint. It is too early yet for plus fours and pullovers, but there is a foison of hats. One large straw cart wheel still flaps around the wearer's neck: there are several berets, many particoloured jockey caps, and a jaunty white linen "blimey" favoured by the Vice. Across the golfhouse H.M.S. Vivid glowers at an American navy cap. There was the man who wore a knotted handkerchief until the sun peeled him raw and then struck him down. And as for the panamas—age has certainly withered but custom cannot stale their infinite variety.

24th. *Sunday*. The Sabbath calm of a game of cricket was interrupted today to shoo away "the cows of Carnevale" as the notice once had it. Incidentally the congestion at the top of the steps is now

much relieved since a network of rustic fences, barbed wire and stiles confines to the upper Sforza these vagrant bees.

25th. *Monday*. At dinner today the VENERABLE Volume II displaced Father Broderick's "Bellarmine". The Magazine thus takes its place among the classics "Through Darkest Africa", "My Mystery Ships", "Pastor's History of the Popes" and "The Escaping Club". A solemn thought. Dr Ashby's series on the History of Palazzola was chosen, but we were distracted from the contemplation of our lineage by the memories aroused by such a phrase as "the caves outside the back gate of the monastery". That stretch is now a confused mass of rock. This afternoon arrived Mr Elwes, resplendent in the garb of the Fribourger on holiday.

26th. *Tuesday*. It appears that last year's attempt at a handball alley is not to remain a "folly". Work commenced some days ago under the foremanship of Gigio who donned blue *tande* in sartorial sympathy with his labourers. An aged grey donkey draws *pozzolana* from the orchard. Literally skin and bone, it does not seem comfortable unless it has two enormous sacks curving its backbone. Then it picks its way over the rocks with the bored nonchalance of its race. What a rude awakening is coming to the beast when it returns to Rocca on Saturday! Oh for the diet of oats! the two loads of *pozzolana* a day! the ludicrous goad! the maudlin clerics! Ah! At dinner today "Palazzola in Modern Times" from the imaginative pen of the Reverend J. Garvin.

27th. *Wednesday*. One result of the late season is that the countryside is still vivid with flowers. There were masses of them about in the Latin Vale today as we sat under the shadow of the inner ring and looked towards Palestrina. Returning to our Sforza dinner we saw the Rector with the party among which he dropped his staff last week. They were returning from Nemi. . . .

28th. *Thursday*. This entry should be a threnody for the Rocca funicular. The new one was inaugurated today—a concrete-flanked, electric affair which comes out in the piazza by Ante's. But who will ever forget the old route—when the Valle Violata tram ran you to a dead end in the heart of the woods, and you were then lifted through the tree tops to the sound of rushing waters to spend three months above the earth?

29th. *Friday*. A villa working party is a mutable thing. Apart from the one or two figures from whom the band usually takes its name its personnel is a fluid collection of casual labourers. The extension scheme for the golf house, however, is being carried out by a constant three who industriously saw, hack and thatch with innumerable knots, hitches and the like. Clubbable men withal—always ready to chat with and borrow a cigarette from the passer-by. The names for the growing shack vary between Liverpool Cathedral and Old St Peter's. An extra

bicchieri at supper was our celebration of the Vice-rector's ordination anniversary.

30th. *Saturday*. Our props' men were noticed this morning crowned with huge paper mitres refurbishing the della Robbia shrine in the cloisters. The final effect is most pleasing, a pale wash background with a delicate stencil pattern in blue and green.

31st. *Sunday*. Small Marietta is no less anxious than the rest of her family to blend in harmony with the church at Benediction. She was responsible for a disconcerting solo tonight, the main theme of which seems to have been "Maria". After supper a film "*Atlantic*" proved that silent "talkies" are not a success.

AUGUST 1st. *Monday*. About here we usually have an apt couplet from the poets—a wistful line or two from Horace or Vergil. Why should only the pagans be quoted? Let us have some Christian verse from the calendar of the Sarum missal, being advice for August (replacing some of the unquotably intimate advice with lines from July):

Quisque sub augusto vivat medicamine iusto,
Somnum compescat et balnea cuncta pavescat.
Tumque novellarum fugat potus cerevisiarum.
Nemo laxari debet vel phlebotomari.

Reverse nearly all of that advice and you have the Villa life. This is the best time in the Villa—when the sea shines and the air is powdered gold and the sickly sweet smell of summer hangs over the garden. The woods are dappled with sunshine; and the *grilli* are so familiar that they seem not to break that profound quiet of the hills which wraps you round at night as with a cloak. And the sun still sets far to the right of Castel Gandolfo, so you can persuade yourself that the Villa will last for ever.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Meantime our young swallows have learnt to fly and joined the throngs of young on the new telegraph wires below the wall. There they frolic daily with much fluttering of wings and flashing of white bellies in the sun; whilst a fool of a hawk planes over the lake seven hundred feet below them. The old birds had set about reconstructing their nest, but "props", having cleaned the lamp, swathed the upper part in an *Osservatore* against their return.

3rd. *Wednesday*. The purposeful looks of Mr Elwes and our nautical confrère as they stole away after the Sforza dinner were explained towards five p.m. when we saw through the telescope a small vessel tacking across the lake steered by an unmistakable figure. It appears from their log that they "rigged up a mast and boom and sailed under a lateen (the billiard cloth!) to put in at Acqua Acetosa...". This evening saw a poignant discussion of the finances of the ball alley. The

sponsor of the scheme noted with gloomy satisfaction that Gigio was stung by a mosquito as that artisan was revising the estimates.

4th. *Thursday*. The car returned from Rome today with a cargo of golf clubs garnered from the stately homes of England by Mr Park's scheme. Among others is a striking set of left-handers mounted in a sort of abbreviated umbrella-stand which, on being stuck into the ground, splits into a tripod and saves your bending.

5th. *Friday*. *S.Mariæ ad Nives* and appearance of an army of workers on the ball-alley. There appears to be some doubt in the mind of the authorities as to how the College has been drawn into the contract. Hence when one of our *naïf* Latinists proposed as an inscription: "Hoc fecit Gulielmus", the subtle alteration was forthcoming: "Hoc fecit Gulielmum". However, by coffee and *rosolio* (after a *magro* but sumptuous dinner), the Rector was not only resigned but enthusiastic when we toasted the anniversary of his arrival. His reply was interrupted by a confused noise without, which resolved itself into a train of six beasts of burden, ambling along to the alley with much clackety-clack of hooves, creaking of saddles, dull bumping of tubs and the occasional swish of *pozzolana* dropping to earth.

6th. *Saturday*. What nights of stars you get at the Villa! The sky is simply encrusted with the things, dimming now and then as the summer lightning flickers. (There was meant to be a lot more of this, bringing in the constellations and all calculated to impress and inspire. Unfortunately, "The Sky by Night" has disappeared from the Quiet Room.)

7th. *Sunday*. To dinner, Archbishop McIntosh, Father Laydon and the Scots Vice-rector. To welcome them we had coffee and *rosolio*. The common-room mantelpiece is now adorned by a fine bronze reproduction of Michelangelo's *pietà*. It is the gift of Mrs Abbing.

8th. *Monday*. Yet another rustic fence is being erected on the Sforza along the edge of the cliff above the tank. The cliff edge is now several feet further back, denuded of trees and blasted to desolation. Hence, unfenced, dangerous.

9th. *Tuesday*. To dinner, Father Burns S.J. We are not accepting the invitation of an Albano Canon to supply the second half of a concert for him and his S.V.P. He wanted Palestrina and motets from the masters.

10th. *Wednesday*. One of those days when liars tell the young they have seen Sardinia. Although we ourselves once from the top of Cavo on an exceptionally clear day...

11th. *Thursday*. We saw the "fuochi di S. Lorenzo" scattered through the Campagna last night. The first was a steady column of smoke rising against the afterglow over the far Monti della Tolfa.

12th. *Friday*. At the tank, the Editor broke his third plank.

13th. *Saturday*. Much entertainment was provided in the common-

room today by a copy of the "Graphic" in which the two middle pages, headed "A black-robed seat of learning", were taken up with photos of the Gregorian. We recognized ourselves in great numbers, leaving the august portals, searching for *camerate*, avoiding foreign friends and smiling winningly at the camera. Throaty songs from the depths of the tank announced Doctors Delany and Garvin after a grilling week at Amalfi. Their *salon* in the common-room found their stock of "Traveller's Tales" as entertaining as ever.

15th. *Monday. The Assumption.* At Mass, Alfredo made his First Holy Communion, accompanied by his relatives and the whole domestic staff. He was specially spick and span for the occasion, from his shining new *tutti quanti* to his shining new boots. After Mass, he was escorted by his parent to swear a sort of oath of obedience and allegiance to the Rector. At Rocca the Rector sang High Mass and the Orpheus valiantly executed Turner. All very much to the taste of the peasantry. Back then along the top road, with the *demonium meridianum* preparing you for a tank, and the dog Febo complicating your return with his suicidal curiosity in regard of motor-cars.

16th. *Tuesday.* With the thermometer soaring, the tank is the only place where energy is possible in the morning. Every day sees a miniature gala; Leap Frog is the most popular sport at present—the unfortunates to whose lot it falls to set a back showing a most entertaining diversity of expression. "Mystery Ships" is another diverting pastime when a man submerges completely, then puts his feet above water and swims down the tank like that. Nor must we forget the plank and its boundless possibilities.

17th. *Wednesday.* Final Opera practice in a sweltering cortile. On the Sforza at dinner, the presence of so many of the Old Brigade made the conversation more than usually reminiscent. At tea, a local knight of the road was refreshed with a cup of the beverage. Scenting a "character", a group soon formed round him, but he was a disappointment. He admitted that tea was a good drink. But when a bystander remarked (whimsically and idiomatically): "Meglio però il vino, eh?", he vouchsafed no further information save that wine also was good; and then after some thought he said that wine might save a man's life. We then borrowed a sulphur match from him which nearly choked us and rendered further converse vain. In fact a dead loss as regards a story for the long winter evenings.

18th. *Thursday.* This evening as we watched the sun slipping into the sea, we heard loud choruses from the woods below as a party returned from the lake. The minstrels were all abruptly silent as they missed the path, and topographical enquiries were passed along the line. The optimistic cry "We're near the telegraph post", was joyfully answered from the garden wall with a round denial; and from that on, there was

strophe and antistrophe of mocking laughter from above and abuse from below.

19th. *Friday*. Signs of the Opera are thick now. In a secluded gully on the Sforza, men have been working secretly for days—stringing ropes between a couple of trees and weaving holly chains. These are to be hung from the well head to obscure as much as possible the view of the “cherub who sits up aloft”.

20th. *Saturday*. A series of pained bleats from the piano announced the efforts of our tuner.

21st. *Sunday*. The dramatic critic writes at the end of this Diary. Here, a bald programme, like a Shakesperian stage placard, must remind you of all the romance proper to an Opera day at the Villa.

THE MIKADO
or
The Town of Titipu
by
and

W.S. Gilbert

Arthur Sullivan

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

<i>The Mikado of Japan</i>	Mr Roberts
<i>Nanki-Poo (his Son disguised as a wandering minstrel and in love with Yum-Yum)</i> . .	Mr Doyle
<i>Ko-Ko (Lord High Executioner of Titipu)</i> . .	Mr Dwyer
<i>Pooh-Bah (Lord High Everything Else)</i> . .	Mr Park
<i>Pish-Tush (a noble Lord)</i>	Mr Cunningham
<i>Yum-Yum</i> } <i>Three Sisters, Wards of Ko-Ko</i> . }	Mr Grasar
<i>Pitti Sing</i> } <i>Three Sisters, Wards of Ko-Ko</i> . }	Mr Murray
<i>Peep Bo</i> } <i>Three Sisters, Wards of Ko-Ko</i> . }	Mr J. Malone
<i>Katisha (an elderly Lady, in love with Nanki Poo)</i>	Mr Weldon
<i>Chorus of School Girls</i>	Messrs Jones, Grady & Ford
<i>Chorus of Nobles</i>	Messrs Flynn, Stone & Gallagher

Act I: Courtyard of Ko-Ko's official residence.

Act II: Ko-Ko's Garden.

Dresses by Messrs Tickle & Abbing. *Accompanist.* Mr Ellison
Decorations & electrical arrangements by Messrs Rea, B. Pearson, Ford, Jackson and the Green Room.

22nd. *Monday*. We said goodbye to Mr Elwes and it was like break-

ing up the family. This morning visited us Herren Hoënic, Gombos and Strake of the German College. They came to survey our tank and tennis court, preparatory to reproducing these amenities at S. Pastore with the benevolent permission of their new rector—Father Constant Nobel. While viewing the tennis-court after dinner, Herr Hoënic surprised his hosts with a startling rendering of “John Peel”, “Bonnie Charlie”, and “Coming thro’ the Rye”. We hear that hands were then clasped, and “Auld Lang Syne” sung in a moving scene.

23rd. *Tuesday*. An astonishing game of cricket in which the Old Wing, after knocking up 92, were defeated by the New by eight Wickets.

24th. *Wednesday*. Last of the *Sforza gite*. A new menu was tried with some cold dishes, and proved tasteful and toothsome.

25th. *Thursday*. Goodbye Dr Charlier! One Porzio convert at any rate.

26th. *Friday*. Twenty men and one bloodhound looking for a lost child disturbed the sleep of the house at 2 a.m. At 6.35 a.m. they were back again, and standing in a group in the garden round a theologian who was reproving them for their language. The child was found this afternoon asleep and unperturbed but minus shoes and stockings. The Theologians, meanwhile, beat the Philosophers by one run. Their last five were scored from a four bye and a wide. Hence a certain mortification in the ranks of Philosophy.

27th. *Saturday*. Water was rationed by being turned off. There is some anxiety about the supply as the *cuniculo* is reported dry.

28th. *Sunday*. The Theologians magnanimously decided to continue the match, but half-way through the afternoon, the sky darkened, a great wind blew the sight screens across the Sforza, and then came the rain of the two Madonnas, mixed with hail; giving a first innings victory to the theologians. And the *cuniculo* is no longer dry.

29th. *Monday*. The Scots visited us, and in the morning showed us some good bowling. Unfortunately, rain fell during dinner and continued intermittently for the rest of the day. Bridge, golf, the gramophone and the telescope, however, provided amusement and social nuclei until 6 p.m.

31st. *Wednesday*. Much excitement in Rocca, through which the Cycling International is to pass from the Squarciarelli. The roads are covered with encouraging remarks to favourites and disparaging criticism of adversaries. Among these is an Englishman, described by the cobbler's son, with a rather conventional choice of words as “grande” and “biondo”.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Thursday*. About half the house rose in the early morning watches to go to S. Pastore. But there was thunder and cloud about, so the visit was postponed. We ourselves passed into the clouds

to the Abruzzi. Mr Elcock, like the legendary self-conscious mother hen, looked on proudly this evening whilst the Rector opened the new ball court.

2nd. *Friday*. Unsuccessful attempts to ring up S. Pastore decided the Rector to walk over to the German villa and explain our absence of yesterday. A gita party quickly rallied round, and before long four merry men were marching on Rocca Priora, where they dined on trout from Lake Albano. The Germans gave them a good welcome, and could scarcely believe that the Rector had walked all the way from Palazzola to S. Pastore, especially when they saw the car (which had just arrived to take him back). What time there was another gita of less consequence to the top of Algidus, led by the Vice-rector and followed by Doctors Delany and Garvin.

6th. *Tuesday*. We were the guests of the Americans at S. Caterina, and our hosts took a deal of trouble to give us a very enjoyable day.

7th. *Wednesday*. When the *Ripetitore* sent round a list for a gita to Pratica by Giobbe's camion, we thought that Pratica had at last been made practical, and signed up readily. (One man sneered in a nasty low tone, and said that he was for 'a straightforward gita to Porzio'. But more of him anon.) Well, we reached Pratica all right—the lorry helping out those who *would* walk—bathed and dined well, and when we had rounded up the last of the party who was asleep in a gorse bush, thought that the day had been a success. Then things began. The back wheel came off. We 'phoned from a little place in mid-campagna at about 8-15, and heard the Rector saying dismally that there was only one party back for supper. The wheel on, the petrol gave out. So it was 10-15 when we did arrive back and ate our cold meats like truant boys. But the man who went on a straightforward gita to Porzio was not back even then. We went to bed with tales of disasters to other parties jingling in our ears with the sand of Pratica.

8th. *Thursday*, and heard this morning about the Porzio man. He had had a scruple about the right path at 7 p.m., had left the others to their fate on the "wrong" path, and after wandering through the woods in great distress and visiting Rocca Priora, landed up at Palazzola at 11 p.m. When he saw the Pratica party on their knees in church (their night prayers, of course) he thought that the College was praying for his return. Which shows that hunger and a chastening experience may make a man think strange things.

While we were all away yesterday, Father Silva Tarouca came over from Rufinella, and very kindly did some water divining on the Sforza. His rod began to heave and kick on the seventh green (the hole I did in 2 once), but he has yet to make more observations before he can tell us where we shall find water. A *pranzone* and solemn benediction in honour of our Lady's feast.

9th. *Friday*, saw the Rector with five others, all with their ruck sacks, starting on a long gita to Tuscany and Umbria.

10th. *Saturday*. How pleasant to stretch your legs under your own table once more without fear of a bill! And the comfortable thought that you have no mountain before you tomorrow!

12th. *Monday*. Monsignor Hall's birthday produced an extra stoup of wine at supper.

13th. *Tuesday*. We visited the Scots and had a very pleasant day in their cool, airy home. During supper arrived Doctors Goodear and Rudderham.

14th. *Wednesday*. Gita parties this year are skilfully playing off one town against another, so that you are sure of an invitation to drink the Padrone's health in any of the better known hostelries of the district.

15th. *Thursday*. At supper came news of Doctor MacMillan's appointment as Vice-rector of Upholland. We celebrated with *Ad multos annos* and a toast.

16th. *Friday*. Our latest guests have the "Venerabile" knack of happy anecdote to perfection. The mingling of the generations this Villa has given every one a private doxology of personally known ancients—formerly the monopoly of the reminiscent Theologian. This evening, the Vice-rector took the *Ripetitore* and Third Year Philosophy for a gita in Umbria.

17th. *Saturday*. We had a Bridge tournament, and the prize, being a *cucumerone*, was, perforce, divided among all the players.

18th. *Sunday*. News of the scattered arrival of the Vice-rector and suite at Assisi was brought by the Rector's party, which arrived today, full of obscure personal jokes and high spirits.

19th. *Monday*. A party went to S. Pastore, leaving the House almost unencumbered for the Subdeacons, who went into retreat and remained at that pious exercise through—

20th. *Tuesday*—a gita day, and Wednesday until—

22nd. *Thursday*—when the Germans arrived. They were refreshed and tanked, and soon merry circles dotted the garden, chatting and comparing statistics. Their spokesman this year was a young Dutchman who is on for the Plymouth diocese. Mr Park replied with a droll German anecdote which he had in Italian from a Ladin-speaking Tyrolese.

23rd. *Friday*. The men who only ate eight ounces at dinner were the Subdeacons, reserving their "one full meal" until they went into Rome this evening in preparation for—

24th. *Saturday*—the reception of the diaconate from Archbishop Palica in the chapel of La Salette, Via Cavour. They observed the arrival of the Third Year *gitanti*, who spent the night in Rome and came out to Palazzola on—

25th. *Sunday*, to celebrate the Rector's birthday. We dined, as

the moralists have it, "laute". At coffee and *rosolio*, the Senior Student proposed the Rector's health. He was seconded by Doctor Goodear in a neatly rounded speech, and then, of course, Doctor Rudderham was roared to his feet. We shall be sorry to say goodbye tomorrow. What is it the song says?—

"I widen their vision, with tales of the mission. . .".

26th. *Monday*. The new Deacons made up for their missed gita by visiting Nemi, where they found the De Sanctis keeping up their hospitable traditions.

27th. *Tuesday*. Monsignor Heard and Mother Clare—the Fairy Godmother of all good Salopians—arrived at Palazzola today. Mother Clare brought a monstrance veil, finely ornamented with images of the English Martyrs and the Founder and Patrons of the Venerabile. The wand was also requisitioned for gifts to the Rector, the Vice-rector, and, of course, the boys. Monsignor Heard played the part of Fairy Godfather with a gift of cigarettes.

28th. *Wednesday*. As we took a lonely tank this evening in the darkness, a confused noise of mouth-organ and raucous singing, and then the flashing of a storm lantern on the dark waters of the tank announced the return of a gita party by meadow and Sforza. Strange how the mouth-organ in inexpert hands can wander round and in and out of a tune without ever hitting it.

29th. *Thursday*. We entertained the Americans during coffee and *rosolio* with some songs and the "Crimson Cocomat". The audience scored a hit by calling loudly for the removal of the Detective's nose, long after the abandonment of that disguise. The golf course and ball alley proved attractive after tea.

30th. *Friday*. Football started. The more cunning thereupon played their Tombstone round, calculating that a slice on the second or third would be thrown back on to the fairway. This competition will be won again in the way you know: "Bene vixit qui bene latuit".

OCTOBER 1st. *Saturday*.

"For thogh we slepe or wake or rome or ryde
Ay fleeth the tyme it nyl no man abyde,"

Thus far Chaucer. How short a time it seems since we were patiently repeating choruses in preparation for the Opera, broiling ourselves at the tank or furtively filching the ripe plums from the garden. And now the tank lies stagnant and the long afternoons of sun have closed into cloud-swept evenings. Golfers swathe themselves in fair isle sweaters, plus fours and (in extreme cases) semi-oxfords tucked into socks. Towards the Ave you sit and smoke in the golf house where the glow of the fire isolates you from the outside world. And as the flames flicker on the leaves you may let the sounds of evening sink into your soul,—the

Ave bell and its cloud of echoing notes, the slow boom from across the lake from Gandolfo and the jangling cow-bells of Carnevale's cattle. Today was installed the handsome altar of satin walnut at which two of our handy men have been working since the beginning of the Villa. It is behind the high altar against the left wall.

2nd. *Sunday.* The Opera melodies are never long belowstairs before the servants give them a distinctive national twist. Thus the entry of Koko "Defer! Defer!" has been transmuted into a haunting minor air, reminiscent of the Acqua Acetosa or Carbone men who wake the echoes during meditation on winter mornings in the Monserrà.

3rd. *Monday.* About this time we had a really spectacular storm. There were three in one. The first swept down on Cavo soon after sunset and thundered over us like a man falling downstairs with a cannon ball. The clouds were shifting and wavering in the tree tops around the lake until the storm went off south towards Ariccia. The other two began towards Civitavecchia. We saw the lightning flashes against the red rags of the sunset and then the storms followed one after another down the coast. Ours was at its worst when the other two were marching down the coast so that the flashes and the cannonade above us were answered by the artillery of the storm from Ostia.

4th. *Tuesday.* Amid the tumultuous bells and fireworks of a Capuccini High Mass the new choir master wielded the baton for the first time.

5th. *Wednesday.* The Rector left with First Year for Subiaco—and the *Ripetitore* went too. Many gita parties were caught in a downpour at dinner today. Some made for caves and holes in the rocks. Others came straight back and it was pleasant to sit by the log fire in the billiard room and watch through the French windows the arrival of soaking parties from all round the district. Each man of course sheltering his victuals and broken meats with the corner of his coat. The chimneys did not smoke and the logs glowed on the stone hearth for the rest of the evening. Consequently there were cold shins at night prayers.

6th. *Thursday.* The golf foursomes are nearing their finals and those who forecast these things are much exercised to pick the likely pair. The cry "All square on the eighth!" never fails to draw a crowd round the trembling tyro and his *blasé* yoke fellow. You know how men are paired in these things.

7th. *Friday.* The Spiritual Father came home, having missed 1st Year at Subiaco; and at 11.30 p.m. arrived 1st Year having missed the train at Piglio through ramblings and stumblings in the hills of the Anio valley. Monsignor Cicognani paid us a flying visit this evening and left us two bottles of Chartreuse to keep his memory warm. We have

missed his usual visits this Villa. The Oriental is a hard master and every week-end has been perforce spent in Genoa.

8th. *Saturday*. The Editor has distinguished himself by getting mixed up with a tidal wave which has marooned him among his relatives at Ste. Maxime.

9th. *Sunday*. Gita stories are leaking out; they are at present in the anonymous stage and men are wondering who the 1st Year man was who wanted to see the "Santo Specchio" at Subiaco. Or was it the "Sacro Spaccio"?

10th. *Monday*. We began a handball tournament. The plaster, through which a colony of ants perforated on the first day, is breaking up rather badly in patches. This should reduce the pride of the architect of whom his sardonic relative, Luigi, remarked "Gli pare che sia un Michelangelo".

11th. *Tuesday*. Another choir practice for another High Mass. We keep a very high church tone for our festivals these days.

12th. *Wednesday*. Gita parties to Algidus, Porzio, Gandolfo and elsewhere. Some, nearer home, sang the sun down round a fire in a cave on the lakeside. As they reached the Villa wall on the return journey they saw the lights in the woods below and heard the voices of a party returning from the Hermitage where the moonlight had not yet reached. Joined on the path by another cohort they returned singing, to be greeted by the inevitable bucket of water from above.

13th. *Thursday*. St Edward's opened with High Mass. At 11.30 appeared their Lordships of Hexham, Salford and Nottingham with Doctor Barre and Father Gryce. At midday came the Cardinal Protector with Monsignor Fontenelle and suite. Finally Monsignor Cicognani, Dr O'Leary and, during dinner, Monsignor Clapperton. With such a company there was no lack of varied and entertaining conversation at coffee and *rosolio*. After tea of course we collected in the golf-house with a guitar, and ran through a twelve years' series of songs from the "Vers' Episcopale" to "The Sleeping Student". Meanwhile the hierarchy were visiting the new wing and spontaneously offering to furnish rooms. They arrived on the Sforza as the night was closing in and the songs growing more touching and polyphonic. So they heard the pathos of "Don't take my celebret Mr Talbot" and even cheerfully stood the discomfort of wood smoke through Tosti's "Goodbye" to "O Roma nostris cordibus" and... Yes! even the other two. After that we came down. The bishops went round by way of the Sforza to the front door and we cheered them off. The day ended in a blaze of candles with the bell ringing across the lake into the sunset and the harmonium drooling out "Finlandia". A day *con slancio! Chi Lo Sa?* was published after supper. Your foibles are no longer illustrated by an anonymous lay-figure. You are there in cartoon, form and feature, face and limb,

and acclaimed with shouts of joy by the swarming throng of readers. After *Chi Lo Sa?* came an entertaining if obscure film "*Le Sette Chiavi*" remarkable for the numebr of bowler-hatted crooks.

14th. *Friday*. It poured rain all day. An excursion under an umbrella to the Sforza steps placed us among a coated and booted throng exchanging graveyard tales and stories heard from undertakers.

15th. *Saturday*. The casual groups formed by wet days have led to an outbreak of song writing; and personal ditties on the easier tunes are going the rounds. Men sit round the guitar and lines are added from all sides, thus building up the verse.

16th. *Sunday*. The final Villa Practice for the Orchestra was complicated by a fire on the hearth with consequent tightening of strings. The sudden snap of a string cut short the "voice or hideous hum" of a second fiddle and nearly blinded that industrious mechanic.

17th. *Monday*. Return of the Editor in "Clergymans" and *greca*. After the flood he was delayed by corporal works of mercy.

18th. *Tuesday*. What a fool you feel at 4 a.m. when a man pulls you out of bed and you remember that you have arranged to climb Faette to see the sun rise. Putting an excursion like this to music you could not do better than start with a thin far away air against a *pianissimo* and *tremolo* background from the strings. This to express the emptiness and isolation you feel as you walk across the Sforza in an unusual light ("cette obscure clarté qui tombe des étoiles") and shiver at the wind in the leaves. At the *guardianone* the sky is lightening between the trees. (Humorous work from horn and piccolo here to show the *Ripetitore* picking his own way: and of course losing himself—little thumps on the drum.) And by the time you have reached the motor road the ridge is sharp against the dawn. You top the ridge and what little breath you have left is taken away by the sight. The hills glowing gold and red, the Latin Vale in deep shadow and the sky simply triumphant. (Fanfare and a fugue please! Say Bach's D minor with the toccata. Nothing but a fugue could express the vibrant energy and activity of that sky and the brightening Campagna from Soracte to Circeo and back round the Sabines by Gennaro. Perhaps the secret is that the sky and the sun are the only things in nature that work so spectacularly in silence). The sun-rise really spoils everything. The hills blur and the common light of day destroys the magic of the dawn. (Play Blake's Grand March or something.) Meanwhile while the party stands squawking with admiration, the more subtly soulful can go round and finish off the tea in the flasks.

19th. *Wednesday*. The last gita. Myn Hosts in Porzio, Gandolfo and Nemi were unconscious participants in a hospitality contest. Gandolfo won with free *spumante*. That "exemplary Venerabilino", Father Curmi, paid his annual visit in the afternoon.

20th. *Thursday*. The Vicariate examination brought a party into Rome today. At Palazzola they burnt the pergola instead of the golf-house. And so, before you quite realize what has happened, it is

21st. *Friday*. You are in the train coming out of the Gandolfo tunnel and pausing for a moment to see the lake shining and Palazzola white against Cavo. Then the guard winds his horn, the engine whistle screams and you are in the Villini tunnel with your five Villas gone like smoke. Our guests in the Monserrà are Archbishop Downey, Bishop Henshaw, Doctor Barre and Father Adamson.

22nd. *Saturday*. Our separated brethren are not to arrive from England till Monday and the life of the half-empty House is sluggish. Some of the more cleanly are white-washing their room, encumbering the corridors meanwhile with their most intimate effects. The Salford contingent escaped from all this to Subiaco.

23rd. *Sunday*. Doctor Halsall brought to a sympathetic audience news of the late Senior Student's mishap.

24th. *Monday*. An important looking document on the table at dinner turned out to be the *biglietto* changing Father to Monsignor Adamson. We broached a cask at once and drank his health. After tea we observed the first new man on the balcony solemnly manipulating a Yo-Yo.

25th. *Tuesday*. Archbishop Mostyn and Bishops Shine and Cowgill are now with us. Also ran (among so many distinguished arrivals) eleven new men. They are: E. Wilcock (Leeds), S. Lescher, G. Swinburne (Hexham and Newcastle), L. Wells (Lancaster), L. Ashworth (Salford), A. Newton (Birmingham), M. Stanley (Shrewsbury), R. Henshaw (Lancaster), F. McKeever (Birmingham), F. Duggan (Salford), and P. Pedrick (Plymouth).

26th. *Wednesday*. The deacons awoke to find themselves in retreat. Putting their clocks forward half-an-hour or so isolated them to a certain extent from the House which on—

27th. *Thursday*—evening joined them, bringing the retreat father, Father Bullen, C.S.S.R.

28th. *Friday*. We heard the trumpets and wild *alalà* celebrating the anniversary of the revolution. Ten years ago, no doubt, the cloistral silence of your retreat was broken by the infant—Apollo-like—bursting its swaddling bands.

30th. *Sunday*. A welcome variation in the time table was the Holy Hour replacing that thunderous function Matins and Lauds. This morning we noticed that Doctor H.R. Kelly had arrived.

31st. *Monday*. Sacristans are busy men these days. The ordination is to be in the College church and cardinalatial M.C.s. pop in to fix them with their glittering eye. Carpets have been spread and benches arranged to extend the stalls as far as the holy-water font.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Tuesday*. There were a hundred and ten Ordinandi. From the College, Messrs Park, Restieaux, Rea, Redmond, Lynch, Kelly, Tomei, Lennon and Dwyer, received the Priesthood; 2nd Theology received the First Minor Orders, and Mr Purdy the tonsure. Afterwards a photograph, which, with a cardinal, two archbishops, three bishops and a prelate, made an impressive Ordination group. In the evening, Benediction and the Kissing of Hands.

2nd. *Wednesday*. All Souls and First Masses. The Priests were too numerous for the High Altar, so some said Mass out; others in the Antiquo Sacello S. Thomae (the latest name for that old stumbling block—The Chapel Opposite The Refectory). The guests and Priests at dinner occupied the whole middle table, and the refectory was transformed with the Students in the seats of the mighty. The Ordinati were toasted at dinner, and after coffee and *rosolio* we gave their Lordships a hearty *Ad multos annos* to which they made flattering, reminiscent and witty replies.

3rd. *Thursday*. Bishop Cowgill paid a visit to Porzio (and Tusculum!) today—his first for fifty years. The party visited the *Parroco* and learned of the death of Don Carlo last April, at the age of eighty-one. The Liverpool Students went to Nemi with their Archbishop, and the rest heard the Revv. Lazzarini and Tromp discoursing at the Premiation.

4th. *Friday*, *Brevis Lectio*. The Gregorian was a seething mass of homeless clerics, since the advent of the North Americans at the last moment has upset calculations.

5th. *Saturday*. First lecture. Father Restrepo has been succeeded in the Canon Law Faculty by one Lo Grasso. There is also a phalanx of Spanish refugees housed in the *Pilotta* this year, which, no doubt, will swell the band of "seld-shown flamens" which we only know by the names in the *portineria*.

6th. *Sunday*. We house so many guests at present that the Vice-rector, Doctor Barre, and Doctor Kelly, have migrated to the Infirmary. There is much concern in the ranks of Philosophers at their new programme of studies. First Year, for instance, have three lectures every morning, and spend their time on such arcane subjects as the differential calculus.

7th. *Monday*. The Public Meeting. In the interests of economy, we decided once more to jettison "Punch". How these meetings begin under the control of the practical intellect and then cede to the speculative! You begin with economics and end with constitutional theory.

8th. *Tuesday*. The Palatine and Forum look like becoming a popular after-schools rendezvous. The town plan has moved a great swath of buildings from the Monument to the Colosseum, to form the *Via dell'Impero*; and the Forum looks very attractive; while a short walk round the foot of the Palatine brings you to many secluded spots, one of them

dignified by an old brick marked "Pro Presbyteris". The Via dell'Impero is an august highway, cutting straight through the imperial fora. It was a shock, then, to see a motor-van proceeding slowly past Julius Caesar's statue this evening, bearing aloft a loud-speaker which was announcing in rollicking tones: "It's trousers make the man".

9th. *Wednesday*. The common-room before early schools was enlivened by that old favourite "The Robin's Revenge"—the gifted interpreter of which has returned from England. Incidentally, the new blood includes a vigorous school of pianists of the "Non recuso laborem" type.

10th. *Thursday*. An exodus of priests and servers to make hay while the rare sun shines. The Archbishop of Cardiff and their Lordships of Leeds and Middlesborough left today.

11th. *Friday*. We did the *assistenza* for the Armistice Mass at S. Silvestro. Returning from schools, we were detained at the *Corso* by varied bodies of troops returning from the King's Birthday review. Among the mounted *carabinieri* who galloped by with drawn swords, was Antonio, whom you remember as a 'tutti quantied' *bijou cameriere* years ago. Mr Ogilvie Forbes came to a farewell dinner, and we sped him on to Bagdad with *Ad multos annos*. Then we had the postponed Premiation toast. The Rector's speech gave some hair-raising statements about lectures continuing till July, and abolished Easter holidays. We expected to hear a "Si quis dixerit" before each proposition, but it appears that they are from the Congregation of Studies. "O mihi praeteritos. . ."

12th. *Saturday*. *Scholae vacant* for a Requiem for Father Ojetti.

13th. *Sunday*. To dinner, the Bishop of Brentwood, with Canon Cameron and Father Parker of Felixstowe.

14th. *Monday*. A consoling feature of common-room life at this time of the year is that you can work off the vintage jokes on new men with success.

15th. *Tuesday*. The Kalendarium, vol. II, arrived from the University.

16th. *Wednesday*. And while a new man was gloomily contemplating his curriculum, he received a letter from Mother Clare, welcoming him to "Dr Godfrey's little nest".

17th. *Thursday*. The Rector and the Vice introduced half-a-dozen new-comers to Palazzola.

18th. *Friday*. To dinner, the Archbishop of Birmingham, Doctor Griffin and Monsignor Heard.

19th. *Saturday*. The officials of the Literary Society were rushing to and fro today, on the track of Mr Christopher Dawson, whom the President addressed as "Yes! Yes! Mr Hollis!", and the Secretary as "Mr Adamson".

20th. *Sunday*. A stir was caused at breakfast this morning by the astonishing appearance of Giuseppe. He had discarded his grey overall and reachmedowns for his most festive attire. The explanation is that the servants now have their own Mass, served by one of them and followed later on in the morning by catechism classes. To dinner, Archbishop Williams, Monsignor Canon Jackman, Canon Cameron and Mr Bowring.

21st. *Monday*. There was the usual trek after schools to Santa Cecilia for First Vespers. The fine tomb of Cardinal Easton is splitting rather badly at one corner.

22nd. *Tuesday*. Clementis subeunda etiam delubra benigni
Qua Nero deductas stare coegit aquas.

(We could go on like this for forty days if Lent were here).

24th. *Thursday*. An hour's rain after dinner was enough for the Pamphilj authorities to stop Rugby. Bishop Moriarty arrived at midnight and on,

25th. *Friday*. St Catherine's, was toasted among the new men. In reply he expressed his horror at schools on St Catherine's day and spoke nostalgically of the spacious days of old. Six new men gave us a spate of oratory and in the evening helped to produce a very varied concert. Here is the programme:—

1. *First Year Song*
2. Micky's Merry Minstrels will render: -
 - 1) *Bourée (Handel)*
 - 2) *Pot Pourri.*
3. An Original Oration Messrs Wells & Swinburne.
4. Interlude

“ THE MERCHANT OF VENICE ”

Characters:

- | | | |
|-------------------------|--|------------------------------------|
| <i>Parson</i> | | Mr Ashworth |
| <i>Antonio</i> | | Mr Henshaw |
| <i>Shylock</i> | | Mr Stanley |
| <i>Portia</i> | | Mr Lescher |
| 5. Song | <i>Lowestoft Boal</i> | Messrs Doyle, Roberts & J. Malone. |
| 6. Recitation | <i>Old Sam, or The Man Who really Won the Battle of Waterloo</i> | Mr Lescher |

7. Sketch

Characters:

<i>Tom Lawrence</i>	Mr Stone
<i>Vanheems Fitzpoodle</i>	Mr Elcock
<i>Professor Byng</i>	Mr F. Duggan
<i>Mrs Agatha Byng</i>	Mr Roberts
<i>Grace Byng</i>	Mr McDonald
<i>Keeper 1</i>	Mr Smith
<i>Keeper 2</i>	Mr Murray

Scene: Sitting Room, Paradise Boarding House, Felixstowe.

26th. *Saturday.* St John Berchman's—a party went to the catacombs for Mass. The little bakery in the Ghetto opposite to S. Nicola in Carcere has been pulled down to make way for the Via del Mare. You miss the cheery light from its furnace on these winter morning journeys to the catacombs.

27th. *Sunday.* To dinner Canon Jackman, Count Riccardi-Cubitt and Mr Bowring. In the evening a thrilling film "*Lo Spettro Verde*".

28th. *Monday.* The latest "contrapuntal rough house" as they have been called, is to prop the "Clergy Review" on the piano and put it to music.

29th. *Tuesday.* Psychology lectures are enlivened by moving pictures. They show the professor in his native Chile, robed in white and mesmerising frogs, hens and rabbits before an admiring audience.

30th. *Wednesday.* The Rector has issued an appeal for relics of the College martyrs. Doctor Barre wrote offering himself.

DECEMBER 1st. *Thursday.* A *camerata* today visited the Quirinal. Is this the first time in living memory? From the Blue Nuns' came news of Cardinal Bourne's illness and we had prayers after supper for his recovery.

2nd. *Friday.* Gone are the days when representatives of the nations of Europe dogged each other's footsteps round the Cortile in the hope of picking up a foreign phrase or idiom. Courses in English, French, Spanish, German etc. are now provided for those who feel the need. Our German students were loudly cheered as they left the common-room at 1.40. To dinner the Vice-rector of the Scots College and Doctor Sheridan the *Ripetitore*.

3rd. *Saturday.* *Non docetur.* So it rained all day.

4th. *Sunday.* Monsignor Heard and Messrs Kirkpatrick, Bowring and Count Riccardi-Cubitt dined with us. After supper Bishop Moriarty gave us a delightful hour on English surnames. He found most of us of honest plebeian descent. Some were P Celts and one crowned with a Gaelic diadem.

5th. *Monday*. The Abbot of Downside has generously presented us with a relic of the Blessed John Almond. This morning, then, we had a votive Mass of St Thomas of Canterbury and at Spiritual Reading time we venerated the relic. The Rector then gave a *fervorino* extending the *prosit* of the College to this glorious son.

6th. *Tuesday*. Doctor Park has refurnished his room with almost Marinettian modernity. His charming *fin de siècle* suite has been distributed among the boys.

7th. *Wednesday*. Being the feast of St Ambrose we were pleasantly surprised by a *pranzoncino* followed by coffee and *rosolio* to give *buona festa* to his Lordship of Miletopolis. He gave us an inspiring speech in reply on preaching the supernatural, and on

8th. *Thursday*, sang High Mass for the Immaculate Conception. A new man today was heard supposing that Frascati was one of the Casartelli wines.

9th. *Friday*. The reader nearly gave us "The Life and Work of James Brodrick S.J." today by a metathesis of author and title. The details of the siege of Paris add relish to our victuals. The menu has recently been diversified by a choice of three kinds of bread at each meal; also you may now sugar your own tea, and on Wednesdays *sugo* your own *spaghetti*.

10th. *Saturday*. To dinner, Archbishops Caruana and MacDonald, both O.S.B. and of course Father Welsby.

11th. *Sunday*. Bishop Moriarty said goodbye this morning. He has been very faithful to the common-room and the centre of a delighted circle each night. Doctor Halsall and Father Grant dined with us.

12th. *Monday*. The Vice-rector has gone to Father Welsby for a retreat and the Spiritual Father has left for England.

13th. *Tuesday*. One of the priests revived an old custom by saying Mass at St Lucy's in the Monserrà on this her feast day. It took a *camerata* ten minutes to get to the high altar from the door after schools tonight.

14th. *Wednesday*. Misbehaviour in Dalmatia means that the Farnese must bristle with steel. A bored officer raises a languid arm and you must go to school by way of the Cappellar'.

15th. *Thursday*. At last, football was played in Pamphilj, where the staff is at present in liquidation. The porter has returned to Sicily—this cold Northern climate was too much for him—and Tom Mix has given place to a flat-capped minion who sits his horse like a guardsman.

16th. *Friday*. In the refectory our Bellarmine has been displaced (temporarily we hope) by a useful brochure proving that Communism is Anti-God.

17th. *Saturday*. On our return from schools this morning, we found

a large notice-board installed in the bottom corridor next to the sacristy door. It is furnished with toothed brass clips and sliding frames to hold *Inviti Sacri* and the like. This addition to the chaste decoration scheme of the corridor seems to have caused Cardinal Atratus to turn in his grave for on

18th. *Sunday*: his arms crashed to the ground opposite the intruder.

19th. *Monday*. The group of rooms round the music room are a hive of industry these days. To the existing sketch committee and common-room committee we last year added a concert committee, and this year a stage manager. Then there are the props men and later the commissariat. Add to these the various co-opted (blessed word!) members and you find that everyone in the House may have a finger in some pie whilst remaining a plum in another.

20th. *Tuesday*. The familiar hangings are now in place for Quarant'ore and the Vaughan tapestries are on the walls of the Old Sodality (or Walmesly) Chapel (or Oratory) of St Thomas Opposite The Refectory.

21st. *Wednesday*. Quarant'ore. Alas!! One familiar face was lacking. The old detective who, rumour had it, never slept at all, has gone to a home for the aged and his place has been filled by a dark-haired youth, the cook from S. Maria in Monserrato, who sleeps at rare intervals in the *portineria*.

22nd. *Thursday*. Father Peter Paul Mackey visited the church this evening. He is very feeble, and speaks with great difficulty, though perhaps more easily than he did some time ago. The carpenters brought the stage up plank by plank leaving a trail of plaster and crumbling corners to mark their tottering passage up the stairs. They foraged as usual in the ash trays and conducted their usual senile squabble over the erection of the stage.

23rd. *Friday*. We closed the Quarant'ore with the usual varied congregation. After tea we dragged upstairs the masses of holly, and the corridor and common-room were soon humming with the cries and labours of the holly-cutters, the picture-cleaners, the ladder-carriers, the chair-makers and the gallant band of anchors and of those who lend moral support.

24th. *Saturday*. Christmas Eve. The last touches are put to the common-room, a harassed editor of *Chi Lo Sa?* is seen to pop in occasionally and appeal in undertones to some known wit for a last minute contribution; electricians perch perilously on top of high ladders; all contributes to a pleasurable feeling of saturnalia. This sensation is capped by the unique pleasure of that informal meal which is neither tea nor supper. The common-room decorations this year are much lighter than usual. The electricians have designed some strikingly modern lighting effects and all are white so that you miss, at first with

a shock, the usual subdued glow of Christmas. The final verdict was entirely favourable. The stage is adorned with the arms of the Pope, Cardinal Allen, Gregory XIII, the College and the Hospice against a background of red and black curtains. The "Benedicite" (*Omnia opera Domini Domino*) of Lauds was sung with the usual gusto, and afterwards round the fire, men opened in song the hearts whose cockles were well warmed with hot wine.

25th. *Sunday*. Christmas Day. After High Mass we had just time to see the small preachers of Ara Coeli start and then back to dinner at which our guests were Monsignor Heard and Cicognani, Canon Croft-Fraser and Father Grant. The pantomime in the evening was a great success: the lively music of the Vice and the neat verses of the unknown poetaster being as much appreciated as the broader humour of Albert the Yak. After supper there were some presents and then frivolities such as balloon races for notabilities.

1. Carol *Gay Little Shepherdesses (R.L.S.)*
2. Song *Two Students Once* Mr Park
3. Violin *Allegro - by Fiocco* Mr Wilcock
4. Song *My Museum* Mr Elcock
5. Quartet *Schneider's Band* Messrs Cunningham,
Weldon, Grace &
Hodskinson
6. The Sketch Committee presents:

A Pantomime

"CINDERELLA"

Characters:

<i>Cinderella.</i>	Mr F. Duggan
<i>His Ugly Brothers</i>	
<i>Tweedle Tom</i>	Mr Lescher
<i>Tweedle Gaff</i>	Mr Lennon
<i>The Wicked Uncle, Sultan of the Monserrato</i>	Mr Purdy
<i>The Fairy Godmother</i>	Mr Lynch
<i>The Archdeacon</i>	Mr Gallagher
<i>The Colonel</i>	Mr Leahy
<i>Miss Steel</i>	Mr Flynn
<i>Miss Spindleshanks</i>	Mr Nesbitt
<i>Ermyntrude</i>	Mr Pritchard
<i>Albert, the Yak</i>	Mr Tickle
<i>Back legs</i>	Mr Jones
<i>The Sergeant</i>	Mr J. Malone
<i>Chorus of Students, Ladies and Colonels</i>	

Act 1. A Student's Cell in the Palace of the Sultan, Via Monserrato 45, Monday, Easter Week, 1933.

(The Lights will be lowered during the first act to indicate the passing of a week.)

Act 2. The Palace of the Chiusarellis, Siena. Saturday of Easter Week.

Act 3. A Hall in the Palace of the Sultan (Via Monserrato) Low Sunday.

26th. *Monday.* Brings a sinking feeling as you sit in the common-room after breakfast amidst the remains of last night's revelry. However it was a bracing day and revived many who had not completely recovered from Midnight Mass. A party had a very enjoyable evening at the Scots College. At home we had a war film "*Allegro Fante*", the "Happy Warrior" being Old Bill complete with moustache. It was magnificent buffoonery.

27th. *St. John's.* Some went to the American College this afternoon and saw a fine performance of "Old English". Our concert had unusually short preliminaries to the sketch, which meant that the audience took longer to mellow. However the concert finished on time—in fact with one minute to spare. Our guests were the Christian Brothers, some from the Beda and others.

1. Orchestra *Puck Asleep (by R.L. Smith)*

2. The Sketch Committee presents:

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY (adapted).

Characters:

<i>Mr Marsland M.F.H.</i>	Mr T. Marsh
<i>Henry Marsland (his Nephew)</i>	Mr Roberts
<i>Mr Cattermole</i>	Mr Johnston
<i>Douglas Cattermole (his Nephew)</i>	Mr Stone
<i>Rev. Robert Spalding</i>	Mr Jackson
<i>Mr Sidney Jenkins (Tailor of Bond St.)</i>	Mr Smith
<i>John (a servant)</i>	Mr Simmons
<i>Gardener</i>	Mr Smith
<i>A Writ-Server</i>	Mr Mullin
<i>Edith Marsland (daughter to Mr Marsland)</i>	Mr Wroe
<i>Eva Webster (her friend and companion)</i>	Mr Newton
<i>Mrs Stead (Douglas's Landlady)</i>	Mr Wilkins
<i>Miss Ashford</i>	Mr Henshaw

Act 1. Douglas Cattermole's Apartments.

Act 2. Mr Marsland's Country Seat - Morning Room.

Act 3. Mr Marsland's Country Seat - Drawing Room.

28th. *Wednesday*. Was a card night—the whist drive being abolished and choice of a game left to yourself. The pontoon school installed themselves on the stage and were in marked contrast to the Bridge, Whist and Piquet players who took their pleasures sadly on the floor. Doctor Jones, who arrived after supper, had a rousing reception.

29th. *Thursday. St Thomas*. The fine days of wind and sun which have blown the previous night's smoke from us each day this week, finished this morning in clouds and a grey downpour. The Rector sang High Mass and to dinner came Monsignor Moss and Heard, Father Willaert S.J. (Rector of the Gregorian) and Colonel Stevens. The concert, at which our guests were a party from the Irish College, was a triumph of high spirits and a well planned programme. Here it is:

1. Part Song . . . *A Winter Song*
2. Song *Langley Fair* Mr Cunningham
3. Song *Because I'm only small* . . . Mr F. Duggan
4. Piano Duet . . *Spanish Dance* The Vice-rector
& Mr Ellison
5. The Sketch Committee presents:

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Characters:

<i>Bob Bennett</i>	Mr Ashworth
<i>E.M. Ralston</i>	Mr Rea
<i>The Rev. Dr Doran</i>	Mr Park
<i>Clarence Van Dusen</i>	Mr Foley
<i>Dick Donnelly</i>	Mr Stanley
<i>Gwen</i>	Mr Abbing
<i>Mrs Ralston</i>	Mr McNeill
<i>Ethel (J.P. Clark's Daughter)</i>	Mr Pritchard
<i>Mr Isaac McDougall</i>	Mr Foster

30th. *Friday*. A quiet day for most of us. Only the occasional cry of a committee man calling to his mate disturbed the silence. In the evening we had yet another show of "The Gold Rush" and enjoyed it as much as ever.

31st. *Saturday*. The Fair. The refreshment stall has grown to very satisfying proportions and occupies half one side of the common-room. You can begin now with hot lemon, *aranciata* or *zabaione*: proceed to section 2 for bombe, mince or apple-pie and paste; and finish at section 3 with pancakes hot from a primus. The Vice bought out this stall and you could get free pancakes there all the evening with the result that traffic

became rather congested. Even the Aunt Sally stall was deserted; but this was only to be expected since the veteran butts whose faces were simply made to be bombarded were with a *rappresentanza* at a concert at the Irish College. They enjoyed the concert enormously but left us some beardless boys for cockshy, to shy at whom would have involved litigation with the R.S.P.C.C. Before supper, Te Deum and Benediction.

1933

JANUARY 1st. Sunday and so most inconsiderately robbing us of a day's holiday. Among the guests at dinner were Fathers Reid, O'Neill and McSweeney. The concert was notable (or notorious) for the reappearance of the Yak under entirely new management—*grande ilarità!* But the Croydon tenor in a dress suit and drooping moustache on "*One Touch of Nature*" was burlesque touching on genius. The sketch was a lively rendering of an uproarious play.

1. Orchestra . . . *Tales from Vienna Woods (Strauss)*
2. Song . . . *One Touch of Nature* . . . Mr Park
3. Song "*The Yak*" Messrs Dwyer
and Jones
4. Song . . . *Two Dirty Little Hands* . . . The Rector
5. Recitation Dr L. W. Jones
6. Carol . . . *Gay Little Shepherdesses (R.L.S.)*
7. The Committee presents:

PLUNDER

Characters:

<i>Mrs Hewlett</i>	Mr Elcock
<i>Oswald Veal (her son)</i>	Mr Grace
<i>Freddy Malone (a crook)</i>	Mr McReavy
<i>Prudence Malone (his sister)</i>	Mr Ford
<i>Joan Hewlett</i>	Mr Grady
<i>D'Arcy Tuck</i>	Mr Tomei
<i>Simon Veal (Mrs Hewlett's brother)</i>	Mr McKeever
<i>Mabel (a maid)</i>	Mr Pedrick
<i>Sir George Chudleigh</i>	Mr Ekbery
<i>Buckley (a butler)</i>	Mr Swinburne
<i>Mrs Orlock</i>	Mr Wells
<i>Chief Constable Grierson</i>	Mr G. Malone
<i>Detective Inspector Sibley</i>	Mr Cunningham
<i>P.C. Davis</i>	Mr Pearse
<i>Detective Sergeant Bryant</i>	Mr Fleming

3rd. *Tuesday*. What a mockery seem the holly and the tinsel as you pass from their shade to early schools. However we hear the Opera tuning in.

5th. *Thursday*. To show you how the city has changed, here is an example. Crossing the Piazza Venezia after saying Mass this morning we halted in the middle and watched the sun rise over the Colosseum. Twenty of us had a happy entertainment at the Beda.

6th. *Friday*. The Epiphany. Doctor Park sang High Mass. Our guests at dinner were Mr Kirkpatrick the Chargé d'affaires, Mr Sullivan the Consul, Monsignor Heard and Doctor Halsall. To the Opera in the evening came parties from the Beda, the Scots and American Colleges among a cloud of others.

"Nemo iudex suae causae"—or "Nemo auditur suam turpitudinem allegans"—so we leave the criticism of the Opera to other hands.

"For once the Roman performance outdid the Villa one. Not that the individual acting had improved considerably meanwhile, though it was much more restrained: in parts, in fact, it was restrained almost to the point of atrophy. The choruses were much improved both in singing and grouping. But whereas the tiny Roman stage as a rule seems to cramp the thing into almost squalid confinement, it was the spacious cortile this year that made even the full ensembles look lost and the individuals bewildered. Possibly the staging had improved in the interim. Anyhow the poor little stage did fit like a glove this time and the scenery was a triumph of discretion and audacity. The Roman stage will hold at the most a back-scene and a mere suggestion of furniture: any attempt at realism becomes abysmally ridiculous. So a chocolate mountain, capped with pink and white icing, seen through an arch of dragons in the first act, and wholly revealed in the second, was ideal.

"The duet-overture was well done. This generation is not authentic Savoyard or it would know how to whet its appetite by listening to the overture as a gourmet gloats over the menu. The opening chorus if necessarily thin was pleasingly coherent. Some day the producer will arise who will insist on the whole caste singing the opening chorus whether on the stage or off. But as it was, it was well above the average, though when it pitched its last triumphal "Oh" an octave low, one felt a nasty jar: oh, far, far, better to have tried and failed.... Nanki Poo had lost his guitar since the Villa, but with it he had shed a good deal of stiffness of both wind and muscle; and *A Wandering Minstrel I* carried the audience off its feet. The chorus backed up with some magnificent work: nothing was shirked here. Pish-Tush's *Our Great Mikado* was a pleasure to listen to. So the audience was keyed up to full concert pitch for the entrance of Pooh-Bah, who in spite of all the cares of production, improved the occasion always. We were sorry the stage was not big enough to admit the sunshade that cast such a halo of glory

round him at the Villa: and Rome also seemed to have slimmed him a little. But he had lost none of what one can call the D'Oyly Carte spirit—that keen appreciation of the value of both words and music, that thorough enjoyment and love of it all, and the fascinating friendliness that invites the audience to enjoy everything along with the actors....

“So by the end of the *Young Man Despair* nothing could have been wanting for the entrance of the Lord High Executioner, which is the first great climax of the Opera. And somehow the most did not seem to be made of the magnificent stroke of bathos—probably owing to the fewness of the chorus and the lack of space. Anyway I missed the contrast between the massive solemnity of that entering chorus and its humpty-dumpty crash into Ko-Ko's monkeyish caperings and the tomfoolery of *Taken from a County Jail*. However there was nothing wrong with Ko-Ko: he had the right sort of voice and the painters had masked those usually angelic features with a lear that was never amiss. He ripped through the Little List song with very correct *ton* and manner, filled up the lacunae of the last verse with distinction and carried through the dialogue with Pooh-Bah with a swinging vivacity that swept us up to the second climax—the entrance of the Little Ladies: for hitherto it had been a severely bachelor performance. *Comes a Train* set a lofty standard that was well maintained. For once we heard a ladies' chorus without that indescribable undercurrent of growling that results from tenors and basses singing alto and soprano parts. It was only that they were singing softly: but how rare it has been in the past! The Three Little Maids from School received full marks and deserved them. The dance where their fans twinkled like butterflies was especially delightful. Thenceforth to the finale all went merrily as a marriage-bell—*So Please You Sir* and the duet between Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo and that admirably executed trio *I Am So Proud*. Then the finale with everyone chipping in up to the devastating entrance of Katisha, whose Villa-dress, to our immense relief, had been consigned to the oblivion it deserved and a much more effective affair of crimson produced. Katisha sang a very difficult part correctly and gracefully, if a trifle inflexibly and the chorus excelled itself in a magnificent wind-up.

“The reputation of the performance was already ensured. The second act did more than keep it. The girls opened brightly with *Braid the Raven Hair*, and Yum-Yum touched her zenith with *The Sun Whose Rays*. The last climax came with the entrance of the Mikado himself, without his wonderful Villa palanquin, but no less bloodcurdling and terrible. He made the most of his songs and hideous chuckles. Nothing further was wanting and the Opera rushed, rather, to its conclusion without a pause for encores. An audience that does not receive its encores goes away in that proportion disappointed.

“The dresses were gay and full of rich colour, though heads and feet all round might have been better treated: sandals for the men and high heels for the ladies were simply mistakes: and the wigs were misfits. The accompaniment was beyond praise, never obtrusive, always an embellishment.”

G.P. DWYER

OBITUARY

JULIAN BAMFORD (1899-1900)

Father Bamford was in his fifty-fourth year when he died on December 14th. He was a member of a well-known family at Uttoxeter and came to the Venerable in 1899 for a year, and was ordained in 1905. He worked as a curate in the diocese of Birmingham, and from St Peter's Leamington went as a chaplain to the Forces in 1916 till after the close of the War. He was later parish priest of St Mary's Evesham, and succeeded the late Monsignor Barry as rector of Leamington. The Archbishop of Birmingham gave the absolution at the funeral at Kenilworth.

WILLIAM O'KEEFFE (1913-1920)

Father William O'Keeffe came to Rome from Douai School in 1913 and spent seven years at the Venerable, and during his time here showed himself a very keen musician. He had been rector of St Mary's Church Congleton for only one year when on October 13th he died after an attack of typhoid fever, at the early age of thirty-eight. Bishop Moriarty sang the Requiem Mass and buried him. R.I.P.

OUR BOOK SHELF

Rafael Cardinal Merry del Val, by F.A. FORBES; with a preface by H. E. Cardinal Bourne; Longmans Green and Co. 1932, pp. XI-179. 6/-net.

Mother Forbes must have earned the lively gratitude of Cardinal Merry del Val when she published her delightful study of his beloved Pio X. She must now have won the blessing of the Pope for this sketch of his faithful secretary. For "Love me, love my Cardinal" was clearly the order of the day and youthful theologians will be glad to learn *accessorium sequitur principale*—this time in a matter of sanctity.

The Ponte Sisto has borne its proverbial quota many times since the days when one of the lurid weeklies, apparently so popular with the Roman plebs, had a full page cover of the gentle Pio X, in tears at the sorrows of his suffering children of Messina, standing on the threshold of the Portone di Bronzo and only deterred from leaving the Vatican by the counsels of his advisers. This was the attitude taken by so many—Pius X was the absolute tool of his Secretary of State. If indeed the great acts of this Pontificate are to be attributed to the Cardinal it is no small glory to him. But truth is beauty, and the true story far more beautiful than the fiction. Few men surely must have been more maligned and misrepresented than this Prince of the Church who during four pontificates served the Bride of Christ with so ardent a devotion. To Leo he was the "Angel of the Vatican"; to Pius X "il mio Merry"; Benedict appointed him to the Holy Office, while our present Holy Father sent him, a non-Italian, to Assisi as the first Papal Legate to Italy since 1870.

The biography of such a man could hardly fail to interest. This, however, is not a biography but a character sketch, and the historian will find little new here to suit his more professional tastes. It deals more with the man than with the moment and tells the world—even

the Catholic world—of the true character of this romantic figure. Everyone knew of Raphael Merry del Val as Cardinal Secretary of State but many will learn of him from this book for the first time as the Apostle of Trastevere, the friend of God's poor, the zealous director of souls. Quotations from the Cardinal's correspondence are frequent and they have a value all their own. Often enough the author only gives a sort of running commentary on the events and then lets the Cardinal speak for himself. After the Cardinal's death someone wrote that if his life were ever written, the chapter "sul direttore spirituale non sarebbe certo meno edificante di quanto è stato scritto di un Monsignor Gay, di un Monsignor de Hulst, di un Padre de Ravignan". And they were right!

The account of his club in Trastevere, "my great joy", is enough to silence all critics. Many incidents might be quoted. *Ex uno disce omnes*. One of the first to set out for the front was a certain Virgilio the father of a beloved baby daughter Maria Pia. "I bless you with all my heart," wrote the Cardinal, "and I ask Our Lord to give you comfort. Love from Maria Pia." And later, when Virgilio, desperately homesick and terrified at the awful death that seemed so near, poured out his heart to the friend who understood, the Cardinal replied at once with a letter that brought peace. "I am sorry", he wrote, "for your poor tortured mind. I share your anguish and sympathise with you in the sadness that lies so heavily on your heart. I shall do all I can, and I shall ask Our Lord to give you His Grace.... In the meantime why look on the dark side of things? Why foresee calamities that may never happen? I heard only today that, in your zone, dangerous as it is, no one has yet been wounded. Courage then. Have faith and trust. You will come back to your little Maria Pia." Can you imagine the delight of an English Tommy in the trenches receiving such a letter from a Prince of the Church? And comment is superfluous in face of the fact that "he came to us every evening and it was considered quite an extraordinary event when he was absent from us once for three days when he was Secretary of State".

People who had seen Merry del Val in all the glory of his princely purple being escorted by the Swiss Guard through St Peter's could never think that all these honours were so distasteful to him. Yet this thought remains uppermost in the mind after reading this book. "I am returning to Rome", he wrote after his doctorate, "but very perplexed and without enthusiasm.... I don't mind telling you that I have sent in a small petition to the Holy Father, begging of him to let me go, and giving him my reasons for feeling convinced that my vocation is not to go into what we call "public life", either in or out of the Vatican.... If I am told by the Holy Father that I *must* go in another direction, I shall

have to obey, but I feel as if it should be too much for me." Later the Pope placed him under obedience to go to Canada as Apostolic Delegate and he saw a dreaded *carriera* opening before him:—"The Holy Father has placed me under obedience and I go with a broken heart." Still later at the time of his creation as Cardinal "the new honour appears in the light of a death sentence". "This life is terrible and the troubles never ending. It is a case of saying the *Sume* and *Suscipe* all day long." But most pathetic of all is his "God is very good, too good for me, for I hardly find it difficult now to be living all day against my will".

No life of Cardinal Merry del Val could, of course, be complete without mention of his Holy Father and three chapters deal with the election, pontificate and death of Pius X. "Monseigneur Raphael Merry del Val devenait ainsi cardinal et Pie X donnait une nouvelle fois la preuve que le Pape nouveau possédait une des premières qualités du prince qui est de connaître les hommes et de choisir ses ministres pour le bien du royaume" wrote Bazin. Mother Forbes, however, goes more to the root of the matter and shows the striking series of Providential events which led up to the Cardinalate. Pius X has many admirers but no more sincere tribute has ever been paid to this *dolce Cristo in terra* than in the letters written after his death by his first Cardinal. "My heart is fairly broken", he wrote. "You see, I loved him with every fibre of my being; he was more to me than a father and I feel as if I could not live without him. He was indeed a saint.... The void will remain in my heart as long as I live."

It is, perhaps, a little surprising that no mention is made in the book of the Cardinal's monthly Mass at the tomb especially as a tablet down in the crypt of St Peter's commemorates this *communio sanctorum*. There are one or two slight inaccuracies in this book which occur to mind. Raphael Merry del Val is said to have gone to Ushaw in 1883 and left in 1885. Yet he is spoken of as in Syntax, Philosophy and Divinity. Again in the account of the conclave, Rampolla's votes in the fourth scrutiny are recorded as 32. Pierami and Marchesan give only 30, i.e. he received one extra vote after the Veto. A further point which might call for criticism is the spelling of Rafael (*sic*) used throughout. It looks a little out of place on the dust cover where an enthusiastic publisher's "blurb" assures us that he was ENGLISH in his mentality. Apart from a rather poor reproduction of what was a charming photograph the publisher has done his work well.

Mother Forbes has rather a strange way of introducing the names of different people. It is quite understandable, of course, that those to whom the Cardinal wrote letters of spiritual direction might not like to appear in the full glare of black and white. A glaring example, however,

of what I mean, occurs on page 20 where Monsignor Hinsley is modestly screened from publicity under "a contemporary (now an Archbishop in Africa)"! But this does not detract from the value of the book. One curate, at least, stayed up at night to finish it; others read it through at a single sitting—a sure proof of a good book.

The author finishes with a translation of the Cardinal's Will. It makes a splendid finale,—which could almost be made into an overture. If you want a summary in the beginning, read the will. It mirrors the priest as the chalice on the altar.

J.A. LYONS

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