THE VENERABILE

conducted
by the past and present students
of the Venerable English College
Rome

April 1934

Vol VI. No. 4

ENGLAND
CATHOLIC RECORDS PRESS
EXETER

Bishop Keatinge

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

As we go to press, we learn of the death of the Right Reverend William Keatinge, a most distinguished son and loyal friend of the College. Venerabilini past and present, his many friends, will join in a prayer for this bishop who throughout his life showed such affection for us and such ardent devotion to Rome. Indeed, not only his contemporaries but men of recent years must feel his loss very deeply. He showed his interest in us in so many ways; his pleasure in staying with us, his liking for small details of College routine which he treasured from his student days, his affability and fund of anecdote in the common room, his encouragement and generous support of this magazine—these are but a few instances that told how thoroughly his heart was in the Venerabile. We regret that in such short space and time as this we cannot here do adequate justice to his memory, but we hope to publish a fuller appreciation in the next number.

To turn to business concerns: we have changed the printers from the Salesian Press, Rome, to the Catholic Records Press, Exeter, England. The Salesians have always shown us the utmost efficiency and consideration, and we are sorry to break off a connection which goes back to the earliest days of the Magazine; but various circumstances, chief among them the permanent depreciation of the pound, made the change advisable.

The index for this volume and for the first four volumes will be enclosed separately in loose leaflets with future numbers of the Magazine.

FYNES MORYSON

The name Fynes Moryson will probably mean nothing except to a few of those who can share Elia's confession—"My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical". Certainly the "Itinerary" lies off the main track of English Literature, but on what an entrancing by-path! It is the sort of treat which rewards those who love to wander through odd corners of old libraries, to whom a dusty, haphazard row of many-sized, many-coloured volumes is an exhaustless treasure-house of surprise and adventure, and who feel a card-index as a cold splash. (Be it said, for modesty's sake, that the book was thrust upon our notice by some such man).

Fynes Moryson was born in Lincolnshire in 1566. There was much of Lincolnshire in his character—a painstaking minuteness in observing and a flat way of taking the things that send most men into poetical or at least archaeological raptures. He studied what every Lincolnshire man who is not born to the soil should study—law. It gave him the chance to plod, as he would have plodded behind a plough if his father had not been M.P. for Grimsby. But let it not be thought that he was dull. Consciously or unconsciously he was always entertaining, though perhaps even his "shafts" of wit would be better described as clods.

He was made a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, before he was twenty-three, and was given a travelling scholarship in 1589. For two years he primed himself with the varied knowledge necessary for roaming the earth in those days innocent of Conducted Tours, Traveller's Cheques, charabancs and megaphones, and starting in 1591, he wandered for

six years in Europe, Asia Minor and Palestine. Afterwards, during the O'Neil's rebellion he was attached to Mountjoy's household in Ireland.

Some time after he had settled finally in England he produced an " Itinerary " in three parts, the first being " A Journal through Twelve Dominions ", the second " An Account of the Rebellion of Hugh Earl of Tyrone ", the third " A Discourse upon Several Heads through the Said Dominions ". The first edition of this work is on the lines of the old-fashioned ledger. The spirit of the age prompted Fynes to write his plentiful and intensely English thoughts first in Latin, and afterwards to go through the labour of translating them for the publishers. Father Brodrick, who occasionally quotes from the book in his life of St Robert Bellarmine, speaks of it as a " posthumous publication ", but this seems to be incorrect, since a publisher's note to the first edition, which appeared in London in 1617, speaks of " one or two parts not yet finished, but shortly to be completed by him ". The actual date of his death was February 12th, 1630.

He writes with all the stimulating freshness and freedom of expression which marks those youthful and spontaneous days of English letters. He has the very essence of style—the power to convey to the reader what he saw and thought exactly as he saw and thought it—with a little flavouring of himself. His own comment on the book—in the introduction—is worth a hundred others. Not for him the eternal prefatory formulae about the author " acknowledging the manifold defects of his humble effort " and being " amply rewarded for his modest labours if he has succeeded in throwing any light on the subject ". He says :

" I wrote it swiftly, in that my pen was ready and nothing curious, as may appear by the matter and style. . . I profess not to write it to any curious wits, who can endure nothing but extractions and quintessences, nor yet to great statesmen, of whose reading I confess it is unworthy, but only to the inexperienced who shall desire to view foreign kingdoms."

And what a treasure it must have been to these, with its wealth of historical, archaeological and descriptive detail, with its penetrating word-pictures of peoples and their ways, and its glut of financial, domestic and culinary information excelling even the best efforts of the modern " rubber-neck's " vade-mecum. True, the " Itinerary " is no pocket-book. As useless to go in to bat with a book on cricket as to go a-touring with this portly tome. But the young buck who made the Grand Tour having conned his Moryson would feel much less like a fish out of water in foreign lands.

Yet the book is no lifeless mass of information—no mere stringing together of facts and figures. Attractive phrasing, piquant personal digressions and a readiness for stolid Lincolnshire philosophising fill it with vitality. Moreover the reader must be shown that this is an erudite son of Cambridge, so Fynes quotes the classics whenever they can be coaxed in appositely.

As to religion—he was just an average country Protestant of the end of Elizabeth's reign. (Lincolnshire on the whole lost the faith early and thoroughly). He had doubtless fidgeted through many a sermon from the " Book of Homilies ", and his ideas on Popes and Jesuits and Inquisitions and the rest are the obvious result of readings from such disinterested documents as the " Foxe's Book of Martyrs " which must have been chained to the eagle in his village church. He inveighs against anything and everything " papistical " with a violence which occasionally grows artificial and lacking in conviction as he comes out of his insular shell. But it would have taken half-a-century of travel to burn up the sum of his prejudice and scepticism.

We may gather from the very scarcity of his comments that he was not impressed by what he saw of the results of Protestant reform in Germany, for he was not the man to miss any possible opportunity of contrasting the pious progress and enlightenment of a Protestant state with the superstitious decadence of a Papist one. On the other hand his preconceived notions of things popish received several salutary shocks in Italy and elsewhere.

He had his full share of the Lincolnshireman's carefulness. He was in a perpetual fidget while going through any territory belonging to Spain (such as Milan) and despite his peculiar passion for fresh fields and pastures new, no power on earth would have induced him to set foot in the Iberian Peninsula itself. He frequently describes his comically elaborate and quite unnecessary[1] precautions to conceal his religion among Catholics.

For the rest, the ease with which Fynes formed acquaintances of various nations and types speaks well both for his companionable nature and his proficiency in foreign tongues. It seems there were no " spekkers " on the Continent in those days.

It would be full of interest but too lengthy to follow Fynes through every stage of his journeyings. We shall have to be content with a few selections of peculiarly Roman interest. His first stay of any length was at Wittenburg in Saxony, where Luther had attended the University. The place had a bad reputation, as Moryson soon learned; he quotes a proverb of the district to the effect that there is nothing in Wittenburg but students and swine, and adds that " the citizens have small traffic but live only on the scholars, and the streets are filthy ". This is confirmed by Beard, the author of " Martin Luther and the German Reformation ", who describes Wittenburg as " the most bibulous town in Saxony, the most bibulous province of Germany ".

Several things aroused Moryson's interest there. In the study of a certain Doctor Wisinbech he was shown a Latin inscription which read " here stood the bed on which Luther gently died ". He comments on this as follows :—

" See how much they attribute to Luther for this is not the place where he died, neither was there any bed; yet suffer they not the least memory of him to be blotted out. Luther was born at Isleb in the year 1483, and certainly died there in the house of Count Mansfeld, where after supper the seventeenth of February 1546 he fell into

[1] c.f. the account of the Protestant Bishop Burnet in Brodrick, Vol. I, p. 323, note 1.

his usual sickness . . . and died thereupon at five of the clock in the morning the eighteenth of February, the said Count and his Countess being present and deriving great comfort from his last exhortations ; yet from his sudden death the malicious Jesuits took occasion to slander him as if he died drunken, that by aspersions on his life and death they might slander the reformation of religion which he first began. These men (after their manner) being to conjure an unclean spirit out of a man in Prague, gave out that he was free from the spirit for the time that Luther died, and that when he (the spirit) returned they examined him where he had been during that time and the spirit should answer that he had attended Luther. . . ".

In our copy of the " Itinerary " which is a first edition (1617) the latter half of this passage has been vehemently erased—no doubt while the College was under the Society.

In the autumn of 1593 Moryson arrived in Italy and went to Padua for the winter, to polish up his Italian before setting out to see the country. He observes that a student could live in chambers, eight or ten times cheaper than at the University, where the monthly pension was about twenty pounds of present-day money. Needless to say Fynes used the University for lectures only.

At Venice his indignation was aroused by seeing, among the relics in St Mark's, pieces of bone " of St Bartholomew and St Thomas—forsooth !—of Canterbury."

At Bologna there was a sort of customs, but its officers worked on the free-and-easy system of first suggesting to the traveller that he should give them a tip, in return for which they undertook not to search his bags. In Bologna he visited the " rich and stately monastery of St Dominick ", and dryly remarks that " the refectory or place where the monks (*sic*) eat is fair and large, and the cellars of wine and their stores thereof are so great as would better become the temple of Bacchus than a cloister of monks".

From this point he adopted a new mode of travelling.

He hired from a dealer a horse and a guide[1] who undertook to find him cheap lodgings and food as far as Rome. He proceeded to Loreto, where at last he had his fill of Popery. The first thing he saw on entering the church was the thing he could least endure—an exorcism in progress. He rails against this with sanctimonious vehemence : " As I walked about the church behold in a dark chapel a priest by his exorcisms casting a devil out of a poor woman. Good Lord what fencing and truly conjuring words he used ! How . . . skilful was he in the devil's names ! If he had eaten a bushel of salt in hell, if he had been an inhabitant thereof surely this art could not have been more familiar to him. He often spake to the ignorant woman in the Latin tongue, but nothing less than in Tullie's phrase, and at last the poor wretch, either hired to deceive the people or (if that seem more probable) drawn by familiar practice with the priest, or at least affrighted with his strange language and cries, confessed herself dispossessed by his exorcism ". He goes on to relate the history of the Holy House, but first safeguards himself by a marginal note expressive of his pious incredulity and horror, " Let the reader believe as he list—woe to him that believes, woe to him that believes".

The next paragraph is the gem of the book. The unhallowed young hypocrite, half-boasting, half-apologising, tells how he falsified (as he supposed) one of the traditions of Loreto by means of a miserable piece of petty pilfering :

" Villamont adds that many miracles are here done. Secondly he sets it down for a maxim and proves it by an example, that no man ever took anything out of this church without great mischief befalling him, and that the robbers thereof are compelled to restore as if by infernal furies. Let me say truly. . . . Myself and two Dutchmen, my consorts, abhorring from this superstition, by leave entered the inner chapel, where we did see the Virgin's picture

[1] An English College man, Thomas Vavasour, who in 1587 travelled in Apulia with one of these *vetturini*, collecting alms, was killed by the ruffian near Bari. (c.f. Foley, Records of the Society of Jesus).

adorned with precious jewels, and the place (to increase religious horror) being dark, yet the jewels shone by the light of wax candles. When we entered, the priest courteously left us to give us space for our devotions ; but when we came forth (as the Italians proverbially speak of the priest's avarice . . .) it was necessary for us to cast alms into an iron chest behind the altar, covered with an iron grate. Therefore my consorts, of purpose to delight the priest's ear with the sound of money, as of music, did cast into that chest many brass quatrines but of small value, and myself being last, when my turn was to give alms did instead thereof gather some ten quatrines of theirs which lay scattered upon the grate, and got that clear gain by that idol. God forbid that I should brag of any contempt to religion, but since it appears that such worship is unpleasing to God, and because Papists will have their miracles believed I will fairly say by an experience that having got these few quatrines in such sort as I did, yet after that God in His Mercy preserved me in my long and dangerous travel, and from that time to this day by his grace I have enjoyed, though no abundant, yet a competent estate, and more plentiful than in my former days ! "

He omits to mention that in Paris on the way home he was robbed of every penny he had, and that later in Greece he lost his brother and several hundreds of pounds and was himself attacked by a serious fever. Further it was a strange coincidence that on the very next day his guide administered two nasty jolts to his parsimonious nature by swindling him of 2 *giulii* and 2 *paoli* and a half (in all 7/6) which is considerably more than ten quatrines. " It was the price of him " as the Irish say.

As he was entering Rome he passed a group of " English priests on horseback, without boots, going to Madonna di Loreto ". It was a dramatic meeting, for he recognised several of the group (who most probably were English College men) as contemporaries of his at Cambridge, and was in mortal terror lest any of them should in turn recognise him. He remarks ruefully that " never before was the

hearing of the English tongue or the sight of Englishmen so unpleasing to him".

Like many a first-year man since, he was vastly disappointed with the Tiber which he had known only in the eulogies of Virgil, but which, he grumbles, " is such at Rome as it scarce deserves the name of a brook, and nothing answers the glorious fame that Italians have given it, who always extol their own things to the skies".

He did not stop at Rome but went straight on to Naples by Marino, Nemi and Velletri. He was escorted to Naples by a troop of Papal cavalry whose duty it was to protect the *fattorino* from the brigands who infested the woods. Having seen and described Naples he returned to Rome and sought the protection of Cardinal Allen. The Cardinal and his household received the young Protestant kindly, and the priests offered to show him round the city—much to his embarrassment. Allen further discomfited him by inviting him " to hear those instructions for religion which he could not hear in England " ! He describes Allen as of goodly stature and countenance, with a grave look and pleasant speech.

Unfortunately he makes no mention of the scene of this interview, but it seems fairly certain that this visit was made at the College, since the Cardinal lived here regularly from 1585 onwards. How Moryson's stout insular heart would have quailed had he been told suddenly that the scarlet he now kissed had six years before been the red rag to the Spanish bull, and started the chain of events which nearly spoiled Drake's game of bowls ! As it was he felt uncomfortable in such company and dexterously avoided the unwelcome clerical guides, by the simple means of telling them his address and immediately changing it, " . . . and so being free from that burden, and yet secure in the Cardinal's promised protection, I began boldly (yet with as much haste as I possibly could make) to view the antiquities of Rome".

He did this in a few days with a thoroughness which should make many of us strike our breasts in penance

for seven years of archaeological opportunities which we threw, or now are throwing, away. There was scarcely a stone, Christian or Pagan, which he failed to see, scarcely a fragment of legend or tradition which he failed to read or hear, and note down carefully.

He shows us that the 16th century hawkers of the Campo had much in common with their successors of today. "I remember that they who sold anything in the market used to look into the hands of the buyers to see whether they brought silver or brass coin, and thereafter made their price; whereupon many showed silver till they had bought, and then paid in copper which the people durst not refuse."

Fynes left Rome rather precipitately on account of the pastoral zeal of the Roman clergy, who called once or twice to sound him about his Easter Communion; but he was determined not to go without indulging the strange fashion, universal among Protestant travellers of the time, of visiting the great Bellarmine. His preparations for a quick departure after this rash glimpse into the lion's mouth are very funny.

"Only I had an obstinate purpose to see Bellarmine. Having first hired a horse and provided all things necessary for my journey to Siena, and having sent away my consorts to stay for me with my horse and boots at an inn in the suburbs, that I might more easily escape if my purpose succeeded not: I boldly went to the Jesuit's College, and Bellarmine then walking in the fields, I expected his return at the gates, the students telling me that he would presently come back; which falling out as they said I followed him into the college (being attired like an Italian and careful not to use any strange gestures, yea forebearing to view the college or to look upon any man fully, lest I should draw his eyes upon me). Thus I came into Bellarmine's chamber that I might see this man so famous for his learning and so great a champion of the Pope's; who seemed to be not above forty years old,[1] being lean of body and something

[1] Actually he was 52.

low of stature, with a long visage and a little sharp beard upon his chin, of a brown colour, and a countenance not very grave, and for his middle age wanting the authority of grey hairs.

"Being come into his chamber, and having made profession of my great respect to him, I told him I was a Frenchman (!) and come to Rome for the performance of some religious vows, and to see the monuments, especially those that were living and among them himself most especially, earnestly entreating him, to the end I might from his side return better instructed into my country, that he would admit me at vacant hours to enjoy his grave conversation. He, gently answering and with gravity, not so much swallowing the praises I gave him as showing that my company would be most pleasing to him, commanded his novice that he should presently bring me in when I should come to visit him; and so after some speeches of courtesy he dismissed me who meant nothing less than to come again to him."

The habits of dissimulation which had become so much a part of him in Italy led him into an amusing blunder in a similar interview which he obtained with Beza at Geneva: "Here I had great contentment and converse with the reverend father Theodore Beza, who was of stature something tall, and corpulent or big-boned, and had a long thick beard as white as snow. He had a grave Senator's countenance, and was broad-faced but not fat, and in general by his comely person, sweet affability and gravity he would have extorted reverence from those that least loved him. I walked with him to the church, and giving attention to his speech it happened that in the church porch I touched the poor-man's box with my fingers, and this reverend man soon perceived my error, who, having used in Italy to dip my fingers towards the Holy Water after the manner of the Papists (lest the omission of so small a matter, generally used, might make me suspected of my religion and bring me into dangers of greater consequence) did now in like sort touch this poor-man's box, mistaking it for the fount of Holy Water: he did soon perceive my error, and taking me

by the hand advised me hereafter to eschew these ill customs which were so hardly forgotten."[1]

Moryson landed again at Dover on the 13th of May 1595. His cloak and money had been stolen and he must have looked a sorry scarecrow. No wonder that he was immediately cited to appear before the Mayor and his assistants, who " treated him rudely, as if he were some Popish priest " until one of the assistants, hearing his name, discovered that he was a brother of Sir Richard Moryson, and he was allowed to go. He promptly made a bee-line for his sister's house in London, where an old family servant, mistaking him for a penniless rogue, attempted to throw him out. He must have sat down to supper at his sister's comfortable family table with feelings akin to those of our " he-man " gita parties attacking the soup on the night of their return.

After a few months' rest Moryson was again overcome by the desire to travel, and seized a chance to accompany his brother Henry on a journey to the Holy Land. We must pass over his adventures and misfortunes there, but the account of his second landing in England is worth quoting as an excellent illustration of the diligent look-out kept for priests :—

" This early hour of morning being unfit to trouble my friends, I went to the ' Cock ', an inn of Aldersgate Street, and there apparelled as I was I laid me down upon a bed, where it happened that the Constable and Watchmen (either being more busy in their office than need was, or having extraordinary charge to search upon some foreign intelligence, and seeing me apparelled like an Italian), took me for a Jesuit or Priest—according to their ignorance, for the crafty priests would never have worn such clothes as I then did. But after some few hours when I was awaked, and while I washed my hands did inquire after my friends

[1] It is interesting to compare this visit to Beza with the visit of Campion and Sherwin 14 years earlier. Campion disguised himself as Sherwin's Irish servant and it seems that the intrepid Sherwin, fresh from the schools, gave the heresiarch an uncomfortable five minutes' apologetical repartee. Sherwin, with a genius for articulate disrespect, worthy of our modern common-room, referred to Beza as " the old doting heretical fool ".

living in the same street, the Host of the house, knowing me, dismissed the watchmen that lay to apprehend me, and told me how I had been thus mistaken."

It was some years later, when the impressions and opinions of his ten crowded years of " globe-trotting " had matured and gained the rosy hue of retrospect that Moryson wrote the third part of his book, the " Discourse upon Several Heads through the Said Dominions ". This diverting treatise opens by laying down that the visiting of foreign countries is good and profitable, except perhaps for old men in their dotage, invalids, women and children of unripe years. Certain it is that the " best and most generous wits most affect the seeing of foreign countries "—in spite of " the Italian's stale proverb :—

> ' Chi asino va a Roma asino se ne torna '.
> If an ass at Rome do sojourn,
> An ass he shall from thence return ".

Another chapter contains " Precepts for the Traveller ". Precept the Fifteenth advises him to enquire after the best inns, to bolt and lock his door, keep his sword by his bedside and his purse under his pillow, folded with his garters or something he useth first in the morning.

The traveller is also warned not to assimilate too readily and indiscriminately the customs and affectations of foreigners, as it is well said that " so many home-bred angels return from Italy no better than courtly devils ! "

Naturally in this section he discourses at great length on the proper dissimulation of religious beliefs. It is inadvisable, he says, to go out after dinner and announce on returning that you have been to Mass. Nor should you draw the eyes of Jesuits upon yourself by wearing strange-coloured clothes. In a burst of confidential generosity he remarks that though he " would not for the world employ tongue or pen to give encouragement to any vice," nevertheless it must be admitted that there is a difference between the Papists and " the heathen idolaters worshipping imaginary Gods—yea, very devils," and therefore, " we may without sin offer the reverence in our gestures due to the Word of

God from the chair of Moses, howsoever spoken from the mouths of Pharisees ".

The next chapter has the title, " Of the Opinions of Old Writers, and Some Proverbs that I Observed in Foreign Parts ". In general Moryson decides that Northerners are the greater eaters and the stronger in mind and body, the more cruel, rapacious, jealous and suspicious ; but they are less prone to the extremities of good and evil because they are fat. Southerners are the more religious, frugal and witty, and yet more prone to madness. He quotes " Proverbial speeches of Travellers in General ", e.g., the Italians say " Cinque hore dorme un viandante, sette ogni studiante, nove ogni furfante," i.e.

" A traveller five hours doth crave
For sleep. A student seven will have,
And nine sleeps every idle knave."

There follow four or five painstaking chapters concerning the climate, means of travel, coinage and food of the various countries, and the book ends abruptly with this patriotic sentiment : " Happy be the makers, cursed the breakers of our peace."

Mr Belloc advises the young writer who (he implies) has rather lost himself in a welter of attempted effectiveness, to rummage about among his manuscripts until he comes across a piece of fine writing, cut it out and paste it in at the end of his own pages. Lacking manuscripts, we cannot imagine a better tying-off piece for an essay on Fynes Moryson than the following extract from his own apology to the reader :—

" The work may not unfitly be compared to a nosegay of flowers hastily snatched in many gardens, and bound together with much leisure yet carelessly and negligently. The snatching is excused by the haste necessary to travellers desiring to see much in a short time : and the negligent binding in true judgement needs no excuse, affected curiosity in poor subjects being like rich embroidery laid upon a coarse jerkin. . . . If active men never read it I shall wish them no less good success in their affairs. If contemplative men

shall read it at their lesiure, making choice of the subjects fitting their humours, and casting away the book when they are weary of reading, perhaps they may find some delight. Only—in case of distaste I pray them remember to and for whom it was written. To conclude, if you be as well affected to me as I am to you, howsoever I shall receive no praise, no doubt I shall be free from blame. And so wish you all happiness remaining yours in due respect, Fynes Moryson."

W.A. PURDY.

ROMANESQUES

18. — FUNCTIONS.

When the new man returns from S. Caterina on the night of his first November 25th, he usually has some difficulty in sorting his impressions. What on earth was it all about? He was pushed into a stuffy church, crowded with people, and lit by one or two electric lights, quite dimmed by the effulgence of candles from the altar. In the pulpit a strangely turbulent priest was describing in harrowing detail the martyrdom of St Catherine, to the vast emotion of his audience, and showing no signs of bringing his discourse to a close. The neophyte is pushed through the crowd to the sacristy and clad in a cotta; a waxen torch with four wicks is forced into his hand and he joins a long procession which makes its way through the mob in church amid general confusion. Meanwhile, for some reason or other, the Benediction is well on its way and the choir are weaving a complicated litany, varied at every fourth invocation by a chant of astounding bathos from the congregation. Arrived at the sanctuary he finds that the effulgence he had noticed at the back is caused by a row of gilt busts of saints and martyrs ranged on the reredos, each complete with a substantial halo; many of the candles are nodding in the heat, and the space is too congested to kneel without danger of setting fire to a neighbour's cotta. Benediction is

then given; an older student spills wax all over him as a signal to move, and the procession once more does battle with the crowd, gains the sacristy strangely unharmed and hails the arrival of the ministers with a loud cry of "Prosit!"—the first syllable being absurdly lengthened. All then return home, after shaking hands with everybody in the sacristy and kissing any ring in sight.

After this baptism of fire the word "function" bears for him a very different meaning than when he used it, perhaps, to designate the staid prayer-meetings of his native parish. Even in his Roman days, he will use the word in a variety of ways. At one end of the scale will be the more or less prosaic precision of the College ceremonies: at the other the time passed in Reparto H at St Peter's. But between these extremes lie the processions, Stations, First Vespers, Benedictions and the like to which the name function really belongs.

No man "knows his Rome" until he has done the round of these ceremonies. There is in them that unity in diversity that you notice, say, in the contrasting architecture of the city. You still find corners of Rome which you could put back almost unchanged into the century when they were built; and so also you can wander through the centuries at your Roman functions. Go to S. Sabina for the procession at the Lenten station. Watch the

Un tatanai!

cross and candles sway over the heads of the procession and follow them over the flags of the high grey church. Will you not have the same sensations, the same general impression that you would have had when S. Sabina was a new church and the *collectio* was at S. Anastasia. The cool smell of box and bay leaves crushed underfoot on the stone pavement, the chant of the litanies and the wide vowels of the Roman crowd, the unison of clergy and people in a common liturgical act. . . . And now go to the Gesù, say, for a Beatification triduum or a Lenten sermon and you are in the full setting of the Counter-Reformation. You have the Baroque, the red damask, the chandeliers, the organ ; and the preacher building up his sermon in balanced periods as the choir in the tribune elaborate the structure of their polyphonic motets. The crowd here has little to do but stand and listen. But your Roman would not be satisfied without some kind of an active part in the proceedings. So they give him a *Te Deum* or part of a litany to sing and he joins in with gusto.

You must have some finger in the pie for your function to be worthy of the name. And if you make a sort of induction from all the ceremonies which you would dub functions, you will find that active participation is the essence of them all. You are always behind the scenes at a Roman function even if you are only one amongst the congregation. But if you are behind the scenes you are also producing the play.

From this arises that curious feeling of exhilaration which a Roman function engenders. It is best expressed in the word " slancio", and while it is the essence of the Baroque it is also the very spirit of liturgical worship. The liturgical revivalist is usually horrified by one of these ceremonies, but he could have no better object lesson of the first thing needful. Cram your congregation into a strait jacket of horizontal *episemas* and rhythmical *ictus* and your revival will die of inanition. You must cut your coat to suit your cloth and then not worry if the cuffs are a little frayed and the seams start here and there.

The Stations and First Vespers at S. Cecilia and S. Clemente come first to mind as the most characteristic and intimate gatherings of the kind. Whether it is that the two saints are so peculiarly Roman, or that their churches are conveniently placed for the hour's walk after schools, who can say? At any rate they are so well attended and they have both such fascinating crypts that, on these occasions, the whole church seems to be teeming with the populace at every niche and corner. S. Cecilia has also this attraction, that the tribune for the singers is conveniently low. You have, thus, an opportunity of examining at close quarters that band of minstrels who will " roar you like any sucking dove " for the strange stipend from which they take their name. You learn then never to take your " five franc-er " at his face value. The stout gentleman with the fierce moustachios turns out to be a lilting falsetto; whilst no one would guess the incredible sounds that the small boy in knickerbockers can produce. (Though, truth to tell, the fearsome capacity of the Roman child can only surprise those who have never heard a Lateran choir suddenly give tongue and follow a Credo in full cry). Your Venerabilino can tell you many a story of the execution done by College choristers at functions. But who knows what sagas could be spun by the veteran five franc-ers? They have passed into literature—as witness the *Sonnetto Romanesco* of Chiappini, where the leading tenor tells of the day when he intoned the Credo out of place, and of the reaction of the Ven. Cler. Urbis to same.

. . . larded with insults . . .

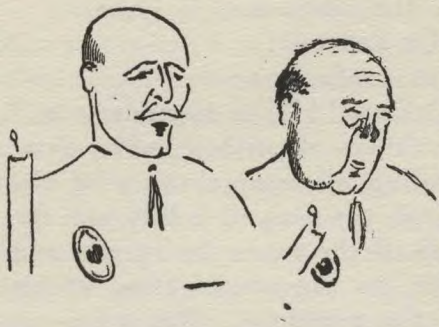
" Vado sù in cantoria: c'era co'mmene,
Mastro Pio, mastro Andrea, Mastro Bbastiano,
Canto er *chiriè leisò*, po' metto mano,

E intòno er *credo*. . . Ha' visto mai le jjene,
L'orzi, li basilischi ? Un tatanai !
Tutti quanti li preti in confusione :
" Zitto ! " me fanno " Zitto ! ! " : e io m'azzittai."

The English College carry things off with a bolder face. Thus one inexpert deacon finding all remembrance of the *tonus solemnior* fled from him at the gospel, boldly set the Holy Writ to a combination of all the tones for epistle and gospel that he could remember, to the stupefaction of his fellows and the admiration of the populace. But who was ever known to falter when actually " doing the function " ? On those occasions you have the centre of the stage and no

. . . *battles of giants* . . .

one should take the stage without being master of the situation. This is the school in which you learn to keep an unruffled demeanour, though the M.C. is whispering instructions in your ear larded with insults for your previous incompetence. Here, too, the M.C. must learn the gamut of " nods and becks and wreathed smiles " which are necessary to guide his troupe about the sanctuary. A double-faced creature this ; for his mannerisms are usually learnt in the heat of conflict with a Papal M.C. You must remember what battles of giants are waged in silence over the heads of the underlings when two of these satraps are together at



. . . the saccone . . .

the one function. But whilst his eyes flash fire your College M.C. is noting for further use that gentle wave of the hand with which the other is wooing away the thurifer. What significance lies behind those slight signals of the M.C. ! That grave inclination of the head, for instance, which you noticed a few minutes after you should have removed the missal. Ask him after the ceremony what he meant and you will be surprised at the wealth of meaning that the gesture was intended to convey.

If it is a procession at which you are assisting, the first M.C. is mercifully occupied at the rear and you can ignore his subordinate. But you have a choir-master to harry you in his place. The " pia unione delle mamme Cristiane " strikes up a vigorous Italian hymn, and you are just drawing breath to join lustily in the last line and chorus, when the choir-master's voice intones a more solemn strain and you perforce must follow his lead. I have seen men so soured during a Fiocchi procession by such treatment that they would not dismiss their scowl even when the leading citizen of the parish stepped out of the ranks and trained a camera on the scene.

In the Fiocchi procession you have always the satisfaction of knowing that you are the star turn. In the streets, no doubt, that band of little angels and saints, ruthlessly controlled by a brace of nuns, draws from the bosom of the crowd a chorus of sighs and purring noises of parental pride. But when the parish priest mounts the pulpit on the return to church he casts over you such a mantle of glory that your presence there would seem to be in the nature of a special deputation from far-off England to the parish of St Catherine. It is rather flattering to be made a fuss of. Hence, doubtless, the popularity of the numerous convent functions, for the

nuns are adepts at making you feel that you are really kindness and affability personified.

Of course there are always the men who would go to a funeral " just for the ride " and such gross characters do not conceal their interest in the subsequent refreshment. That may be an exciting compost of black coffee, ice cream, marsala, lemonade, and strange sweetmeats, or a " little bit of England in Rome ". It is at these repasts or in the sacristy after the function that the collector of "Anecdotes of the Great " and " Cardinals with whom I have chatted " finds his happy hunting ground, for there is always a certain democratic commingling of the orders on these occasions. The prelate has his respectful circle, the Papal M.C. his satellites and the Cardinal's man his jocular audience. The Italian, and the Roman in particular, will show a great pre-occupation with patents of nobility and pedigrees when discussing a man's character. But nowhere in the world, I think, is there so little snobbery or servility as among the participants at a Roman function. Where else could have been invented the insignia of the Roman confraternities—the *saccone* ? That garment so successfully shrouds its wearer that the differences of station can only be surmised from the relative shininess of a bald head or the spruceness or otherwise of a beard and moustache.

The year's round of functions is to the true Roman what the liturgical cycle was to the Byzantine Court. By feast days not by months does he reckon his year, and each occasion is a high light in the picture of his ordinary existence. No doubt there will be reprobate Romans in the Valley of Jehosophat. But whilst the rest of the condemned are raising their last despairing cry to the hills, the Romans will be absent-mindedly surveying the scene and remarking " Bella funzione ! ".

A.B.

ROME IN 1797

Looking through some of the later bound volumes of the Westminster Archives recently, Mr Kelly found many letters from the agents of the English Bishops in Rome during the eighteenth century. We have been able to give the extracts in the following article through the kindness of Mrs H. R. H. Vaughan who was good enough to transcribe them from the original.

" I will lead you to the banks of the Tiber, to chastise those who have whetted the daggers of civil war in France, to re-establish the Capitol and to arouse the Roman people after so many centuries of bondage." With these words Napoleon, in 1796, led the first regiments of the French Revolutionary Army across the borders of the Papal States. To those in the Venerabile the approach of the French must have seemed the crowning misfortune of a disastrous twenty years. For, to begin with, the College was already reflecting only too truly the deplorable state of Catholics in England. Continued suppression in the Home Country made it ever more difficult to get recruits for a seminary abroad. Worse than this, the Vicars Apostolic, after 1773, when the College was placed under Italian Seculars, complained bitterly of the students sent from Rome. They were " totally unfit for the mission : sometimes unable to catechise or instruct or to speak their own language properly ". But things were looking a little happier now. The Pope had granted a rescript ordering the Venerabile to be placed under its own national seculars and the Cardinal Protector of England was now working for the fulfilment of this order which would give fresh life to the institution.

Then came this final blow : by 1797 the French had swept down into Rome, declared the city a Republic, forced the aged Pope to flee northwards and—the Venerabile was only a name for twenty years.

The following were written by the Reverend Robert Archdeacon (alias Smelt) who was agent for the English Bishops in Rome from 1791 onwards. Most of them are addressed to Bishop Douglass of the London District, a few also to the Revv Forrabin and Varley who had been agents to the Colleges of St Omer's and Douai respectively. They give an account of Rome from February 1797 till June 1798 describing the departure of the English students; Rome under the French and the enforced flight of Pius VI. The account is necessarily incomplete since the Agent had to leave Rome at the height of the disturbance but it is of special interest to us since it supplies information we lack in our own archives. The first letter opens with the French advancing from the borders of Tuscany and Rome in a state of panic.

Rome, February 7th, 1797.[1]

Rt. Rev. Sir,

If I thought what I am now going to write would cause you as much concern in reading it as it does me in writing I would not put pen to paper; suffice to say what I have long foreseen, as well as foretold, is now come to pass, the Glory of Rome is at an end. Probably before this letter reaches London some reports will be spread of the misfortunes befallen this country. The same means that conveys this will carry without doubt particular accounts from our ministers at some of the Italian Courts which will be published in the newspapers to which I refer you, having occasionally read them here from time to time, and found the political transactions of this country accurately detail'd.

A considerable part of the French Army is at Ancona, another part in the confines of Tuscany. The citties in the ecclesiastical state are declaring themselves independent one after the other and erecting themselves into distinct Republicks; it is easy to foresee that Rome will follow the example, unless a peace is speedily conclud'd for which purpose 4 Commissioners are gone to General Bonaparte, viz. Cardinal Mattei late Archbishop of Ferrara who was sometime

[1] Vol. 47, n. 16. (All the references are to the Westminster Archives). Except where otherwise stated, letters are endorsed by "the Revd. Mr. Douglass, No. 4 Castle St., Holborn".

prisoner with that General,—Duke Braschi the Pope's nephew—Monsignor Galeppi, who went to Florence last September to treat with Sollicetti and Garreau, French Commissioners—and the Marquis Massimi a Roman nobleman.

Whether these gentlemen succeed or not, the Pope's power is at an end, his dominions being parcelled out already, as well as means taken to deprive him of all temporal authority. In case the book mentioned by Jos. Berington in his preface to Panzani is not already publish'd it will appear too late ; however he was certainly a prophet, for the Pope has no other supporters left except *Faith* and *Charity* : his army is superior to the Republicans, and commanded by one of the Emperors generals ; but the men, for the most part, newly rais'd and not to be depended upon ; they are strongly entrenched in the Appenine Mountains.

Notwithstanding there is reason more than sufficient to allarm the people of Rome, other means are used to increase terror and apprehension ; on Saturday last the 11th it rose to such a degree, as to render it necessary to publish a prohibition for any person whatsoever to quit the town without an order from the Secretary of State. As the day advanced, terror increased ; towards evening the major part of the Sacred Colledge as well as other persons of distinction, went off towards Naples ; the Pope himself was just ready to depart, when two English officers arrived from Florence. They had passed through the camp and were charged with letters and a verbal message to the Pope from General Colli assuring him the danger was not imminent, this stoped the old man, tho' I much doubt weither he could have got off, the Vatican being surrounded by many thousand people who declared he should not leave Rome.

The Treasure of Loretto arrived in Rome that afternoon, and was sent off at night togeather with the Pope's regalia, Archives, medals, Cameos out of the Vatican Museum, in fine every other thing that was portable ; Cardinal Branchi tho' ill with the gout was carried away ; he sent word to the Rector to provide for the safety of our Boys at any expence if possible ; Cardinal Albani ordered the two Scotts Boys to be sent away directly tho' one was only recovering from the small pox, the English hearing this insisted on going with them, the Rector was full as sollicitous to forward them ;

tho' himself ill in bed, he sent a memorial to the Secretary of State for permission to depart, the Pope who passed most part of that night with the Secretary read over the memorial and ordered it to be signed.

At the end of eight hours they were ready and set out at about two o'clock Sunday morning for Civita Vechia 48 miles in three coaches which cost £20 sterling, such was the demand for carriages and horses.[1] They were consigned to Mr. Sloane the merchant; moreover Mr. George Graves, Agent General for the British nation in Rome, gave them a letter to the commanding naval officer at Porto Feragio to receive and forward them towards England as British subjects in distress escaped from the enemy; he likewise sent the same night an express overland to Porto Feragio to desire a frigate might be sent to Civita Vechia to receive them and such other subjects as might be there; he sent signals for the frigate to make, to be answered by Sloane, otherwise not to enter but suppose them all gone in some other conveyance and the French in the town, as Sloane had a vessel ready to take off his family and property—in such case the frigate was to proceed to Terracina and there make the same signals, which would be answered by the English escaped thither.

The Rector gave them all the money he could get, viz. 200 Spanish Dollars and ten Crowns in small money; they stood out for the Church plate to which they thought they had a prescriptive right, but he refused. Here I apprehended some bad consequence would have ensued, and that they might have proceeded to pillage the house, under pretence of saving English property from the Enemy; however the matter was compromised giving them a letter by which he engaged the Colledge should answer to Mr. Sloane for the expence of their voyage to England, and so they parted good friends.

They are 15 English and 2 Scots for whom their Colledge is likewise engaged by Albani's order, moreover they carried with them 100 Crowns in gold, 3 Silver lamps beat flat, and an elegant Chalice given by Clement the 11th—I forgot

[1] Only a few of the students actually left the College at this time. The rest remained till the following year.

to tell you our boys took with them 26 silver handled knives, as many silver forks and spoons. If they arrive in England without making away with them it might be proper to take them away under some pretence or other : of your disciples White will not answer the end ; the Jersy boy is a good lad but I fear too dull to go on with his studys. Such was the confusion of Rome that night in every corner of the Citty, that we may apply that line of Ovid—

Haec facies Trojae cum caperetur erat.

By this time you'll be curious to know what became of me, or what course I intended to take ? I had made up my mind to remain in *statu quo* & still continue in the same sentiment ; we have property here and I am determined to stand by it if possible, as long as there is a prospect of keeping it, in case the French come and overturn the present Government ; after a time confusion may subside and I may obtain a pasport to a neutral country, when I can be of no further use here ; from thence I'll endeavour to find my way home.

The Boys went away in the Colledge dress, some laughing, others crying, some again were eating and drinking till they departed ; one of Mr. Gibson's boys called for a dish of chocolate before he got into the coach. They arrived at Civita Vechia in safety where all are kind to them and they behave well. If danger approches nearer Mr. Graves will dispatch an express for them to sail directly, and he will depart himself towards Teracina. All business is at an end ; bankers have shut up their books—no money to be had—paper currency is worth nothing—100 per cent was given for money to pay for horses to escape. Valuable things were considered no more than dross and dirt. I was offered a fine diamond ring for less than 40 shillings English : a few hours after the boys were gone, a report was spread of the Army being near the town ; the Rector immediately procured a number of men who began to pull down and carry off as fast as possible. This report was soon contradicted, otherwise in a few hours he would not have left in the house so much as a three leg'd stool or a nail in the wall.

The Cardinal of York flew from Frascati but was since persuaded to return. The Vatican palace is compleatly gutted, everything carried off but what is absolutely necessary

for the Pope's use ; he sees Mr. Graves almost every day which causes people to think he is to procure a man of war to convey him to England : old Gerdil stays to keep me company ; he is from a neutral country and has nothing to loose. You'll certainly be tired with reading this melancholy narrative, as I am of writing it : therefore recommending myself to your prayers I remain Rt. Rev. Sir . . .

The advance on Rome continued for twelve more days when Pius yielded to the Peace of Tolentino. He had to surrender many of the Papal provinces, pay fifteen million francs (in addition to twenty one million paid the previous year) and give up numerous art-treasures. The conclusion of peace brought a French minister to Rome and with him many French army officers who preferred life in the City to the hardship of guerilla warfare in the provinces.

Rome, March 4th. 1797.[1]

My last letters contained melancholy details of the calamitous sittuation of this country—this will be a continuation of the same. Since the arrival of the French Minister, Citizen Caccault, a great number of officers, Dragoons, and Hussars are come with one female citizen who came on horseback with the soldiers, in very mean apparel, but now appears elegantly dressed ; they all occupy the lodging houses in Piazza di Spagna : They are by no means *sans culottes* ; the soldiers are well cloathed and mounted ; the uniform of the officers is more elegant and richer than any other I ever beheld.

The Minister Caccault has Balls, Assemblys and great dinners ; every day all kinds of people are invited ; every soldier has one of the Civic Guard to attend him about the Town, that no insult may be offered him ; for the common people are very impertinent, even hiss and hoot the Minister himself. They never could, nor ever will bear the sight of a French man in any shape.

All silver plate is collecting together as well from Churches as private persons ; they dont stay for its being coin'd into money, but receive by weight just as it comes out of Churches

[1] Vol. 47, n. 27.

or private houses ; they are to have six millions of Crowns, besides the contributions levied in the Provinces ; one million of this sum is to be paid in Jewels—the Republican Arms are not put up ; they are to be erected when the ratification of the peace returns from Paris.

The French have taken away the goold lamps as well as whatever else was left at Loretto, and shut up the Holy house, and it is reported they have carried off the Statue of the Madonna, to prevent superstition amongst the people, but as they only keep possession of the Province of la Marca untill the whole of contribution is paid, they promise to restore the Statue with the keys of the house when they go away. However the people are so enrag'd that they kill all such as come in their way ; there has been much blood shed on both sides.

An American vessel is loading at Civita Vechia for London ; I apprehend some of the Boys in the Colledge will be sent home by her ; such heavy taxes are expected, and every article become so extravagantly dear that it will scarce be possible to maintain them all much longer. We keep no Lent except the first and 4 last days and all kinds of food are promiscuously allow'd. White and the boy from the north call'd Jurdison are not become Midshipmen as mention'd in my last ; when the Captain, Lord Proby, mention'd the difficulty they declin'd ; White is gone to Porto Feragio as Clerk to a Mr. Philips late a merchant in Leghorn who promis'd likewise to provide for the other. Lord Proby was very civil to them all, entertained them on board his Frigate ; I fear few of them will be better for the jaunt to Civita Vechia, I wish they were all at home, this is by no means a proper place for them at present and I fear will not be for some time.

You'll possibly wonder at the black Seal ; but I assure you we are all in deep mourning ; may the Lord have mercy on us—Amen. *Ora pro nobis.*

Rome, April 15. 1797.[1]

. . . I was apprehensive, the Scotts and Irish Coledges would be suppressed and the boys sent to the English, but

[1] Vol. 47, n. 46.

I now fear even that will undergo the same fate ; the revenue at least in part, united to Propaganda who is to take the scholars. If so there will certainly be a rebellion in the house ; they are accustom'd to such an easy pleasant life, that they will never submit to strict and regular discipline. . .

The summer and autumn of this year were uneventful. Christmas brought a sudden crisis. On the Eve of St Thomas rioting broke out near the French Ambassador's Palace and General Dupont, a Frenchman, was shot dead.

Rome, Dec. 30th. 1797.[1]

Before this reaches London I fear Rome will be only a tale. A Revolution was attempted on Thursday night a considerable body of people arm'd and cockades in their hats, appeared in different parts of the Citty ; they were oppos'd by the Regular Troops and Civic Guard, the reason assign'd was the scarcity of oil and other necessarys of life. Many people were kill'd ; the heat of the action was near the French Ambassador's Palace where a great number had taken refuge ; here a French General was kill'd and the Ambassador himself narrowly escaped ; he left Rome as soon as possible with all his family.

The Cisalpine Army is in full march for Rome, which will probably be given up to plunder in revenge for the insult offer'd the Republick—our students narrowly escap'd, for an affray happen'd near the Colledge as they were returning home in the afternoon ; the Balls wisled about their ears but they got safe in—I am at a loss what to do. I dont wish to leave our Concerns behind and yet if I remain I fear my life is in danger : may the Lord direct me for the best. The few English here are getting away as fast as possible—The Pope is still alive but thats all. I'll write again next Saturday, if alive ; in the meantime recommending myself to your good prayers, remain Rt. Rv. Sir with due respect yours . . .

Rome, Jan. the 6th. 1798.[2]

We have passed an unpleasant Christmas ; every article is so dear, that the Rector of our Colledge gave no

[1] Vol. 47, n. 118.
[2] Vol. 47, n. 121.

dinner on St. Thomas Day, not even a dish of Chocolate in the morning. Formerly Common to all but now become a luxury of the first class . . . . Stephen Green will return home if possible, he is frightened away."

Rome, Jan. 13th. 1798.[1]

A few of us here join'd together for an English news-paper ; no one can tell the satisfaction of reading what passes in their country except those who have been long absent and are far distant from it. Some English papers are sent to Rome but it is a difficult matter sometimes to get at the perusal of them ; I could therefore wish you to be so good to order from the General Post Office, Baldwin's Weekly Journal, for six months, directed to Mr. Smelt Rome. . . .

He speaks of various prophets and prophecies now current in Rome : one foretells that :—

The Pope will live to intone Te Deum, afterwards say Nunc Dimittis and die in peace ; to the Te Deum the Old Man will have no objection, but I deny he will ever sing Nunc Dimittis of his own choice : he has no inclination of quitting this world. . . .

The Cisalpine Army is now in the Province of the Marca near Loretto together with some French Troops ; the General is a Pole nam'd Dalronsky who brought a body of his countrymen with him into the service of the Cisalpine Republick : these soldiers in addition to their native ferocity wear large wiskers, and cut off the tails of all the horses they meet and put them on their own heads ; the women and children in Rome are in such dread of these tremendous fellows that they dream of nothing but wiskers and horses tails.

Rome, Jan. 27th. 1798.[2]

. . . We have plenty of flesh meat for some days past because the people in the country fear their cattle will be taken by the enemy but, when this supply is consum'd and the army advance, a famine must certainly succeed.

[1] Vol. 47, n. 123. Endorsed by Mr. Horrabin, No. 4 Castle St.
[2] Vol. 47, n. 131.

May the Lord have mercy on us and send us better times. Amen.

To avenge the murder of the French General, the French Army re-assumed the offensive under General Berthier. They entered Rome at 10 a.m. on February 10th. Marching up to the Capitol, they removed the Papal arms and declared Rome a Republic—' no more Princes, Cardinals and Prelates '. Pius refused to submit to these indignities and was forced to leave Rome for the North as a prisoner.

Rome, March 2nd. 1798.[1]

I wrote on the 17th. and 10th. ult. The old man left this citty on Shrove Tuesday, arriv'd safe at Sienna, where he will stay a few days, and then proceed to Pisa which is to be his residence—ours and the Scotts Colledges were sequest'd in name of the French Republick, Friday last the 23rd.—however it is not yet decided, whether they will be consider'd as English property, or Roman, having been founded and endow'd by former Popes. The boys are preparing to depart, and I hope their expences will be paid ; they are to embark at Rimini for Trieste, and travel through Germany to Cuxhaven.

All priests secular and regular, not born in the Roman Republick, were order'd yesterday to give in their names, employment etc. Suppose we are to be sent away. In the mean time, I am preparing to march, purpose going into Tuscany, where I shall consider what course to steer—this goes under cover to a friend in Tuscany who will forward it : yours of Jan. 5 and 12 were acknowledg'd in my last—I now understand the Boys are allowed to stay if they chuse, or only a small sum will be allow'd towards the expence of their journey. The French General says his Republick will never molest any house destin'd for education of youth—Mr. Barnard's letter of Jan. the 19th. is just come to hand : the dispensation will be obtain'd. . . .

The Agent himself left Rome a few days later. He gives details of the sequestration of the College property and arrangements for the students' journey home.

[1] Vol. 47, n. 143.

Florence, March the 15th. 1798.[1]

The date of this letter shows that I am safe in a Christian country; I left Rome Wednesday the 7th. at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and reach'd the confines of Tuscany, Saturday morning, and arriv'd here Monday afternoon; the distance is 190 miles. I din'd at Siena on Sunday, saw the Old Man pass by in a coach; he is well. At first he resided in the convent of the Austin Friars, but is now remov'd to the Archiepiscopal Palace.

Before the Old Man quitted Rome, he invested three Cardinals with all Spiritual facultys—they are the Senior Bishop Priest and Deacon resident in Rome—Antonelli—Caraffa—& Altieri—Poor old Gerdil became almost incapable of business, notwithstanding I continually importuned him to finish Br. Berington's business; all the answer I got was a long discourse on patience and resignation, that he could do nothing without consulting the Congregation which will scarce ever meet again in our days unless by a miracle of the Almighty. I consulted Antonelli, who told me to quit Rome as soon as possible, leaving a power of Attorney with a trusty person and subject of the Republick; at the same time instruction in writing containing all that I thought necessary in the present circumstances. In consequence of this advice, I left the power with a lawyer—a man of reputation who will procure whatever is desir'd in my instructions.

It is impossible to quit Rome without a Pasport from the municipality which must be afterwards sign'd by the French General as Military Governor of Rome. Some objection was made against me by this last mention'd, as being an Englishman; I went directly to General D'Allemagne, Commander in Chief, who gave me an order in writing for the Governor to sign the Pasport, so I quitted Rome with flying colours. At the time of my departure forty five thousand Pasports had been issued; so great is the number of emigrants that cariages are scarce to be had for money, the inns on the road crowded with travellers, many are compelled to remain in open air without meat or drink. Such another unpleasant journey I never went & trust never shall again.

[1] Vol. 47, n. 151.

Since my arrival here I have receiv'd news from Rome of Saturday the 10th. 6 Cardinals, 12 Prelates and 2 Princes were arest'd and confin'd in a convent lately occupy'd by penitent Magdalenes. One of the Cardinals is Altieri Senior Deacon. I mention'd the sequestration of the English & Scotts Colledges before ; the sale of their property began Saturday morning ; the students are to be sent home & allow'd two hundred crowns in silver each, besides 150 in paper for clothing. Macpherson[1] was very active in procuring this from the Commissary General of the French Army, in conjunction with my Attorney who drew up the memorials in French by my orders ; whatever he does is to be charged to my account. Macpherson goes home with his two boys & Sloanes son ; they will embark at Rimini for Trieste through Germany to Cuxhaven ; the English follow the same track four or five together.

The English are 14 in number ; amongst them is one born in Rome, his Father a Roman who married in England. He lives with Prince Altieri in capacity of Groom of the Chamber ; the young man's name is Francis Lypet, 22 years of age, finish'd his studys last year, was ordain'd subdeacon in September ; he is a good young man, always behav'd well, came young into the Colledge, is very conversant in our language ; Corsini admitted him to the oath without consulting me, as he did in regard of Mr. Porter, notwithstanding which I always intended recommending him to you at a proper time, had things gone on in the old way. I endeavour'd to dissuade him from going, but to no purpose, so gave him a line of introduction to you.

As for the rest of yours ; Green wants no recommendation ; Burke is a fine lad, but weither he will submit to the regularity of Old Hall Green after the liberty & dissipation, in which he liv'd in Rome, is more than I can answer for. The Jersey boy is good but his head hard and dull. Some of the rest are very indifferent subjects fit for nothing but to make Republican soldiers. I perceive missioners are wanted in England, for Mr. Taylor at Valladolid wrote for various dispensations for age—one for 16 months ; the reason assign'd is want of subjects.

[1] Mr Macpherson was Agent to the Scots College. Cf. Gradwell (Ven. April 1933).

You will find this letter full of incoherence, I have run from one thing to another, I am greatly derang'd both in body and in mind, and which is still worse my heart almost broke with grief. I am just going to Pisa, distant 50 miles, from whence I will write to Messrs. Berington & Gibson as soon as I am able ; let them know how things are—direct to me Poste Restante, Florence ; my letters will be taken care of & forwarded.

Pisa, April the 3rd. 1798.[1]

Rome by this time nearly reduc'd to half its ancient population. The inhabitants in distress & misery, famine staring them full in the face, money so scarce that a piece of silver coin of any Country or denomination sells for six times its value in paper. Tradesmen shut up their shops to avoid selling their goods in return for paper money, but were compell'd to open them again under pain of being consider'd as bad citizens and treated as such. The nobility & others possessing property forc'd to remain under pain of losing it,—their Palaces full of officers and soldiers whom they are forc'd to maintain in an elegant style. Their horses are seiz'd and sent away, themselves forc'd to walk on foot ; enormous contributions demand'd from them—Cloath, Leather, Linnen, Hatts as well as every other article necessary for cloathing the Army ; the inhabitants at large invited to contribute their money for the same purpose, at the same time inform'd if they dont contribute voluntarily, they will be compell'd by force ; but what is more extraordinary, the clergy now reduc'd to poverty are invited by a particular Edict to contribute towards this good work. What Jeremiah foretold of Jerusalem is now verify'd at Rome—*Quomodo sedet sola Civitas* etc.—which the poor people of that devoted Citty will hear sung tomorrow evening with tears in their eyes.

I mention'd in my last the arest of 6 Cardinals, amongst them Altieri, Senior Deacon, one of the three empower'd by the Pope to act in his absence. This was a mistake ; it was not Altieri but Antonelli ; these six were sent to Civita Vecchia : from thence, report says, they were transport'd,

[1] Vol. 47, n. 155.

three to Corsica, three to Corfu. I dont believe any Cardinal remains in Rome except that good old man Berronico Bp. of Porto who is bedridden and cant be remov'd.

Of your disciples Green wants no recommendation. There is one from Bristol nam'd John Hely, sent over by Mr. Stapleton, a good lad; be so good as to settle with Br. Sharrock about him. I have recommended to you one Francis Lypet; I have endeavour'd during the last two years to dissuade him from going to England, purposely, to try his vocation, but he always persisted in his resolution. I have laid aside my intention of returning to England for the present, because times and circumstances may alter; in case Peace takes place I hope our Government will interest itself to recover, at least, that part of our Property originally purchas'd with English money as well as what belong'd in ancient times to our national Church and Hospital before Gregory the 13th. gave it to the Colledge. I am the only person acquainted with it, know every particular House, Vineyard, Garden &c. I even found means to obtain a copy of the book, containing the property call'd of the mission.

Our property is advertis'd for sale throughout Italy, as well as all other confiscations; the good people of Rome say they cant purchase in conscience, and the bad ones have no money.

Pisa, April the 20th. 1798.[1]

All persons not born within the Roman Republick are order'd to depart; Republican brooms have already work'd hard sweeping out priests and friars; last year the population of Rome was 166280 exclusive of 16000 Jews, it now don't surpass 80000; even these are in a fair way of being starv'd. Strangers who are married to Romans may remain as well as artists, but these latter having no employment must decamp. Since the death of Mgr. Stonor, by my industry and economy, I was able to make a decent and proper figure and had things gone on in the old way I should have been able to encrease considerably the fund for those who came after me, but alas times are alter'd *Dominus dedit Dominus abstulit*—I murmur not at the will of God. I could only

[1] Vol. 47, n. 161. Endorsed by Mr. Horrabin.

bring away part of my wearing apparel, even some of that was plunder'd on the road ; the number of emigrants was so great that the publick inns were not sufficient to receive them. Many remain'd in the street ; provisions were not to be had for money.

I have employ'd a person at Rome to purchase the Archivium of the Colledge and another who understands English to select such papers as relate to our affairs which I hope to secure with the papers belonging to the Agent, till times permit them to be sent to England.

The Rector, before I left Rome, promis'd to preserve a book containing an account of every person in the Colledge since its foundation[1] ; I have since written to him to give up that book to my Correspondent that it may be secur'd.

I have been very ill since I came to Pisa. The abomination of desolation which I beheld in the Holy Place, has such an affect on me that I shall never recover it ; my heart is almost broke with grief ; numbers of exprelates are dispers'd about—in fine we are all a parcell of poor emigrant vagabonds—May the Lord have mercy on us. Amen.

Pisa, April the 30th. 1798.[2]

At Rome things daily go from bad to worse ; only two Cardinals remain ; Berronico, a Venetian too infirm to be remov'd ; and Altieri, a Roman who lives with his brother, a ci-devant Prince. The old Calabrian Rector of Scotts was imprison'd during 6 days, then banish'd from the Republick ; how the old rogue escap'd so easily I can't tell, unless by refunding what he had stolen or impeaching his accomplices.

[1] This book is the Liber Ruber. What eventually happened to it is told in a letter from Gradwell to Wiseman dated 12th June, 1829. (Ven. E. C. Archives, Wiseman Correspondence, 1828-1840). The extract from the letter runs : " . . . You will be glad to hear that I have recovered a book belonging to the Archivium of your College, the loss of which I had often lamented. This is no less important than the Register of every student that entered into the English College at Rome, from 1579-1774. Their number amounted to 1486. It contains the dates of arrival, ordination, departure, etc. It is the book numbered in the Archivium 303. When the French drove our students away in 1796, one of the students thought this book was too valuable to be lost, and brought it away with him. Mr. Kirk obtained possession of it, and has consigned it to me. I will send it to you in the first parcel of books I dispatch to Rome. With Magnani's Journal and my letter to Cardinal Cappellari, it brings down the College Register to the present day . . . "

[2] Vol. 47, n. 164.

I lately received a letter from the Rector of our ci-devant Colledge ; he tells me part of the moveables are sold, but scarse any person offers to purchase the lands, unless at so low a price that the French Commissaire wont take ; he continues in the house with the masters and servants in hopes of some gratification for past service, but with slender hopes of success. In the mean time the Income is stop't, and the furniture daily selling off ; hence they will soon be depriv'd of bed and board, which may be consider'd the same as starving them out of possession : such is Republican warning.

The Cardinal of York has quitted Gaeta and gone to Naples. The Republicans are selling the furniture of the Vatican palace ; the velvet and damask hangings, owing to the scarcity of money, are knock'd down by the Auctioneers at about 20 English pence per yard ; I desir'd my Correspondent in Rome to sell my furniture but he tells me that no purchasers are to be found. If I should ever furnish another apartment at Rome, it shall be in the true Republican style—bare walls and wooden stools. . .

Pognano near the Baths of Pisa,[1]
June the 1st. 1798.

Dear Sir,

I keep up a regular weekly correspondence with Citizen Sloane at Rome ; he has under care a quantity of paper money belonging to myself & sundry other persons, for whom I transacted business. Likewise my furniture, books, papers and other effects which I was under necessity of leaving behind, when forc'd to abandon that delightful citty. The French Army is gone from thence on the so much talk'd of expedition to Egypt or elsewhere ; General St. Cyr remains as Commander in Chief with a small body of French, but they have brought about 4000 Poles to replace the French ; these men abandon'd their own country, when it was divid'd by the three geat powers of the North, and were taken into pay by the Cisalpine Republick and now are pass'd over to the Roman. These men were consider'd before they came as cruel sanguinary people : the Romans dreaded their

[1] Vol. 47, n. 177. Endorsed by Mr. Horrabin.

arrival, but they prove quite the contrary ; they are all Catholiks : the soldiers frequent the churches.

Many of the officers are priests and friars, who not only go to church but actually say Mass publikly with much attention & apparent devotion ; each man carries in his pocket a certificate of his ordination which he duly presents to the sacristan whenever he goes to a strange church, asks permission, takes off his sabre & uniform, puts on a black cassock, reads the *preparatio ante missam*, goes to the altar, says Mass, returns to the Sacristy, reads the prayers *post missam*, takes off his cassock, puts on sabre & uniform & goes straight to military duty : all this does not give great edification but it causes much admiration. Amongst the French, there are several priests and friars, one General, a Dominican, another a Capuchin &c. but they never say Mass nor even hear it.

Rome is now in so miserable a state, necessarys of life so scarce, that many daily perish for want. Last week 32 convents were suppress'd. Hitherto foreign priests & friars were sent away by name as I was myself, but now a general order banishes all except such as are turned 70 or have resided 35 years within the Republick.

In between Rome & Florence, I was rob'd of part of my cloathes, and a few nights ago some rogues broke open Lady Mary Eyre's house, carried away a quantity of wet linnen, amongst it seven of my shirts. I thought I had been sufficiently plunder'd already but misfortunes continue to attend me ; I have been rob'd by thieves of different countrys & different descriptions—Blessed is the man who hath nothing to loose for he can never be rob'd.

"O DOLCE NAPOLI . . ."

Three parties are necessarily concerned in telling the story of my gita. For this reason I thought of beginning with that peculiar introduction which the professor calls *præmium*, the Anglo-Saxon foreword, and the ordinary gentleman preface, in which they neatly praise their composition by enumerating its many difficulties, and sing a litany of thanks to those without whose help we are assured their masterpiece would not have seen the light. Instead my collaborators shall speak for themselves. They are the Editor and the Reader. They are my negative norm, to use the language of the schools ; collaborators only in a sense ; they are my censors and carping critics. But let them speak.

Editor—This article must be bright and interesting, not over rich in description but flavoured with anecdote ; neither a précis of the guide-book, nor a topographical survey for the mentally deficient. You have ten days in which to finish it. *A rivederci.*

Writer—Gentle reader, I feel that I have now secured your sympathy sufficiently to allow my pen to speak without shyness or fear of reproof. But first tell me, have you anything to say ?

Reader—Yes. I have heard all about that gita when you tried to cross that magnificent glacier, and climbed that famous peak with only an ice axe between you and eternity ; I know of your refuges buried under twenty feet of eternal snow ; I have met your dead men, drunk your cold tea, I have starved and frozen. I have explored crevasse, ravine and gully, in Abruzzi, Tyrol and Alps. I have been enter-

tained by stories of wolf-tracks on deserts of pathless snow, fierce storms and nights in the open, while I, seated in an armchair, pulled at my cigarette in comfort, blowing rings of smoke into the thick haze spreading over the circles in the common-room. Surely there is no more to tell ?

Writer—Let me reassure the reader at once. On this gita I saw no snow, carried no ruck-sack, slept in no refuge. On the contrary, I carried a small suit-case and slept in a hotel.

Reader—You sybarite !

Writer—Be this as it may I prefer to call it the gita of a party of sober intellectuals in quest of beauty and " bricks".

It was the first year of operation for the famous Apostolic Constitution " Deus scientiarum ", a few weeks before the beginning of the Holy Year. A wave of enthusiasm for reductions had swept over us all. Few were not gripped by the charm of the magic word. Our friends of the Scots College would stop us at the University and whisper " Have ye na hearrd of the latest reduction ? " A dentist in the Nazionale offered 50% reduction to all clerics who sat in his chair. Then there were other calamitous reductions. Our summer holiday was shortened by a fortnight and our Easter reduced to two days. This was indeed a blow to which we were never perfectly resigned, but a happy combination of ecclesiastical generosity and a Roman *festa* closed the University halls till the Saturday of Easter week, and so left us only a day short of our usual holiday.

Holy Saturday came and found the Venerabile in a happy mood rejoicing in the consolations of a good conscience. Lent was over and retreat finished ; the Scala Santa climbed, and the Seven Churches done. Who could be unhappy ? Palazzola, Abruzzi, Assisi, Siena. These were words on every man's tongue. The passion for reductions was still disturbing the house when glad tidings were brought of one, more astounding than all before. It was announced that whoever fulfilled certain easy conditions would be able to obtain a return ticket to Naples for twenty one *lire*. Two parties of Venerabilini quickly fulfilled those conditions, and thus it fell to our lot to see the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius,

Sorrento, and the romantic island of Capri which comprise, as I will try to show, nearly every form of beauty into which land and water could be moulded.

It was near midday on Easter Monday when we arrived in Naples. The weather was fine and promised fair for some days to come. Our first anxiety, however, was to find a place for lunch, and with an insight born of long experience, we found a *trattoria* decent enough for the "cloth"—for we were in the city—and humble enough for our economising purse. There we dined in frugal comfort. During the meal a member of the party looked up from his spaghetti, and remarked with rosy lips, "I say, you fellows, they'll be in spiritual reading now. Isn't it great?"—a remark as old as gitas, and ever as stimulating. We did not stay as much as five hours in Naples; we cannot therefore pass fair judgment on it. The general impression was dull and uninteresting; its public buildings were few and unattractive; and even in its cathedral, dedicated to St Januarius, we saw but little to admire.

"Vedi Napoli e mori" says the adage. I asked myself why. It could not mean what *I* first thought when I saw the city. The answer came, however, half an hour later when we arrived at the quay and saw stretched before us a panorama of rare beauty. If you have ever come on to an Italian lake suddenly, Maggiore, Lugano or Como, if you have caught a glimpse of Trasimene as you break through the hills above Sarteano, or to bring the parallel nearer home, if you recall the delight of your first glimpse of the Alban lake after topping the stony slope in Albano, you will realise the enchanted experience we had on this afternoon. I said that the beauty of this scene was rare, and by this I mean that while the Italian lakes represent one type of beauty, here we had nearly every type in one picture before us. The grim, stern, terrible majesty of mountain scenery was depicted in a range of hills over which Vesuvius was lord and master; pastoral beauty found abundant expression on its woody slopes, dotted with villas, monasteries and houses. The bay of Naples was spread below in a magnificent

curve twenty miles in diameter ; its waters, ever undisturbed by troubled tides, on this afternoon were perfectly tranquil, sparkling bright and blue in the sun, and moved only by breezes into little more than soft glad ripples.

I hereby notify my censor, my critic and my negative norm that they have just read my best paragraph. He who seeks for further flowers and purple patches is doomed to disappointment. But where was I up to ? Oh yes. I was talking about those soft glad ripples. We then embarked on a small sailing ship. I call it a sailing ship, because it had a main mast and a mizzen, and unfurled its canvas once during the crossing, but actually it was equipped with a powerful motor which shrieked and roared, and nearly shook us overboard. Still we had to cross the bay and reach Sorrento that evening. We could not afford the regular steamer ; a rowing boat would have taken ten hours ; so we joined the crew of the S. Agnello, crossed in two and a half hours, and from our seat of rough boards again admired the grandeur of the environs.

Vesuvius rose from the bay on our left, a mountain little higher than Gennaro, but clearly visible from base to summit and perfectly symmetrical in outline. A thick column of white smoke which perpetually issues from its crater is signal proof of its vitality, and thrills the imagination with pictures of the destruction which it has wrought in past centuries. Pompeii and Herculaneum, Greek cities steeped in sensuality and immorality, were swept away in successive eruptions, when Christianity was yet in its infancy ; and since that time there have been more than thirty other considerable eruptions. The last serious one is still a terrible memory with the old seamen of Sorrento. It occurred in 1906, and caused great damage to two villages. Less than ten years ago, the volcano again threw tons of red hot ashes thousands of feet into the air, but little damage resulted.

After two hours easy sailing we came close enough to be able to admire the rugged coastline of the bay. It was moulded naturally into precipitous cliffs, sometimes hollowed out into deep fantastic grottoes, sometimes forming great

promontories which project and recede with graceful irregularity. We could discern at intervals a few narrow banks of shingle where a few hardy fishermen inhabit a handful of crazy huts. In fact Sorrento appeared to us such a narrow bank of black sand and shingle as our boat drifted towards the jetty. But we noted a phalanx of hotel touts decked in the regalia of their various hotels, drawn up on the parapet of the breakwater, and immediately realized that we had come to a popular resort of tourists. There was a screeching of cordage round the rusty capstans, and our boat was moored. We stepped out on to the quay—I and my friends, the Linguist, the Irishman and the Wag from Wigan. We were immediately greeted with a roar, " Signori, signori, voulez-vous un hotel ? Lorelei, Coccumella, Hotel Royal, Nazionale, Eden ". Voices came from everywhere.

Porters from the Hotel Royal and the Coccumella were prudent from the start. They left us alone. One of the other importunate fellows would not leave us, and as he was less decorated than the rest, and therefore more acceptable to us, we listened to him. His fluency was extraordinary. " Venga " he said to the Linguist, " Venga signore, il nostro albergo è il più bello, il più distinto di tutto il paese. Ma che dico—di tutto il mondo ! Abbiamo tutte le commodità possibili, termosifoni, acqua calda corrente in ogni camera, insomma, ogni conforto moderno. Venga vedere, signor mio. Il prezzo poi è minimo, 25 lire al giorno, è proprio un regalo che le facciamo ! " The Linguist then took him by the arm and walked along with him. " Va bene amicone, ma senta un po '. Ho viaggiato io molto, e quello che mi dice Lei, già mi dicevano tutti i portieri del mondo. Ma ecco quando si tratta poi di pagare, ci sono cento spese straordinarie nel conto : tasse di quà, tasse di là, tassa di soggiorno, mancie, contributi. . . ."

The porter was moved to tears. "Per carità, signore, che cosa crede ? Siamo gente dabbene noi. Neanchè un centesimo più di 25 lire. Ne sto garante io." " Vino compreso ? " " Ma signor mio bello, come si fa ? Il vino eh. . . No. . . (but seeing us hesitate) ma per Lei, ma

solamente per Lei, perchè è un signore cosi buono, cosi bello, cosi distinto, faremo un prezzo tutto speciale, specialissimo. Faremo . . . la pensione, compreso tutto, tutto . . . faremo 25 lire al giorno. E proprio un regalo che le facciamo." " Allora vediamo le camere."

By this time we had arrived at the hotel Eden, an excellent hotel in very pretty surroundings. We were led through the orange groves of the garden, and up numerous flights of stairs to the " clerical " floor. My room commanded a view of the whole bay, and I shared it with the Wag from Wigan, who always wanted to sing and quote poetry, every time he looked out of the window. Of course he had every right to do so ; I joined him, and we sang duets to Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples. Next morning I awoke at quarter to six. The room was filled with sunlight, and raising myself wearily to my elbow I saw a pretty picture of Vesuvius neatly formed in the casement. I looked across the room at my companion. He was smiling peacefully but fast asleep. Another pretty picture I thought, and did not spoil it.

Our Mass was over and we were in the crypt of the *duomo* making our thanksgiving near the tomb of St Antoninus its patron, when a peculiar incident attracted our attention. First there was a great noise, as though sacks of flour were being dragged slowly along the floor of the church, and turning I saw a real *pezzo grosso*, to use the phrase most literally—a fine fellow with a good honest round face which you expected at any moment to break into twenty smiles. He dragged his feet along laboriously until he came to the tomb of St Antoninus. Here he tried to make a bow, but it was a failure. He did not on this account become in any way perturbed, but went through a fine ceremony without the slightest sign of self-consciousness. He approached each of the pillars supporting the roof of the crypt, stood upright, bent his knees slightly, so that they leaned on the pillars, three times knocked his forehead violently against them, and followed up the knocks with three loud kisses. When he had completed his round of the pillars, he renewed the ceremony in its entirety on the buttresses round the walls.

If he ever comes to Rome to gain the Jubilee Indulgence, what a fine time he will have in St Peter's !

The devotion to St Antoninus was characteristic of most of the good people here. The walls of the crypt were covered with votive offerings, with framed letters written to the saint, and with pictures of storms and shipwrecks averted through his intercession. In one very interesting frame we saw long plaits of beautiful black hair which Constance Vitagliano, a young girl, had vowed to St Antoninus during a most severe attack of influenza. Her letter hangs on the wall of the crypt framed with her hair. She writes " . . . Affetta da febbre Spagnuola in pericolo di vita, feci voto a S. Antonino, e fui guarita. Con animo grato e riconoscente a perenne memoria, offero a Lui la mia chioma ". Costanza Vitagliano 1929.

In the atrium of the basilica there are kept a hundredweight of bones, and I learnt that these had a history which connected St Antoninus with the famous Sorrento Monster " il nostro centaceo di Sorrento ". The people tell the story of a huge sea monster which appeared on the Sorrento shore, and snapped up a live baby and swallowed it. St Antoninus who was Abbot at Sorrento at that time was filled with compassion for the poor afflicted mother of the child, and so, as the story goes, " miracolosamente obbligò il mostro a ridarlo alla madre desolata". Whether this be true or not the story is still told by the poor peasants of Sorrento, and the relics of the Sorrento monster are exposed in the atrium of the basilica.

We spent this day seeing Sorrento, in enjoying the loveliness of its gardens and the peace of its streets. One main road rambled through the small town. It was full of curiosity shops in which you could buy every conceivable knick-knack or gimcrack carved and inlaid with fine woodwork. Vendors of precious silks and lace had shops at every corner. The main *piazza* was like a garden. Orange and lemon trees decorate the side walks, while in the centre clusters of red and purple blossoms grow in profusion on that beautiful plant stigmatised as the Judas tree. It is not my wish here

to decry the garishness of some of our English spas, but it is permissible to say that we were glad to see in Sorrento no shop exhibiting a thousand ugly toys, gaudy bathing suits, and huge bars of Sorrento " rock ". Sorrento is one of the few picturesque spots as yet unspoilt by an influx of gay and worldly " beachcombers ".

The Italians would say that there is about Sorrento " un non so che d'incantevole che non si spiega facilmente ", but there is another delightful spot similar to it whose charm still more defies description. This is Capri. A haven of peace and restfulness, it would calm the overworked intellect (and we at least should know this) ; it could soothe our shattered nerves. As we crossed the bay we had splendid views of the island : the distance softened into symmetry the outline of its rugged precipices and lofty pinnacles, and it might have been a grand mediaeval cathedral rising from the waves. Its goddess cast her spell and we were moved to make a gita thither.

The morning was cold and a little gloomy when we set out for the steamer. On our way, we met an occasional seaman who unmercifully shouted out to us what we most dreaded to hear, " Fa mar grosso signori, e tira un gran vento ! " Still we had to go on. None should say we were not at least willing sailors, although in half an hour as the small steamer topped twenty foot high waves, and sank again quickly between them as the angry waters lashed the bulwarks and washed over the bows, we began to repent of our foolishness. For a while in happy innocence we had cheerfully strode the deck, but soon we were grimly trying every means to prevent our being—but in the end we weren't. Nevertheless the charms of the island received our scant attention until something hot and strong had made us men again.

Capri shore is a piratical little place. Mooring chains, capstans, great rusty iron rings with lengths of cordage attached to them threaten to trip you up at every step. Old masts and spars lie scattered on the shore ; rough-weather boats are drawn up to dry ; and nets are stretched along the

Cliff Grotto, Capri

beach in the sun. Father, a fine weather-beaten fellow of immense bulk, is showing his ten year old son how to draw in nets, and both proudly exhibit a good length of copper coloured arm and leg. The wife sits on a stool with distaff in hand, baby is rolling about half naked on the cobble stones. There is a sound of the plashing of oars, and occasionally the shriek and roar of the *motonave*. When these are silent, few sounds are heard. A few amphibious looking fellows are sleeping on the edge of the quay; their legs are dangling over the side; and they look for all the world so detached from life on either sea or land that you feel tempted to push them in, just to see if they would float away dozing comfortably among the fishes.

We climbed up to Anacapri, a winding old village with a fine *piazza*; everything appeared crazy and romantic. Houses looked as though someone had given them a sharp knock; streets twisted so much that barely three doors were visible at once; the quaint dress turned into sacrilege the beach pyjamas of an occasional *à la mode* visitor from the Rivieras. The oldest inhabitant was there in a bright red tammy and a brighter red sash; his beard was long and flowing white. His photograph was in every shop, his portrait painted by every artist.

We left the village to search out one of the wonders of the island, the "Arco Naturale". It was a delightful walk. All have heard of the brightness and luxuriance of the foliage in Capri. This cannot be exaggerated in the most florid description. The path was shaded by pretty Judas blossom, the wisteria covered the neat cottages in oriental profusion of colour, and the gardens were like splendid mosaics. The Arco Naturale does not belie its name; the fantastic rock and the swishing waters hundreds of feet below kept us for a time amazed and bewildered by such extravagance of beauty. The beauty of Capri does not end here. Its cliffs and precipices extend the whole of its circumference. Its coast is broken into mimic islets, continually whitened by an ever dancing sheet of spray, and into grottoes and caves of wondrous green and blue. On our return journey the sea

was again choppy, but the gay stories of an Italian steward kept us from disastrous fears ; we naturally spent the evening in the hotel telling each other what good sailors we were.

The sun was not shining when we rose on the Thursday of this week ; a mist covered Vesuvius and hid the bay from sight ; in such conditions we knew that it would be a foolish waste of a day to climb Vesuvius. There were still a great number of places to choose from, Amalfi, Herculaneum, Pompeii, Paestum, all of peculiar interest, but of all, one only could be selected. A *carrozza* driver settled the point, but not entirely to his own satisfaction. He brought his gaily painted chariot into the garden of Eden (!)

" Signori," said the *vetturino*, " una carrozza ? Costa pochissimo, e vedete poi il mio cavallo come bello—e poi vedrete come corre. Volete fare un gita a Pompeii ? " I then replied in fine Italian, " Si, si, ma quanto costa ? " " Ah roba da poco. Trenta lire è un po' di fieno per il mio cavallino." " Ma questa è troppo, insomma mi pare assai. Dieci lire va bene ? " " Ma signor mio " the driver said " Lei mi burla. E poi il mio cavallo è buono, è ottimo, ma è solo un po' vecchio, non può a questo prezzo. Faremo venticinque lire, ma solo per Lei, è prezzo di favore." " Non più di dieci lire." " Allora venti ! Ma è proprio l'ultimo prezzo ! (and seeing us depart) Signori, quindeci lire ! " We had gone.

Still he had supplied us with a good idea. We decided to go to Pompeii, and after we started off, the mist no longer concealed the bay from sight, but everything was wrapped around in a cloak as is an Italian early spring morning. The sun appeared and shone in steady glory though the haze obstinately remained clinging to Vesuvius. There lay before us twenty miles of beautiful country along the cliffs hundreds of feet above the bay, until we reached Castellamare di Stabia, six kilometres from Pompeii.

Pompeii has an air about it, which removes it from ordinary archæology. Its beauty lies not in beautiful proportion and order ; it is rather a beauty of one's own creation. I walked up the streets dreaming and reconstructing the life

of bygone days. These streets no wider than the ordinary Roman road, which may be seen in the Alban Hills, are meant for one way traffic only ; they are paved with irregular blocks of irregular Vesuvian lava, and are terminated on either side by high kerbed side-walks. At frequent intervals in the middle of the thoroughfare, there are elliptical blocks of stone raised to the height of the pavement to form easy stepping stones for pedestrians in times of flood.

On either side of these streets you see oil shops, wine shops, kitchens, private houses and public baths which stand almost as they stood in 75 A.D. All the excavated rubbish has been removed, there is no untidy vegetation growing up between the blocks of basalt, and at first sight there is nothing to show that this resurrected city has been buried for nearly nineteen centuries. As you pass down its streets you see shops which need very little alteration to modernise them. The *caupone* for instance would make very comfortable *Osterie*, although they have little in common with the ordinary Roman Bar ; the public kitchens of Pompeii must have resembled closely the more unpretentious modern *Trattoria* or *Cucina Romana*, but not even the most vivid imagination could convert anything in Pompeii into a modern cafe.

All that is most Roman and least modern in modern Italy had its counterpart there. On the corners of the streets where they meet or cross, there are public fountains adorned with gods and goddesses ; and water again plays from jets which for centuries have been blocked by volcanic ash. When you reach the end of the excavated portion you begin to realise the marvellous character of these ruins, for at the end of the street you come face to face with a twenty foot wall of solid ashes, and if you climb by a devious route to the top of it you find yourself on a piece of waste ground which commands an admirable view of the excavated city.

It would be wearisome to describe all that we saw. We marched into forums, temples, basilicas, theatres, houses and baths, until columns, philasters, statues, mosaics and frescoes danced before us like the fleeting images of a con-

fused dream. The private houses, however, were of peculiar interest. The Pompeians used no appendages for the purpose of decoration; they hung no pictures and spread no carpets; but instead they painted on their walls and trod on marble slabs inwrought with splendid mosaics. There remains even now about these decorations a neatness and freshness which makes them glow like modern paintings and mosaics. The houses are built round a pretty garden with its fairy fountain and white marble statuettes, just as Roman palaces have their central cortile, which is often cooled by a fountain and decorated with small trees and plants growing in huge fantastic flower pots. A thousand household utensils rescued from a grave of solid ash, pots and pans containing loaves, beans and other articles of food prepared for a meal in the year 79 A.D. which never took place, are witnesses to the suddenness of the tragedy. On the floor of one of the rooms we saw human bones and skulls lying scattered about; and sometimes there were complete skeletons of families who had not been able to escape before the roof had collapsed and pinned them all to the floor on which their bones now lie.

There is a fine museum which panders to the morbid taste of visitors, and shows castes of human bodies twisted into positions which only the most intense agony could cause. A young girl tries to protect herself against the shower of ashes by holding up her cloak against them; another seems frantic in the attempt to protect her child. In a small glass case you see a cast of a fine looking dog which was left chained up outside one of the private houses on the day of the eruption. All these organic bodies have been preserved for nineteen hundred years by a solid covering of ashes. When they were discovered in the last century, the archæologists noted that the ashes and *lapilli*, now converted into solid rock, had formed perfect moulds of those bodies in their struggle against suffocation and death. They therefore poured molten *gesso* into these moulds and have thereby preserved for us very eloquent testimony of the horrors of the Great Eruption.

Once I lost my companions and wandered round the streets dreaming of the past, when to my surprise, I heard a far-off voice speaking to me in the Latin tongue, " Tune vidisti alios . . . Domine ? " " Mehercle," I murmured in surprise, " Ubinam sumus terrarum ? " But turning I saw a fine robust ecclesiastic who had apparently lost his friends. He continued to address me in sorrowful Teutonic accents. " Tune vidizti alios, Domine, veztitos zicut et ego ? Amichi mei non sunt hic, uti patet. Cfid aghendum est ? "

" Sorry, Pater," I replied, " but I'm lost too. This place is like a labyrinth. Quid agendum est, did you say ? Ah, hic labor, hoc opus, hic inextricabilis error ! Goodbye ! "

I soon heard other voices ; they were those of my infuriated companions who seemed keen on my company. We lunched together *al fresco* in a huge amphitheatre where we had the pleasure of watching some ragamuffins play football in the arena. Bereft of all historical sense, with no respect for horrible associations, they were actually using as goals two wide gateways leading to the dens of the wild beasts ! When our modest lunch was over, we left the unhallowed city of the dead, and took a car to Sorrento, driving again along the cliffs which hang over the Bay of Naples. That bay looked calm and placid then ; but next morning when we crossed, the weather was terrifying, and our little steamer pitched and rolled unmercifully. . . . No. I wasn't, but one of our number was, poor fellow ! I had only the slightest twinge of *mal de mer* ; so I sang heartily in the face of the storm " Sul mare luccica . . . Santa Lucia . . . Santa Lucia ". Then we composed songs about the gita. I want to finish up with mine, because it was easily the best. I call it my Epithalamium.

Down near the Bay of Napoli
These days I spent most happily
I climbed no mountain peak or crag
But led the life of a reverend " bag ",
Who seeking beauty, roamed and rambled,
Strolled and ran and dashed and ambled.
Whenever we had the mind to drink

And felt but little inclined to think,
We raised the glass of sparkling wine
And drank a toast to Auld Lang Syne.
When all was quiet each man sang
Until the cerulean welkin rang.
And so this short and elegant metre
Contains a précis of my gita.
Nunc Epithalamium scriptum est,
Editor, Reader, take your rest.

E. Doyle.

THE COLLEGE DURING THE WAR

I was walking along the road to the Pio garden at Monte Porzio not so long ago when a *contadino* came up to me and began " Io mi ricordo benissimo di quei giorni quando loro inglesi andavano spesso per questa strada al giardino ". There followed a vivid description of the old white-headed Monsignore Geeles (*sic*) and memories of the *festa* of Sant' Antonino and of all those things in which the Venerabile took so prominent a part. Many pleasant memories crowded into my mind also as I strode along the sunlit road. The Monteporziani speak always with great affection of the " collegiali " and of the days that are gone. They wonder how we can sing the canticle of the Lord in the foreign land of Palazzola. The *parroco* who succeeded Don Erasmo a short time before I left the College, was saying farewell to a party of us one day recently near the gate of the town, when he opened his shoulders and stretched out his hands in a pathetic gesture, saying " Ma perchè ci hanno abbandonato ? " Well, we have not altogether deserted our old friends and the broad-brimmed English College hat is not infrequently seen in the little town in the Alban hills wherein are enshrined so many memories of the College.

The town has not greatly changed and I almost expected to see Don Carlo come along the road from Camaldoli pausing in his morning walk, like another Don Abbondio with his finger on a psalm in his breviary, to look over into some vineyard on his way home to his little apartment near the Duomo.

But to return to the Pio garden. One event which happened therein presents itself very clearly to my memory,

and that is the receiving news that England had declared war on Germany. I can remember well how we were standing there on that blazingly hot morning in early August when someone brought us a newspaper with a bold black headline which read " L'Inghilterra ha dichiarato la guerra alla Germania ". One can imagine the excitement of the comments which followed. There were not many in those days who ventured to foretell a long war, even though Kitchener's estimate of three years' duration was known to us. The life of the *villeggiatura* continued on its even way and we waited for each scrap of news with keen anxiety. It must be admitted that the Allied cause had not much sympathy, if any, from the Italian press in those early months of the war, and there was a tendency to magnify Allied setbacks and to give scant prominence to the successes that came to our arms. There was no sympathy for Austria, but admiration of Germany and appreciation of her marvellous organisation and skilled generalship. The days passed by at the Villa in that fateful August of 1914 with the usual summer *horarium*, the war being the constant topic of conversation until our minds were drawn to a new subject by the news that Pius X was ill and in danger. We waited. News came one evening, I think from Mondragone, that the Pontiff was dead, and up in the little chapel we said a De Profundis for him, to learn on the following morning that he was still alive when we had prayed for his soul. He died a few hours later, namely on August 20th, and we went down to Rome in the days " quando maxime calores in urbe esse solent " to pay our last tribute to the saintly Pope whom Providence had called away from the chair of Peter, before the world conflict had yet got well on its way. Pio Decimo lay in the calm majesty of death, clad in red vestments, and large crowds filed before the *cancello* of the Blessed Sacrament chapel to pay their respects to their beloved Bishop of Rome and to breathe a prayer for his soul. We moved along slowly in the perspiring throng and it was interesting to hear the expressions of affection and admiration on all sides. " Addio Padre e Filosofo,"

said a man just in front of us standing in front of the *cancello* and stretching out his arms. Outside the great basilica the warm air surged to meet us and we walked across the blinding white *piazza* listening to the excited comments and the shrill voices of the newsvendors as they made known that some cruiser had been sunk here, or so many thousands had been killed or taken prisoner on one of the war fronts. Pius lay in the stillness of death. Not for him was it to guide the Church through the ghastly turmoil of this horrible conflict. That formidable task was reserved for another, and preparations were now afoot for the Conclave. We returned to Monte Porzio and all talked of the Conclave and nothing else. The newspaper *papabili* were all known to us. Cardinals Maffi, Ferrata, Serafini and Mercier were prominent names, but a few expected that the choice of the Sacred College would fall on a non-Italian Pope. The Conclave began on August 31st and ended on the 3rd September. While they were deliberating on the choice of a successor to Pius X and men such as Hartmann and Mercier, whose peoples were locked in the deadly struggle, were quietly invoking the Holy Spirit and registering their votes, news from the various fronts told us that the Russians had taken Lemberg and in their turn had suffered heavy defeat at the hands of Hindenburg at the Marsurian Lakes ; that the formidable German infantry had begun the attack on Rheims ; that the French had been beaten back on the Marne ; that Von Kluck was threatening Paris ; and that the President of the Republic and the Diplomatic Corps, with a considerable part of the population, had been transferred to Bordeaux.

Amid the excitement of these events the little company at Monte Porzio which gathered on the terrace after supper in the mild stillness of the Italian evening had its interest fixed chiefly on the Sacred College and its all-important work of placing a new hand on the helm of the storm-tossed bark of Peter.

The name of Cardinal Della Chiesa had not been mentioned in our circle. It was said by one of the *paesani* that the

Conclave was being prolonged because the Cardinals could not decide between Maffi and Mercier, and various other surmises came to our notice. Some of our number returned from Rome one evening after an examination at the Vicariate and related how, as they sat in the little *legno* that plied between Porzio and Frascati, conversation had become general about the Conclave, and the names of various Cardinals were mentioned, when a man who sat in the 'bus quietly remarked, at the end of the discussion, " Il nuovo Papa sara il Della Chiesa ". I think this was the first time we had heard him mentioned as *papabile.*

We did not go to Rome to wait in the *piazza* for the *sfumata* and so had no part in the excitement of the crowds gathered near the Vatican. On the 3rd of September we knew that the Archbishop of Bologna had been proclaimed, and had taken the name of Benedict in honour of that other great Pope of Bologna, Prospero Lambertini.

A number of us were present at his first address in St Peter's to the parish priests of his diocese of Rome. His appearance was in striking contrast with that of his predecessor. A tiny figure seated on the *sedia gestatoria*, he made large signs of the cross from side to side as he was carried along. Beneath the white *zuchetto* there was no sign of the gray of old age, but his black hair and features were characteristic of his nation, and when they set him down and he alighted, his movements were alert, albeit he walked with a slight limp. It is related that when he was leaving Bologna for the Conclave a lady expressed the wish that he might be elected Pope. He replied : " Grazie, signora, ma le cose allora camminerebbero troppo male." This was said jestingly in reference to his limp. When he went on to the platform to speak to this assembly of the parish priests of his diocese the smallness of his stature was strikingly apparent. He moved from side to side rapidly and emphasised his points with frequent gesture, speaking now to this side, now to that and, on one occasion, after a forceful passage he struck his thigh. I shall always remember the feeling with which he said " Voi Romani,

'quorum fides annuntiatur in universo mundo' ", and his eloquent exhortation to his priests to preach that faith and keep themselves worthy of this saying of the Doctor of the Gentiles.

Much more might be said of this magnanimous Pope whose short Pontificate was spent amidst the clash of arms and the alarms of war and who was the subject of calumnies of all kinds. They said he was not neutral. They urged him to pronounce one way or the other, hoping, of course, for a pronouncement according to their own point of view. When he tactfully contented himself with exhortations of peace and notes to the governments in conflict and condemnation of atrocities wherever they were committed they called him Pilate XV, and abused him as they wished. The small frail figure in the Vatican stiffened himself to face the outburst. His enemies did not know or did not want to know of his extraordinary outpouring of charity for the suffering peoples, and of his untiring efforts on behalf of the prisoners of war on either side.

For us at the Venerabile the figure of this great Pope stood out amid those years of war as the man of Providence whom the " finger of God's right hand " had pointed out as possessing those qualities and gifts which the Vicar of Christ would need during the years of bloodshed and destruction. The story of his pontificate might be made the subject of another article. I pass on to tell of some of our war-time experiences in the College.

Those of us who can take our minds back to life as it was twenty years ago in Rome can remember that, to be insulted in the streets because of our clerical garb, was not so rare a happening as might have been wished. To the baser anticlerical element of the time the sight of young men clad in cassocks walking through the streets of the city, while so many thousands of others were in arms, made the abusive remark fall more easily from the lips : and we were urged to go with loud cries of " Al fronte " and an occasional spitting on the ground before us in token of contempt. But I am far from saying that this was the behaviour

of any but the lowest strata of the population of Rome. It is pleasing to say that during the present régime the clergy are treated with great respect and the activity of the enemies of religion, wherever it may be, is constrained to burrow underground.

The toll of the war at the Gregorian University became always more noticeable. In 1913 the total number of those who attended lectures in the old Via del Seminario was 1107. In 1914 it had been reduced to 819 and by the end of the war there were only 369.

At the College in 1910 when I arrived our number was 36. By the beginning of 1917 our gathering in the common room had been reduced to the small number of 23. It was further reduced after I had gone, and finally became 12.

With Italy's entry into the war a new atmosphere of sympathy for the Allied cause was created and hostility to the Central Powers was manifest, both in the press and in the popular songs of the day. The old barrel-organ or hurdy-gurdy, which is seldom heard nowadays, was much in evidence and we soon began to amuse ourselves in the common room with snatches of songs which came up to us as lively interludes to theological or philosophical reflection during the quiet evening hours of study after the Ave. The Emperor of Austria in these ditties was always known as Checco-Peppe and the Kaiser as Guiglielmone. That reminds me that one day at the foot of the Porzio height we saw a muleteer belabouring his mule vigorously, invoking Sant' Antonio the while, continuing with a varied litany of saints, one for each blow. Finally he expressed his feelings with regard to it by invoking the Emperor of Germany.

Of the songs of these days one still remains which proclaims that the girls of Trieste sang joyfully at the prospect of their deliverance.

Le ragazze di Trieste cantan' tutte con ardore
O Italia, O Italia, del mio cuore,
Tu ci vieni a liberar.

As far as we could see there was never any very strong feeling against the Germans, but the name of Austria was

anathema and the old Emperor was cartooned contemptuously in the illustrated papers. There was some plain speaking in the pulpit too and on the occasion of the Epiphany Octave in Sant' Andrea a *frate* one evening made a vigorous attack on the anticlericals. He poured out torrents of eloquence to a crowded church, moving about with great energy and wealth of gesture. He sat down periodically and mopped his brow and then rose up refreshed to continue his devastating declamation. The real enemies of the nation, he said, were not the priests, but those who, through a greedy desire of making profit on the war, sent their soldiers to the front with shoes of cardboard in place of leather. Saying which he paused while a burst of applause and a chorus of bravos filled the church. There was something of a sensation caused by this and the *frate* had the place of honour in the illustrated papers of the following week.

Meanwhile, at the College, life went on as usual. The red cassocks of the German students could not remain on the streets of Rome, after the entry of Italy into the war, and the benches of the University were gradually emptying. The war cloud, heavy and gloomy, hung like a pall over everything. Occasionally the khaki uniforms of our soldiers were seen in the city and, from time to time, a British chaplain visited the College and gave us vivid descriptions of life among the troops. Only one of our number lost his life during the war. That was Charles Breary of the diocese of Northampton who had left the College definitely some time before joining the army. Other Venerabile men served both as chaplains and in other capacities, but I do not know of any other who laid down his life. *Requiescat in pace.* He was a fine lovable character and we were much grieved to hear of his loss.

At the Vatican the Pope's policy might be described as " Clama, ne cesses ! " It is interesting after the lapse of years to study his famous note of 1st of August 1917. Careful examination of its various points makes it clear that the Wilson peace programme and its much-discussed fourteen points does not differ in its main lines from that of the Pontiff,

although admittedly there is a clearer specification of certain territorial questions than is found in the papal note. Nor does the Wilsonian document reach the point of advocating cancellation of war debts. The President of the United States, who put forward his peace proposals in January 1918, had been a party to the conflict since April 1917. Benedict, on the other hand, had surveyed the struggle from the cold serene heights of his neutral position.

The Pope's suggestion of mutual condonation of indemnities and war debts has, in these latter days, been adopted by other statesmen, and we can more rightly appraise, at this distance, the value of his foresight. Had his appeal not fallen on deaf ears who knows what bloodshed and misery had been spared.

The words used by the Pope, in which the struggle was described as " a useless slaughter ", have given offence to many, but minds were disposed to read meanings into the Pope's words which were not intended. A French statesman called the document " a German peace, a peace against France, a peace in favour of the violators of rights ". Certain sections of the Italian press called it an " Austrian peace ". On the eve of Christmas 1917, replying to the good wishes of the Sacred College the Pontiff, who had been made the object of all kinds of calumny and suspicion, remarked, " We have recognised in Ourselves the ' Sign that is to be contradicted ' ".

Time will shed greater lustre on the pontificate of this devoted Pope of Peace. We may conclude these memories with a few remarks about more material aspects of our life in the College. In the last number of THE VENERABILE, we have read the interesting and vivid description of the College in *villeggiatura* at Montopoli receiving the momentous news of the end of the conflict. I know from an old retainer here of the struggle in those later days of the war to find adequate rations, and of the attempts to keep some meat in the daily dietary. Things had not come to that pass in the summer of 1917 when the *carrozza* bore me through the Via Baullari and on to the station to take train for England. Letters

from the Venerabile, however, told me of bread becoming daily more coarse and blacker in colour, of the elimination of butter from the breakfast table and of the substitution of the white substance, to wit, *ricotta* which is so often seen in the various *pizzicherie* of the city, and of the morning *boccone* being helped down by a fig or two when other condiments were no longer obtainable.

Bishop Dunn of Nottingham was travelling to England as King's messenger and I had the honour of acting as his secretary on the way. He had the privilege of crossing by the military route from Boulogne to Folkestone, whilst I crossed by Havre. I remember the strange sight of British soldiers driving the trams there, and of the khaki uniforms seemingly in possession of the city. Two destroyers circled round our steamer during the crossing and we arrived without incident at our destination. In London the bread, to my surprise, was much whiter, but after a small nibble and a request for more the waitress told me that I had had my ration and that no further allowance was possible. I hear the Editor at my elbow making a similar remark so I make haste to bring these all too rambling memories to a close.

WILLIAM GODFREY.

THE UNIQUE TITLE OF "VENERABILE"

(The substance of this article has already appeared in *The Tablet* of February 17th, 1934.

We use our title of "Venerabile" very frequently and consider it intimately connected with a College of such traditions. We may wonder sometimes in what precisely our claim to the honour consists and what documents we have to support it.

The archives of the College are incomplete, of course, by reason of pillage and appropriation, but even an incomplete survey of the records which we have has revealed some interesting facts. The first document known to give the title of "Venerabile" to the College is a broadsheet issued by Papal authority and printed by the Stampatori Camerali during the pontificate of Gregory XIII.[1] It bears the arms of the reigning Pontiff, and publishes an indulgence granted by him on December 7th, 1580 for prayers said for the conversion of England in the "Church of the Ven. English College Rome". The heading of the broadsheet runs: "Indulgentia Plenaria et perpetua concessa da N.S. Gregorio XIII Alla Chiesa del Ven. Collegio de gli (*sic*) Inglesi di Roma. . . " Again, in enumerating the conditions of the indulgence it says: "Visiteranno la Chiesa del Ven. Collegio de gli Inglesi. . . " This document bears the manuscript endorsement "7th Dec. 1580".

1 See Nova et Vetera p. 432.

Cardinal Cornelius, in an official document,[1] writes on January 13th, 1581 : " Venerabili Collegio Anglicanae Nationis de Urbe ". The Duke of Zagardo, Pompeiis Colonna, Gentilis de Abbatibus " Sacris apostolica imperialique auctoritatibus notarius publicus Placentiae, Curiaeque episcopalis Placentiae Cancellarius," and the notaries of the Camera Apostolica in legal documents, all place the title " Venerabile " before the name of the College as early as the year 1581.[2]

From this date onwards there are official and private, printed and manuscript documents for three hundred and fifty years which give the title to the College. The English College carried on the work of the old English Hospice in receiving pilgrims from the time of the amalgamation in 1579 until the sack of the house by Napoleon's troops. Rector, revenues and buildings remained the same ; and it was understood when the Bull of Foundation was given that the house automatically became the Hospice again if its work were to cease. The one house had a double function after the amalgamation, and this is shown by endorsements on legal documents, such as " Ven. Collegio et Hospitale Anglorum Urbis " (*sic*). The house, as the Hospice, had been called " Venerabile " from 1481.[3]

When the Constitutions of the College were published in the official *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* in 1918, the title was " Constitutiones Ven. Collegii Anglici de Urbe ". Looking through the twenty-five volumes of the *Acta* which have been published, we have found this one instance only of " Venerabile " being placed before the name of a college in the title of its constitutions, in spite of the fact that many ancient and modern colleges, both of Rome and elsewhere, are mentioned.

We can find only one other occasion in the *Acta* when the word has been placed before the name of a seminary ; this is in Vol. XXI, in a Bull of Foundation, where it is placed before the name of the English College again. The passage

[1] *Ven. Arch. Chron.* V, 319.
[2] *Ibid.* 346 *et seq.*
[3] *Ibid.* 50 *et seq.*

runs : " Certam fovemus spem fore ut hoc carissimum Nostrum Russicum Collegium . . . nec minus efficaciter ad Russicarum gentium salutem conferat, quam alia lectissima huiusmodi Collegia in Urbe olim condita, ut Venerabile Anglorum Collegium et Pontificium Collegium Germanicum-Hungaricum, quorum opera quantum res Catholica in illis regionibus magnas inter temporum difficultates adiuta et promota sit, publicae testantur historiae ". It will be noted that the title of " Pontificium " given to the German College in this Bull is balanced by the English College's title of " Venerabile ". This use of titles is interesting, since both colleges have a right to the title " Pontificium ", and both were founded when the title " Venerabile " could be placed before their names. The German College never uses the title ; the English College always does, and has done for generations, because of the special significance that its history has given to the word " Venerabile ".

It may be noted also that the *Liber Annualis* of the Gregorian University uses only two distinctive titles, " Almum Collegium Capranicense " (the oldest college in Rome), and " Venerabile Collegium Anglorum ". All other colleges are, as in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*, either left without any prefixed title, or else given that of " Pontificium".

The English College in Rome, moreover, has long been known by the unique familiar title of " The Venerabile ". How old the name is no one can say, any more than anyone can say when most of the familiar names in this centuries-old house began. An example of this familiar use is seen in a verse of a poem written by Wiseman when on a visit to Rome. Wilfried Ward quotes it in his *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, Vol. 2, p. 202 :

Archipraesul pergit Romam,
Vivet apud Sanctum Thomam,
Seu in " Venerabili " :
Ibi cibos manducabit
Quos Dominicus parabit
Pretio rationabili.

The Cardinal has the following footnote to the verse : " Sc.

in Venerabili Collegio S. Thomae Anglorum, sic ab alumnis κατ'ἐξοχήν dicto". Wiseman again wrote to Doctor English: "There is a young man desirous of entering the Venerabile," and Father John Morris sends a copy of his first book "To the dear old Venerabile" in 1859. Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Gasquet and Bishop Ward write simply of "The Venerabile", and the "Venerable College" in their books, and His Holiness Pope Pius XI wrote in 1922: "The See of Peter for which the martyrs of the Venerabile died".

An account of the various uses of the title "Venerabile" would take up far too much space. One can find that in Magri, *Notizie de' vocabili ecclesiastici*, Menocchio, *Stuore*, cent. 9, *cap.* 72, Du Cange and Parisi *Istruzione per la segretaria*, Vol. III. We are concerned with giving an explanation of the word as used in connection with the College.

We have the facts that the title has been used by and of the College for over three hundred and fifty years. It has been chosen to the exclusion of other titles such as "Pontificium", which are in themselves more important. This title is used of the English College and of no other seminary in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis* and the University *Liber Annualis*. Moreover, this title has been used as a proper name by generations of its sons, was used by Wiseman seventy-five years ago, and is so used by a Pope, Cardinals and historians of note.

Now why should the English College be called "Venerabile" and "Venerable" by Englishmen, and why should the title "Venerabile" be given officially to the College in Rome? The house is called "Venerable" by Englishmen because it gave forty-four martyrs to the Church in England and because it has been the foothold of England in Rome for five hundred and seventy-two years. The place was venerable and bore the title "Venerable", even when the first of its future martyrs came to study within its walls. English Cardinals, ambassadors, bishops, eminent scholars had been its rulers. The King called this Royal Hospice "Our House", and busied himself about its affairs. It

took men's minds back to that other English Hospice which Alfred enfranchised and his predecessors founded. It was a sign then, as now, of the age-long bonds which united England as a nation to the Holy See, and its Custos, Henry's ambassador, had made a historic declaration of England's constant and conspicuous loyalty to the Papacy before Leo and all the ambassadors of Europe. English pilgrims, both " Pauperes et nobiles ", made it their home until it was left—the solitary national symbol of the Catholic England that had been—and its church was described as " Anglis toto terrarum orbe unicum templum relictum ".

This house, then, was worthy of veneration, even when the first of its students came, but, as the list of its martyred sons grew, it would have been strange indeed if the College and the Rome of Pasquino, so sensitive to the meanings of words, had not realised a further and unique significance in the title which the College already possessed. But the College and Rome did realise that further significance of " Venerabile ", and that is why both in English and Roman documents the title occupies the place that it does. They saw that the word " Venerabile " had, when placed before the name of the English College in Rome, a unique meaning. It meant that the house was venerated because of the signal work of its sons for the Faith in England, and because of its antiquity. This is the meaning of our title which our predecessors knew, used continually, and handed on to us.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE MARTYRS ASSOCIATION

In the last number of The Venerabile an explanation was given of the newly-founded Martyrs Association. Its object is to promote devotion to the Martyrs of England and Wales and to unite others in prayer with us for the conversion of our fellow-countrymen. The condition of membership is simple. The Associates turn in spirit to Rome at midday or thereabouts and join with us when we are in the chapel saying Cardinal Wiseman's prayers for the conversion of our country. The Associates say a " Glory be to the Father etc." and " Blessed English Martyrs, pray for us ". Thus they pray with " England in Rome " that our country may return to the See of Peter. Associates are now found in England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, Switzerland, Italy and the United States. The daily post-bag contains letters of much interest and encouragement. The following is an example :—

Siam,
February 1st, 1934.

> " Having read of the new Martyrs Association in the " Catholic Times ", I beg to apply for membership. I am the only Catholic in this place and cut off from all spiritual aids. My family suffered much in fines and confiscations during the penal times in England."

Another letter laments the fact that while other nations are rejoicing in the canonization of their saints, our own martyrs are still waiting for their fellow-countrymen to urge on their cause more and more.

We are having a novena in the College in honour of the Martyrs of England and Wales which will end on their feast day May 4th. The nine Masses will be said before the Martyrs picture. It is our aim to make these days of novena a time of special prayers and activity on behalf of the Martyrs. Parishes, convents and schools are joining with us and we hope that the movement will spread and that our Martyrs will be invoked throughout the length and breadth of England and Wales. During the novena we shall pray for the beatification and canonization of our Martyrs. We shall ask for miracles to help on their cause.

The Holy Father raised the question of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More when I was with him in private audience some time ago. I told him that all England was eagerly awaiting the day of their canonization : he said that we should pray and he repeated " Bisogna pregare, bisogna pregare ". The Martyrs Associates, therefore, are praying and they are asking for prayers. That is the meaning of our novena. Several thousands of people are with us now in our daily midday prayer for the conversion of our country and such prayer must bring blessings from heaven.

We owe it to the men who prayed and studied in this house and then followed the Master in His Sacred Passion, to keep their memory ever before us. We have the custom here now of placing a card bearing the name of each of our College Martyrs near the chapel when the anniversaries come round. The card has inscribed on it his name, his county, and the place of his passion.

After the visits to the Blessed Sacrament we invoke them in their old home and before the picture which they themselves venerated. Thus there is a bond of admiration and affection between the students past and present, and the fragrance of their martyrdom remains in the College which they loved so well.

W.G.

THE COLLEGE

Of late there have been many changes in the College. And the most important of these, as is only fitting, has to do with the spiritual man. Last summer during the heats of June, when the church grew unbearably stuffy towards the end of morning Mass, we began to have meditation only in the church, and then to adjourn to the " Chapel Opposite the Refectory " for Mass. During the *villeggiatura* the chapel was rehabilitated—the ugly tribune was pulled down, some new benches were put in, and the whole place was spring-cleaned, even the stations of the cross getting a coat of paint. And since permission has been given us to reserve the Blessed Sacrament there, we now have spiritual reading, rosary and all conferences in this the ' Martyrs Chapel ', as it is now called.

In the old church too there have been changes. The most noticeable of these is the new Lady Picture, a fine reproduction of " Our Lady of Perpetual Succour ", which was given us by the General of the Redemptorists and is set in a large and striking gilt frame. This picture takes the place of the Lady Statue (removed in compliance with the Visitors' new regulations), which now stands in a corner of the common-room corridor beside the " Quadraginta Quattuor Huius Collegii Alumni " inscription. Another change is in the superiors' place—the benches have been removed and some antique chairs substituted, Louis Quatorze, we hear.

So much for the spiritual man. The inner man too has not been neglected, for in the refectory the old order has yielded place to new. Our numbers are so big this year that the old arrangement would not suit at all, and so the middle table has been abolished (rather a pity : for was not that an unforgettable moment for the new man when he reached the refectory door for his first meal, and saw this long table before him groaning under bottles of wine and bunches of grapes ?), and we sit on both sides of the side-tables. The table used by the Superiors when there were many guests has also been consigned to the outer darkness, and its place is

taken by a " revelation " mahogany table that adds to the variety of life by one day appearing at full stretch and the next shrunk into its shell. Evidently the Vice believes in turning over the new leaves.

Finally for the intellectual man. In the library, work is now made easy by a fine set of reading lamps over the desks in the windows of the first room, while the book-shelves are also lit up, so that finding your Father no longer resembles a lucky dip. This is the work of our electricians, done during the dog-days while we were recuperating at Palazzola. Our hours of relaxation have also ' suffered ' improvements, for in the common room a hole has been knocked in the side wall so that the cinema machine may operate from the passage outside, and, if it catches fire, only the electricians will be burnt. And just beside the fresco at the bottom of the common room a door has been made, which relieves the congestion as we all rush to obey the bell promptly.

THE CITY

"To live is to change ; to be perfect is to change often ", and Rome, so often held up as the stock example of conservatism, seems to be taking Newman's words seriously. The Via del Impero, opened only last year, bears ample witness. To us it is now as familiar as the Farnese Fountains ; but to Venerabilini from England shepherding pilgrims round the city this Holy Year, it must have appeared a spectacular change and improvement. Where was once a maze of old, nondescript buildings, the bane of ardent Forum-fans, a magnificent road now stretches, extending from the Piazza Venezia to beyond the Colosseum. It certainly is magnificent both in design and execution. The Foro Traiano and the Foro Romano, far from suffering, have greatly benefited by it, being now plainly visible to pedestrians. So that if a fee were charged for admission to them (as is not the case), the parsimonious could satisfy themselves royally with the aid of a guide book and a pair of binoculars.

Yes, if the mighty schemes of mice and men gan' aft' agley, this road would seem to be one of the exceptions marking the rule. Besides being spacious—a boon for cameratas and bus-drivers alike—it links up the main arteries of the city's traffic, branching off at the Colosseum to the recently restored Via Trionfale on the right, and on the other side to the Via Labicana and the road to the Lateran. A glance at the plan of the city reveals more distinctly the sound sense and scientific genius behind the construction. Lawns and trees, which some wizard seems to produce in a single night, line the sides of the road; and on these at intervals have been erected the statues of some of the greater Emperors, life-size and worked in bronze which the elements, or, perhaps, the road-sprayer, have made as green as the grass. Mounted police guards, a Fascist fountain and an inscribed column are all that indicate the authors. But the whole is thoroughly expressive of Rome and sums up her history and identity infinitely better than could a thousand descriptions. Paganism, Empire, Christianity, Papal rule and Fascism—they are all there—noble and concrete forms of the quintessence of each. And one writer has admirably combined them all in the word " Resurrection ".

To turn from changes civic to ecclesiastical: the heading in one of the newspapers " Cambio di Rettoria " tells of the departure of the Padri Somaschi from the church of S. Girolamo della Carità across the road. Their agreement to stay thirty-five years has just terminated, and once more the church and the rooms of St Philip are under the care of the rightful owners, the Filippini. The Somaschi fathers have become well known at the College during their long stay and we have often provided the *assistenza* for their functions.

Just lately the acquaintance has been necessarily (and unwittingly) increased by the " Deus Scientiarum " Constitution. Extra studies provided us with extra priests, and the side-altars and tribune of the College church, already heavily burdened, refused to house more. So some of the superannuated had, perforce, to go elsewhere. One of the pastures new is San Girolamo.

A GRAMMAR OF BARI LANGUAGE

Bari Grammar, by Reverend L. M. Spagnolo F.S.C., of the African Missions of Verona.

Dear Mr Editor,

Do Apurwe' ? This is Bari language, if you don't know. I didn't know until I read it on page 164 of the above grammar. It means : " How do you do ? ", or literally interpreted : " Have you waked up ? ", " Are you awake ? "

From all I hear and read about the present generation of Venerabile students, you are doing very well indeed and are fully awake. I am sure that no one is ever late for meditation nowadays and that never is a siesta too much prolonged. *Fragilitas humana* ! But apart from any rare instances of such backsliding, I hear you are all absorbed in study and prayer. Your successes at the Gregorian have told me of the return of those good old days when *we* were so exemplary ! Then the extended course at the University and other changes have filled me with wonder. Most of all do I admire the Missiological work at last explicitly begun at the new seat of learning in the Piazza Pilotta. What a gain to be sometimes relieved from abstractions and to hear something practical, to learn of actualities in the far-off mission fields where the truths of Faith have to be made to live in languages !

Now the book before me, presented to this Delegation by a zealous missionary whom I met in the Sudan, seems a suitable peg on which to hang a lesson on our Catholic Missions. Of course, I cannot criticise the literary value of such a grammar ; that is a task for an expert. What strikes me is the thoroughness and unflagging energy of a priest engaged for twelve years among savage tribes, under the African suns, in a climate which saps the strength of the white man and fills the blood with fever, who in the midst of his apostolic labours can spend his little leisure in composing a grammar of an almost unknown language. Men alive, the thing makes us ashamed of the little we do for Religion and for learning, of our lukewarmness about the kingdom of God and the salvation of the millions upon millions of souls who dwell

in darkness ! Just think of these missionaries of the Sudan. Looking at matters from the purely natural point of view, I would not, if I could, condemn my best enemy to live on some of the mission stations I have visited in the lands that border the two sides of the Nile below the 10° South latitude. The tribes—the Dinka, Shilluk, Nuer, Madi and many others —form a welter of what we call savagery—and are only just beginning to be touched by what we consider civilisation. They are distinguished not by much dress, but by warlike habits (possibly culinary tastes) not reassuring even to the boldest missionary or government official.

Imagine yourself, my dear little fledgling Venerabilino, full of your *secundum quids* and subtleties, arriving in such an *ambiente* to teach the Faith to these barbarians. You have to face a babel of languages. No well-arranged grammars and dictionaries are ready on your bookshelves to help you. Phonetics and common sense with utmost patience might aid you in time to make your own vocabulary : and remember these languages had not so much as a single written symbol till the white men came to wed sounds to signs. Who would not sing aloud the praises of Father Spagnolo and of the many African missionaries like him, who are helping to create literary languages out of " formidable linguistic muddles " (Grammar p. xi) ?

Now don't run down the " Primitive " African ! That word primitive is a question-begging epithet. The skilled Africanist, the expert in linguistics, speaks of these tongues as evidence of no small intelligence in the natives of whom they are the mother tongues. Perhaps the modern " savage " of Central Africa and the Sudan is not " primitive ", evolving to higher type, but fallen from above from some superior state—devolved not evolved and evolving.

To clench the argument of this bit of our lesson on missionary zeal, let us hear Father Spagnolo about the history of the study of Bari (Grammar p. xix), " The first linguistic work among the Bari ", he writes, " was done by Catholic Missionaries during the second half of last century. A fairly complete summary of the activities of these early missionaries

is given by Doctor Mitlerrutzner in the preface to his Dinka and Bari Grammars ". Our wrath is stirred when we learn that the latter's " Die Sprache dei Bari " was translated into English without a word about the Catholic Missioners on whose MSS. the Grammar was based ; and with the *Translator's* name in place of the *Author's* ! This plagiarism is significant. There are some non-Catholic writers on missions who want to bury in forgetfulness or to minimise what our early missioners have done. They desire to extol others as pioneers in these parts of Africa. But it is certain that the first white men who entered the Sudan in the last century to preach the Gospel were Catholic missionaries.

" The history of their mission ", writes Father Spagnolo, " is an epic narrative of heroism such that it deserves to be written in red letters in the annals of the Church and in the records of African civilisation. Enough to say that out of 180 missionaries who entered the Sudan from 1848 to 1881 no less than 80 died there ". The Pro-vicar of Central Africa, a Polish Jesuit—Father Ryllo, with Reverend Doctor Knoblecher and companions, reached Khartoum on February 11th, 1848. Ryllo died four months later and was succeeded by Knoblecher as Pro-vicar of Central Africa, a mighty vast vicariate, indeed, now including many ecclesiastical territories and multitudes of converts from paganism. The latter pushed on as far south as Gondokoro near Rejaf among the Bari in 1849. But the very necessaries of life were lacking. He had to return to Europe to obtain more missionaries and supplies. Then was his chief-of-staff Father Vinco able to start afresh at Gondokoro, where his patience, self-denial and charity and still more his heroic fortitude won the esteem and love of the tribesmen. After two years he was still the only white man in the land. He had made up his mind to explore the yet unknown sources of the Nile, and to carry his apostolic work further into the interior. But he was caught by sunstroke. Knoblecher returned to Gondokoro on the mission boat " Stella Matutina " only just in time to assist Vinco in his last moments. Vinco died on January 22nd 1853. That one mission station of Gondokoro cost seven

precious lives. The graves of the victims were to be seen until lately : they have now been obliterated by Nile floods. Knoblecher died at Naples in 1858 on his way back from Africa.

To me the military conquest of the Sudan is of much less interest than the lonesome campaigns of our heroic missionaries. The writings of these hard pressed apostles have made possible subsequent studies of Bari, and paved the way for Father Spagnolo's *magnum opus*. If you want to help the " African Missions " of Verona pray for their missions at Cairo, Asenari, Port Sudan, Atbara, Khartoum, Kodok, Yoinyang, Wau, Okaru, Rejaf and at many other places down the Nile valley on to Gulu of the Prefecture of Equatorial Nile in Uganda. The headquarters of the Verona Institute in Rome are at the church of SS. Vincenzo and Anastasio hard by the Trevi Fountain. For all these missionaries have done and are doing, for their sufferings and losses in the great cause, they deserve to be known and honoured ; dare I say also, in some way imitated ?

✠ A. HINSLEY,
Archbishop of Sardis.

A BROADSHEET OF 1580

[The footnotes for the following two sections are printed together at the end of the second. They are not necessary for following the text.]

Recently the copy of an indulgence broadsheet, illustrated in this number, was found among a mass of legal documents in the archives.[1] It is highly interesting as being the first printed document concerning the College which is known to exist. Besides this, it is the first reproduction we have yet found of the Martyrs Picture over the high altar ; it contains the first officially printed mention known to us of prayers for the conversion of England, and grants a plenary indulgence for such prayers when said in the College Church. So the first printed document we have concerning the College, speaks of prayers for the conversion of England,

and it is interesting to note that, although the existence of this document was not known at the time, the first printed sheet which the Martyrs Association sent out, spoke of the College Church, of prayers for England, and bore a representation of this same Martyrs Picture.

It will be noted also that, in the document (which bears the date 1580), the College is given the title of " Venerabile " twice. This is the first use of the title in an officially sanctioned printed document we have yet found, although, of course, the house as the Hospice had been given the title in documents since 1481.[2] The plant which is used as a decoration for the initial L, in the middle of the sheet, would seem from its flower to be red Italian clover.

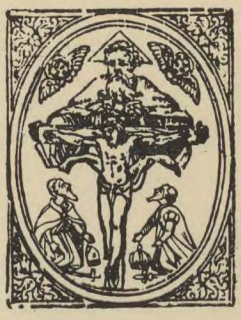
The printers of the broadsheet are " Gli Heredi d'Antonio Blado ". Antonio was the inventor of italic print, and we possess a 1539 example of this italic print in the College library. It is a book which belonged to Cardinal Pole, and bears his name on the title page in bold handwriting. The spaces left for the capitals have not been filled in by hand as was originally intended by the printer, and one can see the small printed " key " letters which were put there as a guide to the illuminator. The title of the book is :—

VITA SFORTIAE CLARISS. DU'
CIS A PAULO IOVIO CON'
SCIPTA, AD GUIDONEM
ASCANIUM SFORT ✠ A'
SANCTA FLORA CAR
DIN ✠AERARII'QUE
PRAEFECTUM

The paper of the broadsheet has a *fleur de lys* watermark, measures 42 cm. by 28 cm. and bears the manuscript endorsement on the reverse " 1580 7 Dec. dup° " and, in a later hand, " Indulgentia plenaria perpetua *pp* la festa de S. Tomaso e della SSma. Trinita concessa 1580. C.V." There is another broadsheet which publishes the same indulgence in 1625,[3] but in decoration it is more like an Invito Sacro of to-day, having woodcuts of Saints Peter and Paul on either side of the Pope's arms at the head of the sheet.

Indulgentia Plenaria & perpetua concessa da N. S. Gregorio Papa xiij.

Alla Chiesa del Ven. Collegio de gli Inglesi di Roma, le feste di San Tomaso Cantuariense Arciuescouo & Martire, alli xxix. di Decembre, & della Santissima Trinita, l'Ottaua della Pentecoste.



LA Santità di N. S. Grègorio Papa XIII. Ad accrescimento della Religione de Fedeli, & salute dell'anime, Ha concesso in perpetuo plenaria Indulgentia, & remissione de tutti li peccati, loro à tutti li fedeli Christiani dell'uno, & l'altro sesso ueramente pentiti, confessati, & communicati, ogni anno che deuotamente visiteranno la Chiesa del Ven. Collegio de gli Inglesi di Roma, le feste di S. Tomaso Cantuariense Arciuescouo & Martire, alli xxix. di Decembre, & della Santissima Trinita, l'Ottaua della Pentecoste, dalli primi uesperi infino al tramõtar de, Sole di essa Festa. Et iui pregheranno deuotamente Dio per la cõcordia & vnione delli Prencipi Christiani, estirpatione dell'heresie, & essaltatione della Sãta Madre Chiesa & conuersione del Regno d'Inghelterra alla fede catholica, Come appare per il Breue di sua Beatitudine sotto il di vij. di Decembre. 1580.

In Roma, per gli Heredi d'Antonio Blado Stampatori Camerali.

THE MARTYRS PICTURE—A DISCOVERY

The centre woodcut in the 1580 broadsheet bears every indication of being taken from the Martyrs Picture of Durante Alberti, except for two things. First, Our Lord is represented as being on the Cross. In this the woodcut agrees with the paintings in the front of Cardinal Pole's and Bishop Clerk's account books in the archives.[4] Probably, this can be explained as a necessary simplification of the subject which a woodcut demands. Secondly, there are no angels carrying palms and the instruments of martyrdom, such as one sees in the present Martyrs Picture, immediately behind St Thomas and St Edmund.

Seeing this, we compared the other reproductions which we possess of the Martyrs Picture and a discovery was made which adds to the already highly interesting character of the painting.

We have three reproductions of the Picture. The first is this woodcut on the broadsheet ; the second is in a library copy of " Ecclesiae Anglicanae Trophaea "—a book of engravings of the originals of the frescoes in the tribune of the College Church.[5] (Bound in with the " Trophaea " is a copy of " Ecclesiae Militantis Triumphi " containing engravings of the S. Stefano Rotondo martyrs frescoes.) The third reproduction of the picture is in another copy of the " Trophaea " given to the College, a few years ago, by Bishop Moriarty.

Bishop Moriarty's engraving, printed *late* in 1584, reproduces in spite of some minor omissions the present Martyrs Picture, save that, in the engraving, the angel behind St Thomas is holding a palm only, and is pointing to the centre of the picture. In the present altarpiece the same angel holds a palm and a sword and points to St Thomas's head. The library engraving, printed *early* in 1584, is smaller than that of the Bishop's copy and a much less finished production ; in it the space the angels now occupy in our altarpiece is left practically blank. In the woodcut itself, there are no angels indicated behind the saints, and no indication

of the instruments of martyrdom. Looking carefully at the altarpiece, one can see where a finger which was pointing at the centre of the Picture, as in the Bishop's engraving, has been painted over. Also one can see the mark of a palm branch which had been painted into the hand nearer the centre of the Picture, and then imperfectly erased. This erasion can be seen clearly in the coloured reproduction of the Martyrs Picture which is the frontispiece of the April 1930 number of THE VENERABILE, and a trace of the repainting over the index finger of the St Thomas angel can also be seen. In the Bishop's copy also, the angel behind St Edmund holds the arrows only ; whereas in the altarpiece the same angel holds a palm and the arrows, the palm looking as if it had been added as an afterthought. These are the chief differences between the three reproductions and the original. The omission of the motto on the scroll in Bishop Moriarty's copy was probably an oversight.

We have therefore in the spaces behind St Edmund and St Thomas :

In the Woodcut	no angels
In the Library copy	„ „
In Bishop Moriarty's copy	2 angels, 1 palm and arrows
In the Altarpiece	2 angels, 3 palms, arrows, altered finger and sword

Can any coherent explanation be given of these changes, omissions and overpaintings ? We suggest the following one.

When George Gilbert,[6] the courtier friend of the martyrs, who provided a home, means, and even the latest clothes for Venerabile men in England, arrived in Rome, he found the present altarpiece already in its place over the high altar.[7] Seeing this representation of the two great martyrs of England already in the church, he had the idea of getting frescoes painted of all the ancient and modern martyrs of England,[8] after the style of the martyrs frescoes which had recently been painted in S. Stefano Rotondo.[9] Gilbert was intensely devoted to the martyrs, continually visited their shrines in Rome, spoke often to the students of the men, such as Sherwin and Campion, he had known and helped in England, and had

Cum Anglis toto terrarum orbe unicum templum Catholicum relictum sit, idq; Romæ Smæ Trinitati Sacrum, cuius in Summa ara hæc tabula conspicitur, meritò in illo suorum cum priscæ, tum huius ætatis martyrum certamina exprimi curarunt: ut alios ad laudes, precesq; se verò etiam ad parem animi constantiam, maiorum et sociorum exemplis excitarent.

Library Copy—Early 1584

Cum Anglis toto terrarum orbe unicum templum Catholicum relictum sit, idq; Romæ Smæ Trinitati Sacrum, cuius in Summa ara hæc tabula conspicitur, meritò in illo suorum cum priscæ, tum huius ætatis martyrum certamina exprimi curarunt: ut alios ad laudes, precesq; se verò etiam ad parem animi constantiam, maiorum et sociorum exemplis, excitarent. 2

Bishop Moriarty's Copy—Late 1584

and it is interesting to note that, although the existence of this document was not known at the time, the first printed sheet which the Martyrs Association sent out, spoke of the College Church, of prayers for England, and bore a representation of this same Martyrs Picture.

It will be noted also that, in the document (which bears the date 1580), the College is given the title of " Venerabile " twice. This is the first use of the title in an officially sanctioned printed document we have yet found, although, of course, the house as the Hospice had been given the title in documents since 1481.[2] The plant which is used as a decoration for the initial L, in the middle of the sheet, would seem from its flower to be red Italian clover.

The printers of the broadsheet are " Gli Heredi d'Antonio Blado ". Antonio was the inventor of italic print, and we possess a 1539 example of this italic print in the College library. It is a book which belonged to Cardinal Pole, and bears his name on the title page in bold handwriting. The spaces left for the capitals have not been filled in by hand as was originally intended by the printer, and one can see the small printed " key " letters which were put there as a guide to the illuminator. The title of the book is :—

VITA SFORTIAE CLARISS. DU'
CIS A PAULO IOVIO CON'
SCIPTA, AD GUIDONEM
ASCANIUM SFORT ✠ A'
SANCTA FLORA CAR
DIN ✠ AERARII'QUE
PRAEFECTUM

The paper of the broadsheet has a *fleur de lys* watermark, measures 42 cm. by 28 cm. and bears the manuscript endorsement on the reverse " 1580 7 Dec. dup° " and, in a later hand, " Indulgentia plenaria perpetua *pp* la festa de S. Tomaso e della SSma. Trinita concessa 1580. C.V." There is another broadsheet which publishes the same indulgence in 1625,[3] but in decoration it is more like an Invito Sacro of to-day, having woodcuts of Saints Peter and Paul on either side of the Pope's arms at the head of the sheet.

a great desire for the martyr's crown himself. He planned these frescoes, then, with the idea of honouring the martyrs of England, and of encouraging the students of the Venerabile to follow in their footsteps. Moreover that " Rome and the world, seeing the deplorable state of their country, might be moved to pray for it."[10]

The cost of the frescoes, some 700 *scudi*, was defrayed for the most part from his own purse, partly from donations which he obtained from his own friends. He left the whole order and design of the series to Father William Good,[11] godfather of Blessed William Hart, who was confessor of the College at that time. William Good, an Oxford man who knew his English church history well, prepared a manuscript for Pomerancio,[12] the painter of the S. Stefano Rotondo frescoes ; and Pomerancio, assisted possibly by Tempesta, the historical painter, and Mathew Bril, the Belgian landscape artist who worked with Pomerancio in S. Stefano Rotondo,[13] painted the originals of the frescoes which are in the tribune to-day.

During the painting of these frescoes, or when they were finished, it was seen that the central picture of the series, the Martyrs Picture, had no instruments of martyrdom in it such as the other frescoes had. Two angels were therefore introduced into the composition behind St Thomas and St Edmund. This was probably still unfinished when the engraver was cutting the plate for the edition of the " Trophaea " in the library. He left the space, where the angels were being painted, blank, thinking that the further details could be inserted before the printing was done. Evidently, the artist had not completed the additions before 1584 when the book was due to appear, and the incomplete plate was used for the frontispiece of the library edition of the " Trophaea". By the time that the next edition of the " Trophaea " appeared later in 1584, the first changes had been completed in the Martyrs Picture and a new plate was cut, larger, and much more skilfully done than the previous plate used for the library " Trophaea," and this was used to print the frontispiece of Bishop Moriarty's copy. We

therefore find that an angel bearing a palm and another carrying the arrows appear in the Bishop's engraving. But the same spirit, which filled the Jesuit churches of S. Stefano and S. Vitale with representations of martyrdom, and arranged for the paintings in S. Andrea al Quirinale,[14] evidently demanded that the martyrs palm be placed behind each of the martyrs in our Picture as well as the instruments of martyrdom. These were added and still remain in our altar-piece. The effect of putting a palm in the hand nearest the centre of the Picture of the St Thomas angel was tried, but it was erased, and the artist, either through forgetfulness, or weariness at the many changes, never painted over the erasure, and so it can still be seen clearly to-day.

It is most interesting to find that the intense devotion to the martyrs, which marked the religious life of Rome at the end of the sixteenth and during the seventeenth century, should be recalled by the changes made in our own Martyrs Picture. Baronius, whose ardour was fired by the sight of the Venerabile men, had much to do with the subsequent development of this devotion. The catacombs of S. Priscilla and other catacombs were discovered with their many martyrs' tombs ; the body of St Cecilia seen again with the moving marks of martyrdom visible to every eye ; St Philip Neri spent long nights in the catacombs, and once the intensity of his devotion almost caused his heart to burst through the frail shell of his body. Men read Baronius' epoch-making work and :—" Ce n'était plus cette histoire naïve, dont le moyen âge s'était si longtemps contenté, ces récits qui semblant en dehors du temps, cette atmosphère de romans de la Table Rond. Néro n'était plus entouré de magiciens qui faisaient parler des idoles. On voyait de vrais empereurs romains, des triomphateurs revenant de l'Orient ou de la Germanie, des magistrats escortés de leur licteurs, des victimaires sacrifiant devant les temples des dieux ; on entendait parler Tacite, Suétone, Dion Cassius, aussi bien qu'Eusèbe. Pour la première fois, l'érudition païenne et l'érudition chrétienne s'unissaient pour créer une oeuvre pleine de vie. . . On eut sous les yeux les textes des

plus beaux d'entre les *Actes des martyrs*. Il semblait qu'on entendut pour la première fois ces paroles brulantes, qui ont traversé les siècles. . . . On comprit enfin ce qu'avaient été ces dialogues pathétiques entre les chrétiens et les juges ; on admira l'intrépidité des martyrs, dans les amphithéatres, et il arriva que les artistes comprirent, eux aussi, cette grandeur et l'exprimèrent."[15]

Future martyrs were in Rome, and men could see little bands go quietly across from the College to ask for St Philip's last blessing, and then pass down the Via Monserrato to the Flaminian Gate. The devotion of St Charles Borromeo, who carefully gathered the ashes of the martyrs' tombs in the Catacombs, realised the spirit of martyrdom more clearly because of these Venerabile men who spoke with him at Milan. The Cardinals who listened to the St Stephen's Day sermons, given by men like Hart and Cornelius, who were soon to imitate the Saint, were filled with a desire to see their churches full of memories of martyrdom. Mellini, Cardinal of S. Quattro Coronati ; Baronius in S. Nereus and Achilles ; the chapters of St Peter's and St John Lateran's and the rectors of half a score of Roman churches, that were dedicated to martyrs or to the friends of the martyrs ; all employed artists and sculptors to renew the memory of their patrons. Pomerancio, Domenichino, Pietro da Cortona, Bernini and Maderna worked in Rome. Rubens' great and terrible picture of the martyrdom of St Liévin at Ghent, El Greco in Spain, Le Seur and Callot in France, showed that this newly awakened devotion to the martyrs had taken hold of the Catholic world. This devotion was not one of detached contemplation, but was eager to imitate, and loved to see the instruments which spoke of the glorious crown. " Macte animo, macte virtute Anglicanorum nobilissime ac gloriosissime coetus, qui tam illustri militiae nomen dedisti, ac sacramento spopondisti ; aemulor enim sane vos Dei aemulatione, cum vos martyrii candidatos, ac nobilissimae purpurae martyres designatos aspicio. Compellor et dicere : Moriatur anima mea morte iustorum, et fiant novissima mea horum similia." So wrote Baronius on the feast of St Thomas, in

the Roman Martyrology of 1585. Small wonder, then, that in the College itself, the white hot centre of this burning devotion to all that spoke of martyrdom, the altarpiece should have been painted and repainted so that every symbol of martyrdom might be added to it.

NOTES

(1) V.E.C. Arch. Chron. V.316.

(2) Ibid.

(3) Ibid. V.317.

(4) Ibid. Libb. 22. 23. 33.

(5) Ecclesiæ Anglicanae Trophæa, sive Sanctorum Martyrum, qui pro CHRISTO Catholicæq' fidei Veritate asserenda, antiquo recentioriq'. Persecutionum tempore, mortem in Anglia subierunt, PASSIONES Romæ in Collegio Anglico per Nicolaum Circinianum depictæ ; nuper autem Per Io. Bap. de Caualleriis æniis typis representatæ. Cum Privilegio Gregorii XIII. P.M. R. Dno. Thomæ Tretero Canonico S. Mariæ Transtyberim in Urbe, et Ser. Regis Poloniæ secretario Dno. suo Colendiss°. Dicauit. Anno Dni. M.D. L.XXXIIII. (To which is added in Bishop Moriarty's copy : ROMÆ EX OFFICINA BARTHOLOMEI GRASSI).

(6) V.E.C. Arch. Lib. 303 (Lib. Ruber), Litteræ Annuales, 1581, 1583.
D. Bartoli. " Dell'Istoria Della Compagnia di Giesu. L'Inghilterra ", Lib. IV. 266.
Gillow. Bibl. Dict. of the Eng. Catholics.
Foley. Records of the English Province S.J. Vol. III. 658.

(7) This appears from the inscription below the engravings reproduced in this number. The apposition of *cum* and *merito*, as well as the semi-colon after *conspicitur*, draw a line of division between the church with its altar-piece and the new frescoes which Gilbert had painted. Besides this the difference between the three previous pictures, mentioned in note 4, and the woodcut of 1580 is as striking as the similarity of the latter to the first " Trophæa " engraving. It will be noted also that both St Edmund and St Thomas appear again in the Gilbert frescoes, and the treatment bears none of the marks of the arrangement of Father Good save in the design of the sword, which was probably added to the Martyrs Picture by Father Good's orders, with the palms and change of the finger.

(8) See the inscription mentioned in note 7.

(9) Emile Mâle, Director of the French Academy in Rome, says in his recently edited work *L'Art Religieux Après Le Concile De Trente*, p. 158, that the frescoes of S. Stefano Rotondo were painted in 1585, and says, working on this assumption, on page III, that our frescoes were " Une suite de fresques si terribles qu'on ne trouverait rien de pareil en Italie avant cette date". Since we possess a copy of engravings of the S. Stefano Rotondo frescoes printed in 1583, this cannot be correct. Mâle perhaps had only found a copy of the 1585 edition of the engravings.

(10) Agazzari (Rector of the Venerabile) to Aquaviva, Oct. 14, 1583 ; who says also : " Among the frescoes (in the tribune) was one of St George . . . Some asked the artist to make the face of St George a portrait of George Gilbert," but Gilbert heard of their idea and kept away from the painters, although he had been very anxious to follow their progress before. The artist managed to get a likeness into his portrait, so Gilbert, who was a good soldier, hit on a plan of hiding the face of St George. He pointed out to the artist that no soldier would have thought of fighting without his visor on. The artist objected to putting one on, but finally had to give way to Gilbert. When the visor was on, Gilbert mentioned that visors without metal side plates and heavy straps to keep them on, were not much use. Father Minister, however, stepped in and said that the portrait should remain as it was.

(11) Gillow. Bibl. Dict. of the Eng. Catholics.

(12) This is not the MS. book " DE SANCTIS BRITANNIÆ " in the College archives. Father Christopher Grene attributes this to Good by an inscription on the first page, and quotes More's " Historia Missionis Anglican, S.J.", p.14, as his authority. Gillow Bib. Dict. follows this attribution, which is demonstrably incorrect. The MS. itself has, on page 5, the words : " De his quæ . . . viro Gulielmo Good accepi qui . . . ante paucos annos Neapolis mortuus est . . ." He goes on to speak of the MS. which Good wrote to serve for the painters : " . . . inveni ea proa eius manuscripta quando in Ecclesia nostra Romæ præcipui totius Angliæ S. depicti fut cuius rei ipse præcipuus architectus erat ".

(13) Emile Mâle, op. cit. p. 111.

(14) S. Andrea al Quirinale is described as " . . . presque uniquement décorée de scènes de martyre. Sous le portique, on était accuelli par une frise peinte, formée par des instruments de torture : croix, roues, chevalets, peignes de fer, torches allumées . . ." (Emile Mâle, op. cit. p. 113).

(15) Emile Mâle, op. cit. p. 126.

The Liber Ruber in the *Annual Letters* for 1583 mentions "quadri e pitture". In THE VENERABILE, Vol. IV, p. 386, we took it that " quadri " referred to this Martyrs Picture also. Since we have recently come across the bill for renovation of 30 pictures of students who were martyred, and for the painting of the new pictures by the Dutch artist, Thys, the quadri referred, most probably, to pictures of students. Gilbert therefore only paid for the additions to the Martyrs Picture. Mâle quotes Piazza. Opere Pie di Roma, who says that 40 pictures of martyred students existed in the College. Are these the ones which were discovered in an attic of the Gregorian University (Palazzo Borromeo) and are now at the South American College and the Gesù ? They may have been bought up at the sale of the College property by the French.

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 12th. *Wednesday*. . . . And the professor said to me " sed tu debes scire " and I said to him " utique pater sed oblitus prorsus sum " and he said to me. . . . Is anyone coming ? I can't bear it any longer. You will have to stand I'm afraid. But who cares ; this tram is for the hills—the *tram-montana* as they call it. *Per ardua ad castra*. G. K. C. thinks that the most poignant English poem is " Over the hills and far away ". *Vale Roma autumnalis !* So do I. Excuse me : I am too excited to be coherent. Sling my ruck-sack on the rack. My exam result ? I've forgotten it already. We've started ? Good ! As for you—hot Rome—bah !

13th. *Thursday*. A-a-ah. That's better ! Sit down with me for a minute or two on the terrace. You know, some of those who did not work as hard as we did are still in Rome doing exams ! Poor fellows ! (Gold Flake ? Oh rather ; thanks). Will they never learn ? By the way, have you ever noticed how well the Papal Villa looks through a blue smoke ring ? Been in the church yet ? Yes, of course, but to look round I mean. They've knocked down Rienzi. What ? Oh, the highly coloured tribune above the door. Not at all, more colour than ever in fact : you mustn't have noticed the new " Stations ". This water question is going to hit us pretty hard—especially if we dive into the empty tank.

14th. *Friday*. This morning the senior student (in grey flannels) drove from the first tee. Next year's senior student tells me that he intends to take a billiard-cue to it. Carnevale's cows tell me that they hate golf.

15th. *Saturday*. A black day : no *biancheria* and no Father Welsby for confessions. Exam results keep coming through : among them a *summa* for Mr Redmond. Statisticians will tell you—well, anyway, *Prosit !*

16th. *Sunday*. At S. Ignazio Mr Flynn was ordained by the Cardinal Vicar. At home spiritual *biancheria*.

17th. *Monday*. Mr Flynn's First Mass. Mr Tomei and Mr Redmond leave for England.

21st. *Friday*. The last envelope of exam results, thank goodness. We need no longer fear treading on a frayed nerve-end.

22nd. *Saturday.* Workmen are even now digging and laying our water pipes along the Rocca road. Poor fellows; it makes me sweat even to write it.

23rd. *Sunday.* There is a note here in my diary. What is it? Oh yes, "After tea, the Rector" which sounds rather like "after this, the Judgement". We all had little hand-bells to welcome him with. Carried away by the atmosphere, Luigi piously ejaculated "Gloria in excelsis Deo". His little daughter Marietta was understood to reply "et cum spiritu tuo", but we shall keep that for her second nocturn.

24th. *Monday.* Thunder and much rain. Our pipe-trench is now running across the Sforza near and parallel to the De Cupis wall.

25th. *Tuesday.* The day on which the Editor appointed me diarist. The preceding information is therefore his and very probably fictitious.

26th. *Wednesday. Colla piccola famiglia cardinalizia* our Protector came. He addressed us in the chapel and blessed the new Stations.

27th. *Thursday.* Have you seen the Albano path? It breaks out in nasty growths of earth at frequent intervals; they are charcoal heaps and I have forgotten the Italian for them. . . . I have just discovered that they are there no longer, so it doesn't matter.

28th. *Friday.* What a day! It started with the opening of the tennis-court, closed (though not to the cows) in the winter season. Then Doctor Shutt came with Mr Simpson of Bolivia, and news that Doctor Butterfield was in Rome being shown round by a pilgrimage. On top of it all when I was nearly prostrate with excitement came Doctor Park! As far as I could gather from his rather retiring conversation he had walked along the range of the Vosges, tramped like a Hannibal elephant over the Alps, flung himself at Monte Rosa, and finally dashed home across the Apennines. He looks well but guilty. Has he lost my ruck-sack? Tonight: an impertinent letter from England about Us and Our viola.

29th. *Saturday.* Lovely sunsets this year (for descriptions of which see any other diary but this) are probably due to the clouds of dust which go up from our parched tennis-court.

30th. *Sunday.* As "The Opera" were engaged flogging "The Rest" (by a clear margin of six runs) an ingenuous smile, not disembodied like the Cheshire Cat's, ambled on to the Sforza. Was it . . . ? Yes! And there were fireworks over Albano in the evening making the stars look drab, even Sirius could not blush as usual. Were these for Doctor Butterfield too?

31st. *Monday.* A good day for "the Staff". The Vice-rector went round (by himself, aha!) in 34 and Doctor Park found his way up from the lake alone. When interviewed he refused to describe his diet. Will we have our water-supply for August 5th? Surely not. I'll tell you later. Into supper with the sunset still in our

faces : outside, over the garden wall you can watch the Bracciano hills cutting sharp patterns in an impossible sky, and Venus is blazing over the Papal Villa. At least that is what I find in my diary together with this note, whatever it may mean :—" amplify ; colours ; saffron and symphony ".

AUGUST 1st. *Tuesday*. Did you hear that ? Atmospherics from Oslo. Doctor Park's wireless has been brought from Rome to the huge delight of the noisy element. The Vice-rector says that *zabaioni* are good for you, and has appointed one each morning to about half-a-dozen of those whom he considers the more zabbable persons—healthy as horses and clever as serpents. Behold then a rollicking band of whited sepulchres dancing down stairs every day for their morning zab. Perhaps it will be a lesson for the Vice-rector when all the non-zabbers die and he is left with that other monstrous regiment on his hands. Golf news : the *Ripetitore* went round in under 90 and a cow ate my ball on the seventh.

2nd. *Wednesday*. An admirer of the late-lamented " Low-backed car " record (deliberately broken, as we believe, by one who had sympathy neither with the car itself nor with Father Meagher nor with the chicken that Peggy was pickin'—in any case, he sat on the low-backed car) has presented us with the " Rose of Tralee ". Strung to frenzy at the prospect, the Big Three (we mean the " Faculty ") have offered to provide more records as a counter-attraction if we subscribe too. All of which we heard on this Sforza gita day when Father Murphy, of Liverpool, joined us at our *al fresco* dinner and the first of the season's melons.

3rd. *Thursday*. We had a string septette this morning—really the first of the Villa orchestra practices. Everyone slightly out of tune, however, except the violas. Otherwise successful, though Rossini's " Barber " reminded me of Sweeney Todd. . . . What nights we are having ! Our cypresses are the most important part of them—the rest groups itself round : stars, moon, the lights of the lake fishing-boats, and the lights of Rome, but the darkness of our cypresses wins. After the day's sun-browning we walk in the garden getting moon-burnt, laying silver on gold.

4th. *Friday*. Scene : the Refectory. Time : breakfast. Discovered : a Zabber (see under August 1st) shamelessly and thoroughly feeding himself. Enter : the Vice-rector. Vice (cheerfully and sympathetically) " Good-morning. How are you feeling ? " Unwary Zabber (oh, where that erstwhile cunning ?) " Great, thank you, sir." The Vice (oh fie !) " Good, your *zabaione* stops today " . . . Still, I'm glad. When, after breakfast, we saw smoke rising from the Papal Villa we thought the Zabber was taking it that way, but it was only an early *fuoco di S. Lorenzo* in the Campagna directly behind Castel Gandolfo. There was once a little Polish boy, hailed later as the saviour of his country, whose strange little foreign habit

was to play with peas on a toy drum. What the peas were doing on the drum it never struck my historical sense to enquire ; the interesting part of the story is that it was the dancing of these peas on the drum which led our clever little fellow to deduce that invaders with spade and pickaxe were hammering their way under the town. For drum substitute bed, for peas myself, for pickaxe the hammers of the College handy men and you have my complaint in a nutshell. All of which, strangely enough, brings us to the potato-machine. It gave notice this evening and tomorrow is a *festa*. That is why I am bouncing on my bed with each impact of a heartily wielded hammer at 11.30 p.m. While I am lying awake, I may as well tell you that the workmen were using gunpowder on our water pipe trench today.

5th. *Saturday*. We were all taken straight back to Rome this morning. (I thought that would startle you). I was going to say " by the small bay-leaves in the Church for today's feast ". It is the Madonna della Neve ; someone wished our nautically inclined student " Buona Festa ". The Rector sang High Mass and gave Solemn Benediction in the evening.

6th. *Sunday*. Thank goodness that's over ; never had such a night in my life. There were bubbling screams from down in the woods as of brutes in a death grip : there was something in the voice compound of every living thing you could think of : like Pan screaming himself to death. Still it is daylight again and we can forget it all now. Messrs Shanty and Symphony, two of our musical ears, calculated to represent two schools of thought in the House, are to go into Rome to choose records. This afternoon Cardinal Marchetti, Monsignor Burke and Father Considine were here. The Cardinal passed through the golf-house to our ill-clothed confusion. However we lifted our cloth-cap and it was only after he passed that the peak came off. More blasting today because the water has not come through yet.

7th. *Monday*. Good ! A determined war on those sandflies is just what was needed, though there is no need to don football outfit and an " Osservatore " hat. The machine is like a diver's breathing apparatus and is carried on the back ; its handle is worked by an unskilled labourer. Apologies for leading you astray, it is not " Flit " they are spraying but distemper—the plan of course may be to wall the sandflies up. The cortile looks like a heavy snowstorm and the use of the holy water font leaves you with the ' Memento homo ' spot. At 11.30 Monsignor Heard arrived. He is leaving for England shortly. Another cricket match today. There is a note in my diary : " we bowl " ; I should have added " we take wickets ", though one is bound to say in all honesty that the looping aeroplane over Cavo and the blasting of the labourers may have had something to do with it. The records have come. Among them are the " Hungarian Rhapsody " and " Gorgonzola " (another of Mozart's). Let's go to bed ! I have I° indigestion through

chasing G. K. and G. K.'s hat all down the refectory table—" All Things Considered " is too stimulating for the manger. 2° cramp in the fingers from the five commemorations at Vespers.

8th. *Tuesday*. The *Ripetitore* (poor man) is smoking herbs. (By the way keep your eye on these, we shall meet again). Rumours of his usurpation of Carnevale's grazing rights he declares foundless and I believe him : things like that don't grow, they form. The Rector took a car into Rome today with satellites like hoboes riding the rods.

9th. *Wednesday*. On the Sforza, Fathers Blundell (late of the Motor Mission) and Ball (from Scotland) picnicked with us and seemed to enjoy it. The piano from its exile in the opera-practice den is back in the common-room to the great delight of the Pontoon School (we play for matches, Roundhead) and disgust of the Bridge Academy.

10th. *Thursday*. My entry for today reads " Water ". An article in the last number must supply for me who am too tired ; and if I were to tell you all about it I should be up until

11th. *Friday*, which I don't intend to be. Do you know I° that at supper tonight the Superiors tried the *spumante* for August 15th ? Is this the thin end of the wedge ? 2° that there are going to be two practice sermons a week ?

12th. *Saturday*. Tank half full. Bathing after 4.15. led by the Rector. At dinner Doctor Delany and Mr O'Callaghan from Ushaw. My birthday, but there were no candles on the cake—perhaps because there wasn't even a cake. Thank you. The same to you when the time comes.

13th. *Sunday*. A neat one from Olympus : a notice has appeared in the common-room " The Rector's car will not be going into Rome on Thursday " (see under Tuesday 8th). Today General (now Air-Marshall) Balbo and the Atlantic fliers had their Triumph along the Via S. Gregorio now the Via del Trionfo running from the Cerchi gates of the Archaeological walk straight as a rabbit under the Arch of Constantine. My very efficient diary tells me that there are one hundred and forty more days in this year. Horror ! Can this sort of thing be kept up ? Still I suppose something happens every day. Now on

14th. *Monday*, you see, what happened was dry bread and cocoa for breakfast. A fast-day. After breakfast we played a cricket match (with numbers collected by the usual Shanghai methods) during which a batsman collapsed on the field. In spite of his own frenzied negations he had had (notice that trick of English) quite enough bread (dry) and cocoa to keep him going until midday. It was only his knee and he could not disguise it. Three more records today, including a march of Susa's to suit the πολλοὶ (we can promise you no more Greek). Sermon class : in which another budding Newman was gathered to his fathers. After supper, thirteen sides of Mendelssohn records. Fourteen sides really but one was lank. Providence tempers the wind. . . .

15th. *Tuesday*. The Assumption. The Vice-rector sang the Mass at Rocca, and we provided the usual *assistenza* and choir. This year there were no polyphonics nor pyrotechnics, but the restless youngster in front of me had his head smacked by a vigilant master-of-ceremonies-to-the-congregation. Heard that the Vice lost his way to Rocca yesterday. (Rocca !) There is a movement afoot to have the trees marked for him. News is filtering through about the Rector's " lucky dip " gita.

16th. *Wednesday*. Doctor R. Meagher (pronounced, of course, to rhyme with Barre and Scarr) chose to make his début at a Sforza dinner when he started telling stories ; he was well into his stride when the bell went for night prayers. By the way, we deserved a tonic like Doctor Meagher after having three hours opera-practice in the cortile with grey wool oppressing us from above. At nine in the evening the grey wool wrapped itself completely round us and left our little citadel neatly framed in four cloudy dimensions. Awful !

17th. *Thursday*. A tired but fussy old motor-bike shot Father Smith O.S.B. into St Edward's cortile in time to join us at dinner. They say that he came all the way from England on it. " Prosit " said someone thoughtfully eyeing the machine. Knowing its naughty temper Father Smith did not try it out again till next morning. The Rector took a car into Rome today to see about the priesthood dispensation for November 1st. There was the usual number of barnacles. The story that one of them refused a *prezzo fisso* on the grounds that he had never liked fish even fried, is probably untrue.

19th. *Saturday*. The names of the other " lucky-dip " *gitanti* (see under Tuesday 15th) are now published. We have not yet been informed under what name the troupe will travel. This evening when all the lakeside and De Cupis' inquisitive trees had given their colour to the night, only our grey little courtyard throbbed with light. Into its red light walked Doctor Macmillan and Father Elwes out of their little draughty car (1906), touched that we should have taken such trouble for their welcome. It was only later that we had the heart to confess " electrician-drill " for the opera. By the way, I forgot to tell you that Mr Wilcock S.J. was here to dinner. He has volunteered for the Russian mission.

20th. *Sunday*. You all know that a " Cavo expedition " with a moderate amount of wine and sandwiches can be done between ten and twelve o'clock in the morning. But this time. . . . Anyway, I (who have not been up Cavo) ran from the end of the garden at 12.15 and found myself in church at 12.05. Some ruffian of that picnic had run ahead and put the clock *back*, and that (it is whispered) *at the Rector's instigation*. He will be known henceforward in these notes as " the late Rector ". . . . Still it is a lovely thought that we are so self-contained here that we can steal ten minutes from Time himself, though he will have his revenge when we have to wait for the fresh bread in the morning. In the evening, Father Elwes

(who was recently ordained in England) gave Solemn Benediction with the Vice-rector and Doctor Macmillan as Deacon and Subdeacon. Kissing of Hands and *Te Deum* followed.

22nd. *Tuesday.* Montgomery Carmichael in his fascinating book is punctuating our intussusception with naïve little descriptions of the beauty spots of Tuscany and bitter gibes at those who prefer the Dolomites to Camaldoli. We hear that the Rector's gita party is to go to Camaldoli. The Rector and Montgomery are of one mind. The dispensation has arrived for the ordination on October 29th or November 1st.

23rd. *Wednesday.* Canon Cameron (Brentwood) and Father Rusher (Westminster) are here in time for the opera. The cortile is not being hung with holly-chains this year—who ever saw holly-chains in the Tower of London ? The old grey stone of the cortile answered every changing light and its effulgence challenged the darkening blue of the twilight sky. One by one all things dark around fell from us and we were left on our magic carpet of light hanging in the air. Our own Tower, forgotten quite, reared its neglected old head behind us into a sky of stars. . . . But if you really want a description of the opera, no doubt some young Hannen Swaffer has provided one somewhere in this number.

THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD
or
The Merry Man and his Maid
by
W. S. Gilbert A. Sullivan

Dramatis Personae :

Sir Richard Cholmondeley (*Lieutenant of the Tower*)	Mr Leahy
Colonel Fairfax	Mr Cunningham
Sergeant Meryll (*of the Yeomen of the Guard*)	Mr T. Marsh
Leonard Meryll (*his son*)	Mr Henshaw
Jack Point (*a strolling jester*) . . .	Mr Duggan
Wilfred Shadbolt (*Head Jailer*) . . .	Mr Pritchard
Elsie Maynard (*a strolling singer*) .	Mr Grasar
Phoebe Meryll (*the Sergeant's daughter*)	Mr Murray
Dame Carruthers (*House-keeper to the Tower*)	Mr Gallagher
Chorus of Yeomen	Messrs Flynn, Stone & Stanley
Chorus of Townspeople	Messrs Purdy, Lescher Wells, Grady, Nesbitt & Newton

Scene : Tower Green. *Time :* 16th Century
Dresses: : Messrs Tickle & Jackson. *Accompanist:* Mr Ellison
Electrical Arrangements: Messrs Fee & Ford

24th. *Thursday*. Day of recuperation. So, of course, it should have been ; so it usually is, but a cricket captain with a bee in his bonnet had arranged a match : Philosophy v Theology. The Theologians, as usual in this match holding themselves in, scored 80 ; the younger boys forgot their manners and made 94.

25th. *Friday*. A cricket match against Propaganda as yet unfinished saw me make very few runs indeed. In addition to this I was pushed into the tank twice in my bath gown. A dismal day altogether. At supper this evening we had melons grown in our own garden. We tried hard to like them but they are not the generous ear-to-ear type.

26th. *Saturday*. Propaganda was (or were) just hammering the last nail into our willow coffin as khaki uniforms and fairly khaki knees broke through the woods at the top of the Sforza. Young England in the person of her Scouts had fallen among us. Monsignor Tindall and Father Thorpe had led the army from Rocca with the help of one or two of our old troopers. After the cricket match we held a jamboree on the *terrazza* ; during the pow-wow I tried to make an impression by tying curious knots in a handkerchief. *Omnia omnibus*. Just as the rag was getting impossible, Fate saved me with " Ilkley Moor " (all verses), " Lui è buon giovanotto " (for the Rector) and other classics from the Scout repertoire. Then we gave the Scout grip and said good-bye to the happy warriors. I could hear Long Legs (treble) and Freckles (bass) still giving " Ilkley Moor " beans as they passed into faint voices round the corner of the path.

27th. *Sunday*. At 12.45 the clouds thundered and split and shot hailstones at the Villa. All this only made our guest-provided *pranzone* the cosier. Over coffee there was a perfect orgy of speeches. The Rector led the way and was followed by Canon Cameron, Father Rusher, Doctor Macmillan and Father Elwes.

28th. *Monday*. Three of the lazier sort went for the College visit to the German Villa in a trap-and-horse hired at Frascati. The speed mania of one, the whip of another, the weight of the third have, we believe, embittered the poor beast. They say that when he sights an English College cassock in Frascati he lies down in the shafts and closes his eyes. Pathetic story. Meanwhile the home party having regretfully cheered off Canon Cameron and Father Rusher in Father Elwes' doubtful model, proceeded to lose their way and the Rector's up Faette. After dinner came Father Augustine B. Short, who, unfortunately, could not stay with us more than one night.

29th. *Tuesday*. We are to have a new clock ; high up so that the Rector cannot touch it. Its finger is waiting to be put into position now. Its face scowls or smiles on us, according to circumstances, from the side of the little turret which juts from De Cupis' wall looking down on the cortile. A good deal of stir it must have

caused in Rocca : the *muratore* came, so did the plumber. But why not the clock-maker ? Someone suggested that the plumber had left him behind. Funny, but hardly satisfactory. Doctor Macmillan's gift of cigarettes was missed after supper by the librarian and electricians who have gone into Rome to combine their talents for the benefit of the *biblioteca*.

30th. *Wednesday*. A great day for our horse. Somehow he seemed to realise that this was the last Sforza gita. Poor animal! Wednesday after Wednesday he has toiled across the Sforza with someone else's food : no words of sympathy or encouragement—and he is a sensible horse, mind you. Anyway, this morning he collapsed in the shafts, but after having his tail pulled for a while, anxious not to lose that ornament (though between ourselves rather an indifferent one) he stood up again and performed the weekly round. But our horse is no fool. After dinner he tossed two strong men off his back ; you could almost hear the " Ha-ha " of the Old Testament war-horse. The enthusiastic reception accorded to this little performance inspired him to round off his exercise by marking time with all four hooves on my neighbour's drinking-glass. On the board in the common-room there is a notice boldly and humorously printed by the cut-purse who runs the cigarette-chocolate shop at the Villa. It might be true, but he is a canny man and so are we ; we will not be the first to have our leg pulled. But queues are forming round the shop. . . . it seems true. It is. Father Rusher before he left had the extraordinarily brilliant idea of opening an account for each of us at the shop. The queue is closing it as fast as it can.

31st. *Thursday*. A body of Maronites and their rector from their new villa at Genzano called in and tested our pre-breakfast Italian. Later on in the day we entertained the Scots and all felt the better without the usual cricket match, though the glorious sun sneered at the innovation. Dr Gibbs, of Birmingham, was with us at dinner.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Friday*. Official holiday begins. Now we can take it easy. The clock is finished and, like so many of us, has a nice plain face. We lost two typical examples of them today. They started their gita with a " lift " from Revv Macmillan and Elwes who rattled off in their hired tractor leaving us to mourn not only their departure but their probable decease this side of Florence.

2nd. *Saturday*. My turn for a gita now. The next fortnight's information may be taken " cum grano ". It appears that three hundred chickens have been killed by hailstone at the Papal henneries in Castel Gandolfo. Great jubilation in the Papal household who are alive to the fact that this means more chicken and less omelette. " Se non è vero, è ben trovato " (one of Petrarch's).

3rd. *Sunday*. The last cricket match of the season. Father Corbishley (who unfortunately arrived just as I was leaving for my

gita) pleasantly surprised us (by " us " I mean " them " for the next fortnight) by providing coffee and *rosolio* this afternoon. A fresh breeze from Southwark sprang up at tea-time in the person of Dr Sewell.

4th. *Monday*. The Rector and his *entourage* vanished into the wilds of Tuscany leaving only twenty-six (and those of an inferior sort) to eke out a frail and feverish being at the Villa. Realizing the hopelessness of it all Father Corbishley to our great regret (and his, we hope) deserted us.

5th. *Tuesday*. Woe to the man who sent a post-card from his gita-perch referring to six of our brawnier members as " the scum of the College ". Woe also to him who went on his gita taking with him the common-room *orario*.

6th. *Wednesday*. The first gita-day of the Villa. It was unattended by accident unless under such a heading be reckoned the fact that the Vice and the *Ripetitore* found their way to Algidus. The lakeside promises to be popular this year.

7th. *Thursday*. Return of the first *gitanti* from the Tyrol.

8th. *Friday*. The hobnails of two more returning wanderers shattered the summer hush of the cloisters at 12.30. Nevertheless they were panting on the threshold of the refectory at 12.31 precisely.

9th. *Saturday*. Saw more errants at home, and

10th. *Sunday* : became a monument to the generosity of Doctor Sewell who provided coffee and liqueurs and cigarettes after dinner. In spite of the clouds and wind

12th. *Tuesday* : gave us our first game of soccer. More cloud-masses, hurrying towards us from the sea, joined the bunch over Cavo and burst on us in hurricane and rain in nice time

13th. *Wednesday* : to stop our gita. Still, this gave us the opportunity of saying good-bye to the Vice's party who left us this morning. The Vice himself waited to welcome back the Rector who returned with his motley crew in time for supper.

14th. *Thursday*, tried to shake our nerve with very gloomy clouds but we went for our day's gita all the same. The Rector's long-gita party went to Castel Gandolfo to round off their holiday and to fix the stories.

15th. *Friday*. What a day ! First Monsignor Barton-Brown arrived fresh from Hanwell. Then Doctor Hawkins who calmly strolled in as if he had only left us yesterday. Two returning *gitanti* followed close, and finally (the daintiest last to make the end most sweet) Mr Dwyer shone upon us at the supper table the light of his cheerful and casual countenance. He is the first to return of our eighth year men and rashly declares that he has come back early to work.

16th. *Saturday*. Good-bye, Doctor Sewell ! And next time you stay with us don't choose my gita time. (However we met in

Rome this very night, didn't we ?) The Sforza near the gate is in a desperate condition : rain has swept mud and stones down from the road.

17th. *Sunday*. Return of the last *gitanti*. After supper, stories of the Mission by Mr Dwyer.

19th. *Tuesday*, was a better day than Monday, hence the postponement of our visit to the Scots Villa. The subdeacons reluctantly broke off such an enjoyable visit to set out for Rome and the diaconate retreat. They missed the gita day.

20th. *Wednesday*, when Monsignor Barton-Brown went to Velletri.

21st. *Thursday*, which was wet all day, as indeed was

22nd. *Friday*, though slightly relieved by the wind tearing off half a bay tree and flinging it over the garden wall. (At least so my diary reads. Perhaps for ' tree ' read ' leaf '. I don't know). After supper, more Mission stories from Mr Dwyer.

23rd. *Saturday*. Villa numbers back to normal by return of the Vice's party from La Verna and Camaldoli, and of the new deacons who were ordained this morning by Archbishop Palica at the Leonine College. Doctor Carey graced our board today, and with the return of sunshine on

24th. *Sunday*, came Father E. Walshe (the Rector's contemporary) to stay with us for some days. Very appropriately too because the following day which—if you do a little independent calculation, must be

25th. *Monday*—was the Rector's birthday. The sky paid a graceful compliment and allowed us to take coffee and *rosolio* in the garden. Tea was at four o'clock and the second performance of the opera started at 6.15 in a rather chilly wind, but the well wrapped-up cocoons of the cortile gutter audience could stand a little freshness in the air. We finished at ten o'clock. The Rector spoke to us in the common room and patted us on the back ; the Senior Student spoke and patted him on the back, then we all sang " He's a jolly good fellow " and patted each other on the back. So to bed in high feather. But I'm too tired to wash and much too tired to tell you all about it. Leave it to this critic fellow. I'm going to bed in my war paint. Goo' night.

" The arches of the cloisters and the cross groining's infinite variations on the round arch ; above, the white walls and then the night sky with a handful of stars. Phœbe carried her spinning wheel into a perfect setting. Hot wine was circling among the audience (admirable innovation !) and Phœbe was proportionately well received. It is a difficult opening and one was not surprised to find Phœbe too preoccupied with her spinning wheel. But she livened up with Wilfred in the next scene—a foretaste this of excellent scenes to come. The Villagers and Yeomen took the stage magnificently and one can say at once that the chorus work throughout was the outstanding feature of the opera. There were no loose edges, no

wavering nor tailing off. The vigour and brilliance of such entrances as " Here's a man of jollity " was caught to perfection, and best of all, the chorus acted the whole time. The main function of a Sullivan chorus is to fill in the background of the opera (and not only of the stage). Our Yeomen and Villagers were right every time. They created the exact atmosphere for the principals and while lively were never obtrusive. Occasionally they showed signs of over-training : as in their first song with Dame Carruthers. You could see the concerted gesture for " the screw may twist " preparing almost before our gallant Norman foes had landed. The Dame too might have been well advised to take this song a little more quickly. However she dominated her chorus well and was most matronly crushing with a pert Phœbe.

" ' I have a song to sing O ! ' was another song which lost some of its sparkle by being taken too slowly. It was a pity for Jack Point had a nice sense for the lilt and worked well for the climax. Altogether a very lively Point ; with surprising nimbleness of limb and apparently an indiarubber body. He transfigured with his antics the somewhat jejune waggery of the part (" The Yeomen" is haunted by the ghost of Pagliaccio) and made full use of his opportunities with Wilfred and the Lieutenant. Wilfred was a superb study. It is a part very easy to caricature ; but Wilfred never gave in to mere burlesque nor underlined too heavily the doltishness of his character. He exploited admirably the fatuous smile and the archly-pointing finger. And he joined Point in some glorious clowning in the dance of the tale of cock and bull. (The audience lived in hopes that one of them would end in the well during their acrobatics round its rim). Mr Leahy's lieutenant was a perhaps unorthodox but highly convincing interpretation. He caused no small amusement by an impromptu doubt as to whether the river or the body should be dragged.

" The singers on the whole were better in part songs than in solos. Fairfax and Elsie were occasionally out of their range. But Fairfax made skilful use of a head voice and his "Free from his Fetters" was quite the most satisfying singing we remember to have heard in the Palazzola cortile. Elsie found more difficulty and was inclined to shout. But she blended nicely in the part songs, and carried well a role in which Gilbert has gathered all the loose ends of his plot.

" The trios and quartets were perhaps the best singing of all. The voices were well balanced and the listener could derive almost physical satisfaction from the rolling vowels chiming in the chords of " Strange adventure ". Sergeant Meryll provided a resounding bass bourdon when unhampered by his whiskers.

" The Vice-rector conducted from a chair in the middle of the front row. They could not have picked a better man. He had the cast in his hands like an instrument and it will be long before one forgets the poise and rhythm of " When a wooer goes a wooing", his just sense of light and shade and his uncanny flair for a climax.

The producer made full use of his opportunities with the cortile, and his grouping was very satisfying. He was well served from the green room where Mr Tickle surpassed himself. It is rarely that one sees so careful an attention to detail allied with such an imagination. And a word is due for the electricians who for the first time painted with camel hair brushes instead of a turk's head. Needless to add that the incomparable accompanist hovered above the songsters like the guardian angel he is.

" Altogether you gather ?—a first class show. There shone forth most admirably the due subordination of the parts to the whole (which is a definition of something good I feel sure). And especially is it a pleasure to pay tribute to a chorus which realised that its duties go beyond an anonymous 'fal-lal' here and there while the principals draw breath."

26th. *Tuesday*. Fluff of gummed beards still straggling, pink cheekbones, darkened eyes—all show that cold water cannot cope with the opera cosmetics. We look a ghastly crew, this morning : clowns by day-light. However we are off to the American Villa. . . . Here we are back again after a magnificent day, to find that ten volunteers have gone into Rome to help with the " Unemployed " pilgrimage. This morning Doctor Hawkins took his provocative intellect back to Bermondsey leaving a gap in our circles.

27th. *Wednesday*. Life is too fast. Another gita ! Dear old Monte P. was as far as I could get today. We came back and had tea in the *pergola* and crooned opera harmonies over our fire. Wails and eldritch calls from lost lake parties (who will tell us later that they " sang all the way home ") were loud enough to wake the old consul in his tomb round the corner. Though if I know him he will just say " Drattum " and turn over.

29th. *Friday*. What was I doing yesterday ? Check your curiosity. Certainly not keeping my diary, anyway. Today the " Unemployed " guides returned, one of whom, though but a porter-lector, is related to have given in answer to importunity, his paternal blessing.

30th. *Saturday*. The new clock is striking. Very well, too. At noon it struck thirty.

OCTOBER 2nd. *Monday*. The Rector and Second Year Philosophy are off to Subiaco with *éclat* (which lasted from five until seven this morning). Outside my room the sacristan is building a new church. He says he is only " knocking a few benches together for the retreat ". What a row ! I offered to paint a notice for him instead—" Standing-room only " or something ; it's a quieter job ; but he said " No thank you " and is still banging. Perhaps this is why Father Walshe has left us. There is a chill at my soul today and the dead leaves are blowing round it. I want to freeze Time or turn it on or turn it back or something. (cf. hysterical novels, passim.)

3rd. *Tuesday*. There was a giant's smoke ring round the mountains this morning and snow on their crowns. Gandolfo this evening is black against the gold sky. The colours are strong in the heaven, fading on the earth. During the night I was awakened by the squirrels in the trees outside my room and their squeaky complainings. As I lay awake I heard the " lap, lap " of Febo's thirsty tongue. " Ne quid nimis " I threw at him out of the window, but it had no more effect than to frighten my squirrels.

4th. *Wednesday*. Return of Second Year Philosophy and the Rector from Subiaco in time for

5th. *Thursday*, and the American visit to us. The following day which was

6th. *Friday*, saw the return of the library-electrician band; they have wired the first library. The tennis-tournament and golf competition opened today.

8th. *Sunday*. Rubbing it in, my diary says " Summer time ends ". Foolish ! As if . . . Oh, it leaves me speechless. Anyway we are diverted from the solemn tramp of Time by the arrival of a quarter of the English Hierarchy—Bishops Amigo, Cowgill, Vaughan and Moriarty were here to dinner and accompanied by Monsignor Banfi, Canon Myler and Father Atkins. At night October winds howled and lamented round our old fortress.

9th. *Monday*. The Villa emptied itself of the Rector, Vice and divers who went into Rome for diocesan audiences. The deacons were away on a gita which they had missed during their retreat. Intolerant of such a vacuum, fortune sent us thirty pilgrims in the afternoon, but cloud and even a little rain showed us how sulky nature can be in front of visitors. However

10th. *Tuesday*, made up for it when Canon Turner (Southport), Father T. Turner (need I say ' Upholland ' ?) and Mr S. Rimmer visited us. The sunset. . . Well, it is asterisked in my diary. I have forgotten. See what you have missed. But I am sure " saffron " must have come into it somewhere.

11th. *Wednesday*. Another Wednesday ! The next-to-last day-gita. My diary says " me to Earwig ", if you can make anything out of that. (The " Earwig's Nest " is a handy little dug-out, very near the Villa, and an ideal gita for old crocks and stretcher cases).

12th. *Thursday*. Deacons walking round the lake from Rocca in the dusk after their Vicariate exam were first blinded by the lights and then nearly run down by the whirls of the car which carried Mr and Mrs Lescher home from their visit to, and Doctor Carey from his stay with, us. (A pretty piece of prose. Foreign papers please copy).

13th. *Friday*. St Edward's, of course. In the morning the Philosophers bravely took their annual humiliation from the Theologians—to the extent of only two goals to none, this year. To

dinner came the Protector and *entourage*, together with Archbishop Downey, Bishop McNulty, the Rector of the American College, Canon O'Farrell (from Aldershot) and the Conte Curoni.

14th. *Saturday*—16th. *Monday*. Spent in working out the plan of the new golf-course. As indicated on the notice-board one wonders if it will be possible to " get-round " with one's life, much less with one's sanity. Nothing else. . . . Oh, yes, on Monday we had a scorpion in the refectory (raw).

17th. *Tuesday*, broke upon us with hailstorm and rain. Well it might : the " try-again " exam session, in which we are not unrepresented, opened today. The Rector went to Rome too—surely not to rectify some long-past " failure " ! It is all very ominous of the end of things. " Chi lo Sa ? " spread a certain hollow gaiety round the Villa. Heaven, unable to bear the spectacle of our gloom, mercifully wrapped us for the night in a blanket of nice thick fog.

18th. *Wednesday*. I have been thrown out of my room. It was a nice room : large, two windows, and (up to now) one bed. I have been thrown out of it. Two of the new men are to " barrack " there during the retreat. I have left them a savage note to beware of the scorpions ; I also warned them against the asp and the basilisk which sound unpleasant. May they toss on sleepless beds and may their blood be thrown to the sandfly. I have been thrown out of my room. . . . Rome is so startlingly clear this morning that I think she is impatiently moving nearer to us ; she knows we have no right to be here at this time. But two can play at that game, so I'm off in the other direction for my last gita. If you climb up that hill on the left of the road before it drops down into Velletri, you will have something worth seeing. The little range falls straight to the plain which carries your eye to the seashore on your right hand, after bumping it first over woolly tufts of woods. On your left are the Volscians with Ninfa and Norma peeping round their dry rocks. Straight ahead is Velletri and dinner. Come along ! . . . We're home again and news comes through of some of the advance-guard from England. They are in Rome.

19th. *Thursday*. Doctor Bird (*the* Doctor Bird) came to dinner. In the evening there came the English cigarettes but (as one cannot usually have the ointment without the fly) attached to them were the old familiar faces thrown rather into comic relief by the new ones. We'll probably get used to them again. They do look queer but then all the world's queer except thee and me, and even thee . . . ! Stories of hard week-ends come from our returned young clergy : it seems impossible to me that a man should binate on Sunday, preach three sermons, catechise the children and spend four hours in the confessional. However it may be true. As for those returning for theology, we notice that during the holidays some of their voices have broken. The new men look intelligent, but then of course so they did in my first year.

20th. *Friday*. Many (amongst them I) showed the new men the beauty spots. They were impressed. The day wore on to evening when loud and tuneless choruses round the piano made us glad of the bell for Retreat silence at 6.30 p.m. The Retreat Father is Father Keeler S.J. Good-bye—thank heaven I shan't have to talk to you for a week, anyway. ' Sh !

27th. *Friday*. Good-morning ! (primly). We have just finished our Retreat. At the *Te Deum* this morning even Febo joined in. Poor animal ! He has never seen anything quite like this business before, the idea has never been explained to him. After the first snub or two he moped around and kept the silence all right, but his expression was quite vacant. Perhaps he was dwelling on the old meditation recalled by Father Knox : Point I. Consider how little we know of this holy man. Point 2. Consider how little of this is true. By the way, the Villa was only on trial for this Retreat, you know. I for one acquit it, as it acquitted itself, most honourably. The volcanic crater which we call Lake Albano, the eternal hills tripping the horns of the moon, the incomparable quiet of the thick wooded lakeside, all these are worth at least a day each of recollective preparation. Compare this with the dizzy crunching round the goldfish pond in Rome. Think not of the splendid dash and dance of mountain rain in the courtyard but of the dripping branch and dropping leaf of the Roman garden when it rains. Faugh ! (There is no other word for it). And then there were the owls screeching across the moon, the water-fowl chirping clear from the rushy lake-edge, the cheery calls from the donkey of the local yokel—*quo Musa tendis* ? One can never write this elevated sort of stuff for long ! Enough—but may my spiritual exercises in future always be where there is room to stretch !

28th. *Saturday*. Back to Rome ; but why the band ? Very pleasant of them to meet us at the station, but embarrassing. " Persicos odi, puer, adparatus " my neighbour said. But the band, it seems, is not in our honour : it is the anniversary of the Fascist March on Rome. Will you ever forget the appearance of the refectory in Rome after three months at the Villa ? Everything is so neat and clean and clear and commonplace. This time we are even neater : they have taken away the middle table, and chairs make both sides of the old wall tables useful. On each of their hooves these chairs have rubber heels which, when we rise to say grace, give the uncanny effect of a soundless explosion. The floor is beautifully polished (" Tread softly, softly, O men coming in ") and there is a completely uninterrupted vista of " the stuff " from the refectory door. What else ? Well, possibly the bottles are a little smaller but then we think that every year. This post-vacation exploration is always exciting. Come upstairs. Oh the library, of course. This is the new lighting. But there—the diarist must be left with nothing of interest to report. The library has a whole description to itself somewhere.

29th. *Sunday*. Realization Day. Ah me!

30th. *Monday*. Is it just to give us an interest in life that they have put a lovely polished-walnut table in the middle of the refectory? It can stretch its legs *ad infinitum* or *ad nauseam* (as preferred) and from a mere bridge-table can become a board for a banquet capable of sustaining (they say) a dozen purple sashes and as many shirt-fronts. Oh, a very aristocrat of a table if it pleases.

31st *Tuesday*. A Recollection day for the *ordinandi*. The Ordination is to be in the College. The sacristy is like a bee-hive and the M.C. is busy putting his clowns through the hoops. The sole responsibility is to be on him this year.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Wednesday*. The Ordination, by the Cardinal Vicar, was smoothly carried out in all its details. The choir delighted everyone but a small visitor, whose ear, being only two years old, may be considered undeveloped. Of the 83 *ordinandi* nine of our own received the Priesthood: Messrs Wroe, Hodskinson, Cunningham, Marsh, Weldon, Pearson, Grace, Foster and Jones; Mr Purdy the second two minor orders, and 2nd Year Theology the first two. Solemn Benediction and Kissing of Hands in the evening.

2nd. *Thursday*. First Masses: some at St Peter's. Round the polished wood of our telescopic table gathered the guests and the new Priests at dinner. By way of rounding off the celebrations an *avviso* has appeared on the notice-board telling us that the College can no longer afford to buy the University text books. So much the better; I never did like the things.

Friday and *Saturday*. The usual prancings before the year's scholastic tourney—I mean Brevis Lectio, etc.

5th. *Sunday*. Father Leeming S.J. and Count van Cutsem were with us at dinner.

6th. *Monday*. To dinner Janet Erskine Stuart—an entertaining book.

8th. *Wednesday*. An overworked Senior Student has at last been relieved of the burden of College Delegate—whose job is a sort of convalidation of doubtfully fulfilled obligations with *sanatio in radice* of the more hopeless cases. No sinecure in the days of "Deus scientiarum" when special courses are like asparagus in May. The corrugated brow of the new official may be seen between lectures tracking down its professional quarry. This evening Bishop Ross S.J. gave us an inspired and inspiring talk on the Foreign Missions.

9th. *Thursday*. Coffee and *rosolio* to celebrate our intellectual accomplishments during the past year.

10th. *Friday*. As you walk to the Greg on these wet days, and dodge the traffic in the Corso Umberto, you put your foot into a deep trench in the Via SS. Apostoli.

11th. *Saturday*. San Silvestro Armistice Requiem with *assistenza* from the College. Sheets of rain five minutes after we left the house

for schools this afternoon. The electricians are still working in the library.

12th. *Sunday*. Bishop Youens and six priests of the Hexham Diocese came to dinner. In the evening the Literary Society had a novel analytic lecture on Gilbert and Sullivan opera from the Vice-rector. Clearly not dissecting to destroy but analyzing to admire and therefore more sympathetic and more enjoyable.

13th. *Monday*. Thunder and rain chased the last of our Ordination visitors home. To supper came Father Slevin (Burnley).

15th. *Wednesday*. At meals Rennel Rodd's " Rome " is giving us some of the old stories without the old sympathy. They are thrown at you casually or you are referred contemptuously to " the guide-books".

16th. *Thursday*. The Requiem Mass at S. Ignazio for the old students of the University. The choir of South Americans sang the Mass well. At tea it was pleasant to see Mr A. Bowring's face again.

17th. *Friday*. We have permission to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in the old chapel. It is to be called the Martyrs' Chapel and in it we shall have pre-prandial spiritual reading and pre-coenal devotions. Further complications are to be announced later.

19th. *Sunday*. Mr A. Bowring to dinner. In the evening the Rector, hot from some function, presided over our usually drab sermon-class in prelatial purple.

20th. *Monday*. The voice of the book auctioneer is heard in the land. The same old things are still circulating. (Do you remember " C.T.S. pamphlets, bound " ?) The Magazine is out and has different paper but the matter is just as good. The lately derelict *palazzo* to which S. Girolamo is joined has been renovated as an ex-Convicts' Aid Society. When he officially opened it the Duce was as near the College as he has ever been. Some of us saw his " bowler".

21st. *Tuesday*. The hole in the Via SS. Apostoli has disgorged a huge block of marble. Break Rome's crust anywhere you please, and you will find something worth dipping your hand in for.

22nd. *Wednesday*. The block has been cleaned and shows itself as a piece of magnificent frieze. At the bottom of the hole now there is a marble face pathetically looking up at the workmen.

23rd. *Thursday*. Many of us went out for Mass at the Catacombs of S. Callisto. Others attended a Requiem at S. Ignazio for Father De la Taille, S.J.

24th *Friday*. Through an interesting misunderstanding two workmen, called in to knock a hole for two or three iron rings for stage-scenery, displaced at least three cubic feet of common room wall, leaving a draughty communication with the corridor. This suits the cinema man who will now have his machine in the passage out of harm's way. The Rector, having once stormed at the unfortunate and surprised sappers, became himself infected with enthusiasm and ordered a further gash. The result is a door at the far end of the

common room opposite the window " where the rainbow ends". We spent our first recreation after its completion walking in one door and out the other with engaging simplicity.

25th. *Saturday.* Six and no less was the decision of the house in spite of intense opposition, and six it had to remain. St Catherine's Day, then, produced its usual spate of speeches and a good-natured but uncomfortable audience sat bravely through them. The Vice-rector who has been in bed for a day or two recovered in time to decorate our Middle Table with white chrysanthemums symbolic of First Year's Feast.

1. . . .	*First Year Song*	
2. Violin Solo	*Sonatine—Schubert* . . .	Mr Pitt
3. Song . .	*There's something about a soldier* . . .	Mr Loftus
4. Fife Solo .	*Irish Jigs*	Mr McNamara
5. Interlude		

BETTER THAN NOTHING

Characters :

Eustace	Mr Jackson
Angela	Mr Newton

Scene : Room in a flat.

6. Current Puns		Messrs Gallagher, Smith, Lescher, and Loftus
7. Recitation	*The Old Mass Shandrydan*	Mr McNamara
8. Song . .	*The Plumber's Tale* . .	Mr Jackson
9. Piano Solo	*Waltz—Brahms*	Mr Molloy
10. Sketch		

THE SIGN OF THE BROKEN BAG

Characters :

Jock Fickle	Mr Stone
Spud McCurby	Mr Murray
Laird	Mr Grasar
Tiger	Mr Duggan
Joe Wall	Mr Lescher

Scene I Roman Association Dinner 1963
Scene II Realities

26th. *Sunday.* All who walked in the procession of the Greek Martyrs' relics at S. Agatha dei Gothi had to hang their surplices on the hot-water pipes to dry.

27th. *Monday*. An unconscious chestnut from Father Vermeersch should not go unrecorded. It appears that as he spoke on the subject of phobia he told the story of a priest who used to run down to the cellar every time there was thunder. " Hoc," he added, " erat phobia ". . . Where is the piano these nights ? We are unnaturally quiet.

28th. *Tuesday*. And now we are even quieter : the common room is already beginning to empty for sketch practices. Moreover the boiler has burst and the only difference the pipes make to my room is to irradiate the cruel coldness of their uninspired metal. By the way you have to be very clever to see our new archivist : he burrows underground, it seems, only to poke his head out at meal-times.

29th. *Wednesday*. It is cold and the hole is still in the common room wall.

30th. *Thursday*. The piglets whose backs we tickled at the Villa to-day have furnished forth the baked meats to our treacherous maws. Perhaps this accounts for the unwonted sing-song in the common room this evening. *Quand il n'y a rien à dire on parle du temps* ; but I could say much on that subject. Once we are well launched (the right word) on our way to the University the rain starts. And yet the Greg still remains unblown up.

DECEMBER 1st. *Friday*. The Martyrs' Chapel as it will be known was opened today as a Blessed Sacrament chapel without solemnity. A set of new benches, each to kneel four, has been arranged in front of the old ones on either side. Some have overflowed on to the sanctuary.

2nd. *Saturday*. The first complication. Father Welsby on Saturday mornings hears confessions in the " Bishop Grant " room. The second complication is an extraordinary *giro* for the white choir. We now vest in the corridor, turn on our heels, walk deliberately away from the church, and repent just as we are about to walk into the garden. All ends happily at the church-door. The total effect is reminiscent rather of the ball-room than of the sanctuary.

3rd. *Sunday*. The choir-master has bought a whistle : it is a *multum in parvo* and does away with that little box out of which the unfortunate cantor invariably chose F sharp instead of B flat. This new acquisition has a little handle which you turn. You then blow and hope for the best. A film this evening.

4th. *Monday*. The transference of St Francis Xavier's feast in the Jesuit calendar gave us a holiday to-day. The relics of the Martyrs were exposed for veneration in the Martyrs' Chapel. The hole in the wall has been equipped with a horizontally hinged door ; after a very draughty season we are gradually getting air-tight again and because Fortune is blind,

5th. *Tuesday*, found us with the hot water pipes on at last.

6th. *Wednesday*. Father McReavy arrived from Louvain this evening. In the church the electricians have put a small, rather disfiguring, light over the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour which takes the place of the statue rejected by the Apostolic Visitation.

7th. *Thursday*. Count van Cutsem, Mr A. Bowring, Major Morton M.C., and Mr T. Cubitt adorned the Middle Table to-day. In the afternoon Propaganda scored twenty four out of twenty eight points in our Rugby game, and deserved to. Explanations will, no doubt, be found in the Rugby Notes.

8th. *Friday*. The Immaculate Conception. On earth we heard the echo of Bernadette's triumph to-day. We left for St Peter's at 7.30 a.m. in the rain, but before we reached there the rain had cleared. There was very little I could see over the heads of a huge crowd except the mitres of the Bishops like so many white rabbits, but the plain chant by the Benedictine choir was magnificent. On canonization days we solve the dinner problem by having a running buffet from noon until 2 o'clock. Early supper at 7.30 was to give us the opportunity of seeing the illuminations, but rain decided otherwise.

9th. *Saturday*. Four Ushaw priests were with us at dinner.

10th. *Sunday*. To dinner came Archbishop Williams and Bishop Barrett with their reverend secretaries. At three o'clock the Archbishop gave Solemn Benediction to the English pilgrims (in the stalls) and ourselves (in tribune and aisle). We all sang " Full in the panting heart " with vigorous enthusiasm.

11th. *Monday*. A big parcel has arrived for one of us. On its brown paper is written " Abandon in case of non-delivery ". Inside there are assorted weeds : technically not tobacco and therefore not liable to duty. But there should be some other tax on it, or a fine or something. It smells like the joss-stick and last night I could have sworn I saw a Buddha swimming through the haze. Abandon in case of non-delivery ! Someone is glad he has seen the last of it.

12th. *Tuesday*. To-day we had coffee and *rosolio* which was postponed from December 8th. There is an epidemic of premature baldness in the house at present, but there is no hope of a cure for the student whose shaky Italian bought him sunburn lotion instead of hair-restorer. This evening St Peter's bravely twinkled its outlines at us through the rain, the delayed present to Bernadette.

13th. *Wednesday*. Easter eggs usually appear in the shop windows at the beginning of Lent. The same sort of impatient anticipation has started erecting the Christmas stage in the common room. This year, though, there is talk of some alterations—perhaps that is why we are early. Anyway, there goes the cheery Christmas sound of hammer on thumb. The stage will soon be ready to frame the mummers who are busy mumming in the billiard room, the music room and the infirmary.

14th. *Thursday*. The common room nowadays is patchy. Tonight it was like a nigger-minstrel band at one end and a morgue at the other.

16th. *Saturday*. Mr Collins' Royal Diary says to me, rather bitterly I think, " Rain and thunder, but schools ". Still just above this remark it has the consoling message (350—15) which means . . . oh, I can't insult your intelligence.

17th. *Sunday*. It would have furnished Dickens with a magnificent chapter for " Pictures from Italy " had he only been there to see it. It is a cold historic fact that a student leaving the breakfast table this morning turned devoutly to the daïs of the " Faculty " and genuflected to the Rector. Let me reassure the poor fellow: we all have our lapses; when we were very young We Ourselves did the same in the middle aisle of the cinema.

18th. *Monday*. A very efficient wind from the hills of snow has bustled our heavy weather out to sea and whipped our cheeks red. The same sort of thing has happened in the refectory: " Through Fascism to World Power " is stimulating after the *scirocco* of Rennel Rodd.

19th. *Tuesday*. This is the weather for me! From the Ponte Sisto you can see the snow on Tuscolo and Faette and Cavo. On the top step of the Pamphili climb you can watch the sun shining on the high white ranges beyond the Sabines. Gennaro has just a spot of snow on the tip of his nose.

This evening an innocent looking handkerchief outside the Martyrs' Chapel where Father Welsby was hearing confessions kept a queue of would-be penitents waiting for half an hour. The absent-minded gentleman who left it there after he had come out has locked himself in his room. We twisted the knife in the wound this evening reading " Deus scientiarum " in the refectory—*loco et modo Codicis*. News has come through that not even a failure in his second attempt will exonerate a man from another exam. The University has instituted a third session! Sympathies to all the Bruce's spiders concerned.

20th. *Wednesday*. The sombre drapery announcing the *Quarant' Ore*, is hanging in the church. Our sincerest sympathies to Father Willaert S.J. who, because of ill-health, has had to retire from the rectorship of the Gregorian. The new Rector is Father McCormack S.J. In the common room, stage work goes on apace; the proscenium is now frowning gloomily draped in black.

21st. *Thursday*. Mass of Exposition sung by the Rector. In the procession the canopy was carried by 8th Year.

22nd. *Friday*. *Missa pro Pace*. Recollection day for the *tonsurandi*, only *ad cautelam* for one of them whose dimissorials have not yet arrived: he is gloomily prowling round the post-box.

23rd. *Saturday*. The Vice-rector sang the *Missa Depositionis*.

Holly-chains in the corridor waiting to be put up in the common room make the approach to my room like a climb up Faette.

24th. *Sunday*. Sir E. Drummond and Count van Cutsem came to dinner. There was more sleeping this year before Midnight Mass. At Matins that chilly hour everyone was alarmingly fat due to the cautionary layers of clothing underneath.

25th. *Monday*. The brown model of St Peter's on a background of the Papal colours shining from behind, with a hidden light, has taken all the gloom out of the black proscenium. The common room is its usual Christmas self though perhaps the holly-chains are not made so carefully as they used to be. . . . To dinner Monsignor Heard and Doctor Halsall. At the evening concert the orchestra opened the revels; we noticed most improvement, perhaps, in the first violins (see programme). From Haydn we were translated to a noisy German band and finally a musical adventure took us round the globe and gave us the annual banquet of ingenious script and " catchy " song necessary to carry us through the year. This year the common room committee (wisely, as most think) left us a quiet conversation after supper.

1. Orchestra . *7th Symphony—Haydn* (*1st Movement*)
2. . . . . *The Wakenfufens* . . . . . .
3. The Committee presents :

CRANMER'S LETTER

A Musical Apocalypse in 3 Acts

Overture . . . . . The Vice-rector & Mr Ekbery

ACT I A.D. 1938

Scene I Refreshment Bar of the Ritz, London

Waiter	Mr Lescher
Garratt	Mr Grady
Chief Inspector of R.C.C.C.I.D.	Mr Leahy
Pugh	Mr Elcock
Neptune	Mr Gallagher
Alexander	Mr J. Malone
Castor	Mr Ford
Virus	Mr Grasar
Wuster	Mr Foster

Scene II Cloaca Maxima

Dr Jelly (*an archivist*)	Mr Murray
Dr Sniffey (*a would-be ditto*)	Mr Lynch

ACT II A.D. 1948

Scene I Evening in the Rifugio Guiglielmo, Gruppo del Gran Paradiso

Thomas Bernard (*on a snowy gita with the R.C.C.C.I.D.*) . .	Mr Lescher

Dr Sniffey & Garratt

Scene II Precipice in the Gran Paradiso
Dr Sniffey & Garratt

Scene III Office of Comrade Sniffey, Moscow
Comrade Sniffey & Garratt . . . . .
A Universe reporter . . . . . Mr Grasar
Chorus of Bolshies . . . . . .

ACT III A.D. 1958

Scene I Army & Navy Club, London
Bishop Pugh (*Commander of Anti-Soviet Army*) Mr Elcock
Bishop Neptune (*Admiral of Anti-Soviet Fleet*) Mr Gallagher
Waiter . . . . . Mr Lescher

Scene II G.H.Q. of Anti-Soviet Forces, Via Monserrato, 45
The R.C.C.C.I.D. now become Army Intelligence Dept.

26th. *Tuesday*. Into the middle of what should have been a day of complete rest crashed a game of football. In the evening a rough-and-tumble film.

27th. *Wednesday*. Rome at its wettest. Indoors a well arranged musical programme and a typical Eden Philpotts sketch. By the way, the common room door that *you* know is not used by the audience on sketch nights. The new door has obvious advantages.

1. Song . .	*The Watchman*	Mr Gallagher
2. Violin Solo	*Morceau de Salon* (*Leroy*) .	Mr Wilcock
3. Song . .	"*Does Santa Claus . . . ?*"	Mr McNeill
4. Song . .	*July Fugitive*.	Mr Loftus
	Words : Francis Thompson	
	Music : Vice-rector	
5. Quartette .	(*a*) *Little Cotton Dolly*	
	(*b*) *Wake—Miss Lindy*	

6. Sketch :

DEVONSHIRE CREAM

Characters :

Elias Widecombe, of Coombe Farm, Dartmoor	Mr T. B. Pearson
Amy Widecombe (*his wife*)	Mr Newton
Beth Widecombe (*his daughter*)	Mr Duggan
William Blee (*his head-man*)	Mr McNeill
Gregory Sweet (*his cowman*)	Mr Molloy
Jenny Sweet (*his dairy-maid*)	Mr Coonan
Joseph Munday (*a very old labourer*) . .	Mr Pearse
Robert Blanchard (*of Twelve Trees Farm*) .	Mr Stone

Scene : The Great Barn at Coombe Farm

Act I	Morning
Act II	Afternoon
Act III	Night

28th. *Thursday*. Vigil of St Thomas of Canterbury. At 7.15 First Vespers; two babyish heads popped up over the imposing copes of the cantors, reminiscent rather of old St Nicholas' Day and its boy bishop.

29th. *Friday*. The Feast. In the morning the glory of Upholland shone about us in Doctor Cartmell and Father Kieran who stayed with us for dinner. Our other guests were Sir Robert Clive, Monsignor Dini, Rector of Propaganda and Archbishop Elect of Dara, Monsignori Heard, Clapperton, Burke, Kiley and Duchemin. Father Welsby S.J. came too, and Mr Montgomery, secretary to the Vatican Minister. After tea " Leave it to Psmith " set the house in a roar, though a duplication of part by an old favourite was puzzling.

1. Quartette .	*Mammy Loo*	
2. Piano Solo	*Hungarian Rhapsody No.* 14 (*Liszt*)	Mr Ellison
3. Quartette .	*Ole Man Moon*	
4. Solo . . .	*La Serenata* (*Braga*)	The Rector
	Violin Obligato	Mr Ekbery

5. Sketch

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH

Characters:

Psmith	Mr Dwyer
Eddie Cootes (*out of work card-sharper*)	Mr Stanley
Eve Halliday	Mr Loftus
Lord Emsworth	Mr Jackson
McTodd (*American poet*)	Mr Stanley
Rumbelow (*waitress*)	Mr Wilcock
Lady Emsworth	Mr Fleming
Freddie Threepwood (*her step-son*)	Mr McCurdy
Phyllis Jackson (*his fiancée*)	Mr Nesbitt
Ethelberta (*first cousin to Lady Emsworth*) . . .	Mr Wilcock
Miss Peavey (*Cootes' fiancée*)	Mr Purdy
Baxter (*secretary*)	Mr Mullin
Beech (*the butler*)	Mr Cassidy

Act I	Afternoon. The Morpheus Club, W.1.
Act II	Following evening: The Oak Gallery, Blandings Castle
Act III	Next morning: A Keeper's Cottage, Blandings

31st. *Sunday*. After a day of orchestra practice and soccer—the Two Great Dividers—we made up our differences in the evening tho' seventy revolving bodies, as many chairs, a dozen tables and an

enlarged stage in one small common room suggested " The Red Flag " rather than " Auld Lang Syne ". To dinner were Fathers Leeming S.J. and Renard S.J.

JANUARY 1st. *Monday.* Archbishop Palica came to dinner. My solution of the " Ten Minute Alibi " puzzle set us in the evening, was probably the correct one though everybody pooh-poohed it. Perhaps the Arabs are right after all: " every man thinks his own fleas are gazelles ".

1. Trio . .	*Van Tromp*	Vice-rector, Messrs Dwyer and Cunningham
2. Violin and Piano .	*The Kreutzer Sonata—Finale (Beethoven)*	Messrs Ekbery and Ellison
3. Solo . .	*Prologue—Pagliacci* . .	Mr Cunningham

4. Sketch:

TEN MINUTE ALIBI

Characters:

Hunter	Mr McDonald
Colin Derwent	Mr Roberts
Philip Sevilla	Mr McReavy
Betty Findon	Mr Abbing
Sir Miles Standing	Mr Wroe
Detective Inspector Pember	Mr Rea
Detective Sergeant Brace	Mr Henshaw

Act I Philip Sevilla's flat, Bloomsbury, Thursday afternoon, 2.45 p.m.

Act II Same. One hour and a half later

2nd *Tuesday.* There are two fine sepia prints of BB. Robert Southwell and Edmund Campion in the " Martyrs' Gallery ". At 10.30 a.m. in the *Aula* of the Gregorian its new Rector shot to the pinnacle of popularity by declaring this afternoon and to-morrow morning holidays.

3rd. *Wednesday.* The weather has made New Year resolutions; the air has a touch of *Est Est Est* about it, but this morning the poor opera caste had to make the best of the few cubic feet in the common room.

4th. *Thursday.* Monsignor Hallett was our guest at dinner. In the evening we sent a band of pleasure-hunters to the Beda. *We* spent our evening hard at work and met the enthusiastic accounts of the returned wastrels with studious abstraction.

5th. *Friday.* In front of the High Altar which is completely stripped stands a huge erection topped by a camera. Photographers

from Milan are " taking " the altar-piece for the Martyrs' Association. As we walked out of the University this afternoon a row of levelled cameras brought the blush of modesty to the cheek of clerical shyness. They belong to the Stonyhurst boys who are out on pilgrimage.

6th. *Saturday*. The Epiphany. The knell of Christmas is singing and the hammers of opera scene workers are only closing the coffin.

A. JONES.

PERSONAL

We were all very sorry indeed to hear of ARCHBISHOP HINSLEY'S attack of typhus, but fortunately the illness was not at any time very serious, and His Grace is now well on the road to complete recovery. Before the news was in the press, Father Englebert had written to the Rector, giving full details and asking for our prayers. We need hardly tell you that he had them, and still has them—with zest.

The appointment of FATHER MCCORMACK of the American Province to the Rectorship of the University is particularly gratifying to the Venerabile. As recorded elsewhere in these pages, the new Rector soon introduced himself to us with an address to the Literary Society. He has our very best wishes for success in his difficult task of guiding the University safely through the financial crisis it is at present undergoing. In welcoming him, we lose our old friend FATHER WILLAERT who unfortunately has been compelled to retire through ill-health ; the good wishes of the College are with him wherever he goes.

Very hearty congratulations to the silver jubilarians : CANON HUNT (1902-1909) and FATHER KIRBY, M.A. (1905-1909) in December last ; FATHER BENEDICT WILLIAMSON (1906-1909) and FATHER CHARLES ROBERTS (1908-1912) this June.

DOCTOR H. R. KELLY (1919-1926), the brother of our indefatigable archivist, has been appointed parish priest of St Edward's, Runcorn.

We are very sorry to lose SIR ROBERT CLIVE, British Minister to the Holy See, the more so since it is only a year since we baptised him by fire on his first visit by subjecting him to a coffee and *rosolio* speech. He goes to Tokio as His Majesty's Ambassador there. *Vive valeque !*

DOCTOR BIRD (1907-1914) spent a day with us at the Villa. REV C. CORBISHLEY of Ushaw College was more fortunate and was able to spend a night.

In true masonic fashion we must record with special care the visit of an ex-editor, the second editor in fact, of THE VENERABILE, DR CARTMELL (1919-1925) of Upholland College who shared our Christmas celebrations for a few days. Since Christmas we have had another very welcome visitor in the REV WILLIAM D. GRADY (1919-1923).

Just as we are going to press we say good-bye to an old friend of the College HIS GRACE OF CARDIFF, as genial as ever after his recent accident and still the incomparable *raconteur*. He distributed copies of his " Hymn to St David " after supper one night in the common-room ; then going to the piano sang it through and made us all join in. His Grace introduced a new friend, his Vicar General MGR IRVINE. We look to St David to see to it that the *ad multos annos* we sang His Grace, on his patronal feast, may be fulfilled, with its implicit wish of many future visits to the Venerabile.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Grady — Secretary : Mr Nesbitt

Sub-editor : Mr Mullin — Under-secretary : Mr Foley

Fifth Member : Mr Swinburne

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*, *The Wonersh Magazine*.

We gratefully received *The Scrip*, and *The Chesterian* with copies of music from Messrs Chester.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

We sincerely thank the Dowager Duchess de Stacpoole for information regarding the " one more picture of Bishop Gradwell which may yet be tracked down " to which reference was made under NOVA ET VETERA last April.

". . . The picture, a group of the Duke de Stacpoole's family and of Lady Teresa Dease and her daughters being presented to the Pope by Monsignor Gradwell, has always remained in the de Stacpoole family and now hangs in the hall of Mount Hazel, Co. Galway.

" A curious coincidence is that an Aunt of the present Dowager Duchess de Stacpoole married, about 1851, Richard Gradwell (nephew of the Bishop) of Dowth Hall, Co. Meath.

" The details mentioned in the Magazine last April are most interesting and confirm a letter which the family has preserved from the artist to their great grandfather."

THE LIBRARY

Mr V. Marsh having discovered in an odd corner of the library at Palazzola a copy of the " Doway Abstract ", I asked him to give me a note upon its value and on any other books connected with the penny catechism which he might find at Rome. His note runs as follows :—

" The history of the Penny Catechism has been written in the Oscott Magazine, and again, briefly, by Doctor Burton in his biography of Bishop Challoner. From the latter I make a synopsis. Bishop Challoner composed an " Abridgement of Christian Doctrine " at a date unknown. The source of this work was the " Abstract of the Doway Catechism ". The work of which this was an abstract was the " Abridgement of Christian Doctrine " by Father Henry Tuberville of Douai where it was first published in 1649 and subsequently passed through several editions. The prototype of all catechisms is considered to be the " Summa Doctrinae Christianae " of St Peter Canisius, first published in 1554.

" Having found a copy of the Doway Abstract in the Villa library, I began, on returning to Rome, to search the catalogues for any of the other little books referred to by Doctor Burton. We have of course a copy of the work of St Peter Canisius, but only the fourth edition, dated Coloniae, Anno MDCVI. Besides this, I found copies of all the works already mentioned : the " Abridgement " of Father Tuberville, the " Doway Abstract ", and, bound up with other pamphlets, Bishop Challoner's " Abridgement ".

" Thus we possess two copies of the " Doway Abstract ", the Roman copy in poor condition, but corresponding to the Old Hall copy in that it has the Cross prefixed to the alphabet in four types on the back of the title page but is of a much later date—1748 ; the Palazzola copy (now also in Rome), better preserved, but of a still later date—1762, without the Cross before the alphabet, and missing a page or so at the end.

" Of the extreme rarity of these little books Doctor Burton writes : ' Just as the common Horn-books, which a hundred years ago could be bought by any village-child for a few pence, are now so scarce as to be the object of keen competition among wealthy collectors, so the little cheap Catechisms, so familiar to every Catholic child, were not worth the keeping, and now are hardly to be met with .' (o.c., p. 160).

" We have also a copy of Bishop Challoner's " Abridgement of Christian Doctrine " which would appear to be of peculiar interest. First because Doctor Burton says that the only copy he has ever met with is in the Oscott Library, secondly because he gives the date of the Oscott copy as 1772, while the title page of our copy runs thus :

AN
ABRIDGEMENT
OF
CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE :
Newly revised and enlarged
by R.C.
Printed in the year MDCCLV

" It would seem, then, that this copy is a greater treasure than that at Oscott, and we can congratulate ourselves on having under one roof copies of all the predecessors of the Penny Catechism."

During the *villeggiatura* we began the changing of the lighting system. We could not afford to hire labour and so decided to do it ourselves, our electricians Messrs Fee and Jackson assuring us that they were equally expert and far more hard-working ; all they asked for was food.

They did a surprising amount in a week and a half : the old brackets were removed, the tiles taken up and a wire laid to the central table ; sheets of tin were cut, hammered and soldered into shades, wooden arms were projected from the bins and all varnished over to the same colour as the shelves, so that now each group of bins has an independent switch and light, and over each of the small tables is a bracket light with a green shade.

All this is not perfect ; in a library such as ours it is, after all, putting new wine into old bottles, but it is a vast improvement. We cooked most of our meals in the house and Father E. Walshe, who was staying in Rome, did us the honour of sharing our frugal fare and, I think, enjoyed the atmosphere of our improvised *trattoria* behind the refectory.

But all this has depleted our tiny resources and meanwhile we are still in need of new books—of an atlas later than 1850—any atlas so long as it shows us the latest wrinkles on the face of the earth ; of Modern History and of the Dictionary of Modern Biography. Any books or contributions for books sent to the Rector are gratefully received, instantly acknowledged, and promptly absorbed by the voracious students.

T. B. PEARSON, *Librarian.*

SPORTS

CRICKET

As you shiver in pullover and zimarra on the Monserrà, it is not easy to think back to last season's cricket. But a glance at the scoring book brings back to mind the triumphs and the failures. In spite of later examinations and an early opera and gitas, thirteen games were played. First in importance, perhaps, ranks the match in which the Philosophers beat the Theologians. In Pamphilj the Theologians had left us little more than half an hour in which to make

73. We hit and ran hard for 56, four of our batsmen being run out. At the Villa, the chances were more even. The Theologians batted first, and 59 of their 81 runs came from W. A. Purdy. With two wickets gone cheaply, the Philosophers seemed to be losing: for it was well known that their tail began somewhere about No 5 and was not likely to wag. But the third wicket added 40, and then, when the field had crept in, on somebody's suggestion, "to pick their pockets", they found the ball lofted over their heads, and the honours of the game returned to "Phils".

One blazing day early in September, a team from Propaganda walked round the lake while we were taking siesta, and showed us that our cricket was not so good as we had thought. Being unused to our *pozzolana* wicket, which is fiery, and to J. Walsh's thunderbolts, they made only 55. But their strength was in bowling and fielding. On the following afternoon they had us out for 50, and were building up a winning position at the end of the time allowed. Most of their team were Australians, so a sort of "Test" atmosphere prevailed—minus the barracking. The Venerabile was represented by Messrs Lescher, Jones, Foley, Ashworth, Purdy, Ekbery, Nesbitt, McCurdy, Wells, Grasar and Walsh.

Mention must also be made of an historic occasion when S. Lescher and A. Jones broke all batting records in a first wicket stand of 110.

Previously the pitch had been badly treated. Successive committees have had perforce to pound it down after a mere sprinkling of water carried from the garden. Consequently it has resented and flung many a ball up into the batsman's face. But since that hectic day last August, when the water was sprayed through the hedges for the first time, the pitch has not been neglected. Indeed we saw to it that it should be the first to benefit from the new supply. And now that the rivulet from Rocca flows regularly, a great future may be predicted for Palazzola cricket. If only they will send out keen cricketers!

The Rector, Vice-rector, Monsignor Hall and Doctor Charlier again very kindly helped us, and among our new found benefactors was Doctor Masterson who sent us three balls. Last year also we acquired through S. Lescher an excellent practice-net. To those unnamed heroes, too, who marked pitches, stitched mats and gloves, bound—and even spliced—bats, our thanks are due for a season, better, perhaps, than any previous one.

B. Foley, *Captain.*

TENNIS

Those giants of the past who toiled during an Italian summer to lay the foundations of a tennis-court at Palazzola will be glad to hear that their labour has been rewarded. When the idea of pumping water from the tank to the court was at last set aside as

being unsuited to these days of hustle, and when the narcissi on the court began to look as though they would be smothered by the weeds and very high grass, the hard-earned tennis-court nearly suffered the fate of its companion on the Sforza, the " Folly ". But now the dream of many an enthusiast has been realised, and the next time you are at Palazzola you will notice a tap in the corner of the court. Thus the once familiar sight of the four strong men of the Villa struggling up the Sforza steps with Luigi's water-butt is gone ; silenced are the annual proposals about transferring the tennis-court, and the member who once dared to say that the surface of that court was fundamentally unsound will never have the temerity to voice such thoughts again.

The members entered the season in extravagant mood ; for whilst they reduced the membership fee to five *lire*, they requested the treasurer, Mr Henshaw, to empty the club purse in buying new racquets to replace those that had done service since the days of Porzio. Three racquets were all we could buy, and just when we were wondering where we could get a fourth, the Rector said that the College would help the Club out of such a difficulty. For dragging the four racquets across Europe and successfully evading any awkward questions from the Customs men, we are very grateful to Doctors Park, Hawkins, Butterfield and Sewell.

With a new net, new balls, a new set of racquets and running water in abundance, the season could not help being a success. Play was begun even before the water came, and lasted continuously until the Doubles Tournament at the end of the Villa. Twenty pairs entered the Tournament. It was won by Messrs Lyons and Walsh who defeated Messrs Purdy and Ashworth. The winners received the " Handsome Prize " as advertised.

When we came back to Rome the Officials of the Club had misgivings about the attitude their successors might adopt on seeing that four well-used racquets, whose strings needed repairing, and a debt to be paid off made up their heritage. However they were spared much embarrassment by Mr Macdonald's presentation to the Club of two racquets which he had brought back from England. We are more than thankful.

There were suggestions made at the Villa that we should both lengthen and widen the court ; but these are problems to be solved by next year's members.

D. J. LEAHY, *Secretary*.

ASSOCIATION

The season has been marked by the absence of that customary long period just before Christmas when bad weather prevents our being able to play in Pamphilj. We have only been refused permission to play once or twice. Also, our right to the pitch is becoming

more universally recognised, and the people who are using it when we arrive usually move off without our having to ask. Of course there is an occasional exception with its embarrassing task for the captain.

We had half a dozen games at Palazzola including a game between Philosophers and Theologians when the Theologians won by two goals to nil. In Rome great keenness has been displayed and the list sent round the refectory has always produced more names than were required. During the Christmas holidays—has it ever been known before ?—we had three games, one of them played during heavy rain.

The Scots match was fixed for Boxing Day this season but it was rained off on that day. A surprise holiday on Monday, January 22nd, in honour of the feast day of the Rector of the University gave us another opportunity of playing it. But on that day an hour or two before the time fixed for the kick-off a 'phone call from the Scots announced that the Fascists were taking Fortitudo ground that afternoon in spite of the fact that we had been given the loan of it first and had already paid for it. In this crisis we were forced to play on the ground of the Knights of Columbus, which, in the event, proved extremely narrow and cramped the play.

The Venerabile was represented by Messrs Wells ; Stone, Cunningham ; Cassidy, Dawson, Nesbitt ; Grasar, Henshaw, Gallagher, Fee, McCurdy.

The Scots won the toss and play commenced on a hard dry ground under ideal weather conditions. From the kick-off the Scots descended on our goal, and during the first quarter of an hour maintained a pressure which found our defence sound. During one of their attacks, however, a penalty was awarded against us for a nudge against a Scot while he was heading the ball. The resulting goal was the only goal during the game. Soon after this the Scots inside right twisted his knee and had to be carried off the field, the Scots playing the rest of the game with one man short.

Strong kicking from our halves and enterprising play by our forwards in the enemy half succeeded now in opening the game a bit more, but their goal-keeper was easily able to deal with the few shots which their defence allowed our forwards to take. Our attacks were too scrappy, probably due to the narrowness of the field, and frequent throws-in were a characteristic of the first half during which the Scots had slightly the better of the play, handicapped as they were by the loss of one player.

We opened the second half with a strong attack on the Scots goal which we kept up for a considerable time without success. Our team was showing much better combination, but our finishing off in front of goal was deficient, and the Scots defence did some magnificent work. Our centre-forward having the goal-keeper beat to the world found that a full-back had suddenly appeared from nowhere and stopped the shot with his body, and our outside right,

nipping in from the wing, pushed the ball (as he thought) into the far corner of the net but their goal-keeper turned it round the post with a fine save. In a Scots rally our goal had a narrow escape too, when our goal-keeper just managed to deflect a dropping shot from the bar back into the field.

During the rest of the game although we had no difficulty in dealing with any attacks on our own goal and although most of the pressure was on the Scots goal, we never seriously looked like scoring, and the final whistle found the score unchanged. The game had not been so fast as in previous years in spite of the dry ground, nor was the standard of the play so high. The Scots are to be congratulated on maintaining their lead from the beginning of the game under the handicap of being a player short.

English College 0 Scots College 1

We thank Father Freeman S.J. for refereeing the game, and we also extend our thanks to Doctor Earley for the generous gift of a new ball.

G. NESBITT, *Captain.*

RUGBY

We must confess with regret that the Rugger this season has fallen rather short of the optimistic anticipations which quickened the concluding stages of '32-'33.

While a good general interest in the game remains intact—or rather is on the increase—there has been a slight falling off as regards individual effort and this has militated to some extent against the successful organisation of games. But there is no need to be downhearted. Even though we have only been able to get four games in Pamphilj up to the present, there is ample opportunity before Easter to make up for lost time. In this respect it is very encouraging to note that although, relatively speaking, we play so little, nevertheless a sound working knowledge of the rules is definitely apparent throughout the College, and games are invariably thoroughly enjoyable and, what is more, they are played in quite a youthful spirit despite the protestations of old age and decrepitude.

In addition to the four games already mentioned we have played two outside matches. The first was against Propaganda College who, if we are to judge by the score 24—3, defeated us badly. There is no doubt too, that in the threequarters we were completely outclassed, but in the forwards we not only held our own against a much heavier pack but in the second half, when heavy rain made threequarter play somewhat difficult, we maintained a consistent and definite territorial advantage through the efforts of our hard-working pack.

The second match was against the Irish College and here again, in spite of a hard-fought game, we ceded the honours to our opponents

by a penalty goal and a try, 6 points, to a try, 3 points. This was certainly the best game we have had since we started Rugger in the Venerabile. It was fast, lively and full of interest; moreover the mode of play left no possibility of doubt that we were playing according to Rugby Union rules. The weather conditions were ideal for a good open type of game, and both sides took advantage of this to keep the ball moving well through the threequarters. The Irish backs perhaps showed somewhat more thrust in attack than our men, but we can say with satisfaction of the latter that sound tackling was an excellent feature of their play throughout the game. On the whole, the two teams were very well matched but at the same time no one would deny that the Irish fully deserved the try which gave them the lead early in the second half. The Venerabile was represented by Messrs Dawson; Nesbitt, Henshaw, McCurdy, Cashman; Roberts, Newton; Ford, Tickle, Walsh, McKeever, Sweeney, McReavy, Purdy and Lescher.

Our thanks are due to the North American College who lent us their field on the Janiculum for the game.

It is a great pleasure too for us to be able to record our very sincere thanks to the Upholland Romans and the Rev T. Turner who rallied round in our hour of need and presented us with a new rugby ball, and also to Doctor D. J. Hawkins for a contribution towards running expenses.

G. W. Tickle, *Captain.*

OBITUARY

FRANCIS STANISLAUS DU MOULIN-BROWNE, Cong. Or.

Born at Leamington, February 10th, 1888, Francis Stanislaus du Moulin-Browne studied first in Germany and Switzerland, then came to the Venerabile in October 1908. His charming personality, his keen sense of humour, and the lively interest he took in all the College happenings secured the friendship of all his fellow students. Though unflinching in his loyalty to authority, he was nevertheless always ready for a prank. " Did you see that extraordinary flash of lightning last night ? " asked Monsignor Prior in his most solemn tone at breakfast one morning at the " top " table. Francis giggled more than any of us ! He was a keen photographer at that time (in fact he was one of the founders of the College's Photographic Society), and he had suggested the night before that it would be a good idea to take a group of students sitting on the tiles of the roof adjoining the passage to the " slums ", as access to the roof was facilitated by the building of the new rooms. Monsignor Prior's " extraordinary flash of lightning " was ignited magnesium wire necessary for Francis' freak photograph !

" What about seeing the sun rise from the top of Tusculum ? " he suggested one day ; and he and another managed to climb out of the villa at Porzio at some small hour of the morning, taking with them a frying pan, *prosciutto*, bread and beverage. They saw the sun rise, had their breakfast, and, *ni fallor*, were kneeling in the chapel for meditation, as though they had had a good night's rest !

Francis lived in the " slums " next door to his brother Joseph. But whereas Joseph's room was scrupulously clean and tidy, the same could not be said of his brother's. The microscope with its slides (some highly scientific, others more intimate—like that of a portion of a gentleman of the genus pulex who inhabited the same room), photographic litter, and, at one period, a baby tortoise or two, added to the impedimenta.

Although his wider education gave him a love of many sciences, Francis was careful to give precedence to his philosophical and theological studies. He took the doctorate of philosophy in 1911, and of theology in 1915. During his last year at the Venerabile he was Senior Student, an office which he held to the great satisfaction of the Rector, Vice-rector and students.

Returning to England in 1915 he joined the Birmingham Oratory. Next year he was out at the Front as chaplain, first to the Northumberland Fusiliers and then to the Irish Guards, where he gained the affection of officers and men. He is one of the few men I have met who "enjoyed" life at the Front. I remember a Menevia Roman, also a chaplain, telling me, " I met Francis du Moulin-Browne near the trenches absolutely enjoying every minute of it ! "

After the Armistice he and his brother Joseph visited all the camps of German prisoners from the Somme up to Ypres in order to hear confessions of men who had not made their confessions in German since their capture. He then returned to the Birmingham Oratory to become professor of theology and philosophy to the novices. The Edgbaston people knew him chiefly as an able and fluent preacher.

Constant ill-health interfered with his activities. He was forced to winter most years in Switzerland, but this winter his doctor advised Teneriffe. Accompanied by his brother he made the voyage with the thought of death before him. The end came suddenly ; his brother administered Extreme Unction, and he passed away on the eve of the Immaculate Conception. His obituary card has the words : " Holy Martyrs of the English College, pray for him." God rest his sweet soul.

T. E. Bird.

Father de la Taille, s.j.

" A Master Theologian " is the fitting title to Father Leeming's article in the *Month* for January, 1934, wherein with sympathy and insight he renders tribute to a brother in religion, a fellow professor, and a master in the school of theology. There will be found set out the facts of his life—his birth in France, his schooling in England, his religious call to follow Saint Ignatius Loyola, the war period, his *Magnum Opus* on the Mass.

For us of the Venerabile, however, his fame as a theologian weighed less than his friendship for the English College. He was, it is true, heir to a great inheritance at the Gregorian, and followed worthily in the wake of Suarez and Vasquez of the early days, and Franzelin in more modern times. But for us it was a special honour and pleasure that, like Billot and Mazzella, he should have a special regard for the *studenti inglesi* ; and better still, like that theologian, Saint and Doctor of the Church, Saint Robert Bellarmine, he should visit us in the Via Monserrato. So easily did he slip into our accustomed round that I cannot recall his first coming to the English College. I feel sure that the first advances were made by him and it was this friendliness together with his frankness and charm of manner that led to a lasting friendship. In The Venerabile for October, 1924 (Vol. II, p. 78) he is mentioned as a visitor on 14th May, 1924—the earliest notice I can trace. Later on, he paid us the compliment of coming in un-

announced to share our mid-day meal. He would come in at noon, enter the chapel for the prayers for England and then take his place at the top table.

His manner was affable yet distinguished ; his learning he carried lightly yet definitely ; his views were clear and penetrating, and expressed in remarkably fine English. His visits were soon turned into good account by the students, for the President of the Literary Society induced him to entertain us with a Lecture entitled " War Experiences as an Army Chaplain", and an enterprising editor of THE VENERABILE in April, 1925, printed an article from his pen. Needless to say, it was on the Mass, written to meet a criticism of his great work " Mysterium Fidei ", " A work of the first order", as Father D'Arcy styles it, or as Archbishop Hinsley writes in THE VENERABILE Vol. III, p. 207, " a noble volume of profound thought and deep learning ". It achieved almost the position of a theological best seller—despite its 600 pages of double columns.

Space will allow only a passing tribute to a work which shows its author to be a thinker as well as a theologian, a man of faith and learning, versed in the Fathers yet ready with modern instances. His citations from Baldwin of Canterbury, from the English Bishops (p. 111), from Newman and Manning were further links with us—heirs of the Martyrs who died for the Mass in far off England. That criticism should arise was to be expected and indeed in any form where minds are keen and combative in the search for truth. But abuse however elegant or suspicion however veiled were surely out of place in his case. Before publication I believe his work passed under the eyes of five censors. And after publication I always understood, when in Rome, that to Father de la Taille was entrusted by the highest authority in Rome the task of preparing the Syllabus of studies or conferences for each succeeding Eucharistic World Congress.

It will always be a personal satisfaction to the present writer that a suggestion of his was accepted, when the magnificent marble altar was erected in San Carlo Al Corso, to commemorate the golden jubilee in the priesthood of Pius XI, on the spot where His Holiness first celebrated Mass. A suitable inscription was sought for, and to me the words " Mysterium Fidei " seemed appropriate. They are indeed from the very heart of the Mass ; but were suggested by the title of Father de la Taille's masterly work.

May he have many a memento in the Holy Sacrifices, that his lot may be with those " qui nos praecesserunt cum signo fidei et dormiunt in somno pacis".

JAMES REDMOND.

INDEX

Volume VI

October 1932—April 1934

INDEX OF AUTHORS