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EDITORIAL

"HAVE we never so little if we be not in spirit merry therewith," wrote Blessed Thomas More, and struck the dominant chord of his whole life and personality. And who that has really known John Fisher could deny that in his Yorkshire way he would have given dry assent to the thought? Gaiety in the one, strength in the other, was emphasized; but both, surely, had that united fullness of strength and cheerfulness which Sherwin and the rest, following after, learned from them. In St Peter's on May 19th the *Te Deum* will greet them as Saints of the Church, and we shall sing it as fervently as it was sung here for the death of our own Martyrs, who were first taught by John Fisher and Thomas More "to treat death as a most near neighbour".

ARCHBISHOP McINTYRE

AMONG the many sons of Alma Mater who have gone out from her doors to labour as God should so please in His vineyard, few have shed so great a lustre upon the College as did the late Archbishop John McIntyre, Assistant at the Pontifical Throne, and one who had the rare honour of being not only a student but also a Rector of the Venerabile.

Born in 1855 at Birmingham, baptised at St Chad's Cathedral, of which city he was to be in due time Archbishop, and in which Church he had his Archiepiscopal throne and in the crypt of which his body now lies, he began his studies at St Chad's Grammar School, Spring Hill, then the only Catholic secondary school of the city, but now no longer extant. There, under the late Canon O'Hanlon, he laid the solid foundation of the learning which afterwards so distinguished him. The Canon was a born teacher who gave of his best to all committed to him; and between him and the future Archbishop there was engendered a mutual esteem and affection which never lessened with the gathering years. He passed from here to the old Sedgley Park School, Wolverhampton, the first important Catholic educational establishment in England after the Reformation, and which was for over a century the nursery of the leading clergy and laity of the Kingdom. During his last year there typhoid fever broke out in the school and John McIntyre was its first victim. To that illness is to be traced the ill-health and frailty of constitution which so hampered

his work during the greater part of his long life. This epidemic, and the expiration of the lease which the owners were unwilling to renew, broke up the school and scattered its pupils with the exception of a handful who were transferred to St Wilfrid's, Cotton Hall. He, however, was sent not to Cotton, but to Douai in French Flanders, where he at once rose to be head of the school. Having completed his course of humanities here, he came back to England and entered Oscott.

Though always a diligent and talented student, he was good at games of the primitive character then in vogue. Handball, bandy and cricket he was proficient in, being a good round-arm bowler, in the days when to raise the arm higher than the shoulder was a no-ball. He bowled over the wicket with a break both to on and off. This turn for athletic sports never left him but manifested itself in his professorial days by a love for cycling and an interest in "the noble art of self-defence". During the holidays he not only cycled in many parts of England, taking a sovereign in his pocket and going "where he listed", but also, in the company of other priests, he would tour the Continent. Concerning these tours he was fond of relating the following. One of the company, who flattered himself on his knowledge of idiomatic French, made the following reply to a polite innkeeper, who, finding he had not sufficient accommodation for the group in his house, offered to recommend them to a friend in the next town, and for this purpose said: "Je vous donnerai ma carte". "Ce n'est pas nécessaire," replied the French expert: "nous avons nos bicyclettes".

To this fondness for games and to his Celtic instincts is due the interest he took in boxing contests. He would read out aloud in the common-room to the other professors the newspaper reports of important matches, himself illustrating the various blows and the vocabulary of the ring. Of his physical as well as mental fighting instincts, Dr Ilsley used to tell this story. One day the Bishop and the Doctor were returning together by train to Oscott, when one of two other occupants of the carriage indulged in language both ribald and obscene. Dr McIntyre, having expostulated in vain, took off his coat and said to the man: "If you say that again, I will

throw you out of the window". "This not only frightened the man but it frightened me also," said Dr Ilsley. The man at once became silent, and the pair left the carriage at the next station.

At Douai he not only played games but distinguished himself as an actor and elocutionist in the plays enacted on the College stage during the Christmas holidays, and he edified his superiors by quietly saying the rosary in the wings for the success of himself and his companions. Here was sown the seed which afterwards ripened into his powers as a preacher and a professor of sacred eloquence.

In 1875, after a short period at Oscott, where he received the tonsure, he entered the Venerabile having gained a Roman Scholarship. There, as the College records show, he had a brilliant career, greatly distinguishing himself in the scholastic disputations which were then, and are still, a prominent feature of the Roman course. Palmieri, when Professor of Dogma, said of McIntyre that his defence of the treatise *De Gratia* was the finest he had ever heard. He not only took his doctorate degrees in philosophy, dogma and morals, winning the gold medal, but he also won distinctions in Hebrew and scripture. He was a student five years in all at the Venerabile, and had among his fellow students such famous men as Bishop Cowgill and Mgr Kolbe.

He had a retentive memory—he never preached from notes—a zeal for learning, and an alert and logical mind, which never failed him even in his old age, and enabled him to undertake with ease and success his many years of distinguished teaching, preaching and secretarial work before he was raised to the episcopate. Indeed, it is amazing the amount of work he did in spite of periods of ill-health during the thirty years he had the office of professor at Oscott. He taught at various times, dogma, morals, Hebrew, scripture, sacred eloquence and ascetics. And to these labours, when Oscott became a central seminary for England in 1897, he added the office of Prefect of Studies. For those who were privileged to hear him, his annual reports were a source of admiration for their completeness, their acumen, their grasp of detail, and the beauty of their diction.

As a professor, he was always willing to help by encouragement and kind advice men of a lesser mental calibre than his own who had failed to grasp either the teaching of their text-books or his lectures. He would welcome them to his room, go over the difficult points, straighten out their perplexities and tell them where to find in the authors the solution of their difficulties and the enlargement of their knowledge. A dull mind he could understand, but a lazy one he would not tolerate. Nor was he one who could suffer fools gladly as the writer of this sketch knows too well. He had the Irishman's wit and love of the humorous, but he could also be, and often was, sarcastic, though never malicious. His

> Satire like a razor keen,
> Cut, but left the wound unseen.

He realized in his own life and action the words of the prophet : " The lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth, for he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts." He sought knowledge of divine things from his boyhood, and he spent his priestly life in imparting it to others. For he knew that the knowledge was given not for himself alone ; he was not owner so much as steward of the divine treasures. This truth he not only lived in his own life but spent his days in imparting this same to the levites who came under his care, that they, in their turn, might dispense to others of the store of his learning and wisdom.

He was, moreover, what is rare in men learned and versed in books, a master of sacred eloquence, a writer of vigorous and classical English ; and he sought always to impress upon his pupils the need of clear thought, distinct speech and proper emphasis in the work of preaching the Gospel. Although he had not a strong voice, it was clear and carrying : each word cut sharply like a new shilling, and was delivered with a musical cadence which never failed to rivet the attention and charm the ears of his audience. For this reason, and because his sermons were always well thought out, he was in constant demand as a preacher. There is no church of importance in the diocese in which his voice has not been heard ; and when

he was announced to preach in the Cathedral it was always filled to the limit of its capacity. In spite of the demand upon his time of his professional duties, he was ever willing and ready to come to the aid of his brethren on the mission, having before his mind the words of St Paul : " A necessity lieth upon me to preach the Gospel, and woe is it unto me if I preach not the Gospel". The Gospel it was that he ever preached, never his own personal musings and views, never the vague opinions of others ; nor was he at any time dull or trivial. His sermons, like his lectures, were models of logical sequence : their parts hung together like links of a chain, and were delivered with an earnestness and unction that riveted attention. Yet at times, when occasion demanded it, he could be charmingly simple and homely—his confirmation instructions to children were at once both beautiful in thought and fitted to the child mind, yet never stereotyped, always new and fresh.

He was a platform orator as well as a preacher, forcible and convincing. I remember a speech he made at the Town Hall in defence of Benedict XV and his attitude during the Great War. He did not stand still behind the speaker's desk as most do, but walked up and down the length of the platform emphasising his arguments with frequent and graceful gestures. The Mayor of the City, a distinguished lawyer, was present, and he said publicly that if ever he wanted his own case defended, he would call upon the Bishop. On another occasion, when he undertook a request to read a paper, since printed, on Papal Infallibility, before a gathering of nonconformist ministers at Oxford, he was so convincing that they unanimously applauded and thanked him ; and when he successfully answered their questions and difficulties their applause was renewed.

Born in Birmingham—no mean city—he was proud of the fact ; but he was prouder still of his Celtic origin. He gloried in the fact that he was an Irishman, and he took his part in the movements for Home Rule then prevalent. On this score he was an ardent admirer and follower of Gladstone. So far did his love of Irishmen lead him that at one time he never tired of reading to others the pleadings of Carson in the courts as specimens of Irish eloquence and skill. But when the Orange

spirit of his hero became manifest, one heard from him no more of Carson's forensic triumphs.

When Dr Ilsley succeeded Archbishop Ullathorne, knowing well McIntyre's talents and his intimate acquaintance with the *stylus curiae*, he chose him as his secretary. The Bishop, though a saintly prelate, was not a scholar, and Dr McIntyre's knowledge of theology, his sound judgment and his proficiency in languages, were to him a tower of strength on which he could always rely and which lightened the burdens of office during long years. The knowledge of the missions with their difficulties and their needs which the secretaryship gave Dr McIntyre was of incalculable service when he himself was appointed Bishop.

In 1912, Archbishop Ilsley, realizing his Canon Theologian's loyalty as secretary and his scholastic attainments, his sound judgment and mental acumen, his knowledge of the diocese and profound piety, chose him as his auxiliary, and he was consecrated Bishop of Lamus. This new title gave his life-long friend, Canon Glancey, the opportunity of saying that he hoped the new Bishop would not be a " lame 'oss". Unfortunately he was, in his old age, when he was stricken by paralysis. For two years he assisted Dr Ilsley in the conduct of the diocese, making visitations and confirming in the various parts of his very extensive bishopric.

At the beginning of 1914, Pius X called him to Rome to be Rector of the English College. Of his work there I have no knowledge, and must let another speak. " Archbishop McIntyre as Rector was a retiring, lovable man, and a high example of priestliness to us all ", writes one who studied under him. " For several reasons, the rectorship at that period was a most difficult charge indeed. He had only been Rector six months when the War broke out, and it was still on when he left in 1917. Thus, for practically the whole of his rectorship he had to contend with what must surely be one of the greatest difficulties a Rector of a College abroad could possibly have to face. Then again, during practically the whole, or at least the greater part of his rectorship, if I remember rightly, an Apostolic Visitation took place under Fr Raffaele Rossi O.D.C., now

Cardinal Rossi, and this, as I need hardly say, entailed great work and worry for the Rector. He was over sixty when he came to us, his health was very poor, and he left the city in which he was born and in which his whole priestly life had been spent, to take up work which was entirely new to him. I can think of few more eloquent tributes to his unflinching devotion to duty than this simple fact that he most obediently accepted the Holy Father's command.

"He was a great patriot, and helped Cardinal Gasquet during the War to counteract the influence of Germany at the Vatican, England then having no representative to the Holy See. While he was Rector he was a consultor to the Consistorial Congregation, the Congregation of Religious, and the Pontifical Biblical Commission. I remember that when he was made Archbishop of Oxyrryncthus in 1917, he was greatly elated because it happened to be a place in the British Empire where a famous codex of the Bible had been found, he himself being, of course, a great biblical scholar."

In August, 1917, he returned to take up the work he had left, and on the death of Archbishop Ilsley, he was chosen to succeed him, to the great joy of the clergy and laity alike. His knowledge of the students of Oscott during the thirty years of his connection with that College gave him a unique opportunity of knowing his priests, and he was also well acquainted with all the activities of his widespread diocese. But he was not an administrator, and he knew it. Nor had he the totalitarian spirit which is the modern idea of government. So he wisely placed the government of financial and administrative matters in the hands of his Vicar-General, Canon Glancey, and the many consultative boards he found in existence, confining his own work to those functions which only a Bishop can perform.[1]

Bishop McIntyre's elevation to the archbishopric was not destined in God's Providence to last long; little more than three years after his enthronement, he was suddenly struck

[1] Canon Glancey was a man of strong character, firm but kind, quick to see what was needed and prompt to act. He was an expert in matters financial. To his wisdom and energy the diocese owes much of its admitted efficiency and prosperity.

down by a stroke after returning from a Visitation on March 18th, 1924. He rallied somewhat, and was able with the help of his Vicar-General to carry on the work, especially when as an aid the Canon was consecrated a Bishop on the 29th September of the same year. A year after, however, the new Bishop was himself struck by a fatal illness and died on October 16th, 1925. The Archbishop struggled manfully against the incapacity which followed the first seizure and, always full of hope and courage, managed to carry on the work of the diocese for three years, aided for the last two years by Bishop Barrett, now Bishop of Plymouth.

Then he reluctantly found that he could no longer continue the office properly, and on November 17th, 1928, he resigned his Archbishopric and was appointed to the titular see of Odesso.

He lived in retirement for nearly five years, suffering much, but solaced by his books, the visits of his friends and the care of his neighbours the Oratorian Fathers, and died peacefully on November 21st, 1934. God have pity on his gentle, holy soul!

A. H. VILLIERS

THOMAS MORUS, TRAGOEDIA

AMONG the treasures from our archives set out last year in the Library for the inspection of the great concourse of Holy Year pilgrims who came to the College, was a large and very thick volume, bound in pergamenum, of plays and interludes which were acted in the College in 1612 and 1613. There are five plays enumerated in the index, and three interludes. But unfortunately the last—perhaps the most alluring—" A Method How Carnevall Tuesday Night Is To Be Spent", has been lost. The fifth play, entitled " Roffensis ", or Rochester, depicts the life and martyrdom of Blessed John Fisher, while the first, which is the subject of this article, is inscribed simply " Thomas Morus, Tragoedia ", and is dedicated to Our Lady and the English Martyrs.[1] It seemed fitting, therefore, in this, the year of their centenary, and, we hope, canonization, to attempt a description of these two plays. An article in the next VENERABILE is to describe the play on Blessed John Fisher,[2] and so before the end of their centenary year, both of our great martyrs will have been fully commemorated in these pages.

Some of the eighty-nine pages of Latin verse, which constitute " Thomas Morus ", are scarcely legible to the inexpert eye ; but an actor's copy, much better written than the original, has been found preserved within the pages of the book. Some

[1] This fact is interesting as we know of no previous dedication in any form to the English Martyrs.

[2] As we have announced elsewhere in these pages. Ed.

very recent archivist has inserted a note : " Fragment of the Tragedy, Thomas Morus, with corrections (probably manu auctoris) which are at least embodied in the fair copy. From the corrections in Act II it might be for More's part ". This copy enables us to read Acts I and II, which are the most difficult to unravel. After that the author seems to have given way to the complaints of the actors, for he has enlisted someone to print.

The historical value of the play can hardly be exaggerated. It is believed to be the earliest existing on the subject. From 1601 to 1610, Thomas More, great-grandson of the Martyr, had been a student at the Venerabile. It was only two years before, therefore, that they had seen him ride out of the cortile. Later, he was himself imprisoned and banished for his priesthood. What tales he must have left behind him of the days when Sir Thomas had walked arm in arm with the King by the river at Chelsea, and of the final disgrace and execution ! He must have known intimately from his mother, who as a grandchild actually lived in the household of the Chancellor, exactly what her holy grandfather was like. " In stature he is not tall, though not remarkably short. His complexion is white . . . his hair dark brown. His countenance is in harmony with his character, being always expressive of an amiable joyousness and even an incipient laughter, and, to speak candidly, it is better framed for gladness than for gravity . . . . The right shoulder is a little higher than the left, especially when he walks . . . ."[1] It would be strange if young Thomas More had not in some way influenced the production of this play, especially as it must have been long in preparation.

From a record in the " Ripetitore's Book ",[2] dating from 1645, we can be fairly certain that it was usual to perform the plays at Carneval time. Under February 14th there is a note saying that repetitions are to cease until Lent, " ratione Tragoediae ". But sometimes there was an earlier production. In the next year, on January 31st, we find the notice : " Nulla

[1] Erasmus gives this description of " my very delightful More," as he used to call him, in a letter to the German Baron, Ulrich von Hutten.

[2] Cf. " Venerabile," Vol. 5, No. 1 : " The English College and the University " ; also College Archives, Liber, 320.

disputatio theologica quia P. Rector condonavit eam Joanni Andertono propter nimiam occupationem in addiscenda parte in Tragoedia ". And then on the following Friday, February 2nd, the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady, we read that the performance was given.

The play was probably acted in the Refectory.[1] Imagine the scene. No brightly decked common-room with Father Christmas smiling benignly from the stage-work. No footlights flooding the stage or spotlights crowning the protagonist with a halo. No festive holly clinging round the pictures, or little Chinese lamps hanging over one's head. And for orchestra a band of " five-frankers " attended in full livery. You were not suddenly disillusioned by some detached and noble character from the chorus coming up to you between the scenes with a pipe in his mouth. Nor was there any of the enthusiastic applause, the forgetting that the song is already an encore in the delight of hearing it again. Instead of all our finished entertainment, just a board—" Hoc est atrium regium ". That audience did not need operatic effects or colourful dresses to make the acting realistic. At Whitsun they would be singing their *Te Deum* for Richard Smith, and before 1612 was done another College martyr would have suffered. For some, this play was but a rehearsal of the future. Thomas Wharton (alias Foster), who was found dead in his chains at Lincoln gaol in 1645, was a spectator of it, and probably Anthony Tilney, an Oxford man, who left an account of his arrest and trial. Henry Brooke, confessor for the Faith, was also at this time a student here. For all of them, in a very grim sense, acting was part of their vocation. As one martyr said to his judge : " Come we openly, then are we fools : come we in disguise, then are we knaves : or come we not at all, then are we no true Englishmen ".

When everything is ready, the lamps are put out and the screen is drawn back. King Henry is disclosed in company with his Chancellor, Sir Thomas More, John More, son of the

[1] Cardinal Gasquet in his *History of the Venerable English College*, p. 191, quotes Evelyn's Diary, compiled in 1644-5, as follows: " We were invited to the English Jesuites to dinner, being their great feast of St Thomas of Canterbury. We dined in their Common Refectory, and afterwards saw an Italian Comedy acted by their alumni before the Cardinals."

Martyr, Bishop Fisher who is throughout known as Roffensis, and Sir Thomas Audley. The scene appears to be Hampton Court in the year 1533. His guests have already risen to leave when the King stops them :

" Roffensis, an adhuc Teuto Lutherus furit ?
Adhuc rebellat, nec mea victus manu
Deponit haeresim ? "

Fisher replies that in Germany conditions are much the same, though in France and Scotland the people are not yet in danger. Left alone, the King becomes preoccupied and begins a passionate soliloquy :

" Let me think ! Are these laws that befit the name of king ? Is my life to run its course under such conditions ? Am I, a monarch feared by all, to live like a beggar ? What does it avail to own lands and seas ? . . . The whole world hangs upon the favour or anger of Henry. . . . Oh Clement, give sanction to my marriage ! Shame on you and your anathema that you should turn against a friend. . . . They say it is a crime to associate with Boleyn. They deny to a King what is given to the commoner. The very people are murmuring because of it. The talkative priests are exciting hatred towards me. Rochester is inflexible. More, that man of great virtue and acute mind, favours Catherine. No one is more meek than they, yet they refuse. I did even threaten them, but they are obstinate. I will break off these bonds wherewith the Pope binds me. Let him dissolve this so-called wedlock with the betrothed of my brother, or I will violate everything. . . . The two Roses at length united ! The whole Kingdom at peace ! Am I, Henry, to live amid such public prosperity, and be the only one who is unable to enjoy it ? "

He hears his name called and turns to see a being of terrifying aspect standing behind his chair ; " terribilis, atrox, minax (he tells Cromwell afterwards), quamque intueri vestra, Cromwelle, acies non sustinebit ". The spectre takes him up in his words. It is vain to boast of his little triumphs. It recounts the misfortunes of his father, Henry VII, and points to the present criminal state of England. But it has only praise for the King's intentions, even adding other arguments and

promising the assistance of its minions. Before leaving Henry, it describes itself as :

" Genius et throni vigor
Tyrannici ego sum ; spondeo manus quibus
Nunquam peperci, subdolas artes quibus
Et cauta Virtus poterit obtentis capi ".

Its sudden disappearance causes Henry to cry out for his attendants. " Audley, Cromwell, Cranmer, come hither ! I have need of your ministrations." They rush in. " What is it ? A traitor ? Why so pale, your Majesty ? " " Put up your swords. I have seen that from which the mind shrinks in terror." He turns suddenly to Cromwell :

Hen. Consilia, quid si nostra non probet Deus ?
Crom. Votis benignum flecte.
Hen. Si inferi probent ?
Cran. Vel inferorum consilia constent ope.
Hen. Quid conscientia ?
Audl. Futilis vulgi timor.
Hen. At fama—
Crom. Falsa, sermo popularis, levis,
Arbitraria, facile regis edocta sequitur :
Lex, conscientia, fama famulantur tibi.
Haec irretitum vulgus incautum tenet.

And so they silence his conscience, and he describes what had frightened him. Cromwell tries to explain it away. It is the scruple that is on his mind ; he had thought he had seen a ghost ; it was only imagination. " But I tell you it stood here. It uttered words which would have frozen the blood in your veins." And while they stand and discuss the affair, suddenly it is there again, standing in their midst, breathing fire. In its hands are a crown of Cyprian myrtle, a rod of ivory, a mitre and a dagger—a gift for each of them. It distributes these gifts with a word of advice to each, though they cower and shrink from its fiery presence. Then it begins to speak : " Come, my friends, let us take counsel. Remember well, to overcome, you must be ready to pour out blood. One thing only can give you success, the blood of More and Fisher". The speech goes on to a wearisome length which has tried the patience even of

the writer of the actor's copy, whose writing degenerates into a Gregorian note-book scrawl.

Before leaving Act I, we must glance at Scene 5 where, amid sounds of revelry from a crowd and music from the orchestra, the Earl of Surrey is led to the King's presence. Norfolk tells Henry of the Earl's sea victory over the " infesti Thetidis greges ", those " improbi pyratae ", as Henry righteously calls them. Surrey is called upon to describe the victory, and there follows an Homeric account of the battle, again of great length and with a rich classical vocabulary that would mystify many a cultured modern. The King congratulates him, and ends the scene with the promise " de largitate munus expectes mea ". At the end of Act I, the chorus gives vent to some moral reflections in the true Greek style, and surveys the situation in Sophoclean fashion with many a Latin δίμοι and woeful plaint. In Act II, there is little of importance, but we should not omit the opening scene where Fisher and More meet privately to discuss the King's marriage. The gist of it all is that plain living and high thinking are no more. The world is crazy ; the King has " no horror of incurring heaven's anger, no fear of hell ". Fisher says that God has a way of making the punishment fit the crime (giving an exact Latin rendering of that line of the Mikado—*et poena sceleri par adaptari solet*). The scene finishes with a prayer from both that God may be kind to England and accept their lives in hostage. In Scene 3 of Act II, we see courtiers practising under John More's tuition for one of the dances which were so popular in those days. A note in the margin tells us that " sex bini in trepudium coeunt ". It is interesting to follow their antics :

> . . . nunc ad modos
> Tentate gressus musicos : lente, bene.
> Consiste, flecte, parte Rex ista sedet,
> Regina spectat altera : rursum genu
> Regem salutat omne, reginam denuo.
> Densate gressus paululum ; cedite retro . . . .

The rest of the Act is taken up with a dialogue between the chorus and a " civis desperans ", but we must turn the pages quickly now until we come to Act III.

In this Act, the story of More's resignation of the Chancellorship is told. He had held the Great Seal since 1529, though shortly afterwards, when the King had exacted the Oath of Supremacy from the clergy, he had petitioned to be allowed to resign. Now, as the difficulty of his position has become more acute, he is again making his request. The official documents say that this event took place at three o'clock on a May afternoon in 1532, in the garden of York Place. In the play, no place or time is mentioned, but the presence of nobles and church dignitaries seems to indicate rather an official gathering. The King is at first impatient.

Hen. Be seated, and tell us why it is that you are so anxious to lay down this honourable office, and so deprive us of your weighty advice.

More Your Majesty, I am become an old man. I am worn out by the responsibility of this grave office. It is time for me to prepare my soul for its journey, for it will soon leave this body.

Hen. If I let you resign and live without the honours you deserve, my good name will suffer.

More No one is without honour who retires of his own accord.

Hen. It will not be believed that you have done so freely.

More Whoever knows the gratitude of Your Majesty, and how much I am longing for a life of rest, will never doubt it.

There is a pause. The King looks suspiciously at him. "The exercise of a just office is not contrary to conscience." More avoids the implication and answers that any public duty is apt to interfere with the calm practice of virtue. The King hesitates a moment, and then rises and goes over to his side. "You have a way of asking which is irresistible. I cannot refuse. As a friend I grant you your request, though as your King I would fain refuse. . . More has always conquered Henry. Go, therefore, though there is no one—no, not one person—in all my realm, so dear to me as you. Go, and enjoy your privacy. Remember always who it was who gave it and be my beads-

man ! " More replies with a long speech in which he gives an account of himself. He sums up his idea of a ruler :

> . . . oppressos levat,
> Pondere coercet insolentes ; legibus
> Quae mitiganda mitigat . . . iustum omnibus
> Crudele nulli.

He pauses and looks round at that expectant crowd of nobles and ecclesiastics. " May the blessing of a holy peace be England's, may it be yours and mine. I leave you, faithful always, as the King himself has testified ". But as he slowly walks away, Cranmer cries out : " Come back ! It is private allegiance which shows a man to be patriotic. Put your hand on these holy gospels. Will Thomas More swear that Anne is lawfully wedded to the King ? " Every eye is fixed on More. What will he do ? Can he refuse with the King there ? He answers that on that point he is not bound to speak. " No," cries Cranmer, " silence is a sign of concealment ". But Henry comes to the assistance of his old Chancellor. " Cranmer, I know you are zealous on the Queen's behalf. But I do not like you to disturb More's peace of mind." (He turns to More). " Go now in peace to your family. My word is your security." Cranmer had failed in his first attempt to implicate More. All through this scene we can trace the King's real affection towards his Chancellor. He never lost that love. The biographers of Sir Thomas relate that on the day they stuck his head on London Bridge, the King could not be consoled.

History does not mention that scene where More and Cranmer were face to face in the presence of the King. Nor will you find any reference to the Martyr's arrest. It was rather that he was summoned to Lambeth eighteen months later, when Cranmer's hatred had had time to work upon the King. On his refusing to take the Oath of Supremacy, he was put for four days into the keeping of the Abbot of Westminster and then transferred to the Tower. But in the play we have a description of what appears to be a formal arrest, and it is surely the most appealing scene of all. It would appear to be staged at that little study and oratory which Sir Thomas had built for himself at the end of the garden at Chelsea.

He is sitting at his desk, engrossed in his books. He hears footsteps on the gravel outside, and voices whispering below his window. He goes over to throw the door open and bid them welcome, whoever they are. That was what made it so hard. He was so easy of access all his life, so anxious to put you at your ease. Certainly, there was no need to come out as to a robber with swords and staves. How could they tell him that he was their prisoner ? They would far rather have been his. They enter nervously, these unwilling ministers of the King, with a guilty look about them. And after he has begged them to be seated, he asks them : " What news have you, my friends ? " They wait for each other to tell him, until one of them blurts out apologetically : " You see, we have a most unpleasant duty. But we have to do it. The whole city is crying out against the act. We have orders to arrest you." Sir Thomas comforts them : " We all have to obey—sometimes even when we do not like it ". And then he begs a little time in which to prepare for his departure which, he is told, must be kept secret. His escort goes out sorrowfully, and he kneels in thanksgiving to God that he has not missed the call. If the previous scene showed the affection of Henry towards his Chancellor, this one reveals how the poor loved him. The spokesman told him truly : " tota planget civitas ".

The plot now moves over quickly to the Tower where we are abruptly presented with the gruesome spectacle of the head of Fisher being dangled before the eyes of More. The sight does not terrify him, as was hoped, but only excites the prayer :

Pater
Coelestis, aequa dividis proemia manu . . .
Honore Morus inferior ut eundem bibat
Largire calicem.

This is still another incident which is not recorded in the lives of the Martyr, though we read that Fisher's head was shown to Anne Boleyn, at her request.[1]

[1] In the " Life of Blessed John Fisher," by the Rev. T. E Bridgett, we read : " Several . . . outrages were perpetrated on the lifeless body of Blessed John Fisher. Some of these are too well attested to be called into question. One, however, is only given by Hall as a tale or report. It is that Anne Boleyn ordered the head to be brought to her, and looking at it for a time contemptuously, said these or the like words : 'Is this the head that hath so often exclaimed against me ? I trust it shall never do me any more harm' ; and striking the mouth with the back of her hand received a wound from a tooth that left a scar till death. Mr Lewis contends that this story is altogether improbable and incredible, and as it is not confirmed from any other source, I have no desire to contest his views."

Before the trial of More is described, mention may be made of a few pages of dialogue in which the King scores over his advisers. He first finds himself alone with Cromwell whom he asks, with a show of confidence, for his opinion of Cranmer and Audley, now Chancellor. Cromwell is not one of those timorous people who hint a fault and hesitate dislike. He runs glibly through the capital sins and attributes them all to Cranmer in an eminent degree. "As for Audley," he assures the King, " the man is a simpleton ; he believes what he is told ". Henry thanks him, but as he goes out of the room confides to the audience that there are worse people than simpletons to have about one. Hardly has the door closed when the Archbishop himself approaches. " Ah, my lord Bishop, I would confer with you." After exchanging a few commonplaces the King observes : " You know, it seems to me that Cromwell is a little too anxious to gain my favour ". " You may say so," is the reply, " he is more than too anxious. Anyone who knows him realizes his ambitious nature and his pride." The Archbishop is just beginning to hit back when Audley enters, so he excuses himself and rises to go. The King calls after him drily : " Goodbye, my lord Bishop, look after the flock entrusted to your care ". Audley, the simpleton, is duly sounded, and is found to be not particularly vindictive against any one person, but gives it as his humble opinion that, apart from himself, the King has no one he can really trust. " Cranmer, Cromwell, Surrey and Norfolk—they are all likely to be treacherous." When he too has gone, the King cries out bitterly : " Traitors all ! . . . Henceforth I will not use them. I, Henry, will rule alone."

The account of the trial corresponds very exactly with the narrative in More's biographers, who have quoted from the official documents. This fact, however, cannot furnish us with an internal argument of the author's first-hand knowledge, as Roper's " Life ", in which the trial is reported verbatim, was surely well known in the College.[1] There is the interminable indictment under the Act of Supremacy, and the finding of

[1] Known, that is, through Thomas Stapleton's life (1588); possibly, too, through the life published at Cologne, likewise based on Roper's. Roper's MS. remained unpublished until 1626.

the legal flaw by Sir Thomas. He could not be guilty of treason unless he had actually spoken against the new enactment. Then follow those words of the King's Counsel, borrowed from the High Priest in the Gospel, which greatly shocked the court: "What further need have we of witnesses?" The sentence is given, and the prisoner is asked if he has anything to say. He makes that fearless defence of the Papacy which we know so well. "This only I will say. I have read authors old and new. I have seen how Christ conferred the supremacy on St Peter in the Scriptures, and how it is Peter who pronounces the first anathema, who rules the others and gives them laws. I pray Our Lord that, just as He changed Saul into Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, so too He may direct your steps to better ways." They say to him that the King in his clemency has commuted his sentence to one of simple beheading. "Labore nempe Carnificem levat," he answers. It is the first time in this tragedy that he has lived up to his playful reputation. Later on the author allows him to crack his famous joke. Audley tells him that if he will but change his mind, the King will revoke the sentence and give him the highest honours. He replies:

Mutasse me sententiam agnosco meam;
Barba statueram ponere erasa caput,
At barba nunc ponetur et caput simul.

The sensibilities of those times did not allow of the realism of Oberammergau, and, in any case, it would have been beyond the capacity of the students. We only see Sir Thomas led off to execution, and then the play ends with his son John bringing in the body of his father while the orchestra renders a *carmen lugubre*. The speech that follows at first moves the chorus to tears, and then makes it hint that this is no place for excessive mourning:

Remitte luctus, tempus est illis super
Longum rigenti morte genitore tuo:
Nunc tumulo conde corpus, indulsit satis
Dolor querelis, cedat officio pius.

After the dedication to Our Lady and the English Martyrs at the end of the play, the author has written with just pride:

" ter data semper placuit ". And we can have no doubt of that. It could not help succeeding in such a place and at such a time. To criticise its literary value it would need more than an ordinary latinist and a poet. The author must have steeped himself in the Latin poets. To suit the metre he is able to marshall such rare words and archaic forms as *syrma*, *trilix*, *colos* (for *color*), *novalis*, among many others ; and when he describes the sea he is not even lost for the translation of ' quicksands '. Indeed, it seems such a painstaking work that one wonders how a student found the time to put it together, if, indeed, it was a student at all, and not a superior.[1] It appears to be based on the Greek Tragedy, and, as in that, the movement is too often impeded by tedious rhetoric from the characters and chorus. To us, the appearance of a *diabolus ex machina* may seem incongruous. Perhaps the reason is because we do not live so near to heaven as they did. God was constantly at the back of their minds, and, therefore, also the devil. So that it was a natural step to picture him joining personally in the fun of routing Peter.

Dramatically, the play must surely be said to suffer somewhat from the absence, however unavoidable, of female characters, for much of the pathos of More's last days was provided by his womenfolk ; and though, in a way, John More takes the role of Meg, we lose the rare pathos of the parting from her. Blessed Thomas More has left it on record that she was the greatest danger to his constancy. She used to visit him in his cell at the Tower to try to dissuade him. " Why should you refuse when all the nobles and all the bishops, excepting one, have taken the oath ? " Though the saying was not his, we can readily imagine his replying playfully amid his grief : " The devil often lurks in a woman's heart, because it is the warmest place on earth ". Had female characters been possible, we should, too, have had a glimpse of his home life at Chelsea, where his married children stayed on to live with him, and where his servants refused to leave him when

[1] Cardinal Gasquet, *History of the Venerable English College*, p. 190, says : " The remnants of a volume in the Archives contain four of the Latin plays, composed, no doubt, by one of the Jesuit professors for the students to act."

the hard days came and he could no longer support them. There is just one other disappointment. Perhaps we have a right to look for a merrier martyr than we find here. Such, at least, is the criticism that comes immediately to our modern minds. Yet was it really necessary for the dramatist to give a full character-sketch of the Martyr ? Even if it was not, though, the fact remains, the Thomas More of this play is not quite our " dear jester in the courts of God ".

But, of course, these are only minor criticisms of this interesting and really successful play. It is a play that surely merits high praise, but more than that : to us of this present year its interest could scarcely be greater ; it is interesting in itself, but it is interesting still more because of the great hero upon whom it centres, the merry Martyr whose name was never in higher honour and veneration amongst us than in this great year of 1935.

B. FOLEY

ROMANESQUES

20. — THE SFORZA.

You there, with your feet propped on the stone of Balatresius—what are you doing in that deck-chair ? No, I don't want to know your name, and I do know that you only arrived last night. What ? You are deeply interested in Pater on Sebastian von Storck ? Excellent and edifying, but you are looking pale and under-exercised, and I saw you take two helpings of *risotto* at dinner ; come for a walk over the estate. By that I mean, or shall ultimately mean : " come for a walk round the Sforza, and possibly through the woods to the Meadow ". It is a conventional invitation, and when you are old it will be so familiar that it will bring you, even if you are in Manchester, a picture of a wet Villa morning which has turned translucently fine, of a Campagna and a Mediterranean unbelievably clear, of wisps of feathery cloud chasing each other in and out of the close tree-tops above the Gabina, of a tired gramophone, desultory billiards and a bored bridge party, and of a man sud-

"... will invite you to come for a walk round the estate ..."

denly bursting in on you, attired impossibly in plus-fours, colossal boots, several pairs of socks (alpine, cycling and simple "college"), a pull-over, a jacket and a blue waterproof of reduced circumstances, the whole crowned with anything from a maltreated trilby to a parti-coloured, linen-cum-celluloid jockey-cap. This monstrosity will invite you to come for a walk round the estate, and you will fold up your aesthetic self, place it tenderly between the purple-bound pages of your Pater, put on your least urban pair of shoes and accompany him (as, I observe, you are now accompanying me) between glistening bushes, under dripping bay trees to this tunnelled stairway, at whose tomb-like entrance grave men sit and smoke and sing funereal part-songs. Sooner or later you will realise that, against all appearances, they are completely happy; meanwhile, overcome your astonishment, take my word for it and proceed.

"... the droll hexagonal bench which surrounds it ..."

Jump that pool firmly and alight with a clean ring on the first iron step, or your legs will be damp for the rest of the way. A curious thing, this iron stairway; intensely ugly, but who would replace it? As you shall see, it is a magic beanstalk, and leads to the middle air. You see that rusty metal growth on the wall? There stood the Pump. Someone will eventually write a Romanesque, or even a poem about the Pump. It is the most storied relic of the Seven Dry Years, of which we shall speak further. We must ascend now these ingeniously uneven steps cut in the earth, and showing traces of human handiwork, though cynics have ascribed them entirely to the cows of Carnevale. Tread carefully on these wooden cross-pieces—they have been known to roll maliciously from under foot—especially after rain. That grotto on your left is the Earwigs' Nest. I cannot pause to tell you about it. It is too memorable to be praised in passing, or denied its own particular eulogist. You are puffing? Be not discouraged

—men have returned from steepest Alps, with scorched faces and tall stories, and puffed up these steps. See, the tennis-court is in view! Once through this stile (not ignoring the new-fangled barbed-wire) and climbing is practically finished. Yes, that is our tennis-court. Undistinguished, you say. You must know that its past is a great story, and that beneath its pitted surface there lurks seminally a luxurious garden.

No—take this path downwards to the left, for that other one leads to my climax and I am not ready for that yet. Come up through this gentle gully, ignoring those mysterious sounds which float down from your left, for they are part of the climax. Come to this tree and be seated on the droll hexagonal bench which surrounds it. (If I tell you it is a cricket pavilion you will think I am giving a Shakespearean stage-direction). You are comfortable? Good! Give me one of those English cigarettes and a match and gaze at last upon the Sforza.

What? you think Sportsa is a very good name for a playing-field? You must learn here and now that this part of Elysium is named after a Cardinal who never played cricket or golf, and who, even when he rode a horse, did so properly equipped and not during his dinner, nor amongst other people's dinner, as is the equestrian custom of your companions. When your mind is broader and you have read your Pastor, the name Sforza will be as familiar to you as Smith, Jones, Piccolomini or Borgia. Meanwhile, be suitably humble and remember that that 'f' is not a 'p'.

You have never seen a field like this before? Of course not; there isn't one. If Edward Lear had seen this field he would promptly have called it runcible. Its shape, its undulations are frankly nonsensical, and it is full of whimsical things. Look at its trees! They are strewn about in the most illogical manner, or disposed with no other aim than the confusion of the conscientious golfer. Those olives to your left, with twining growths at their feet, are like a herd of satyrs, seized and enchanted in the height of some grotesque caper. I know a cricketer who will tell you that they are still sometimes permitted to hop weirdly this way or that, to baulk his hooks to leg.

There is one exception to this rule of disorder. The

" immemorial elm " under which you sit was planted carefully here by the benign and far-seeing god of wine. Here have convivial hordes reclined and drunk from great tin mugs (the more cavernous privately owned) in defiance of the ' Italian's stale proverb ' which says that he who looketh upon the golden cup beneath a fiery sky shall have his temperature taken.

You see that round and blackened scar in the grass there, with its three charred twigs and smoked fragment of *tufo* ? It has been the funeral pyre of as much spaghetti as would put a girdle round the earth. From thence have been carried gargantuan masses of meat and piles of potatoes, to be con-

"... the height and depth of sartorial incongruity..."

sumed unwearyingly beneath this tree by a company of gourmands who have touched the height and depth of sartorial incongruity. Such is in essence the Sforza gita, which, though stripped of some of its earlier rigours such as exclusion from swimming-tank and couch, is still a function digestively and otherwise intense, and no pastime for weak stomachs. It has never lacked its violent critics and equally passionate partisans, yet it is as much of the thread and fibre of the place as that animal you observe yonder, placidly devouring a tin golf-flag. Athletic, in lineaments unusual, slightly human-looking ; certainly a singular cow, you say. It is indeed, but no less are all

its kindred. What man that has known the cows of Carnevale will deny that the fourteen kine of Pharaoh's dream, Hathor, the Sacred Cow of Dendera, and even the prodigious hurdler of the nursery-rhyme are over-celebrated.

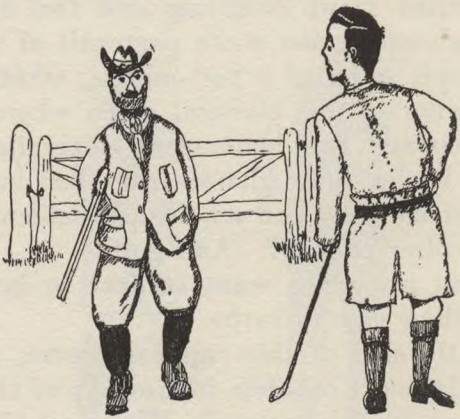
It is getting chilly, for those storm-clouds are circling again and obscuring the sun. Let us walk over towards De Cupis, wall, which haunts the rosy dreams of muscular batsmen, and the nightmares of golfers who tend to pull. Those two brown and much flattened squares are the cricket-pitch—the only cricket pitch laid on the side of a volcano, with a spreading chestnut tree fielding at fine leg close in. (Some say the volcano is long extinct, but as a fast bowler approaches the wicket you can hear the buried giant rumbling and feel him stir in his sleep). If De Selincourt can write pastorals of village cricket, and Cardus an epic even of a test-match, what could not be written of the game on this classical green where King Willow surely reigns beneath the benevolent suzerainty of Jupiter Latialis—where Diana may glance from her mirror on some sweltering August morning and see flushed fieldsmen in the heat of a chase unfamiliar to her ? And golf !

How can my muse want subject to invent
While thou dost breathe . . . ?

Yet who shall fitly sing of this comical course, criss-cross and involute as an advanced problem in Euclid ; of these misnamed fairways and these seasick greens ? The most circuitous holes-in-one, the most uncanny rebounds, leaps and ricochettes, the most Homeric and hilarious interventions of the gods ever woven into the tale of a foursome by the Oldest Member could arouse no comment here. The Queen of Hearts could play croquet on this Sforza.

Yet much honest labour, the sweat of clerical brows, precedes our homely sport. The native is advised of our entry into residence by the sight of youthful figures economically clad, wielding scythe and sickle with an urban clumsiness, digging or raking spasmodically, pushing barrows and mowers or giving weighty advice, but now—heaven be praised !—no longer staggering up from the garden weighed down by two buckets of water each. They are serious men, rightly scornful of the

untimely pleasantries of lymphatic strollers, who pass by seeking shamelessly the cool idleness of the Pines or Monte Gentile. Indeed, in these latter days of many and prolonged examinations, I have seen a solicitous Superior come here and wave invitingly a blue envelope, and none to greet him with more than a polite grunt, and a glance grudgingly spared from the thoughtful mutilating of a fern. This earth-pit by the wall, which for three months in the year is raised to the glory of first bunker, is an untidy symbol of our varied toil—together with that distant excavation called the Folly, wherein are entombed the aspirations of one who thought to bring the flat and rational consistency of a tennis-court into the midst of such genial unruliness.



"... Quaysto è unah terrenah privatah ..."

Let us pass on by this wood screening the fence—the peaceful grave of such golf-balls as do not become beef. Here you may gather chestnuts ; but of chestnuts I will not speak, for but lately the subject has been scientifically exhausted. Perhaps near the gate we shall meet some chance picnic party or trespassing sportsman, and be permitted to cry :" Quaysto è unah terrenah privatah ! ", with a fleeting taste of the delicious domineering proper to landed gentry. Now we are approaching the further parts of the Sforza, unfamiliar except to the thoughtful and observant rambler, for nothing is played here except golf, and the golfer notoriously sees nothing but his ball—and

his opponent, if he cannot trust him. Observe how, like Monte Soracte, this field has a hundred shapes from a hundred points of view—how it thrusts unsuspected green tentacles into the autumn-brown fastnesses of those sloping woods. We will walk that way, towards the sylvan, shyly nestling, fourth tee. To our left now the sward is richer and more velvety, the trees are patriarchal and of fuller habit. Park-like, the estate agent would say. A contrast is this scarred waste immediately in front of us. On these rocks, thrusting out from the earth like huge half-buried skulls, has been wrecked many an incipient one-under-bogey. That dark excoriation is whimsically called the hard green. Its glistening, well-rolled surface is disarmingly flawless, insidiously inviting from the distant tee ; and it will seize your too-accurate drive and fling it with trebled velocity to perdition in " the deep wood's weeds ".

Pause for a moment. That man you see in a writhing and mortal agony before the callous gaze of his lissom, steel-sinewed tormentor (a sentence worthy of Miss Radcliffe) is a neophyte about to " have a try with the wood " under the supervision of one of the Perfect. Should you approach too close he may, less from malice than from misdirection, behead you. Ah ! he has safely sliced on to the Meadow, so hurry across ere the expert himself shouts " Fore ! ".

I had meant to speak of Sforza shouts. Stentorian, reverberating, all the sounding epithets you ever applied to the thunder of the strong human voice fall short of describing the devastating *strepitus* of him who, from the furthest gate, was wont to hail the occupant of the first tee and enquire after the health of his father. This earsplitting courtesy had for a time a great vogue. There was another who, sitting on the cricket bench, raucously and with playful mimicry exhorting the universe to rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, was heard by the object of his banter at the swimming-tank. Well established foursomes have had, too, their proper view-halloos (or should it be views-halloo ?) ; and the cries that have been flung from that tree at conscientious batsmen would fill a deathless dictionary. Such straining of the lungs is a safety-valve, a healthful catharsis of pent-up humours to the thesis-ridden soul which for weeks

has found no better outlet than the necessarily muted detonations of *Ad multos annos* in the common-room.

Notice that strange isolated pillar of peperino, like a milestone, rooted incomprehensibly beside the fourth green. What purpose did it serve in the dim days before it was a prop for the golf-bags of those who go down into the pit with a mashie to find the fourth tee ?

We have almost returned to our starting-point. I had meant to show you the Meadow, a place of splendid isolation, whence you may catch a glimpse of the Villa rearing from the hillside against the sky-line like some invulnerable fortress ; but time presses, and you are sure to discover it for yourself during retreat for it is eminently eremitical.

I have shown you chiefly the Sforza in its essence, as a field—the ' field vert ' of a dewy September morning or the ' field or ' of such a twilight as this. You see now that the evening is closing in, queerly twisting and stretching the shadows of those humorous olive-trees, diffusing a purple and crimson glory in the woods and bathing the green spaces in that opulent radiance which will fill and set aglow your deepest memories of Palazzola evenings—evenings when you came home singing across the Sforza from some strenuous Campagna day, answering distant welcomes, dusty, careless, full of laughter and the pleasure of weariness surmounted. Hush ! Our guardian mountain is already fading into the dusk, and through this whispering stillness you hear a single laughing shout which leaps echoing away over those massy woods, across " the dark earth and the bending vault of stars ". Can you not feel now the spirit of the place breathing ? You are young, and the spell is not yet fully upon you—yet surely you can hear ?

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass

—music which, when you are seven years older, will be singing so clearly within you that it may never be stilled. Generous, luminous, lilting music. Romanesque ? It is music as Roman as the foundations of St Peter's, as the pavement of the Forum, as the sweep and curve of a new and shining Venerabile hat, because its *leit-motiv* is that peal of laughter. Wherefore it is

meet and just that at last, as darkness mantles the Sforza, and you are shivering and bored with this sentimental eloquence, I should bring you here into the glowing circle which was the source of that laughter and is the crown and culminating splendour of the Sforza.

You will learn that there are many common-place words that in the Roman's vocabulary have been elevated, reborn, enriched in comprehension. This singular erection before you is called " golf-house " ; and the word is in itself as egregiously inexpressive of reality as " concert ", " coffee and liqueurs ", " Literary Society ", or " Public Meeting ". Golf-house ? That unique coordination of twigs and staves is the true heir of the Academy and the στοά ποικίλη, of the Mermaid Tavern, of Wills's and Button's—the home of the last logical evolution of the social virtues. It is more, far more than an offshoot of the common-room ; in some ways it is greater than the common-room. Its *genius loci* is an even more potent leveller, an even more bluff and irresistible wraith. It is conceivable that for your first eight months in Rome you might be largely retiring, predominantly a wallflower, with a gravitation towards the bound *Punches*. It is barely possible that some elderly theologian, afflicted with a dignified appearance, might, in spite of himself, have overpowered you slightly throughout the scholastic year. An hour beneath this fern roof and you will be contending warmly with him for the next chestnut. The Superior is never so completely and amiably stripped of his aureole as when (dressed, quite probably, as unbelievably as any) he stretches his legs towards the kindly warmth of these embers. Here is youth most aspiring and age most recklessly reminiscent ; here will the guest, of whatever dignity, unbend and sing that song he has " not sung in twenty-five years " ; the empurpled Hierarchy itself has sat on those benches and signified its episcopal diversion at the somnolent early haste of the " Sleeping Student " or the social vagaries of the historic pair who " wouldn't do no wrong ".

The golf-house knows every shade of human converse, from that of the two golfers who will sit here in a sultry forenoon bewailing languidly the morning laziness of " this House ",

to the loud and perspiring confusion following a football game ; but it will be remembered as it is now, shadowed in the dusk of evening, with the last gold threads of the afterglow fading into grey over the silhouette of Castel Gandolfo ; when from the depths of ragged zimarras we discussed royally the universe of things, and all men high or insignificant were the mark of our appraisement.

In some far-distant disturbance of the earth this field, this villa, this gracious hillside may be torn up and flung into the grim lake ; but that in the end will matter little, for the golf-house has stood here and enshrined an impish spirit which will probably chuckle at time and decay as it has chuckled at practically everything on this temporary and decaying earth. If there have been pictured " reprobate Romans in the valley of Jehosophat, absent-mindedly surveying the scene and remarking ' Bella funzione ! ' ", may we not fancy the Romans of the golf-house meeting on that occasion, lighting a fire (their last, we trust), roasting such chestnuts as remain, winding up with a sing-song, and pointing out in a spirit of helpful criticism that the Last Trumpet was a quarter of a tone flat ?

W. A. PURDY

THE SPRITES OF THE GATE

"Oh Doctor," I said to the white-bearded archaeologist who was explaining the Porta S. Sebastiano to us callow new men, "why are there bumps left on these blocks of marble so often?" "Bumps? Oh—those bosses—m'yes. It's rather a problem. Lugli says they were left there so that the stones could be lifted into place—holds for the builders' clamps, you know. Richmond says they are the sculptors' level marks —the blocks of marble were put in the tower just as they came up, then afterwards they were all trimmed to one level wall surface and the sculptors never bothered to cut off the projections which gave them their cutting depth.

"Good gracious, no!" he exploded in answer to a luckless suggestion: "Left there to help people to climb up? One doesn't build a city wall to keep an enemy out and then provide convenient footholds for him to climb in." And his beard bristled fiercely at the foolish one. He blew a little, then recovering somewhat: "I believe that they are a sign that the stones were not paid for," he said. "They have been taken from private property near at hand, as well as from the Temple of Mars, and these bosses were left to show that the Imperial Treasury still owed for the marble."

I had been listening to this explanation of the bosses and was looking at the great white blocks of Luna marble intently. I had heard that the Christian workmen had once cut crosses and doves out of the marble bosses, or was it on the Golden

Gate of Constantinople ? It must have been on the Golden Gate, for, look as I might, I could not see any doves or crosses.

I gave one last searching look. And as I gazed I saw a curious thing. Or was I dreaming ? Surely not ! Yes—I was right. A bulbous, angry-looking swelling was slowly appearing on one of the marble blocks. It had the appearance of a face, like to burst with apoplectic rage and indignation, a face such as is found on the boles of Arthur Rackham's goblin trees, knotted, scarred, seared and lined—the face of a Roman soldier scorched by the desert, bitten by the Alps, cut by the Cimbri and furrowed by the years.

A fierce glance shot from under the lichen-covered eyebrows and an explosive word broke from his lips, blowing off a quantity of motor dust from his nose. " The ignorant barbarian ! Not paid for . . . . Did you hear that ? " he asked in fine wrath. I followed his eyes and saw to my amazement that where there had been featureless bosses before there were now faces of every size and shape, dark and fair, round and slender, Roman and barbarian, faces angry, faces indignant, faces haughty, faces grieved—but most surprising of all—undoubtedly faces.

I glanced fearfully round. The party had moved on towards the bastion of Sangallo. I was alone, save for a palpitating lizard on the wall which gazed at me with a jewelled and watchful eye. I made a movement. The marble eyes all swept round and stared at me fixedly. Suddenly from the soldier-faced boss came : " You, sir, you're another of them. Do you know, sir, that we were put here in order to keep people like you out of the City ? Now we are left here to attract you into it. *Hercle* ! what a fate ! The Appian Gate as a draw for tourists ! Stand up, sir, don't stay shaking there. You Albions never were soldiers. Look at the mess you made of things as soon as we left Britain. Picts and Scots had a rare old time, hadn't they, hey ? " he roared. He made a noise like " baah " with angry vehemence, and regarded me with contempt.

" I beg your pardon," I ventured. " So sorry we disturbed you." " Disturbed me!" he said, and made the baah-like noise again. " Come here and make yourself useful.

Brush some of this filthy motor dust off my face." I knocked it off and he seemed mollified. I stood back, and as I did so I heard another voice from a boss : " Er, would you mind ? " I looked round. " Er, the dust you know—awful nuisance." I obliged again, and finally did the round of all the faces within reach. The atmosphere seemed more propitious by the time I had finished my dust-removing operations, and I murmured : " I don't think I've met you before, have I ? " " You haven't met us before but we've often seen you and the others. Generally discussing the sardines and jam you were taking to the Catacombs when you passed here. That's why you had no time to notice us. Or else you were tearing out to the Villa trying to see if you could beat the time that Joe Harr, Bobby Farr and Tom Carr took in '16. We know you ! You call us ' bricks ' don't you ? ' Mouldy bricks ' I've often heard, what's more ! "

" I'm awfully sorry," I ventured again. " You see, people don't realise that pieces of Luna marble are so very interesting ; you must admit that your stare is somewhat stony at first sight and is apt to put people off when they come to pay a call. I'm sure they have no idea that such interesting er . . . er . . ." " Stone sprites " he put in. " Er . . . stone sprites lived here ". " Interesting ? " said he. " Interesting ? I should think we are." His eyes seemed to look backwards into the core of the tower : " Tatius ", he called, " Tatius ".

I listened and there came as from far away—as a cry from a Pennine dale comes up to a man standing high on the hillside—an old, old voice, feeble and querulous. " What is it, what is it ? " " There's a barbarian here," said my soldier-faced sprite : " tell him something of your early days ". " What kind of a barbarian is he ? " asked the voice. " Is he one of those who came with Aeneas and beached their boats at Cività Lavinia ? " " No, he's from Albion." " Indeed " came an angry scream. " Is he one of those shameless ones from Palazzola who used my first cousin Pozzuolana for a cricket pitch dressing last season ? Out upon them, I say, out upon them ! We flew out of the same crater together when Lake Albano was a live volcano. What a rare old fuss I made as

I came down into the water. That was before the Campagna was heaved up from the ocean bed. Brave days ! brave days ! I was carried down to near Caecilia Metella by the river of lava that ran from Cavo nearly to Rome. This Via Appia is built upon it, sir ! Nothing like solid foundations ! That's what my father used to tell me when I lived in the bowels of the earth, before I went careering off on my own to see life. Ah ! yes, brave days, brave days when the Campagna and the Albans never knew which was which, one up one day and the other the next. Monte Cavo over the Lake on Tuesday and the lake over the mountain on Thursday. Volcanic days, my boys. Things happened then.

" I remember the days when the Appia was a sheep-track, when the Romans fought their neighbours whenever time got heavy on their hands. Then the Latin League came, and a column of smoke rose from Cavo by day and it winked a red eye at me by night as I lay here. Sacrifices, my boy—and wars ! When things got slow we would arrange with Cavo for a little thunder on the right, a shower of red volcano ash and a moderate-to-middling earthquake. My word, the *haruspices* did get in a way about that thunder on the right.

" I used to watch them carrying the Lapis Marsilis into the City whenever there was a bad drought on and they wanted rain. They did make a noise with the cymbals. They got that idea from the Etruscans : Tarquin the Proud told them about it. You didn't know Tarquin, did you ? "

" Not personally," I murmured. " Fine figure of a man ! I remember the day he passed here on his way to the siege of Ardea. He never came into the City again. No sir, he did not. That young scamp of a son of his set the people against him—and believe me or believe me not, sir, they refused to let him beyond his own Servian wall again. All Tarquin's cronies came from Veii, Tusculum, the Hernicans and Terracina. No use though. I never saw anything like it till the Gauls came in 456. Awfully wild crowd the Gauls. Ever come across them ? " " Only the modern ones," I answered, " and they are very high-class." " H'm, they're changed since my younger days then !

" Brave days those, brave days ! I remember seeing

Cicero going into exile with a thunderous look on his face ; and I remember his head and hands being brought back after the proscription. They were nailed to the Rostra after Fulvia, Anthony's wife and Clodius' widow, had stuck a hairpin through the tongue. A revengeful woman, Clodius' widow ! She never forgave Cicero for writing *Pro Milone* after Clodius was murdered near Albano. They brought his body past here ; a crowd of yelling people with faces like demons surrounded it. Dear, dear, what an affair it was !

" Anthony, too, I knew, and Augustus. Many's the time Pompey passed by, going to Brindisi. But Julius Caesar was the bright spark, my boy. Julius was the brightest of them all ". The voice seemed to be so overcome by the memories of Julius that it fell into a coughing fit. " Steady there, grandpa," said the soldier-faced sprite : " easy all ". Finally, after much spluttering and " oh dears " the old voice was able to continue. " I was thinking . . . " and the cough began again. " I mustn't," said he when he was able : " I'll tell you about him another day. He was a one. It got fashionable round here in those days. Everybody had a villa or a tomb in these parts. Herodes Atticus, Marcus Aurelius' tutor, had a lovely place near here until he covered everything with dark marble." " Covered everything with dark marble ? " I queried. " Yes, don't you know ? His wife died and her brother accused him of murder. Atticus demanded a public trial and was acquitted. After that, to show that his grief was genuine, he put the whole estate into mourning. Dedicated her jewels to Ceres and Proserpine and covered his villa walls with dark grey *bardiglio.*

" I heard one nasty fellow telling another one day that he'd seen white beans being eaten at dinner in Atticus' villa. Said he couldn't understand how anything not black had been allowed in the place. I used to see Atticus going to and from business twice a day. Anna Regilia, his wife, used to take her litter from here into the City like all the others. Very smart affair it was too—six big Numidians all in bright liveries carried it and a lot of fellows in smart brown attended. They had a *rheda* too which brought them from the villa ; smart ponies, bronze Medusa heads and foliage on the body, gilded leather

and purple for the hangings—oh very smart! Very different from the Quintilii *rheda* and litter. That was a solid affair, good, you know, but quiet."

"The Quintilii?" said I. "Have you never seen those ruins on the left of the Appia towards the aerodrome?" he asked. "Why, they're as big as a town. People used to call them Roma Vecchia at one time, they were so big. That villain Commodus confiscated it and murdered the brothers—as nice a couple of gentlemen as ever you'd meet, retiring sort of people, wrote books on farming and such like. Commodus impeached them because he said they were such good-living fellows that they were bound to be dissatisfied with the Commodan régime, and people who wanted a change of government ought to be discouraged.

"He was a villain, that Commodus! I remember the day the crowd, about 120,000 of them, poured out of the Circus of Maxentius opposite S. Sebastiano and demanded his favourite Cleander's life. He had him killed and thrown to the mob, and Cleander's child was flung to them too . . . living! Ah! There have been evil things done and evil has passed along this road.

"Caracalla stood beside me one day with a great hooded cape on. His face looked as if all the furies of the underworld were pursuing him. He had just murdered his brother Geta—that's Geta's tomb with the tiny house on top on the left just before Domine Quo Vadis. He stabbed him while his mother held him in her arms. The devils seemed to take possession of him after that day; they say that Caracalla screamed out at night that his brother stood over him thrusting at him with a sword. He was murdered foully in his turn, as he slept, by his friends.

"There was that day when they crucified 6,000 slaves along the road from Rome to Capua. . . they began here. . . .

"There were other deaths too. But how different! The Temple of Mars stood outside this gate, just on the rise looking towards Caecilia Metella and the south whence Paul and Peter came, footsore and travel-stained. I saw Cornelius taken to the temple, on the day that Cyprian was murdered. They gave

him incense and thrust him before the statue in the temple. He stood silent and grim. A little band came without torches that night and silently carried his body away. And many, many times did the same thing happen. At night people went silently to the Catacombs, and before the sky over Cavo was rosy they passed again into the City with the light of the love of God on their faces.

" The peace came with Constantine, but I had been flung into this tower by Aurelius by then and things got dim. Thrice they remade the gate until, gleaming with white marble and shining with golden terra cotta in the sunlight, it became one of the wonders of the Roman world. They set the sign of the Cross on the keystone of the gate where you see it to-day. θεοῦ χάρις, ἅγιε Κωνον, ἅγιε Γεωργί, they put on it. Christ had won the Gate . . . and the City.

" The Goths, Belisarius and Vitigis' sieges ; earthquakes and starvation ; a desolate city for forty days when only the dogs remained. Ah, ah, but that's another story. . . . Now catch up your cam please, and don't speak of mouldy bricks again. It annoys us." My soldier-faced stone sprite nodded sternly but benignly. I saw a look of horror come into his eyes. His face set and became blank, hostile-looking, marble again. An *auto-treno* was coming up the road pouring out naptha smoke. I, too, fled quickly.

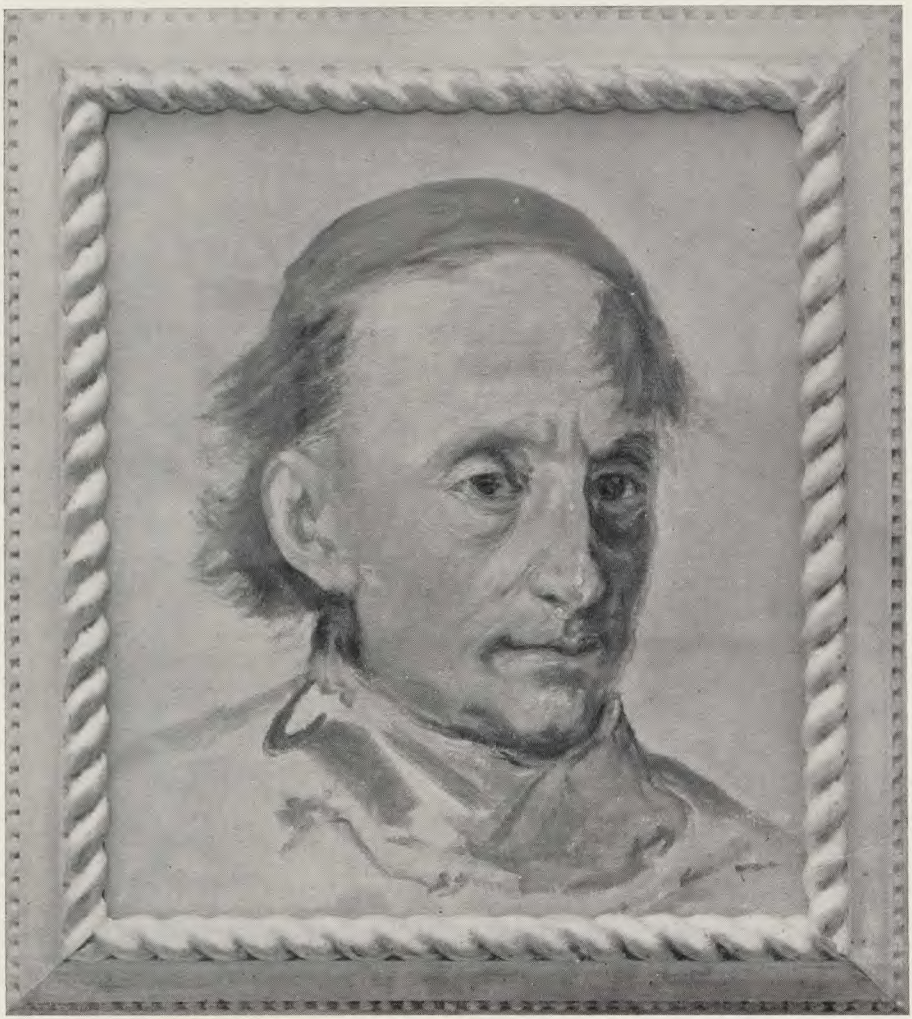
W. KELLY

CARDINAL ZURLA

For its great men the Venerabile has a long memory. The new man, from the time he leaves Victoria with a theologian-to-be on the path to Rome, hears night and day of the glories of Rome, of the history of the Venerabile, and of its great men. And if there is one man whose name is heard—dare we say it ?—*ad nauseam*, that man is Wiseman. Why, the very familiarity with which we speak of him gives the measure of his fame—it is never Nicolas Wiseman, or Cardinal Wiseman, simply Wiseman. Like the dome of St Peter's seen from away out in the Campagna, he overtops and dwarfs his fellows, men of no little fame themselves.

One of these neglected worthies is Cardinal Zurla, the centenary of whose death occurred in October of last year. Like Wiseman, he gained a European reputation while still a young man; like Wiseman, he was raised to the purple ; and like Wiseman, placed in a difficult and responsible position, he did the Church yeoman service in it till his death. In Rome he is still remembered—witness the articles on him that appeared in the *Osservatore Romano* and in the secular press. But to us of the Venerabile he is unknown.

Giacinto Francesco Zurla was born at Tegnago in the diocese of Verona in 1769, of good but by no means noble family. He seems to have been a very ordinary boy, and in his biographies we find little of interest concerning his childhood and youth. He was the eldest son, and so his parents planned for



Cardinal Zurla

him a good marriage and a career in the world—one biographer tells us that his mother had already selected her future daughter-in-law—*una giovane saggia, ricca e bella.* But Giacinto wanted to enter a Camaldolese monastery. His parents were astonished and dismayed, and at first refused to give him their permission, but as he showed no signs of changing his mind and was supported by his confessor, reluctantly they gave way. And off he went, a lad of eighteen, to Venice, where he was received into the Camaldolese monastery of San Michele in Murano.

Twenty-six years he spent in the monastery, as student, professor, author and abbot ; and it is here that we get our first glimpse of him as the man he was. Here he first showed himself as a brilliant scholar, with a leaning towards research among old manuscripts and *pergamene.* And here he gave proof that his was no dreamy character, but essentially practical. Eight years after his entry, Placido Zurla—he had changed his name on entering—was appointed professor of philosophy and theology in place of Mauro Cappellari, his life-long friend, who had been summoned to Rome. Shortly afterwards he was appointed librarian. And it was in the library here, very rich in mediaeval documents, that he discovered an old map of the world made in 1470 by Fra Mauro. Placido became interested in this, spent long hours poring over it, and in 1806 published on it his first book " Sul Mappamondo di Fra Mauro Camaldolese". This book, like Wiseman's *Horae Syriacae,* slowly but surely gained him a European reputation as a geographer, more especially since he followed it up with three geographical works, the last of which, published in 1818, dealt with Marco Polo and other Venetian travellers.

But as we have said, Placido Zurla was no dreamy, unpractical student of other men's *res gestae.* In 1805 he was elected Definitor-General of the Order, and a few years later Titular Abbot of San Michele in Murano. Which latter position was no sinecure, for in 1810 Napoleon issued his decree suppressing all religious orders, and the monastery of San Michele was only saved by Zurla's efforts. With the help of his great reputation and his personal influence, he managed to persuade the Prefetto del Dipartimento dell' Adriatico to allow the monks

to convert their monastery into a school, and to continue to live there in community, dressed however simply as secular priests. But this was only a respite. In 1813 the school had to be moved to Padua, where it was closed at the end of the scholastic year. After the fall of Napoleon Zurla made several attempts to reopen the monastery, but they all came to nothing. So finally he accepted from the Patriarch of Venice the position of professor of moral and pastoral theology in the Istituto a S. Maria della Salute, which was, in all but name, a seminary.

In the summer of 1821 he was invited by Mauro Cappellari, now Abbot of S. Gregorio al Celio, to spend the vacation in Rome. Now whether it was that the Roman summer was too much for him we know not, but certain it is that he fell ill, seriously ill, and was unable to leave Rome for several months. By the time that he had so far recovered as to be fit enough to undertake the journey back to Venice—and it was no small undertaking in those days—the new scholastic year had begun, the Seminary in Venice had reopened, and another professor was teaching in his place. So he decided to stay in Rome, to join the community of S. Gregorio and live in obscurity as a simple monk. So he planned ; but his plan was soon to be shattered. Not that he did not join the community at S. Gregorio—his brethren were only too eager to have him—but his dream of remaining unknown, a simple monk in the community, was to remain unfulfilled. He had spent barely a year here when he was appointed consultor to the Congregations of Propaganda and the Index, and made Prefect of Studies of the Collegio Urbano ; he had spent barely two years here when he was raised to the purple.

The details of his elevation, in so far as we know them, are most interesting. Wiseman says : " He [Zurla] was an intimate friend of Father Cappellari ; and all Rome was astonished when he was named Cardinal by Pius VII in May, 1823, not because his own merits were underrated, but because his elevation seemed to bar that of his fellow-monk. For it was supposed to be impossible that two religious should be raised to the purple from one very limited monastic body. So Zurla felt it : and on receiving notice of his coming nomination, he

is said to have proceeded to the feet of Pius, and deprecated it, as an injustice to his friend, indeed, as certainly a mistake."[1] Another author, Moroni, gives further details.[2] All Rome was expecting Mauro Cappellari to receive the hat because when for the second time he had refused a bishopric offered him for his distinguished work for the Church, Pius VII had said : " Ebbene, l'eleveremo a dignità maggiore ". Zurla himself had shared in the general expectations, and when he was told to prepare himself to receive the cardinalate, he at once thought that there must have been some mistake. But this is not all. When, after he had received the cardinal's mozzetta and biretta, he went to thank the Holy Father, Pius VII saw him approaching and exclaimed " Ma io avea detto l'altro ! ". So goes the story ; but be it noted that Moroni does not place much credit in it—he introduces it with a *si disse*—and later biographers are unanimous in rejecting it.

It was in the secret consistory of March 1823 that Pius VII created Placido Zurla Cardinal Priest, but reserved him *in petto* till the following May. And his titular church was that of S. Croce in Gerusalemme.

Shortly after this, Pius VII died, and one of the first things his successor, Leo XII, did was to name Cardinal Zurla member of several congregations. And finally he appointed him Vicar-General of Rome. This position is not and never has been a sinecure, but in Zurla's time it seems to have been even more onerous than it is at present. And whether it was the Pope or his Vicar who was the new broom we cannot decide for certain, though it seems more probable that it was the Pope. Certain it is that Zurla had the task of introducing various reforms inaugurated during this pontificate, and from the thorough way in which he set to work we see that he and the Pope were of one mind.

When Leo XII entered upon his pontificate he had two projects especially dear to his heart, the promulgation of a year of Jubilee (in 1825), and the inauguration of an Apostolic Visitation of the City and Diocese of Rome. The Jubilee we

[1] *Last Four Popes*, p. 423.
[2] *Dizionario di Erudizione*, Vol. 103, p. 498.

will pass over in silence, because it seems to have been much the same as any other Holy Year, and because in its records we find nothing of interest concerning Cardinal Zurla. But of the Visitation there is much to say. The Pope inaugurated this himself when he took solemn possession of St John Lateran's; and immediately after this function, in a public audience, he charged his Vicar with the task of proceeding with the Visitation, reserving to himself, however, its final control. And with such zeal and energy did Zurla set to work that within two months the Visitation had been completed.

This Visitation gave rise to several reforms, two of which we may mention here. Of these the first is a new arrangement of the parish churches in Rome, an arrangement which remained in force till the time of Pius X. There had been seventy-one parishes. But of these some were very large and wealthy, and others rather small and too poor to support their *parroco.* To remedy this, thirty-seven parishes were suppressed, and in their place nine new ones added, so that in all we have forty-three. An interesting story comes to mind here. It had been intended to make Chiesa Nuova a parish church. But the Superior of the Oratorians there appealed to the Pope, and showed him an autograph memorial written by St Philip Neri, asking that his church should never be a parish. And below it was written that Pope's promise, also in his own hand, that it never should. This Pope was St Pius V. Leo bowed to such authorities, said that he could not contend against two saints, and altered his plans. The second of the reforms manifests itself in an edict issued by the Vicar-General in the same year; "Sul culto divino e sulla Venerazione dovuta alle chiese". Among other things it was decreed that *feste* should be celebrated *senza sfarzi profani* and *con musica detta di cappella e non istrumentale*; and the threat was made that people behaving irreverently in church would be fined. In this connection it is interesting to note that a diarist of the period, Don Agostino Chigi, writes that: "il giorno 8 gennaio vennero inflitte con grande schiamazzo un numero infinito di multe di Lire 5, e tanto fu il tumulto che si dovette ricorrere a porre sulle poste delle chiese le Guardie Svizzeri per far osservare gli ordini".

But perhaps the most famous—and certainly the most unpopular—of the reforms of this pontificate is the closing of the *osterie*. Wiseman describes this in a vivid way which is interesting in spite of its pomposity and seeming exaggeration. "Though compared with other nations, the Italians cannot be considered as unsober, they are fond of the *osteria* and the *bettola*, in which they will sit and sip for hours. There time is lost and evil conversations exchanged: there stupid discussions are raised, whence spring noisy brawls. Occasionally even worse ensues: from the tongue, sharpened as the sword, the inward fury flies to the sharper steel lurking in the vest or legging; and the body pierced by a fatal wound, stretched on the threshold of the hostelry, proves the deadly violence to which may lead a quarrel over cups."[1] It was to prevent these evils that by the new decree "wine was allowed to be sold at the *osteria*, but not allowed to be drunk on the premises".[2] Immediately inside the doorway of the *osteria* was a screen with a hole in it, through which the money and the wine could be passed, but there were no tables or chairs there for the convenience of the clients. It was not forbidden to drink wine *at* the *osteria*, but loitering there was a punishable offence, and, with the tables and chairs gone, there would be little to tempt one to linger there longer than was necessary. Naturally these laws were bitterly resented—your Roman was ever a sociable fellow—and five years later, when Leo XII died, the opposition was still so strong that one of the first acts of the new Pope was to reopen the *osterie*.

This Pope was Pius VIII. During his short reign of under two years, and during the reign of his successor, Gregory XVI, Placido Zurla was again Vicar-General of Rome. Unfortunately this is the only detail of interest concerning Zurla that we have been able to glean from the records of these two pontificates, except for an incident in the conclave in which Gregory XVI was elected. This Pope, it will be remembered, was Zurla's life-long friend, Mauro Cappellari, who had been created cardinal by Leo XII. When in this conclave he had received the required number of votes for his election, he was on the point of refusing the tiara, but Zurla, as Abbot General of the

[1] Wiseman: *Last Four Popes*, p. 254.
[2] *Op. cit.* p. 259.

Camaldolese Congregation, commanded him in virtue of holy obedience to accept it.

It was during his pontificate that Zurla died. During these last ten years of his life, filled entirely, one would have thought, with his work of Vicar-General, we find that he retained his love of science and literature. He was a member of several archaeological and artistic societies, and he not only attended their meetings, but even, occasionally, read papers on such subjects as " On the Advantages received by Geography from the Catholic Church ", " On the Unity of Subject of Raphael's Transfiguration ", and " On the Religious Works of Canova ". And it was this love of his for science and art that led him to his death. In the autumn of 1834, though he was now sixty-five years of age, he determined to spend his short holiday inspecting the Roman remains in Sicily. But at Palermo he fell ill, and within a few days was dead. His body was embalmed and brought to Rome, where it was buried in S. Gregorio.

And now, just one word more. We have purposely avoided till now all reference to Zurla's connection with the Venerabile, because we could find very little, in our own archives and elsewhere, about this side of his life, and it seemed best to treat what little we did find as a whole. The few disconnected facts that we have discovered are all of a most tantalizing nature—they tell us comparatively little about his relations with the College, and yet they hint that his influence played its part in the history of the College in those momentous days at the end of Gradwell's and the beginning of Wiseman's régime. Some of the facts, of course, are of little importance, such as his personal friendship with Gradwell and Wiseman, his presiding at the defensions of Wiseman and Errington, his consecration of Gradwell in the College Chapel. (We find an interesting note in Wiseman's journal,[1] concerning the dinner given in the College after Gradwell's consecration : " the dinner was good, chiefly of course made out of the calf which His Em. sent us on Sunday ".) But some of the facts are most significant. Thus we find Gradwell writing to Bishop Poynter towards the end of 1825 :[2]

I told him that 15 months ago he had put the College

[1] Quoted in " The Venerabile," Vol. VI, No. 2, p. 139.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 136.

> on such a footing as left us nothing more to desire. The superiors are relieved from many vexations and from the loss of much valuable time. The students are healthy and happy, obedient to their superiors, friendly with each other, cheerfully exercising and exciting their best talents in the best way. The College has subsisted 245 years, under 20 Cardinal Protectors and 39 Rectors, I being the 40th. I have studied the history of the College diligently and minutely, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is now in point of piety, discipline, study, talent and good conduct, in a better state than ever it was since its foundation.

Again, from another letter of Gradwell's,[1] we find that the old trouble about having schools at home and not at S. Apollinare had broken out again ; but that Zurla would not hear of the project. Finally, and this is perhaps most significant of all, we find that during Zurla's protectorship two men left the College to join the Camaldolesi. This is presumably the only time in the history of the College that any of the College have joined this order, and it seems to show that Zurla was known and respected by the students as well as by the superiors.

Such, in brief, is the story of Placido Zurla. His is a disappointing life to tell because we are handicapped throughout by our ignorance of his character and many other important and interesting questions. What was it, for instance, that made Pope Pius VIII appoint as his Vicar-General a monk who had spent barely two years in Rome ? And what did Zurla do to put the College " on such a footing as left nothing to desire " ? A modern biographer has said that " Ignorance is the first requisite of the historian—ignorance which simplifies and classifies with a placid perfection unattainable by the highest art " ; but unfortunately the ignorance of Zurla that prevails in the College to-day does not fall under this head. He is, as we have said, a neglected worthy, very worthy and very neglected. He has not even a place in the Obit Book. Historians and archivists, look ye to it.

G. SWINBURNE

[1] College Archives : Gradwell's Correspondence.

AN ABRUZZI GITA

PALAZZOLA was quite unmoved by our departure. We were about to forsake her charms for those of the Abruzzi, and she let us go without a murmur. Strange behaviour indeed, for Palazzola's charms are renowned. With patriotic pride Shakespeare called his England " another Eden, demi-paradise ". But he never guessed how true his remark would ring when applied to the Villa Inglese.

Everything had been well planned, and the route was known in a general way. We intended to go south to the sea and then return to Palazzola by a circular tour through the Abruzzi. We were seven in number, travelling under the aegis of Third Year Philosophy, and the seventh was Doctor Park, the cicerone *per eccellenza*. Shortly before the start he proved also to be a detective. A few scholastic tomes, secreted in his sack by some unfortunate *non-probati*, were duly perceived and extracted. They had entertained hopes of being able, in the course of the gita, to court delights and live laborious days. But a repetition in the Abruzzi would be the eighth capital sin. Besides, books are heavy and playing cards are so much easier to carry.

This year we were denied the pleasure of the Vice-rector's company. He had returned from England with a heavy cold the day before, and so was unable to set out. We arranged to meet, however, at a half-way station, and he insisted meanwhile on swelling our communal purse to an enormous extent.

More later about the meeting. Now to the road. Velletri, Cisterna and Formia were the headings of the first day's programme. Velletri is the ideal destination for a lazy day-gita or a vigorous morning walk. The dogs at the Pink House bark a salute which gives you free access to their domain—the Nemi woods. A catacomb guide might disregard the labyrinth which these woods present, but it has always baffled alike the well-meaning novice and the weak-willed veteran. Whether you indulge in short cuts, however, or shun them, as we did, you must submit to the tête-à-tête with the fuel-laden donkeys. These willing beasts are inseparable from the Nemi woods. They take full possession of the channel-shaped path and their drivers walk patiently behind, pulling their tails for diversion or urging them on to greater efforts with a sonorous *a'anti*. Out in the open again, eyes naturally turn left towards the Latin Vale and Algido. Quotations ? There were none. Some were discussing the Foreign Legion ; others, more mercenary-minded, spoke feelingly of a seventy-five per cent train reduction which we might have secured by reversing the route. But we shed no tears at that. Reductions, if useful, are not necessary. And anyhow, funds were high and dinner was imminent. Who could call us pagan in our sentiments if we felt that all was right with the world ?

The little energy expended on mounting the shoulder of Artemisio is well worth while. Through a gap in the wall at the highest point one can admire an amazing expanse of Campagna. How white and level the roads look, and even the meanest village has the appearance of a succinct fortress ! By twelve o'clock we arrived at Velletri and made for the *trattoria* bearing Rome's proud name. Dinner here is always a successful meal, as day-gita parties will testify, and to-day no exception marked the rule. While we were dining, some kind-hearted wizard played distributist with the rucksacks and parcelled out the cooking materials in better proportion. There was no need of maps for the afternoon walk. The way was unmistakable and monotonously direct. Apart from the vineyards which line the road for miles, the country is quite flat and featureless. A rainbow greeted us as we straggled into

Cisterna late that afternoon, some of us footsore and all of us ready for refreshment. No more walking that day. A train took us to Formia where we secured supper and bed at a suspiciously cheap hostel. We were all ready for bed. The bridge fans fell asleep over their cards, and the rest obeyed the old proverb, hoping that to their health and wealth would be added wisdom. A good beginning maketh a good ending, and we seemed to have started well.

Early or late rising on gitas is a difficult question, and were better left for Pamphilj arch on a rainy day. As it chanced, we were out in good time and made a short tour of the bay before going to church. It was an interesting sight. Sleepy-eyed fishermen were mending their nets, and women were busily occupied in selling or buying large quantities of strong-smelling fish. Nobody seemed to be idle. After our own Mass we heard a Requiem. Never did the *Dies Irae* sound louder or more poignant. Having occasion to peep behind the altar, we discovered that the choir consisted of no more than two persons. The *parroco* sang and played the organ ; an old sacristan did the rest. Mass finished, the celebrant swelled their ranks and they proceeded to sing the day's office. A monk from Sant' Anselmo, perhaps, would not have felt at home there ; and certainly no Sistine chorister could have played Odysseus and the Sirens. On Gregorian chant these good men have broad views, and they adorn it with baroque variations which are quite *sui generis*. But their singing revealed effort and zeal which compel admiration, and which only the sophisticated would think of criticising.

Back to our *albergo* for breakfast. A desperate attempt to obtain English fare resulted in the usual compromise of *uova in camicia*, the latter, unfortunately, unstarched. It was just as well—we intended to swim that morning, and an hour later we were down on the beach trying to reduce the exorbitant price they demanded for bathing cabins. Another compromise. But no one minded : the Mediterranean is worth the cost. Its effects are magical ; sore feet are healed and every sign of fatigue disappears. To float on the tideless water in an August sun should be the beau ideal of every lazy man. We cannot

corroborate that statement. The student is as ignorant of laziness as Pilate was of truth. Certainly no time was wasted here, although it might have been wasted profitably. We left the beach feeling rejuvenated, ordered canopied carozzas, and were soon driving to the *albergo* in regal style, escorted part of the way by our friend the bathing cabin proprietor. Formia has few claims to fame but is quite satisfying. On the promontory at the other end of the bay was perched Gaeta, her houses stretching right down into the sea ; Circeo was not visible. The spurs of the Aurunci which line the shore are very dull and unimpressive compared with Mte Santa Croce which, in the distance, looks beautiful and interesting. On our return, the *padrone* received us with open arms. That prepared us for the worst, and after dinner came the shock. He presented us with a handsome bill about twice the size we had bargained for. We might have been the innocents abroad ! Still, the purse stood the ordeal splendidly. We all realised that hotel keepers must live, and the method, after all, is their own affair. *Addio* Formia !

Very soon an old bus was whirling us away through delightful country : the Aurunci with Mte Petrella on the left ; cultivated fields and Santa Croce to the right. They say that potatoes thrive in this district—*ditissima tellus*. At the halfway village all the available children greeted us, jumping on the footboard to peer at the passengers. Here and there an irate mother would drag her child away and harangue him on the spot, hoping that the youngster would be compensated with a *santo*. They cheered us as we left, and for the rest of the way we had the bus to ourselves. *The Gondoliers* was sung lustily, but in best Savoyard style, and all went merrily. We might easily have been singing our swan-song. A kilometre from our destination we collided with a smaller car. Windows were shattered ; someone shouted " Fire ", and it seemed certain that the bus would topple into the field below. The struggle for existence lasted but a few seconds. People leaped out and rucksacks were hurled through the windows. If the vehicle had crashed below or burst into flames, we might have been heroes. But it stood there stolidly on three wheels and

showed no signs of fire. Ours was to be an age without a name. Up on the road the inevitable quarrel between the two drivers was being enacted. Neither was to blame. A brace of bullocks and a sharp corner explained everything perfectly, though our driver might easily have been distracted by the hilarity with which seven sober clerics sang "Buon Giorno, Signorine". Adversity proves the Roman. Perhaps it was this spirit that prompted a wicked jester from amongst us to mention our incomplete journey to the driver and demand the *resto*. Poor man! He was experiencing, like Gerontius, the sense of ruin which is worse than pain. He glanced at us mournfully and tried to smile. How could the *signore* be serious?

Monte Cassino looked very uninviting in the rain. We had intended to climb up to the monastery on top and stay the night there: everyone ought to sleep in a monastery at some time in his career. At the first *trattoria* we secured refreshment, not to mention the attention of some worldly, rather than worthy, admirers. As we walked through the streets in search of an *albergo*, informative gentlemen recited their supper menus and hinted slyly about bed and breakfast. An innocent-minded man would never fathom this zealous spirit of philanthropy which meets one at every turn. They treat you almost royally: they have an axe to grind. Eventually we let ourselves be captured, and were soon doing justice to a splendid supper. In the course of the meal someone discovered that the story of our accident was already current in the town. Ah, that was the reason why all the hotel keepers had been so keen on our company! We were heroes after all.

By next morning all signs of rain had disappeared. After Mass and breakfast, we took cameras and started out to climb Monte Cassino. The ascent offers little difficulty and is very pleasant. It was still quite early and the sun was just chasing away any vestiges of mist. We halted to admire the view. Below was the green but sparsely-wooded valley cleft by the graceful Liris; majestic mountains away to the left, and the Abruzzi faintly visible in the distance. *Bella vista, insomma!* As the serpentine path winds its way up the hill, the monastery comes in and out of sight. It is a building of strong proportions,

and even at a distance one can detect something of the grace and order of the Renaissance about its cornice and windows. Up we trudged till at length we met the motor-road where we took rest and shelter from the sun under an avenue of stately oaks. It was uncomfortably hot, and when we did reach the top a band of curly-headed youngsters found little difficulty in persuading us to buy their thirst-quenching *gazzosa*. The next minute we were in the cloister.

We did not enter by the *ingresso d'onore*. This is the old and proper entrance, and the scene of various of St Benedict's miracles. It was here that two hundred sacks of flour were discovered when everyone was faced with famine ; and on the same spot, some time before, the Saint had raised to life the son of a *contadino*. An old Benedictine came forward to greet us, and kindly offered to act as guide. There are three court-yards, or cloisters, as they call them. The middle one, built in the Renaissance style, is ascribed to Bramante ; and to harmonise with it the other two were constructed in 1700. It is the central cloister which is most interesting, and, for no cogent reason, reminds one of the Roman Capitol. A fine old well, standing between two Corinthian pillars, marks the centre. (Their water supply at such a height must be another of St Benedict's minor miracles). On the eastern side is a *scalinata* of stone, stretching the whole width of the cortile, and made more impressive by the statues of St Benedict and St Scholastica at either side. At the top is the Doric-columned atrium to Popes Urban V and Clement XI, and beyond this is the Chiostro dei Benefattori whose arches cover the statues of famous and generous patrons. Through the big bronze door, we enter the basilica. To the guide or visitor whose tastes may be rather florid, here is a joy for ever. Every inch of the church is richly ornamented and the floor design is most pleasing. It is essentially baroque—but baroque at its best. Details we will leave to the guide-book—it excels in them.

Let us go down into the crypt. This surely is the chief artistic glory of the church. What a contrast it presents ! It is the work of the Beuron school and is exquisitely modern. The descent is made by a vaulted stairway from whose roof

shines a maze of gold and silver stars, set on a blue background. Along each descending wall is a row of angelic maidens, all exactly alike, with downcast eyes and hands joined in prayer—simple and very beautiful work. In the crypt are depicted Benedictine saints and incidents in the Founder's life. Everything looks towards the altar, behind which, in bas-relief, is portrayed the death of St Benedict with St Scholastica by his side. It is a masterpiece. In this you may see an example of a curious trait in this section, at least, of the Beuron art. The ideas it expresses are all eminently Christian, yet their presentation invariably suggests an Oriental atmosphere. The effect is a difficult one to describe, and hardly detracts from the general merit. Perhaps the Church's Eastern origin would explain it. The rest of the Beuron work has been done in the Torre di S. Benedetto—an underground tower of about ten chapels, of which the lowest is the cell where the Saint is supposed to have died. The monks seem to have reached their zenith here. Our guide needed to do little more than indicate : the delicate colouring, grouping and sculpture spoke eloquently enough. There was no medieval extravagance, no modern parsimony ; just an elegant sufficiency since everything was sufficiently elegant. When we emerged from the tower we were taken to see the museum—a veritable treasure-house. It was a pity that we were too hungry to spend much time there. Our guide's last kindness was to take us into the refectory for dinner. The monks realise that the study of their monastery requires more than a day, and provide meals and lodgings for their guests. We too realised this, but had to leave soon after dinner. Italian guide-books do not hesitate to call Monte Cassino the most famous monastery in Europe. It breathes the spirit of culture and represents what is best in man.

This is the sacred city built of marvellous earth,
Life was lived nobly here to give such beauty birth.

The same afternoon we went to Picinisco, an out-of-the-way village perched on the top of a hill seven hundred metres high. The surrounding scenery is very pretty : the Mainarde, if not woody like the Albans, are green and nicely proportioned. When eventually we climbed into the main street with tired

looks and mud-caked shoes, the village folks seemed pleasantly surprised to see us. Everyone knew of our arrival within the hour. Curiously enough most of the people here are English-spoken. Since long before the War, many families had formed the habit of going for long periods to Scotland to help friends and relations who were in business there. The habit became a local tradition, and the people fluctuated between Picinisco and Scotland till the recent emigration laws made it impossible. We stayed the night with the *abate.* He received us gladly and summoned the best linguists of the village to help him to entertain us at supper. One of these, a charcoal-burner, was particularly useful next day. We dispersed late, slept soundly on hard beds, and were up very early for Mass next morning. As we marched out of the village, the people wished us good-bye and gave us directions in English. What is the English equivalent for *buona permanenza?*

Our path ran along the side of the Meta Mountains and overlooked a magnificent but dangerously steep valley. Walking in the early morning is always pleasant. Occasionally, we would meet the mules heavily laden with wood for charcoal-burning and giving one the impression that they intended at any moment to dive down into the valley and commit suicide. The sun had begun to peep through the beech trees and the pace slackened accordingly. By eleven o'clock we arrived at the famous shrine of the Madonna of Caneto. It is a simple chapel, standing quite isolated in the bed of the valley. About the middle of August every year, pilgrims from the Terra di Lavoro and from the Abruzzo come here to celebrate the *festa* and camp in the vicinity for three nights. Unfortunately, we were too late; the shrine was closed. Before leaving, however, we drank at the stream whose water is said to contain flakes of gold. So that is where Italy keeps her precious metal. We pushed ahead and climbed steadily till mid-day when we had lunch by a convenient stream. Ugly clouds threatened us in the afternoon, and passing *contadini* advised us to pray to the Madonna for fine weather. We must not have prayed hard enough: the sun turned tail and the rain began. An old man gave us temporary shelter in his wigwam—but the elements

were against us. Scarcely had we ventured forth again when clouds seemed to burst on all the neighbouring peaks. Further progress was impossible. There was no shelter anywhere and our coats and umbrellas were collecting dust at home.

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,

Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words. A true sentiment, perhaps, but the chill of our sodden clothes was most disheartening. Suddenly a fairy godmother appeared in the person of the Scotch charcoal-burner whom we had met the previous night. He insisted on our taking refuge in a hut not far away which he shared with some other men. We were welcomed by a swarthy band of the most real-looking pirates imaginable. Their clothes defy description. Leather, sheep-skin—everything sewable had been used in their making. But we were more concerned about our own garments at the time. How to dry them was a problem, and one thing was certain : they wouldn't be dry till morning. So we bowed to necessity and decided to stay the night.

In this one room cooking, eating, sleeping, and all other household tasks were performed with a certain rustic efficiency. A huge log-fire was burning in a corner of the room, and the smoke from it reduced the bravest to tears. Meanwhile we made the best of things. Some played bridge while others gleaned the art of charcoal-burning from our hosts. The supper they gave us must have robbed them of their week's supplies, but we were too hungry to refuse it. An adjacent room used for charcoal storing was our dormitory. They spread sacks on the floor, built a fire in the corner, and then wished us " buon riposo ". That was kindness not irony, and small mercies call for gratitude. The British in the Hole of Calcutta might have envied us and the soldiers in the trenches never knew such comfort as this. Arranged clockwise around the fire, we closed our eyes hopefully. The wags had their fling and then at last all was quiet. The spectacle we presented in the dim glow of the fire would have gladdened the heart of any undertaker. It was worth staying awake to witness such a scene. All was still, and there was a tense solemnity about the atmosphere.

Suddenly the silence was broken. Something moved in the darkest corner, and from underneath a sack came a muffled sigh. A pause, and then a voice, familiar enough, stammered passionately, " Give me the life I love ". Whether psychologists would believe this matters little. Argument yields to fact. The very next minute the motionless form of the *Ripetitore* began to move, and with a deep groan he retorted sadly : " O passi graviora". Dawn was most welcome. A wash in a bitterly cold stream gave us an appetite which breakfast did not satisfy. After settling with our friends, we were soon climbing out of the valley on the way to Opi. We skirted Petroso but climbed the Colle dell' Orso and Mte Dubbio—hard but pleasant work in the early morning. By now we were well installed in the Parco Nazionale, a preserve on the fringe of the Abruzzo where fishing and the shooting of birds, bears and chamois are forbidden—though the man who kills a wolf or a fox is handsomely rewarded. At Pescasseroli we were to have met the Vice-rector. There was no sight of him. The people vouched faithfully that there hadn't been an English priest in the town for ages, so we took their word and looked for a good hotel. Perhaps he would join us at Sulmona. The air here was cold and bracing ; the mountains looked dangerous and austere. All the women were dressed entirely in black. According to the legend, they doffed their gay attire in 1846 because it had been ridiculed in Naples, and they have worn black ever since. As we left the church next morning, a Requiem was just about to begin. The stories of visitors have made these Abruzzi Requiems famous, and by a generous manipulation of the Ordo they manage to have them nearly every day. We saw the piazza dedicated to Benedetto Croce and walked hurriedly through it.

The sky was very dull when we started out after breakfast, and before long it began to rain. A rainy sky suits the Abruzzi admirably : it accentuates still further their stern but simple severity. But once past the foot of Mte Palombo, we were robbed of all views till late in the afternoon. An hour's hard walking in a deep valley and along what seemed to be the bed of a river brought us to the *rifugio*. Cheers rent the air—

premature cheers, alas ! for the house was bolted soundly, and all attempts to make an entrance were useless. With apt exclamations we prepared dinner in the open—hand to mouth, perhaps, but ending up with a flourish—*zabaione* all round. The rain stopped, the sun appeared, and we started to climb Capra Morta. For a time all went well, then the trees and undergrowth became too dense for further progress, and before long it was painfully evident what had happened. In such a crisis the leader's lot is unenviable. He becomes the object of reproachful glances, which speak silently of a trust misplaced. Our expert realised this and plunged into the thicket. The next minute the whole wood was ringing with vociferous cries—" Scanno, la via per Scanno, dov' è ? " He came back gleefully: all was well. The oracle had spoken in the person of an invisible woodcutter, and by alternate turnings to right and left we would reach our destination. All roads lead to Scanno ! It is a fine old town, high but well protected, and overlooking the junction of the Tasso with its tributaries. People rebuked us for coming a day late for their *festa*, which was that of S. Eustachio, the shepherds' patron. This is one of the occasions when the women wear their famous picturesque costumes. Even their ordinary outfit of blue and black is very pretty ; and their intricate head-dress amuses the stranger.

Next morning we walked to Anversa. The scenery was the most enjoyable of the gita. The road is cut along the sides of the mountains and runs through the valley of the river Sagittario. We reached Sulmona at mid-day. A letter from the Vice-rector awaited us explaining his absence at Pescasseroli. He was going to Subiaco with Second Year Philosophy and would be unable to join us. We spent the rest of that day and part of the next examining her churches which, along with her magnificent situation in the Valle Peligna, have made her one of the most interesting and pleasing cities of the Abruzzo. Sulmona's history and appearance, like Rome's, spell resurrection. She was devastated successively by Hannibal and Sulla, but recovered quickly enough to take a prominent part in many Italian quarrels. Her churches bear the same trait. Most of them have been rebuilt or altered so often that they

appear to be a synopsis of all the fashionable styles from 1300 onwards. In the main street is a bronze bust of Ovid commemorating his poetry and his choice of a second fatherland—*Sulmo mihi est patria.*

Next day we went west to Ovindoli, a popular ski-ing centre. Directly south is the site of the Fucine Lake, now a maze of plantations—a sad spectacle indeed. The people at Ovindoli had lost their priest and were very pleased to see us. As we left next morning the Gran Sasso was visible, spurring us on to the last effort—the ascent of Mte Sirente. Even the foot of this hill was steep, and the trees were alternately a help and a hindrance. Two bold adventurers lost their way while the rest shouted themselves hoarse trying to locate them. The woods ceased abruptly, and the loose shale and rock made climbing difficult. Eventually we reached a plateau from which the peak of Sirente rose like a bee-hive. Only two reached the summit, three lost their way and the remaining couple stayed behind to prepare the dinner and keep some shepherds company. The successful pair gave glowing accounts of the view from the top, and everyone made an inward resolution to deal with these 2,350 metres at some later date.

An afternoon's walk along the side of a gorge brought us to Castelvecchio, and the end of our gita. Here we took the train, and as it bore us swiftly back to Rome, we stabilised the stories that were to be divulged on our return to Palazzola. That night the purse provided a worthy dinner to seal the success of our wanderings. After a fast a feast is doubly festive, and we had eaten sparingly that day. We reached the Villa in good time to wish the Rector *ad multos plurimosque* and to join in his birthday celebrations.

F. DUGGAN.

NOVA ET VETERA

THE STILL CHANGING CITY

ALAS ! Venerabilini must hear of yet another change, not of bricks and roads this time but something more personal, which is almost like an open challenge to the liberty of the pedestrian. It is true that taxis always had their special routes ; carozzas could never use the main corsos after 10 A.M. ; and the careering cyclist who circled round your camerata balancing a square yard of glass or a tray of *paste* on his head was always bound to regulations when crossing the main roads. But never before has such cold efficiency as we are about to chronicle set up her throne in the City ; indeed, it would seem nowadays that the pedestrian needs his book of rules and a licence to walk abroad.

In a word, a pedestrian on the cross-roads may not now cross where he will but must await the signal of a policeman and cross between two sets of white lines about three yards wide which are inconveniently placed much to the right and left of the natural crossing. And woe betide the dreamy cleric who wanders a foot or two out of the white line, or short-cuts from it when he has gone half-way across. Another policeman awaits him on the pavement, and either pours out awful wrath on his wilting head, or fines him on the spot.

Venerabilini who studied at the Piazza Pilotta will remember the crossing near the church of S. Maria in Via Lata on the Corso Umberto. They will recall how on their way to schools

with two minutes to spare before lecture they slipped across the road, skilfully dodging the traffic. The cheery *metropolitano* did not seem to mind, he was good humoured enough, and, I think, rather pitied the huge horde of English and French and sundry nondescript clerics. But now—*nous avons changé tout celà.* He can keep us waiting as long as he wishes and frequently does so, to the great mortification of a hundred clerics who are finally bundled across the road like a herd of cattle. It is no use arguing with a man who can fine you on the spot.

When this régime had been in force three weeks, the *metropolitani* turned their attention to the untidy clerics who held up the traffic in the Piazza del Collegio Romano. They wanted us to keep to the pavement alongside the Roman College. *Ma che!* The scheme failed ; it was still-born, and in a very few days the despairing *metropolitani* gave it up and left us in peace. Let us hope that this may yet be the fate of the white lines in many other parts of the City.

The second change in the City all England knows of, as a fair amount of attention has been given to it in the press. Europe's noisiest city has forbidden its drivers to sound their horns. This change has produced a complete reversal of the rights of the pedestrian, and if he is now handicapped by white lines, still, when he is outside of them, he cannot be made to jump for his life by the blowing of an angry motor-horn. If he is in a perverse state of mind he may stroll leisurely in front of a car or bus—for example, down the Via Baullari on a Campo day. The driver can do nothing but chug slowly behind, waving and shouting in angry impotency. But if in his exasperation the driver starts to shout more than *Attenzione !—ne locus sit scandalo*—it is time to amble mildly to the side of the road. This, of course, is the perverse character.

To all of us, of course, the silence order is a great boon. The difference it has made to our shattered nerves is better imagined than described ; one of Rome's biggest plagues has gone, and now we only need the Duce to remove the various *aromata Romana*, forbid engines to roar and lorries to smoke, and the palmy days of the long-suffering cameratas will have dawned at last.

THE NEW CHAPEL

You remember the room above the sacristy of the Martyrs (old Sodality) Chapel? Tradition calls it the "Prisoners' Room" and of late years it has been used for storing lumber. But now, under the hands of Mr Tickle, it has been transformed into a chapel. The walls and ceiling have been cleaned, and the window frame and shutters have received a coat of paint; the floor has been carpeted, and lights have been put in by the electricians; and a wooden altar, large and stately and of a simple, tasteful style, covers almost the whole of one side of the room. This altar is to be dedicated to one of the English saints, but at the moment the particular saint has not been chosen.

An interesting discovery was made while these changes were in progress. In one of the walls of the room was found a small cupboard; it was locked, and of course the key had long since been lost, so the door was forced. Inside were found six altar stones. There is nothing to show where they came from, but it seems more than possible that they are from the altars in the old College church.

OUR MARTYRS' RELICS

We are very glad to be able to publish here a list of the relics of our martyrs. It has been drawn up by our archivist, Dr Kelly, and Mr Loftus. Almost all of it is drawn from an unpublished MS. of Dom Bede Camm O.S.B., who very kindly allowed Dr Kelly the opportunity of inspecting it. There are probably many lacunae; we would, therefore, be very grateful if those—and they must be legion—who can throw further light on any point or check details of the list would kindly communicate their information to us.

We are publishing in this number the first half of the list, *i.e.* up to Bl. David Lewis; the second half, beginning with Bl. John Lockwood, will be published in the next number.

BL. JOHN ALMOND

The Venerabile possess one relic of Bl. John Almond. It

is a triangular piece of bone, half an inch long, two-tenths of an inch broad at the apex, and one-tenth of an inch thick. It was given to the Rector by the Abbot of Downside in the summer of 1931, and was taken from the large relic which is still at Downside. We have an authentication of it signed by Cardinal Marchetti. The large relic at Downside has had an interesting history. It was not unusual, it appears, for Spanish ambassadors to show the greatest zeal in collecting sacred relics, and so we find that the Spanish Ambassador of the day, the Count de Gondemar, was himself present at the martyrdom of Bl. John Almond and Ven. Thomas Maxfield and secured the two bodies. So it was suggested to the late Father Dolan O.S.B. that he should find out if any of the Gondemar family were still living, and if so, that he should visit their private chapel, it being thought that the relics, if they were anywhere at all, would be there. Nor was this surmise wrong. Father Dolan carried out the project on one of his many visits to Spain, and found the relics under the altar of the private chapel of the Gondemars. These were inscribed on the outside S° Maxwello and S° Albondio, but the papers inside the box showed the correct names.

At Roehampton there is a primary relic which is officially authenticated May 20th, 1877. It is a piece of cloth dipped in the Martyr's blood, and was kept for many years in the Society's College at Antwerp. On the wrapper, in which for many centuries it has been enclosed, we find the ancient inscription : " Ex sanguine Joannis Almonde sacerdotis et martyris Londinii in Anglia ".

Another primary relic can be seen at Westminster. It is a small paper packet containing what may be bone and inscribed " Mr Mullineux " (*i.e.* Bl. John Almond). Other relics are to be found at Erdington, Farm Street, Lanherne, Old Hall, York and Stonyhurst.

BL. CHRISTOPHER BAILEY (BALES)
VEN. BRIAN CANSFIELD
VEN. ROCHE CHAPLAIN
BL. JOHN CORNELIUS

We have no knowledge of any existing relics.

BL. THOMAS COTTAM

Stonyhurst possesses a secondary relic of Thomas Cottam. It is a corporal made of very fine linen, with minute hem crosses at the bottom corners in red silk. It is inscribed " Corporale usurpatum a quinque martyribus "

" LUCAS " KIRBEUS
" ROBERTUS " JOHNSONUS
" ALEXANDER " BRIANUS
" JOANNES " SHIRTUS
" THOMAS " COTTAMUS

The inscription is sewn on in red silk, and the letters are well joined together in closely drawn stitches of the same thread. The borders are more loosely stitched, while the stops (") between the names are very firm.

At Westminster also there are probably some of his relics (MS., pp. 7, 8, 11). In a paper marked with the inscription " Reliquiae quorundam Sacerdotum in Anglia martyrium passorum ", there is enclosed another paper which is inscribed " Ford, Shirt, Johnson, incerti cuius ". There is also a third paper which contains nothing, but written on it we see the words " T. Cottam . . . Cor ".

Was this part of the above so that the whole would read " Cottam, Ford, Johnson, Shirt, cor incerti cuius " ? The writing is in the hand of Father R. Southwell S.J., and the papers are found together with relics of Bl. John Hanse and Bl. William Filbie (Filbie and Cottam suffered together at Tyburn).

VEN. EDMUND DUKE

There is possibly a relic at Stonyhurst (MS., p. 175). The relic in question is an arm and is kept in a box of thin oak. One of the sides is of glass so as to expose the relic to view. The rest is covered with pink silk and ornamented with embroidered plants, hearts-eases, and white roses which are worked on the front in glass beads. Also in glass beads are the words " Costod. Dñs oia ossa eorum " Ps. 33, 21. The ticket attached to the relic in Father Morris' hand says that it is probably the arm of one of the four priests, Edmund Duke, Richard Hill, John Hog, or Richard Halliday, all of whom suffered martyrdom

together at Durham in 1590. This relic is said to have belonged to the Sodality of St Omer's in 1666. The work of the box is in seventeenth century style.

VEN. GEORGE HAYDOCK

Possibly his head. We learn from *Forgotten Shrines* (pp. 313—14) that the greatest treasure of Mawdesley is the Martyr's skull which is preserved at Cottam Hall (our Martyr's home until the estate passed into other hands in 1715). It was concealed in a red bag and kept in the priest's hiding place which adjoins the kitchen. It is now to be seen in a glass box, and is placed on the altar of the old chapel. Although it cannot be certain whose head it is, the fact that the pious tradition of the family said it was that of our Martyr must be considered strong evidence in his favour. Among others who had doubts about the identification of the skull was Bishop Goss of Liverpool (1856—72), who thought it to be that of an older man. The Martyr was only twenty-six when he died.

BL. THOMAS HEMERFORD
BL. JOHN INGRAM
BL. EDWARD JAMES

We have no knowledge of any existing relics.

BL. LUKE KIRBY

At Stonyhurst there are two relics (MS., p. 6, 8 ; p. 163). One is the philanx bone of the foot, and the other is inscribed : " Pars manus, carnis, et planetae B. Kirbei ". (See also the famous corporal under Bl. John Almond).

BL. WILLIAM LACEY
BL. RICHARD LEIGH
VEN. JOSEPH LAMBTON

We have no knowledge of any existing relics.

BL. DAVID LEWIS

There appear to be many relics in existence. At Erdington there is a primary relic—a blood-stained piece of linen with the words " Father Lewis, English Martyr ". It was given to Dom Bede Camm (MS., p. 241, 21).

Probably at Farm Street is the last speech of Charles Baker (*i.e.* Bl. David Lewis), which was in the possession of Mr John Baker-Gabb of Abergavenny and Universities Club (about 1872). In a letter to Father Morris (May 24th) he says :

" I have what I believe to be his last speech prepared by himself in prison and written out in his own handwriting. I will gladly send it to you, if you think it desirable. I became a Catholic in 1845 and my father soon followed my example. We visited Usk together and we learnt from some of the old people that there was a stone in the church yard still bearing the words ' Popish Recusant '. It had marked the site of Charles Baker's grave. We, however, did not find it, as it had probably been used over again for someone else and the inscription obliterated."

Father Baker's (*i.e.* Lewis') private oratory, with frescoes, was discovered in the old house at Abergavenny (MS., p. 107). Among other primary relics, Lanherne possesses pieces of linen which were dipped in his blood. One piece is about five by three and a half inches, and there are two or three smaller pieces (MS., p. 9, 11 ; p. 11).

At Oxford there is a lock of hair—" Ven. Charles Baker " (M.S., p. 95, 4). A piece of the rope with which he was hanged was given to the Society at Roehampton by Mary Baptist of Jesus on February 18th, 1874. It formerly belonged to the Lanherne Convent (MS., p. 197, 15). At Sarston there were a primary and a secondary relic (now at Farm Street). These consist of small pieces of blood-stained linen and another piece of the rope with which he was hanged (MS., pp. 154a, 155). There is a piece of dark cloth stained with his blood : " Sang. P. Caroli Baker ", and more blood-stained linen : " Rd. P. David Ludwici Mar ". (MS., p. 185). Other relics may be at Harrow (cf. MS., p. 78, 7 and p. 62, 3).[1]

CARDINAL ZURLA'S PICTURE

The picture of Cardinal Zurla which we reproduce on another page is taken from an oil-painting recently acquired by the College. While visiting one of the College flats, the Rector noticed a very fine painting of Cardinal Zurla. On enquiry he found it was the work of the gentleman of the house. It pleased him so much that he asked him to paint a copy of it for the College. The copy was painted—with distinct success—and now hangs in the Salone.

[1] It is interesting to note here that a beautiful picture of David Lewis hangs in the church of St Francis Xavier, Usk. It was painted from an old engraving in the possession of the Carmelites of Lanherne by Herr Soldatiez, a clever Hungarian painter. It now rests upon a permanent altar shrine.

"Pamphilj Arch"

COLLEGE DIARY

JULY 12th. *Thursday*. This morning we came out to Palazzola. " But what a bald, unromantic statement ! " I hear you say. " Have you nothing better for such an occasion ? No word about the joy of departure, the fragrance of the Appia and the glory of the aqueducts : no jewelled phrase to frame the blue lake's glittering majesty ? " No, I am sorry. This year I was bereft of such sentiments and the Muse forsook me : for as the tram was breasting the hill into Albano, Giobbe's lorry came chuffing along behind and I remembered that my own suit-case was following me, filled with University text-books—a crushing blow. Examinations are so protracted this year that it will be ten days before most of us have finished. So here we are at the Villa with a thousand things to see and do : down there near the Gabina, there is a rock bathed in sunshine with gentle waters lapping round, and higher up a leafy hermitage buried now in brambles, an ideal place to spend an afternoon. And there are so many things to inspect and set in order : above us the pergola looks drooping and neglected while we know that the golf-house roof is gone for we burnt it last October. These and the countless other things that are naturally foremost in our minds just now cause the holiday feeling to flutter gaily within us —only to be subdued and imprisoned by this dragon of a thesis-sheet.

13th. *Friday*. Yet in spite of all this, things seem very different this morning. It was a cool night with a playful breeze, rustling the treetops outside my window, an unfamiliar and soothing sound after Rome. So now, as I stand in the garden, view the steaming City, and think of an airless room, a faded geranium, the expostulations of Maria in the cortile, the cry of the *acqua minerale* man, and the barrel-organ, I blush for my ingratitude. Why, with a lake and Campagna such as this to inspire me, I can put the dragon on his back in half the time.

14th. *Saturday*. Upon my word, Palazzola will impress you ! In the old wing, the rooms overlooking the lake-side have now been com-

pletely renovated. They possess a really efficient roof. The walls are re-plastered and distempered, there is new woodwork for the windows and doors, new furniture, and the floors are handsomely tiled. And to retain a perfect balance between the old and new, the low, comfortable, wooden bedsteads still remain—a touch of kindly sympathy, for which many future generations will unconsciously bless the designer. The bath-room on the same corridor has been re-fitted, though in an excess of zeal the workmen have plastered and closed for ever the trap-door leading to the roof-loft. The Piazza Venezia on the ground floor is furnished in the same way, with a small, elegant, marble staircase to lead up to it. In the common-room the inscriptions recording the visits of Gregory XVI and Pius IX to Palazzola have been repainted and preserved. The garden seems much the same, except that some of the small, fruitful plum-trees have been removed.

15th. *Sunday*. Under the impersonal cloak of diarist, a hearty *prosit* to Messrs Grady and Fleming who were raised to the priesthood in S. Ignazio. The Cardinal Protector called at the Villa to see that we were comfortably installed and to wish us a happy *villeggiatura*.

16th. *Monday*. The new priests said their first Masses here. After dinner, there was coffee and *Ad multos annos*, followed by Solemn Benediction, *Te Deum*, and the Kissing of Hands. Mr T. B. Pearson left the fold to-day.

17th. *Tuesday*. Meanwhile, in spite of all such distractions, the daily toil continues—and well it might for the dragon is snorting at our very doors. You remember that 9.30 A.M. bell ?—with what a jubilant clang it used to ring you from your labours ; how you would leap from your chair, throw off your cassock and proceed to a leisurely foursome or a morning walk ; or perhaps if you were master of the works, how you would stand in the cortile and invite the world to carry large stones for you up the Sforza steps ? Well, just now that bell rings a very different note—a mournful knell to mark the passing of time, and signal the screeching laughter of the garden-roller as it passes below your window and mocks your labours.

19th. *Thursday*. And to think that after all my forebodings the professor opened with the genial question : " How's everybody at Palazzola ? " Rome is unbearable of course. The College cortile is being rejuvenated, which means noise, confusion and dust. Workmen are scraping the walls and horses constantly arriving with loads of cement to be dumped in the corner. At least one poor dumb brute will remember his visit to the Venerabile with pleasure : the ferns and potted shrubs that usually decorate the four corners of the cortile had been put for safety in the middle where they formed a green and refreshing circle. One of the horses having been relieved of his load was also manœuvred into the middle—and the last green leaf of a fresh young fern was just disappearing as he was noticed. We returned to Rocca as quickly as possible—a jubilant journey—and sighed with

content as the *funicolar*' took us to a height where we could breathe again and view the lights of Rome with a complacent eye.

20th. *Friday*. Things have started. What an intoxicating morning! I have just read through these first few days and roared with laughter. How absurd! Why, we are as free as the lizards on the wall. Oh Villa, you can do as you like with me now! No more hasty after-breakfast cigarettes spoilt by a restless inner voice reminding me, no more turning away to gaze across the Campagna as my companions arrange a bright morning's programme. This morning it must be the lakeside. This afternoon—well, one should go carefully: there is a cypress at the end of the garden simply calling for company: I have an interesting book: and feel sure that the peculiar cloud formation in the Albans at this time of the year is well worth an hour's quiet contemplation. . . .

21st. *Saturday*, an opinion unexpectedly confirmed by the large batch of exam results which arrived to-day. A very hearty *prosit* to Dr Halsall who has passed his doctorate of Canon Law with distinction. He came to Palazzola this afternoon for a few days' rest.

22nd. *Sunday*. The first game of cricket, dedicated as a special benefit match to one of the veteran heroes of Seventh Year. How foolish now is our ancient gibe that Italians are afraid of water! They are taking up aquatic sports with that grim determination to excel which characterises all their ventures into such realms. In Rome this summer, the bathing stations on the Tiber have been more popular than ever; and a swimming pool of fine proportions is being built near the new Foro Mussolini. Will this lead to a popularization of Lakes Albano and Nemi, we wonder, and, if so, will Caligula's galleys have emerged from oblivion only to see themselves eclipsed by a more luxurious modern speed-boat? A regatta was held on the Castelgandolfo side of the Lake to-day, although it was too far away for us to follow the events.

23rd. *Monday*. The refreshing sound of bat against ball on the Sforza takes you back to the green playing fields and ivied walls that once you knew. Even the tennis-court promises to be playable shortly, which is progress indeed, as former tennis-committees will testify: for in the old days tennis enthusiasts had to spend many weary afternoons plodding up the steps with buckets of water or begging their charitable brethren to take turns at an asthmatic pump before they could even hope for a game. But nowadays there is abundance of water and a hose-pipe connection on the court itself to facilitate the work of the committee. The swimming tank is beautifully fresh and the weather cool, so our time is fully occupied in balancing the nightmares of the past few weeks.

25th. *Wednesday*. Sforza dinner—for which a morning on the rocks near the Marino side of the Lake, with the wind and sun in your face and the hawks screaming round you, is an excellent preparation. Towards the end of dinner, a familiar decrepit figure came tottering across the Sforza: perhaps you have met him already—George, the beggar of Palazzola. For three years now he has sat so silent and immobile in

front of the house that he almost seems part of the façade. On Wednesdays, however, he climbs up to the Sforza and dines near us under a tree. None of us have ever succeeded in gleaning any of his history beyond a mysterious statement that wine once nearly killed him. But he has his own way of showing gratitude : he sends the Rector a card at Christmas and has a weekly wash in the cow-trough before sitting down to dinner.

26th. *Thursday*. Great excitement in the Castelli over the murder of Dollfuss, and sensational headlines in the *Messaggero* tell us that Italian troops are being rushed to the frontier.

27th. *Friday*. Distracting noises on the Lakeside indicate that another Opera is in its initial stages. How weary and melancholy the individual parts sound before we combine them together into those rich harmonies we remember so well in the cortile. Further down the new wing the Orchestra are also putting in some stern spade-work, so that a party of *villeggianti* who arrived for a quiet lunch in front of Palazzola first halted in surprise, cheered bravely once or twice in the belief it was all a joke, and then took their luncheon-basket elsewhere.

28th. *Saturday*. Stronger and stronger come rumours that the Holy Father will spend a short holiday at Castelgandolfo. May it make this Villa an historic one !

29th. *Sunday*. Mr Birkbeck and his son came to dinner. This afternoon a party of us went round to see if any news could be obtained from Castelgandolfo itself. The town is in a state of high *festa*, since the Pope has lent them a fine relic of St John Bosco for veneration. This is exposed in the parish church. Down the little main street large streamers are hung emblazoned with " Evviva Giovanni Bosco ". The inhabitants are very excited and enthusiastic and the main piazza thick with people. According to the immemorial custom of the *paese*, there is a grand lottery being held side by side with the religious celebrations, and the prizes are fastened to a high pole in the middle of the piazza : they include two bottles of wine, a kettle, a packet of spaghetti and a bunch of onions. The Papal Palace looks strangely quiet in contrast, and very dignified after the recent renovations. This evening the relic was carried in procession, after which the faint music of a band came drifting across to Palazzola. The Dome stood out in flickering oil lamps and the evening closed with a shattering display of fireworks.

31st. *Tuesday*. Feast of St Ignatius—and a *buona festa* to all our friends : also many happy returns across the Lake to Monsignor Burke. Two Birmingham students left for Lourdes to-day to join in their diocesan pilgrimage.

AUGUST 1st. *Wednesday*. So it has happened at last ! Two students leaning over the garden wall this afternoon were informed by a *contadino* that the Pope had arrived at his Villa. A camerata of ours happened by chance to be in Gandolfo this afternoon, and hearing a commotion in the piazza, strolled along in time to see the Holy Father

blessing the people from the balcony of the Palace. Having given their names to the *Osservatore* reporter and been photographed, our representatives returned home with the glad news.

2nd. *Thursday.* We focussed the telescope on the Papal Palace this morning and discussed with interest whether the Papal apartments looked out on to the Lake or Rome. This afternoon—the Pines. How disappointing this little corner seems after its former glory! Over there on the left, the town of Nemi looks gloomy and menacing, although that is nothing new, for even on the brightest days it always seemed in the shadow of the Ruspoli wall and the ugly round tower that surmounts it. But the violent change comes down below. The lake that was once proverbial in its beauty, that should show you according to the guide-books " la limpidezza di sue acque, che riflettono le immagini a guisa di terso cristallo ", now looks like a half-drained marsh with a leaden surface that reflects nothing. An ugly shed protects the derelict galleys near the water's edge, and on the right below Genzano, a wide, yellow motor-road cuts the lakeside woods ;

3rd. *Friday,* and if you stay there long enough, you will infallibly be bitten by mosquitoes. There is at least one small point of exegetics that must impress itself forcibly on anyone who has lived here for long : Beelzebub (Baal Zebub) was known as the King of Flies, the deity specially to be invoked against mosquito bites—a consoling and efficacious thought.

4th. *Saturday.* St Dominic's Feast. Ci ha regalato stasera un bicchiere di vino Sor Domenico. Evviva !—although our loyalty to the Molinist cause remains unshaken.

5th. *Sunday. Our Lady of the Snows.* The Lords and Commons (representing the New and Old Wings) engaged in a cricket match. Of course, the Commons won. A telegram from the Vice in England showed that he too was keeping up the *festa.*

6th. *Monday.* It is high time something was said about a new, prominent, and distinctive feature of the *villeggiatura*—the onion crop. Originally, a few innocent beds were planted in the hope that their fruits might assist the commissariat and supply an occasional variation to the menu. But they have resulted in a yield, Luigi says, of twenty-five thousand onions, all perfect specimens of their genus, about ten thousand of which have already begun to sprout and threaten to develop another generation in like proportions. Onions, of course, are a magnificent vegetable in moderation, but they have undoubtedly become a menace, and how it will all end is a problem from which our stoutest mathematicians retire in confusion.

7th. *Tuesday.* We were very sorry to hear that Monsignor Brown, President of Ushaw, is seriously ill. " Earwigs' Nest ", that homely little half-way house between garden and Sforza, is the scene of great activity at present. Some years ago, a hollow was chipped in the rock, turning it into a miniature cave ; a rustic seat was then built into it, a

large stone was laid in the middle on which to knock out your pipe, and there you were settled comfortably for the afternoon, with the spiders dangling round you and the Lake shimmering below. This new operation promises to be more elaborate ; we shall watch its progress with interest. To-day we bought a hosepipe to water the cricket-pitch and tennis-court. Down below in the house, our boundless energy is finding outlets in various ways such as distempering rooms and patiently chipping away the plaster which at present hides the stone lintels and sides of doors.

8th. *Wednesday*. Cortile practice for the Opera. Will the memory of these mornings ever fade ?—how we stand for hours in the intolerable sun, break down miserably in our choruses, listen patiently to the vituperations of the producer, and comfort ourselves at the end with a glass of lemonade and the assurance that " We'll be all right on the night ".

9th. *Thursday*. A cricket match between two teams called, strangely enough, " Seminarians and Borghesi ". What principle guided the selection of players for either side must remain a secret locked up in the hearts of the Committee. Anyway, the Seminarians won easily, a result which well justified the advice of the Council of Trent that aspirants to the clerical state should be received and trained from an early age.

10th. *Friday*. Father Welsby came to us this morning instead of to-morrow, and that, as you know, is almost as startling a phenomenon as a change in the astronomical order itself. But our surprise became blank amazement, when he told us that he had been forced to do so because he had to catch a train (the third one in fifteen years, we believe) to Formia, to spend a few days with the Irish College.

11th. *Saturday*. Rocca di Papa was once a quiet afternoon stroll, a winding road gently sloping upwards where you could watch the hot Campagna flickering below you, and shielding your eyes from the blinding coast-line, the green, brown fields and the Tiber twisting through them like a gleaming snake—all of which made you feel how cool and quiet was this avenue of chestnuts, and what a pleasant place the little *castello* just appearing round the corner. But nowadays things are very different. Rocca has always been a popular summer resort but the last few years have seen a transformation. There is a new funicular railway, special cheap week-end trains run from Rome, and posters cunningly exposed in the sunnier parts of the City mention " le selve ombrose e fresche, l'aria ossigenata e pura, e le brezze marine dei Castelli Romani ". Who could resist such an invitation ? And, indeed, the Romans have come flocking out there this year in unprecedented numbers. The road bustles with activity ; there are donkey rides, a public park for children, and a band in the piazza each evening ; last year there was a marquee for refreshments and a shooting range. So with our instinctive shrinking from the *loca frequentiora*, our walks tend now to Nemi and the Latin Vale.

12th. *Sunday*. To dinner Father Stevens from Ushaw, and Father Sheridan, Vice-rector of the Scots College.

13th. *Monday*. Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, accompanied by Monsignor Parenti, Rector of Propaganda College, honoured us with a surprise visit. Yesterday the temperature in England was higher than that of Rome ; surely the Italian summer is not spending itself already. An undoubtedly fresh breeze blows into Chapel these mornings, giving a restless flutter to our Avancinus, and, whether it be August or not, zimarras are certainly useful. Earwigs' Nest is nearing completion. By dint of patient chipping the hollow in the rock is being enlarged. A determined triumvirate have the work well in hand, though they are not above exacting help from any casual labourers who happen to be passing. A rain-proof shelter is being built into the hollow. From a practical point of view its value will be well proved in October, though aesthetically, its bold, simple lines may make some people sigh for the gentler type of rustic seat.

14th. *Tuesday*. Dr Kelly left for his holiday in England. This afternoon came Father Welsby, looking very fit after his few days at Formia. Do you remember the Arnaldi Road, and the path that leads from it through the woods to Malafitto and the Five Ways ? The road itself you have certainly not forgotten if ever you came round the last corners of it in a car, where the path seemed to jut out unsupported over a dizzy precipice and the outside tyres sent stones clattering over the edge. That road now is crumbling more than ever and the rain has sent down such deposits of earth and stones as to make it impassable for cars. If you enter the woods you will remember a tree with a forked branch and a blue ring round it, where, being an old hand, you turned sharp to the left and kept to the path, while others stumbled onwards, descended the slope and were lost. Well, if you care for your reputation, be very wary when you come back next time, and let someone else take you through the woods. All this leads to the insignificant remark that, if you want a really lazy afternoon, take two companions of the same disposition as yourself, go to Malafitto, and perch on the grassy ruins, talk of everything and nothing, listen dreamily to the crack of golf balls from the distant Sforza, and amble home with the consciousness of a day's work well done.

15th. *Wednesday*. *The Assumption*. The Senior Student sang High Mass in the parish church at Rocca, and the College supplied *assistenza* and choir. Febo tried to walk in the procession, and was with difficulty restrained. We came home to a *pranzone* followed by ices, which, by a lucky accident, we had in the garden—the first time probably since Palazzola was a *trattoria*. " Piccolo Bill ", Luigi's youngest born (aged one, to be precise), appeared to-day, resplendent in long trousers and knitted suit.

16th. *Thursday*. Sforza gita, postponed from yesterday. Welcome home to Dr Park who flew from England and arrived for dinner. The designers and executioners of " New Earwigs' Nest " put a last touch of green paint to their work, and spent the afternoon sitting in the shelter

with a proud air of proprietorship. General opinion seems to approve of the scheme, and a musical party who tested its strength to-night declare that the sloping roof has wonderful acoustic properties.

17th. *Friday*. The Nazis will be pleased to hear that they defeated the Ogpu at cricket to-day. After dinner the Public Meeting began in the garden. An attempt is being made to lay crazy paving on one of the garden paths. The swimming tank is especially cool and pleasant just now (apart from the *soupçon* of oil from the new pipes), and we can enjoy a plunge into really fresh water. Is this the first time such a luxury has been given us during August ? Flower beds have been planted at the top of the Sforza steps, and thanks to a generous use of the hosepipe each evening a bright, though rather haphazard splash of colour, now hides the ugly patches.

18th. *Saturday*. Public Meeting continued. His Eminence Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, at the head of nearly the whole of Propaganda College, paid us a visit this afternoon. Having spent this morning on Monte Cavo, and being in need of some shady spot to rest, they naturally thought of Palazzola garden. We did our best to entertain them, of course, but were somewhat overwhelmed by sheer weight of numbers. *Ben venuto* to Mr Montgomery, who has surrendered himself to our hospitality for the week-end—

19th. *Sunday*, our immediate response being to take him up Cavo in the broiling sun. To our great satisfaction, the Rector has announced that we are to have an audience with the Pope in a few days. Father Engelbert sends us depressing news from Switzerland that Archbishop Hinsley is indisposed ; he asks for prayers. To-day, the first Sunday after the Assumption, was the *festa* at the Madonna del Tufo. There is no doubt at all that the Tufo is still one of the most popular shrines of the Castelli. It seems that the people can never forget the miraculous intervention which averted disaster there four hundred years ago :

> Di balza in balza giù precipitando
> Veniva il masso : ed alla forza arcana
> Che infrena il moto e regge l'etra e il mondo,
> Obbediente ristette.

The little church has been restored and decorated in the last two years, and looks gaudy though attractive. Afternoon Benediction in the summer season will always find it crowded with visitors and inhabitants. The neighbouring Castelli sent their representatives to Rocca to-day where they co-celebrated in the traditional fashion with roast pork, *cucomerone*, fireworks and an indefatigable band.

20th. *Monday*. A foul scirocco with a sinister golden haze over the sea and clouds hanging without the energy to move ;

21st. *Tuesday*, whereas to-day there were rival armies of them racing from behind Cavo and Pratica and mingling in hopeless confusion.

22nd. *Wednesday*. The crazy paving in the garden is progressing slowly, though it shows a worrying tendency to slope upwards.

23rd. *Thursday*. The summit of Faette certainly gives the best view in the Albans. What journeys you can make! From Circeo looming up mistily in the south, you pass with a turn of the head to Bracciano, one hundred and twenty kilometres away to the north, and complete the circle touching at Tivoli, Palestrina and Segni. Then immediately below you is the Latin Vale—a little world of its own. By the way, who called it the "Latin Vale"? Neither guide-book nor map so styles it; and no Italian recognizes the name. But it is such an obviously apt title.

25th. *Saturday*. Papal Audience at Castelgandolfo. There had been some doubts during the past week as to what we should wear. Would we have to go into Rome and extricate our College wings and hats from their obscurity? We put the problem to Monsignor Caccia-Dominioni, who fingered his own purple ferraiuola expressively (it was made of very different material from his Vatican one) and said: "Siamo in campagna"—the question was answered: we wore cassocks and Villa hats. About 10.30 A.M., we had a *rinfresco* in the garden to fortify ourselves against the long walk and delay, and set out immediately afterwards for the Papal Villa. We arrived in small groups and made for the entrance where the Swiss Guard, looking very much at home, gave a splash of colour to the Piazza. The last to arrive were four strays who had wandered into the Barberini Palace by mistake. They swept majestically into the cortile of the Papal Palace in Monsignor Caccia-Dominioni's car. "Ho portato questi pecori smarriti," said he as he gave them over to the Rector. We moved upstairs in a body, and were shown into one of the smaller audience halls, the windows of which looked out over the lake-side. All the interior is richly furnished in the same style as the Vatican. The main hall in particular has a polished marble floor that reminds you of the Consistorial. After a short time the Holy Father entered, gave each his ring to kiss and spoke to us standing—a very gracious speech thanking us for the address presented to him from the College and praising the new Martyrs Association. He laughingly referred to the altitude of Palazzola, congratulating us that we were higher than the Pope himself. We sang him *O Roma Felix* and gave three good cheers, to the alarm of the *novelli sposi* who were waiting in surprising numbers in a room near by. In the cortile below, a photograph was taken of the historic group and we went off to dinner, turning the day into a sort of free gita.

26th. *Sunday*. While the Rector and Dr Park went to dinner to the Scots Villa, Palazzola trembled in a thunderstorm that turned the cortile into a lake. This augurs badly for the Opera to-morrow.

27th. *Monday*. Opera day. It is best to take it by periods. It was a wretched, miserable morning. When the producer poked his head out of a window at an early hour it was raining heavily. At 10 A.M.

yesterday's thunderstorm returned, so that no attempt could possibly be made to decorate the cortile. Since it was impossible to postpone the Opera, arrangements were made to have it in the refectory. The electricians got to work and tried to fix a lighting system into the high window at the back. After dinner there was a cloudless blue sky. Followed a hurried consultation among the Committee : plans were altered and the cortile decided on once more. The decorators began operations feverishly. At 3 P.M. it clouded over again, but they kept to their decision and their confidence was justified, for the evening was fresh and calm. Our leading philistine's impressions follow.

" Strange how the cortile can look like anywhere. I am sure the Piazzetta, Venice, is just like this, except that it can't have such jolly music echoing round it. There at one end of the kennel is our first stringed accompaniment—glorified of course by the name of ' Orch '—busy lending body to the overture which for once claims our attention.

" The usual guffaw greets our first introduction to the players, and renders them none too confident—to the detriment of the opening chorus. We have a smart set of men, tight in the leg and merry too. There's Antonio, whose premature proposal has just been turned down flat, twirling lightheartedly as if he hadn't a care in the world. Tra-la ! But one glance at Marco and Giuseppe and we know why their suit fared badly. Hailed even before they left the Green-room here they come, gorgeously clad for such a rough calling as theirs ; we notice that they are businessly-like bare to the elbows—with nowhere to put their hands once they have got rid of those roses.

" Gianetta sings, and does so very pleasantly, pairing well with Tessa, who fills up any deficiencies in tone by being quite at home. The full-throated and flighty Marco gains confidence as the act progresses. Giuseppe is the garrulous republican to his finger tips (which at times seem to be a desperate way from his elbows) but evidently determined to get his words right.

" Henry in the back row refuses to take his eyes off the most masterly of conductors—only the call to the altar can break that connection. A flourish from the accompaniment, and the ducal suite spreads out before us—' in pompous but faded clothes ' (thus the libretto) ; and the Green-room, taking the hint, has given the Duchess the Old Blue Velvet—torn ruthlessly asunder to admit the hoops of a crinoline ! No one could fail to look dignified in a gown which has graced so many noble forms—least of all the possessor of such a nose. Casilda, with nothing much to do but look blue-blooded and decorative, plays the part with restraint and finish, and sings delightfully, particularly in the duet with the Drum which is a great success. The Drum, alike unmoved by his inability to imitate a *cornet-à-piston*, the collapse of his love-affair and—later—his sudden erection to a golden throne, moves steadily through his scenes, weighed down perhaps by his enormous gum-boots. Scarce have these two finished filling in the grave of their buried love than we are introduced to the Grand Inquisitor—looking

quite the part, and possessing as expressive a pair of legs as Mr Fezziwig. He speaks from the toes upwards, in accents smacking, perhaps, of an earlier diplomatic attachment to the Loamshire Embassy, but we always know what he's driving at.

" Splendour regal and ministerial greets our eyes on the opening of the second act. Some neat moustaches have sprung up during the interval, but their owners are not above a species of ha'penny nap, in which game they are so engrossed that Giuseppe's song is lost on them, despite the fact that he lets off ' Shalloo humps ' and ' Shalloo hoops ' with quite a parade-ground manner. Marco, on the other hand, is not convincing with *Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes* ; his heart is evidently not in his subject, and we are not given an encore.

" An avalanche and the little wives are with us, wafting the must of the Green-room to mingle with the aroma of Albano white. Giuseppe, who knows his limitations, draws across their stream of questions a most successful red-herring. A banquet and a dance to settle their queasy stomachs ? Why, of course ! And there follows the stamp and twirl and wheel and, I suppose, clitter-clatter of the *cachucha*, with just that modicum of abandon essential to make this ' wildest of dances ' worthy of the name. The chorus fills in the background with a regular swaying motion—not as easy as it looks ; but the frolic is interrupted at its height by that old skeleton of an Inquisitor, and they all slink off—some of our best trencher-men among them who *would* have done justice to that banquet.

" The Ducal Pomp reappears—by the backstairs—looking flush on unaccustomed pocket-money. Presumably the Duchess and her daughter have made a tour of the Campo in the meanwhile : they have picked up further of the Green-room's glories, and—would you believe it ?—the O.B.V. is slashed with something fresh. A pleasant interlude this, with all three singing well, and the Duke, although far too juvenile in appearance, on top-form ; back-bone ever at the slope—a very Mr Turveydrop in deportment, cringing, flattering, sparkling, strutting—but always with an eye to Her Grace. Casilda, who has been miraculously accommodated,balances in haughty splendour on a rickety stool (Arnaldi type), and rises to join in the gavotte, which strikes home to the Italian hearts among our audience, and is, indeed, highly picturesque despite an occasional erring foot. Giuseppe need not have been so anxious to make mistakes at first.

" The foster-mother appears amid a blaze of final splendour. (Did you see her sprinting from the common-room ?). But what a foster-mother ! Shrivelled from frowsy top to decrepit toe, she stands before the footlights croaking with toothless joy at the sight of a re-splendent (though still gum-booted) Luiz swopping crowns with Casilda.

" And there it ends, and off we go to the common-room where almost everyone is somebody and all must be congratulated. As the mutual admiration increases, we steal silently out into the cloister. The footlights ' gild but to flout ' the peaceful serenity of the cortile. Strange that

the decorations should look so suddenly out of place. Ugh ! It must be time for bed."

THE GONDOLIERS
or
The King of Barataria
by
W. S. Gilbert A. Sullivan

Dramatis Personæ :

The Duke of Plaza-Toro (*a Grandee of Spain*) .	Mr Duggan
Luiz (*his attendant*)	Mr Stanley
Don Alhambra del Bolero (*the Grand Inquisitor*) .	Mr Lescher
Marco Palmieri } *Venetian Gondoliers* . .	Mr Doyle
Giuseppe Palmieri }	Mr Leahy
Chorus of Venetian Gondoliers	Messrs Grady, Henshaw, Wells, Martindale, and McNamara
The Duchess of Plaza-Toro	Mr Roberts
Casilda (*her daughter*)	Mr Loftus
Gianetta } *Contadine*	Mr J. Malone
Tessa }	Mr Pitt
Chorus of Contadine	Messrs Nesbitt, Ford, Newton, Wilkins, and Iggleden
Inez (*the King's foster-mother*)	Mr Abbing

Act I The Piazzetta, Venice
Act II Pavilion in the Palace of Barataria

Musical Director : Mr J. Malone *Accompanist :* Mr Molloy
Conductor : Mr Ellison
Orchestra : Messrs Wilcock, G. Malone, Elcock, Stanley.
Dresses : Messrs Abbing and Newton
Electrical arrangements : Messrs Fee and Ford.

28th. *Tuesday.* While most of us spent the day gently recovering, the rest, including a belaurelled producer and props man, went off for their long gita.

29th. *Wednesday.* The last of the Sforza gitas. We toasted *il Cuoco* in the traditional manner, while George looked on approvingly.

30th. *Thursday.* The pergola, in its early days a source of endless visions of future glory, is rather disappointing in the reality. The upright beams have become too unsteady to support the heavy wooden roof so that after watching our carpenter at work there to-day, we decided to go higher up in future. The golf-house, being such a centre of social life, was repaired long ago with a simple thatched roof that will be useful on the last night of the Villa.

31st. *Friday.* The last day of refectory reading for two months. We have had a fair selection of books since the beginning of the Villa, finishing off a volume of Pastor and continuing with extracts from Chesterton's *Essays*, Claudel's *Ways and Crossways* and *A Saga of Saints* by Siegrid Undset.

SEPTEMBER 1st. *Saturday.* We burst into September and the second half of *villeggiatura.* Who shall be so presumptuous as to decide which month of the Villa is the best ? However that may be, August passes over us while we are still in a state of somnolent mental paralysis, whereas in October we are saddened by the thought that time is taking its last, uncontrollable, headlong rush downhill ; which seems to leave September. . . . Anyhow here we are and we intend to make it so.

2nd. *Sunday.* A trip up Cavo, which, according to the teaching of our most revered predecessors, is the proper and traditional way of spending a Sunday.

3rd. *Monday.* The Scots College paid us a visit, the weather trying to make amends for its disgraceful conduct to them in the past few years.

4th. *Tuesday.* The first game of Cat—a solemn moment in the history of the Sforza. In the interests of truth it should be explained that—like all our other games—this Cat had a strong Venerabile tang about it. The ring was drawn in chalk with marks instead of holes ; the balls were far from perfect (like very hard "keeping-up" balls is, I believe, the correct description) ; and the sticks were cut from very inferior wood. But in spite of this the game enjoyed immediate and universal popularity, in proof of which we can draw aside the veil of the future and quote the words of an ardent Third Year Philosopher who, on coming back from his gita and finding the season had finished, gave a deep sigh and said : " No more Cat for two years ! " The Rector took a party into Rome to-day on business—as he has done every week during the Villa. There are wondrous tales told week by week of sumptuous dinners cooked in the College kitchen by a student with unusual gastronomical and culinary judgment.

5th. *Wednesday.* The first of the free gitas. Nothing daunted by the fate of every Pratica expedition ever recorded, a large party went to Anzio and had a good day without mishap. Tusculum, of course, had its devotees. The new cross painted in aluminium shines out as a most conspicuous landmark while the broken stump of our own one still stands in its mound of stones. The billiard-room which was certainly looking old and shoddy is now having its face lifted by three determined workers.

6th. *Thursday.* The Rector, having missed his gita yesterday, conceived the brilliant idea of repairing his omission to-day and asking a select party to keep him company. We strode off for dinner at Velletri and then rode in an impressive procession of two carrozzas to Nemi, finishing in the gloaming with tea at Nemi fountain.

7th. *Friday*. To tea Prince Barberini. Cat continues to flourish and is attracting even the most inveterate golfers. In a slight mishap this afternoon, the feeder nearly met an untimely end.

8th. *Saturday*. *Nativity of Our Lady*, celebrated with a little *pranzone* and coffee.

9th. *Sunday*. An exciting story is circulating. It is called " The buried treasure of Palazzola ". Many years ago, the King of Naples sent a present of bullion to the Pope. As the treasure was being carried by an armed guard along the old carriage-road from Naples to Rome, brigands attacked them between Velletri and Marino. The brigands were beaten off but the guards, thinking it unsafe to proceed further, brought it by night to Palazzola, that being the nearest house in the district. Since then the treasure has never been traced. Now comes the climax. Near the present lavabo basin in the sacristy (*i.e.*, near the old " Catacombs " altar) there are the remains of an old door now walled in. It used to be an entrance to the chapel opposite the small door we use at present. Plans—into which perhaps too much has been read—have recently been discovered in Albano which describe, in minute detail, three secret steps which will be found by opening up this door and digging a few feet below the ground. These lead to a vault, and there the treasure was hidden and there it still lies. In fact, an old retired carabine officer of Albano is so convinced of the truth of the story that he has offered to come along and use his skill as a gold diviner, for which he has a reputation. Why the monks themselves never troubled to restore the gold to its owner remains an insoluble difficulty. Anyhow, quite apart from the question of veracity, it was a good story for Domenico to tell at breakfast, and he told it with all the eloquence of which he was capable. One or two students were observed later on in the morning unobtrusively tapping walls with a hammer and examining trap-doors.

10th. *Monday*. We spent a pleasant day at Marino with the Scots College.

12th. *Wednesday*. Gita day. In theory and anticipation, the walk along the Artemisium ridge from the Velletri pass to Algidus should be cool, gentle and beautiful. For Artemisium is that undulating range, covered with a velvety green carpet, which separates the Velletri plain and the Volscians on one side from the Latin Vale and Albans on the other. Actually, that velvet carpet is a fierce jungle, and the path winds and doubles on itself to such an extent that you begin to despair of reaching Algidus at all. Half-way through dinner, sudden extinction of the primus-stove announced the first rain drop ; thunder muttered, strengthened and burst from hill to hill ; the sky flickered yellow and opened down on us ; and we hurriedly packed our drenched rucksacks, and splashed down paths that were now foaming rivers to the quiet, smiling valley below. Then in the evening, we had to show polite interest in the story of those who ate their lunch in sunshine on Due Torri while this phenomenal storm raged in circles round them.

13th. *Thursday*. The Americans spent the day with us.

14th. *Friday*. The Vice-rector arrived back from England,

15th. *Saturday*, and in spite of all we perpetrated on him a few weeks ago, Mr Montgomery came again for the week-end.

16th. *Sunday*. Our Lady of Dolours, the *festa* of the parish church at Rocca. Once more the College supplied *assistenza* and choir. At 11.30 A.M., Dr Tomei and his brother made a meteoric entry and stayed till the evening. Dr Tootell and Father Fred Turner arrived in the afternoon to be our guests for a few days. Third Year departed with Dr Park for a gita in the Abruzzi.

18th. *Tuesday*. Dr Tootell and Father Turner gave us free cigarettes to-day. The nine *ordinandi* left us for their diaconate retreat which they are making at a very old haunt of ours—the Palazzo Borromeo.

19th. *Wednesday*. Fast day, so the gita was postponed. This evening Father L. Coyne came for a short time and sat in the golf-house.

20th. *Thursday*. Gita day. The day looked so threatening that none of us ventured far. In fact, one party setting out for Algidus lost courage on the Sforza steps and stayed in Earwigs' Nest. Dr Tootell and Father Turner went round to Castelgandolfo for a papal audience. The townspeople have returned to normal now after their first natural show of enthusiasm at the Holy Father's arrival; and everything, including the building operations on the Papal Palace, is, by the Pope's express wish, going on as usual. The streets are busy of course with the steady traffic of distinguished cars; and a watering-cart, elevated to dignity by the papal arms, fulfils the duty (very imperative just at present) of laying the dust on the Albano-Gandolfo road.

22nd. *Saturday*. *Prosit* Fourth Year Theology who were ordained deacons by Archbishop Palica in the church of Santi Apostoli. They seem to have enjoyed thoroughly their few days in the Palazzo Borromeo. Apart from the rooms now occupied by scholastics, the old building lives now only in the ghostly memory of its former glories. The once busy corridors answer your steps with a hollow echo; the rostra are stilled for ever; dust piles high on the old benches. And outside Aula I a faded notice still states that from now onwards there will be repetitions once a week. Fathers McNally and Higgins arrived to-day. Early this morning Second Year (First Year really), led by the Vice-rector, departed for a short gita to Subiaco,

23rd. *Sunday*, so that with Third Year also wandering somewhere in the Abruzzi, the Theologians were able to have a quiet intellectual day to themselves.

24th. *Monday*. In the evening Second Year returned.

25th. *Tuesday*. The Rector's birthday. *Ad multos plurimosque annos!* Dr Park and his gita party returned this morning with wondrous stories of whole days spent in riotous living on a few centesimi, and

of thrilling escapes from buses, the wheels of which rolled off on the brink of precipices : we'll hear the true account some quiet afternoon in Pamphilj next year. A really sumptuous *pranzone* worthily celebrated so festive an occasion ; after which the Senior Student proposed the Rector's health and Fathers McNally and Higgins, who were called up in support, gave us some of their reminiscences. Many thanks to our guests for their present of cigarettes.

26th. *Wednesday*. Feast of St Nilus, patron of the Greek monastery at Grottaferrata. The monks carried the icon and relic of the Saint in solemn procession round the town, though their flowing robes and cylindric kalemaukia contrasted strangely with the town band and the camerata from the Scots College who followed behind.

27th. *Thursday*. Father Sunn came to stay with us.

29th. *Saturday*. In honour of the Rector's birthday, the Opera was performed a second time with great success. In the common-room afterwards the Rector and the Vice both made speeches warmly praising the performance, though when we called for the producer he disappointed us by bashfully retiring.

30th. *Sunday*. Opera photos were taken this morning.

OCTOBER 1st. *Monday*. With a pang we notice the date, and hurriedly dismissing the subject go up to the Sforza for a game of football. This is the month of morning mists, of afternoons that grow cold and close in early, and of evenings with a quiet hour in your room during which you take down with a thrill a few dear old friends from your bookshelf and dust them with a view to renewing their acquaintance. The Rector left with a select party for the South of Italy to-day.

2nd. *Tuesday*. Father Sunn left us to-day.

3rd. *Wednesday*. Gita. Why were the party who set out so confidently for Anzio later to be seen walking slowly round Velletri ?

4th. *Thursday*—and, oh ! unhappy men indeed, why did they all remain in bed to-day ? The Deacons went into Rome for their vicariate exam.

5th. *Friday*. Excitement on account of Father McNally who is certain he has just seen the Loch Ness monster in Lake Albano.

7th. *Sunday*. Coffee and rosolio after dinner came as a pleasant surprise from our guests. *Evvivano !*

8th. *Monday*. Father Hemphill arrived to share the last week of *villeggiatura* with us and kept the terrace lively with mission stories.

10th. *Wednesday*. Gita to-day. These final gitas are always the best, when the fire glows late in Earwigs' Nest and attracts the small groups that come stumbling down over the Sforza. The circle widens, and we form an answering choir to the raucous noises proceeding from meadow and woods. The Rector's party returned this evening. To our great regret, Fathers McNally and Higgins said good-bye to-day.

12th. *Friday*. Father Welsby came, and stayed the night so as to celebrate to-morrow's *festa* with us.

13th. *Saturday*. *St Edward's Day*. We kept the feast in the customary manner with early High Mass and *pranzone*. Our guests were the Cardinal Protector, Archbishop Palica, Monsignori Clapperton and La Puma, Father Welsby and Dr Sabatucci. *Chi Lo Sa?* made its appearance with untraditional punctuality and in the evening we had a film in the cortile, *Miniera della Valle Buia*. Father Hemphill departed after dinner.

14th. *Sunday*. Opened the golf tournament. The President won it, though cynical rumour says his name was the only one entered.

15th. *Monday*. Stronger and more gloomy grow the reminders of the approaching end. Beds are now being brought out from Rome to accommodate the increased numbers, and the larger rooms are being taken from their owners and turned into small dormitories.

16th. *Tuesday*. To-day had been left free for a gita so that the *villeggianti* could have a grand finale amongst themselves. But the morning was so threatening and Albano smoked with such grim intensity that the gita was cancelled and the Rector demanded back the twelve lire pittance he had granted us last night. By 10 A.M. it was a cloudless blue sky, so we did something entirely unprecedented and had a half-day gita from dinner onwards. At supper there was extra wine, and the Rector thanked us and congratulated us on a most happy and successful *villeggiatura*, and expressed the hope that " whatever was coming on the morrow " would turn out well. The Superiors then rose and drank our health amid tremendous applause.

17th. *Wednesday*. At last, towards evening, came the English invasion, and made straight for the common-room in an unstemmable roar of conversation that increased minute by minute, while faces new and old peered through the cloud of English cigarette smoke, and you realised with a thrill that our real strength requires strong walls and a very large room to contain it. Our new men, fourteen in number, are : G. Mitchell (Liverpool), P. Storey (Middlesbrough), K. Connolly (Shrewsbury), A. Hulme (Northampton), J. Curran (Hexham and Newcastle), T. McKenna (Liverpool), W. Goldsmith (Portsmouth), P. Clark (Southwark), J. Harrison (Lancaster), N. Carlile (Northampton), J. Gannon (Shrewsbury), T. Browne (Birmingham), S. Weetman (Clifton), G. Hiscoe (Cardiff).

18th. *Thursday*. We spent the day settling in, for many of us have either different rooms or unfamiliar partners to share them. Faette is becoming the popular substitute for " Peter's and Pam ". This evening we went into retreat under the direction of Father Myerscough S.J., until

25th. *Thursday*. Once more, in a week of perfect weather, the Villa proved its incomparable superiority over Rome for a retreat. We

are busy stripping rooms, packing away gita utensils, golf-clubs and deck-chairs, and piling luggage high round the cortile door; and yet the sight causes us no regrets. The arrival of the Englanders, whether it be in Rome or at Palazzola, necessarily means the beginning of a new term. so that really the Villa died an unconscious death last Tuesday.

26th. *Friday*. We returned to the Via Monserrato. The College looks clean and comfortable, and the cortile is repainted a pleasant khaki with imitation grey stone round the walls.

27th. *Saturday*, passed as first days in Rome always will, in a bustle of shopping, a growing feeling of despair at the pile of confused lumber in our new rooms, the transport of heavy articles, a rapid glimpse of Pamphilj in the afternoon, and that most happy and best appreciated of special privileges—a cigarette after tea. In chapel, sacristans are busy preparing for the Ordination to-morrow.

28th. *Sunday. Feast of Christ the King.* We rose very early so as to be ready for the ordination in the College Chapel at 7.30 A.M. Archbishop Palica performed the ceremony and there were a hundred and fifty *ordinandi.* A very hearty *prosit* to those of our own who were raised to the priesthood:—H. McNeill (Hexham), G. Tickle (Shrewsbury), J. Johnston (Middlesbrough), J. Lyons (Shrewsbury), F. Ellison (Liverpool), W. Purdy (Nottingham), G. Rickaby (Middlesbrough), V. Marsh (Liverpool), A. Boers (Plymouth). Congratulations also to Second Year Theology who received the first two minor orders. In the evening there was Solemn Benediction given by the first of the new priests, followed by the Kissing of Hands and *Te Deum.*

29th. *Monday. Primitiae Missarum.* Fathers Myerscough and Welsby were our guests at dinner, and, of course, the new priests with their relations.

30th. *Tuesday*, was really the first quiet day we have had for a fortnight. Strange how the Villa silently damps itself out of our existence once the winter term has begun! True it is that the occasional sight of Cavo from Corsini Gardens may bring the sharp reminder of the worn old lines:

> Hinc septem dominos videre montes
> Et totam licet aestimare Romam:
> Albanos quoque, Tusculanosque colles.

That last line probably meant as much to the poet, centuries ago, as it means to us now; but for the present, "aestimare Romam" is sufficient for our needs.

31st. *Wednesday*. The new priests, their relatives and First Year went for an audience with the Holy Father. Bishop Shine and Canon Claus arrived to-day.

NOVEMBER 1st. *Thursday*. Notices from the Prefect of Studies leave us in no doubt as to the programme of scholastic jousts which open this week.

3rd. *Saturday*. Accordingly, this morning we had Solemn High Mass of the Holy Ghost in S. Ignazio, and Premiation at the University in the afternoon. A notice regarding the retirement of Father Vermeersch appears elsewhere in this number. We would merely like to mention here that he received the sincerest, most enthusiastic and spontaneous ovation we have ever yet heard in the Gregorian.

5th. *Monday*. Feast of the Holy Relics of Rome and (just to show that we have not forgotten) birthday of last year's Senior Student. *Buona festa !* To-day we began lectures in earnest and resumed Pastor in the refectory.

7th. *Wednesday*. A series of quiet uneventful days is setting in—if a Campo day can ever be so described.

8th. *Thursday*. Requiem in Sant' Ignazio for past students of the Gregorian. To tea, Father McCormack, *Rector Magnificus* of the University, and Father Walsh from America.

10th. *Saturday*. Archbishop Caruana, of Malta, his secretary, and Monsignor Duchemin dined with us to-day. A baby grand piano is being carried upstairs to be cradled in the Vice-rector's room.

11th. *Sunday*. Coffee and rosolio in honour of Premiation Day. Our successes number 96%, a truly creditable performance for which we toasted ourselves enthusiastically. The four new doctors, although unavoidably absent, received a special toast to themselves. There was an unexpectedly sumptuous tea, offered as a thoughtful variation from free cigarettes, and we finished the day with Compline and Benediction.

14th. *Wednesday*. The Congregation of Rites have granted to the Venerabile the privilege of honouring their College Martyrs with a special feast. We know no more details yet except that the day chosen is the feast of Blessed Ralph Sherwin on December 1st. Bishop Shine and Canon Claus left for England. The account of Italy's defeat at Highbury was relayed from Rome.

15th. *Thursday*. One of the priests said Mass for a party in the Catacombs of S. Priscilla. The Public Meeting opened to-day,

16th. *Friday*, and finished on time. In the post-bag a catalogue from Burns and Oates styled us to our chagrin " The New English College ". And talking of oats, we would like to congratulate the rising youth who celebrated his twenty-first birthday.

17th. *Saturday*. To dinner Monsignor Burke, the Spiritual Director of the American College, and Mr Macauley, Irish Minister to the Vatican. A party of us witnessed the closing of the International Juridical Congress in the Vatican this evening.

18th. *Sunday*. A duelling film entitled *Cavalière la Gardère* proved interesting and so lengthy that

19th. *Monday*, we finished it in the darkened corridor after dinner. The Nuns gave us a pleasant reminder at dinner that it was the feast of their patroness St Elizabeth.

20th. *Tuesday*. We heard that Cardinal Gasparri died suddenly last night. His last public appearance had been at the closing of the International Congress last Saturday. R.I.P.

21st. *Wednesday*. A titanic hammering in the corridor, and the rather novel sight of a workman ruthlessly smashing a slightly cracked bath into tiny pieces, tell us that the plumbers are effecting some repairs in the water system. The first meeting of the Social Study Club drew a large attendance.

22nd. *Thursday*. An icy wind that blew straight across from the Terminillo to the football field in Pamphilj kept us on the move this afternoon. To-night began a Novena to the Martyrs in preparation for the coming feast. We received news of the death of Archbishop McIntyre. R.I.P.

23rd. *Friday*. First Year began their Italian classes under the direction of the Vice-rector. When the first foundations have been securely laid, the ordinary Italian professor will come and perfect the work. Why this pernicious, foreign, and uncomfortable habit of standing for so long during recreation ?

24th. *Saturday*. We gave the customary Benediction after schools in S. Ignazio for the Triduum to St John Berchmans.

25th. *Sunday*. St Catherine's. The traditional six speeches from First Year after dinner (there was not a single dissentient voice raised against them during the Public Meeting) and of course the function at S. Caterina in the evening. Our very grateful thanks to Mr McNeill (Sen.) for cigarettes after dinner and supper. The Philosophers' concert was very enjoyable. First Year, after drilling their chorus into our heads with that tantalising and interminable tune *Funicoli Funicola*, presented us with an interlude that was uproarious enough to drive it out again.

1. 1st Year Song
2. Song . . . . . Mr Gannon
3. Interlude

THE PATH TO ROME

Characters :

Mr Jenkins	Mr Carlile
Mrs Jenkins	Mr McKenna
Herbert Jenkins	Mr Hulme
George Horsebery	Mr Curran
Charles Bowley	Mr Clark
Rev S. Foster	Mr Connolly
Rev Ignatius Chi Lo Sa ?	Mr Hiscoe
Maid	Mr Weetman

4. Song . . . . . Mr Curran

5. Sketch

AT-A-BOY, JEEVES

Characters :

Bertie Wooster	Mr Duggan
Jeeves	Mr Pitt
Aunt Agatha	Mr Wells
Mr Blumenfeld	Mr Coonan

Scene I : Wooster's bungalow in the morning.
Scene II : The same, towards midnight.

26th. *Monday.* A holiday for St John Berchmans. In the evening Mr Munro, correspondent to the *Morning Post*, gave an address to the Literary Society.

27th. *Tuesday.* Archbishop Hinsley, happily recovered from his recent illness, arrived early this morning from Switzerland with Father Engelbert and said Mass in the College. He then went to stay at his own new apartment in the *Canonica* in the Vatican State.

28th. *Wednesday.* Hurrah ! On hurrying home from schools this morning we were greeted by an acrid smell and a warm comfortable atmosphere, so we knew that at last the pipes were contending successfully with the *tramontana.*

30th. *Friday. Buona festa* to the Scots College. At dinner a special notice in the hebdomodarius book began with the words :— " Sabbato, de Speciali Indulto Sacrae Congregationis Rituum, In Festo . . . Duodetriginta Sacerdotum, Olim huius Venerabilis Collegii Anglorum de Urbe Alumnorum, Qui, duce glorioso viro Rodulpho Sherwin, Pro Petri Fide et pro Patria, In Anglia necati sunt . . . ". Accordingly,

DECEMBER 1st. *Saturday*, the Rector sang High Mass—taken from the Common of Martyrs this year since a proper Mass is not yet approved. During Mass the Vice-rector preached a short sermon on our former students and we sang the new hymn written in their honour. Their relics were exposed all day, this being the first time we had seen the fine relic of Blessed John Lockwood given us last year. To dinner Archbishop Hinsley, Monsignori Heard and Moss, and Father Engelbert. There was a film after supper and instead of night prayers we venerated the relic of Blessed John Almond. So passed the first Venerabile Martyrs' Feast day, surely a most historic day in the annals of the College.

3rd. *Monday.* Large crowds flocked to the Gesù for the feast of St Francis Xavier. The Gregorian was closed for the day, but not so the more austere institute opposite ; and for the second time this year our one biblical scholar trod a lone path to lectures.

4th. *Tuesday.* The Rector has presented each student with a small printed copy of the rules.

5th. *Wednesday.* Feast of S. Saba and therefore gaps in the University benches where the red cassocks should have been.

6th. *Thursday*. We do strange things at this time of the year in the quest for fresh air : this afternoon a camerata descended into the Valley of Hell, that ugly locality which lies in the shadow of St Peter's and consists of factory chimneys, dilapidated huts and brick fields.

7th. *Friday*. In the refectory we are following Philip Gibbs' *European Journey* with interest.

8th. *Saturday*. *The Immaculate Conception*. To dinner Mr Algernon Bowring, Mr Cubitt and Count Ricardi.

9th. *Sunday*. The Orchestra, a society which in your day was most downtrodden and derided, has now developed into a determined and fearless body of men, fifteen strong, so that every Sunday morning Haydn a d Mozart dominate the cortile with a distraction that is pleasantly irresistibl . This afternoon a few of us went to the Augusteo to hear Horovitz, the Russian pianist, and as a climax to this day of refined pleasure, the Rector read us a paper after supper on the American poet John Banister Tabb.

10th. *Monday*. The Concert and Sketch Committees are busy with their trickeries again. In they come, those shameless and super-efficient diplomatists, ply you first with subtle flattery which you enjoy though you know it is false, suggest your popularity, talents and the chance of fame, then give a hint that the play cannot possibly be performed without you, that, in fact, it was written for you, and kindly depart with a concealed smirk, leaving you an enormous manuscript and a reminder that Christmas is very near.

12th. *Wednesday*. We began the Public Meeting. A slight stir to-day when we heard that the banks would not change our money. Later on, we realised that this was merely owing to the press of business following the new financial laws.

13th. *Thursday*. The Public Meeting is settling down to a long and placid innings. The steady tap of typewriters after tea gave an unusual *copisteria* atmosphere to the common-room : all who can are helping to type copies of the letters which pour in daily asking for the canonisation of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More.

15th. *Saturday*. Fortunately no one had the courage to propose another adjournment of the Public Meeting.

16th. *Sunday*. To celebrate Laetare Sunday we had a high tea, kindly provided by Mother Clare of Shrewsbury in honour of the new Martyrs' Feast. In the evening Charlie Chaplin featured in a film called " Carmen ".

17th. *Monday*. A law came into force to-day forbidding any car or cycle to sound hooter or bell for any reason whatsoever, day or night, within a defined radius of the Piazza Venezia. The law was obeyed absolutely and instantaneously ; and the noisiest city in the world became quiet in a single night. Surely it is all a dream—and yet see there : a taxi swerves from a side-street into the path of a fast moving

bus while a butcher's boy on his cycle passes in front of them both—and there is not a sound! We come home from schools, strolling down the middle of the Via Baullari while taxis purr gently behind us, and we carry on our philosophical argument undisturbed. Trastevere on the other hand is outside the silent zone, and the old clamour still continues; in fact, it seems as though embittered drivers are going over there occasionally to relieve their feelings.

18th. *Tuesday*. But even this relaxation is now denied them. From to-day the quiet zone extends all over the City and for a certain distance outside it.

19th. *Wednesday*. Meanwhile, shops are beginning to wear their Christmas dress. In each *pizzicheria* a formidable array of hams decked in the national colours hang shoulder to shoulder, and commonplace cheeses look delicious in their frills and fripperies. The Campo, of course, is bustling with trade; and the flower stalls are bright with holly and silvered mistletoe.

20th. *Thursday*. In the College, the skeleton of the stage is being assembled and once more the proscenium has emerged from its obscurity. Things are moving! The holly arrives from the Villa to-night, the notice-board already holds its place of honour in the middle of the common-room, and the first greetings from England grin cheerfully on the scene around them.

22nd. *Saturday*. The Forty Hours Exposition began this morning. *Prosit* First Year Theology who received the tonsure this morning in the Lateran. This evening, with a warm exchange of good wishes, we finished schools and came home to do the decorations.

24th. *Monday*. Christmas Eve. The Forty Hours finished this morning. In the common-room holly chains twined on red cords already hang in position; the cold matter-of-fact lights are toned down into snug Chinese lanterns; and on the proscenium over the stage, Father Christmas rides a prancing horse, with a faithful hound trotting at his heels, a clown capering round him, and elves and gnomes dancing round in procession behind—all to a background glittering with a host of silver stars. The programme both for to-day and to-morrow is the traditional one—that strange meal at 5.30 P.M., early night prayers, Matins and Midnight Mass, and the Christmas fire afterwards.

25th. *Tuesday*. *Christmas Day*. It dawned in a mild scirocco, so we passed the morning gently in admiring the common-room decorations and skimming the cream off *Chi Lo Sa* ?, a number which, if we were not sure of our first principles, we might describe as the best ever produced. The Christmas dinner is more sumptuous than it used to be, although St Thomas' of course still holds priority. The concert was enjoyable all through, though it took some time for the Clock Symphony to reduce the audience to normal after item four. The sketch was a return from operetta to the simple musical production, as may be guessed from the first and last characters, and was well up to Christmas Night

standards. After supper the Yak made a last glorious appearance to aid in the distribution of presents, and then had his skin torn from his back for ever.

1. Carols . . (a) *Lullaby* . (b) *Myn Lykyng* Orpheus
2. Solo . . *The Rambler's Song* . . . . Mr Stanley
3. Pianforte Solo . . . . *Cadiz* . . . . . Mr Ellison
4. Songs *from* "*When we were very young*" . . . Dr Park
5. Orchestra . *Clock Symphony* (*Haydn*) . .
6. Song . . . . . Mr Purdy
7. Sketch . . FORTUNE FAVOURS THE BRAVE

Characters:

Rector	Mr Gallagher
Vice-rector	Mr Grady
Senior Student	Mr Wells
Foreman	Mr Harrison
Joe Leahy	Mr Cashman
Rest of camerata	Messrs Wells, Harrison and McKenna
Judge	Mr Purdy
Usher	Mr Storey
Carabiniere	Mr Hiscoe

Scene I: Rector's room after supper.
Scene II: Palazzola.
Scene III: In court.

26th. *Wednesday*. The "quiet evening". Bridge and Chess contended with Pit and Pontoon while a new and libellous production appeared entitled *Io Lo So* which shattered the smug impregnability of the authorised funny editors.

27th. *Thursday*. St John's. This morning we played the Scots College on the Fortitudo ground, losing 2—1, a quiet and enjoyable game with no spectators except the two Colleges. In the evening the Concert gave us a grand rousing song *The Legion of the Lost* (as an encore to the second item), and an ambitious and successful sketch.

1. Octet . . *Pickaninny Snuggle Song* . . .
2. Solo . . *The Merry-go-round* . . . . . Mr Roberts
3. Interlude .

POOR OLD JOE

Mr Ellis	Mr Walsh
Mr Leek	Mr Dawson
Mr Fost	Mr Duggan

4. Violin Solo . *Légende* (*Wieniauski*) . . . . Mr Wilcock
5. Duet . . *A Cautionary Tale—Matilda* . . Vice-rector & Mr. J. Malone

6. Sketch

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN

Characters :

Dr Haggett	Mr McCurdy
Mrs Haggett	Mr Jackson
Susan Haggett	Mr Mitchell
Ada Haggett	Mr Weetman
Gwenny (*Welsh maid*)	Mr Newton
Bruce Macrae	Mr Curran
Tallant	Mr Gannon
Rosen	Mr Walsh
Davenport	Mr Neary

28th. *Friday*. After tea a quiet film *Due Negri al fronte*. At 7.15 we sang Solemn First Vespers of St Thomas.

29th. *Saturday*. *St Thomas' Day*. The guests at dinner were Cardinal Lépicier, Archbishop Hinsley, Abbot Stotzingen, Monsignor Duchemin, Sir Charles Wingfield, Mr Montgomery, Father Croft-Fraser, Fathers Welsby and Engelbert and Mr. Radcliffe. The concert reached the peak of excellence with well selected musical items and an uproarious sketch.

1.	*Violin Concerto No.* 5, *A Major* (*Mozart*)	Orchestra
	Solo Violin	Mr Ekbery
2. Solo	*I travel the road*	The Rector
3. Octet	*The Owl and the Pussy Cat*	
4. Pianoforte Duet	*Slav Dance* (*Dvorak*)	The Vice-rector and Mr Ellison
5. Solo	*Prize Song* (*Wagner*)	Mr Loftus

6. Sketch

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Characters :

Mary Grayson	Mr Carlile
Johnson (*Butler at the Martins'*)	Mr Goldsmith
Comtesse de Beaurien	Mr Ford
Rodney Martin	Mr Hulme
Sir Henry Martin	Mr Tickle
Ambrose Peale	Mr Johnston
Miss Burke	Mr G. Malone
George McChesney	Mr Clark
Ellery Clark	Mr Leahy
George Bronson	Mr G. Malone

Scene I : The library at Sir Henry Martin's house.
Scene II : Rodney Martin's office.
Scene III : Same as Scene I.

30th. *Sunday.* The Vice-rector left for a fortnight's visit to England. This evening we had the fair, a new and most popular attraction being " Ye Olde Fighting Horse " which consisted of a padded and elevated plank. You climbed on to this facing your opponent, warily gripping the plank with your knees. At a given signal the two of you slogged at each other with pillows till one rolled off. From the first spectacular fall its success was assured and we finished the evening with a breathless tourney.

31st. *Monday.* Some of us went to a concert to the Scots College to-night. The rest were entertained by Jack Holt in a film called *Legge di Guerra.* This afternoon there was a reception of English residents in Rome at the Bridgettine Convent in the Piazza Farnese. The Rector preached and Archbishop Hinsley gave Benediction at which we supplied the *assistenza.* The Duchess of Norfolk and Sir Charles Wingfield were among the guests. To-day we were dismayed by a rumour (unconfirmed) of Cardinal Bourne's death.

JANUARY 1st. 1935. *Tuesday.* The Romans greeted the New Year with as much clamour and hooting as they are now permitted. In the evening the sketch was well done, though the players must have found us a painfully unresponsive audience. Mrs Scratton fell ill at the last moment but Mr Fleming gallantly filled the gap, whatever weakness he showed in the part being amply compensated by the strength of his maternal arm. To-day we heard definite news of the Cardinal's death early this morning. R.I.P.

1. *Orpheus* . *Soldiers' Chorus, Il Trovatore*
2. Violin Solo . *Liebesfreud (Kriesler)* . . . . Mr Ekbery
3. Interlude

CRIME IN THE CORRIDOR

Characters :

Gregorian Professor	Mr Mullin
Gregorian Servant	Mr Pitt
Mr O'Rourke (British Dictator)	Mr Harrison
His Secretary	Mr Curran
Venerabilino	Mr Storey

4. Pianforte Solo . *Scherzo (Brahms)* . Mr Molloy
5. Sketch

THIRD TIME LUCKY

Characters :

Mrs Clutterbuck	Mr Jones
Rev Arthur Fear	Mr McNeill
Mrs Scratton (a parishioner)	Mr McKenna
Vincent (her son)	Mr Coonan
Jennifer Elling (the Rector's ward) . . .	Mr Nesbitt
" *Captain* " *Crowther*	Mr Ekbery
Cregg (his servant)	Mr Browne

Stanley Crofts . . . . . Mr McReavy
William Meggitt . . . . . Mr McDonald
Mrs Gordon Startwright . . . . . Mr Elcock

Act I A room at the Rectory, Stoke Fernie, Devonshire.
Act II A room at Crowther's flat, Mayfair.
Act III Same as Act I.

2nd. *Wednesday*. A cold dawn and an ancient pilgrimage.

3rd. *Thursday*. We supplied the *assistenza* at the Pontifical Requiem for Cardinal Bourne in S. Silvestro. Archbishop Hinsley sang the Mass and gave the Absolutions. In the afternoon twenty of us were entertained to tea at the Beda College, after which we were given a masterly performance of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

4th. *Friday*. Solemn Requiem for Cardinal Bourne in the College Chapel. The Rector sang the Mass. Amongst those present were : Sir Charles Wingfield, Archbishop Palica, Father Anacleto O.S.M. (representing the Cardinal Protector), Father Murray, General of the Redemptorists, Monsignor Duchemin, Abbot Noots of the Premonstratentians of Santa Pudentiana, Mr Montgomery, Sir Charles Paston-Cooper, Mr Chick and representatives of many of the English convents in Rome.

5th. *Saturday*. The last strenuous rehearsal of *The Gondoliers* in preparation for to-morrow.

6th. *Sunday*. *Epiphany*. The Christmas Day of the Gentiles was heralded at midnight from the Piazza Navona. Gracious !—What lungs those children have and what trumpets—and what mothers ! This evening on with the buskins again for the last time ; just two bright, colourful, joyous hours of Gilbert and Sullivan and then *God Save the King* will put an end to our frivolity. So let us dance a *cachucha* and dance it wildly while we may : we will walk soberly enough to the Greg to-morrow.

B. GRADY.

PERSONAL

We are looking forward very much to seeing you all out here with us for the Canonizations—all our old friends and a large host of new ones as well. You will not miss the first canonization in Rome of Englishmen if you can help it. Just by the way, when you are packing your valises, remember there is no difficulty in getting MSS. past the customs. *Verbum sat sapienti.*

We were all very sorry indeed to hear of the serious illness of our great friend Bishop Cowgill, and many prayers were offered up for him at the College. Happily, in the past few weeks his condition has been steadily improving, and we hope that very soon he will be completely recovered and able to resume his duties. Nothing could please us more than to be able to welcome His Lordship at the College in May for the Canonizations, and though this hope be a most sanguine one, it will, we earnestly trust, be fulfilled.

On Tuesday, January 10th, in his cathedral church of Our Lady Help of Christians, His Lordship Bishop Moriarty was solemnly enthroned as Bishop of Shrewsbury. With great joy and respect we offer His Lordship our sincere congratulations, and we assure him of our good wishes and prayers for success in the execution of the difficult and responsible duties with which he is now charged. It is indeed gratifying to us that one who is so devoted to the College should fill this exalted position : few can ever have loved the College as much as he ; his love of our common-room is proverbial, and within the last four years he has twice honoured us with contributions to The Venerabile. *Firmetur manus tua et exaltetur dextera tua !*

Our best congratulations to Dr Traynor, parish priest of Our Lady and St Bernard's, Liverpool, who is celebrating the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood in May.

Prosit two new parish priests, Rev J. Scarr (1914–1921) and Rev J. Goodear (1919–1926), the latter an early editor of the Magazine.

Dr Scarr goes to St Edward's, Whitley Bay, and Dr Goodear to Our Lady's, Birkenhead. We wish them both every success in their new charge, and we warn them that once having succumbed to editorial wiles, they will be no more immune from being dragooned into our columns as parish priests than they were in the past as obliging young curates.

Rev J. Halsall (1924–1931), who was out for our ordinations in October, has been appointed chaplain to Park House Nursing Home, Waterloo, and Rev B. McCreton (1919–1921), an Army Venerabilino, has been transferred from Deepcut Camp, England, to Moascar, Egypt.

We were very glad to welcome Bishop Shine who stayed with us for a fortnight before Christmas. His Lordship introduced us to a new friend, Canon Claus (1907–1908), who paid us the compliment of making himself very much at home in the common-room.

At the moment we have staying with us two very old friends, Bishop Amigo and Mgr Sprankling. Their visit is almost an annual event now, and, provided we do not call His Lordship a guest, it is a very pleasant little event too. We shall look forward to having them with us again before long for the Canonizations.

COLLEGE NOTES

THE VENERABILE

To our regret Mr Grady has retired from the editorship. He gave himself most unsparingly to the Magazine, and we gladly take this opportunity of thanking him very cordially on behalf of our readers for his four years of devoted and successful service.

In view of their centenary and canonization this year, we are publishing in this number an article on a Venerabile play on Blessed Thomas More, and we are hoping to publish in the October number a similar article on Blessed John Fisher.

The index for Vol. VI of THE VENERABILE is enclosed in loose sheets with this number. It has been published loose in order to enable readers who so wish to bind it in at the end of that volume.

The Staff is now composed as follows :—

Editor : Mr Mullin — Secretary : Mr Nesbitt
Sub-editor : Mr Swinburne — Under-secretary : Mr Foley
Fifth Member : Mr Pitt

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the following exchanges : *The Cottonian*, *The Downside Review*, *The Pantonian*, *Pax*, *The Ratcliffian*, *The Oscotian*, *The Stonyhurst 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 have received the following letter with reference to the appreciation of Bishop Keatinge in the last number.

" In the very interesting appreciation of the late Bishop Keatinge contributed by Monsignor Mullins, I was very glad to see that the writer paid tribute to the Bishop's dignity and devotion when celebrating Mass, and his careful attention to the rubrics. Without wishing or daring to detract one iota from the Bishop's devotion, I should like to point out that dignity at the Altar and careful attention to the rubrics were characteristic of the Venerabilini of those days. Monsignor Giles was most careful in his coaching of the *ordinandi*, and their training in the rubrics was brought to a fine finish at the Mission House, where the last retreat was generally held. I have heard more than one tribute from the laity to the edification given by Venerabilini of Monsignor Giles' day when saying Mass. I hope the good tradition is still kept.

Cum Episcopo Coaevus."

UNIVERSITY NOTES

The most outstanding event of the University year is surely the retirement of Father Vermeersch from the chair of moral theology. Every Venerabile man who studied under him will regret most deeply this great loss to the University. Undoubtedly one of the Gregorian's most famous professors, he had gained for himself not merely the reputation of an extraordinarily brilliant lecturer but—a far higher tribute—he had won the affection and deep veneration of every man who had the privilege of coming into contact with him.

On March 20th, 1934, to celebrate the nineteenth centenary of the Redemption, a public disputation " De Christo Redemptore " was held in the Aula Maxima of the University. Father Filograssi presided, in the presence of Cardinals Marchetti and Bisletti, and of our College Mr Wroe argued. Father Garrigou-Lagrange O.P. from the Angelico and Father Stolz O.S.B. from Sant' Anselmo were invited as guests of honour and took part in the disputation.

Mainly on account of the number of students who finished their ordinary course and returned to the University to obtain the new degrees, the number of students was increased by 162, and thus reached the grand total of 1,948. They are divided over the different faculties as follows : Theology 1407 ; Philosophy 377 ; Canon Law 131 ; Church History 24 ; Missionology 9. With regard to these last figures, the editor of *Sint Unum* remarks : " E bene avertire che i corsi delle due facoltà hanno molto più uditori, perchè essi sono seguiti da numerosi allievi delle facoltà di Teologia e Filosofia ". The story goes, though, that the professors go to each other's lectures to make up the numbers. In the fifth year of Theology and the fourth of Philosophy there were 120 and 13 students respectively. The procedure in these years is practically the

same as in the old *cursus magisterii*. Everyone has to take four lectures a week and one " practical exercise ". At the end of the year he takes an examination in the courses he has attended, and gives a public lecture on a subject which he can choose out of the themes given him a few days before the date appointed for his lecture. The last thing the *doctorandus* has to do is to defend his thesis in public. The degree will, however, not be bestowed upon him before he has published the whole or a substantial part of his thesis. Many of the *doctorandi* were disappointed when at the end of the year the professors did not think their dissertations sufficiently elaborated for public defence.

A feature of the University which deserves mention is the new *stamperia*. If, during the break between lectures, you are taking the air in the outside cortile at the back of *aula prima*, you hear the gentle whirring of machines in the red-brick building on the other side of the cortile. It is the University printing office. Although its activity is not very varied, it has produced a respectable series of text-books, most of which are, however, only *ad usum auditorum*.

As noted in the Personal Column of THE VENERABILE for April last, Father Willaert, the Rector of the University, was obliged to return to Belgium on account of ill-health. The ordinary student has hardly ever any business with the Rector, but Fr Willaert never failed to impress all who met him by his kindness. Fr McCormack, a priest of the American province and a former student in the *cursus magisterii*, took his place as *Rector Magnificus*.

The scholastic year was closed on June 30th by a simple celebration in honour of the *praefectus studiorum*, Fr Palermo-Lazzarini, who celebrated the golden jubilee of his entry into the Society. Cardinal Bisleti and Mgr Ruffini represented the Congregation of Studies, and Fr McCormack read a telegram from the Pope.

The following books have been published at the University this year :
Arnou : *De Deo Trino, Pars I : In Fontibus Revelationis.*
Keeler : *The Problem of Error from Plato to Kant.*

A.E.B.

SPORTS

CRICKET

A greybeard of the old school in a recent article in *The Times* accused us young cricketers in condemning headlines of living in a " pampered age ". Past committees who by the sweat of their brows were compelled to carry water up from the garden to feed their sunbaked pitch, would, no doubt, endorse this opinion if they could have seen us in the cool of the evenings, armed with a new hosepipe, hovering in motherly fashion over our beloved wicket and nourishing it with the new Rocca water. They will certainly do so when they hear that we used a cricket net and matting for practice in Pamphilj—a breakaway from those barbarous and energetic days of old.

A mild panic took place in the early spring when a brief examination of the contents of the cricket box told us that things were looking bad. We feverishly recommenced the time-honoured game of binding, pegging, splicing, etc., but in vain. A few preliminary skirmishes in Pamphilj sufficed to sound the death-knell of many an old warrior. We uttered a panic-stricken cry for help, the strains of which fortunately reached the ears of some good friends of ours in England. With their generous assistance we were able to restock our bag in nearly every department. We have already thanked our benefactors, so will spare them the embarrassment of seeing their names committed to the public gaze.

Despite the counter-attractions of tennis, the practices in Pamphilj were extremely well attended, and even the terrifying approach of examinations failed to stem our enthusiasm. At the Villa, the lengthy examinations prevented us from making an early start, though we managed to play as many games as usual. We again fell back on the old *pozzuolana* preparation, and with the help of the water and the new lawn-mower were able to produce a really good wicket. As a result the standard was very much higher than in previous years. Individual achievements there were, of course, in plenty—you will find that in every class of cricket—but the most pleasant feature of the season was the general consistency shown in the batting. It was a pleasure to see the later batsmen regularly scoring runs and playing good cricket. In consequence the games were very much better and all keenly contested. The bowling, though good at times, was rather disappointing, though a tendency for the ball to bounce over the wicket after the batsman had been beaten, and of course those missed catches, deprived the fast bowlers of many wickets. Two batsmen had an average of twenty-six compared with the top average of fifteen for last season.

The Philosophers *v.* Theologians match again provided the best game. In Pamphilj the Philosophers had suffered a heavy defeat by eight wickets. At the Villa, with a much weaker side, their chances seemed very slender. The Philosophers, batting first, resisted the onslaught of merchants all morning with consistent though slow batting, and for a quarter of an hour after tea the tail gave a defiant wag to bring the total up to 111. They looked pleased with their effect, though the knowing ones in the " pavilion " pointed out that it was a light task for a side which batted down to no. 10. So it might have been had not L. Ashworth brought off three magnificent catches behind the wicket to create that tense atmosphere when every ball is loudly cheered. An exciting stand by E. Doyle and J. Dawson at the end held the result in the balance for some time ; however Messrs Wells and Cassidy, the two bowlers, stuck to the task admirably, and with J. Dawson out, the game was soon over, Philosophers winning by 21 runs.

A peep into our archives shows the following statistics. In Pamphilj the Theologians have won all their matches played. At the Villa the Theologians have won twice, the Philosophers three times. The game in 1930 was drawn.

Mr Cunningham was able to play in one game before departing to Preston. Another veteran, Mr Purdy (a name almost synonymous with Palazzola cricket) has made his final bow. He did it very well by wagging a waggish willow one afternoon to the merry tune of 69 not out.

Our only regret was the shortness of the season. It was a sad day early in September when we had to hand over our beloved pitch to an impatient football captain to be trampled to pieces by his heavy-footed warriors.

S. G. LESCHER, *Captain*

TENNIS

When at last in July we fled from the very close atmosphere of Rome and its Pontifical University and arrived on the Sforza at Palazzola, what breath there was left in our poor lean bodies was at once taken away when we glanced at the tennis-court. Of course we expected to find a blooming garden, but we had not reckoned on that rosy creeper which had swarmed down one side of De Cupis' wall to give a colourful background to the garden of narcissi, ferns and grass. Unfortunately, the creeper had borne down in its stride the wire on the wall. That was not all—one of the steel uprights supporting the wire-netting on the golf-house side of the tennis-court had given way, and the gate of the court was in a similarly distressful state.

Play was begun, however, within a fortnight, and it was interrupted during the season only when the court needed to be hosed, or when the racquets needed mending. There were thirty-four members in the club at Palazzola but the result of their prowess in the tournament is not yet decided, because the unforeseen indisposition of one or two players prevented our holding the final match before we came into Rome. Mr Purdy and Mr Wells are one of the finalist pairs and we hope they will have met their opponents before these notes appear in print.

Before Easter of last year we were fortunate enough to get permission to use the two tennis-courts at one of the grounds which belong to the Knights of Columbus in Rome. This particular ground is situated behind St Peter's in the direction of the Madonna del Riposo in the quarter known as the Selsomino. It is one of three sports grounds built by the Knights of Columbus (chiefly with American money) at the suggestion of the Holy Father in 1926. The grounds are for the use of Institutes in Rome which are under the supervision of Religious, and though one might presume from this concession that the grounds would be always crowded, actually at the ground which we frequent very few besides ourselves ever want to use the tennis-courts. There is a *custode* to look after the court and there are no fees. We take off our hats to the Knights of Columbus. During the warmer months of last year we made good use of the courts, and, no doubt, as soon as the January–February *tramontane* have blown over, we shall resume a pleasant acquaintance.

To Mr Hodskinson, Mr Pritchard and Mr McDonald, we are very grateful for gifts which helped to solve some of the difficulties of our Treasurer (Mr Iggleden), and we thank Mr Lescher for kindly giving us the use of his popular racquet.

D. J. LEAHY, *Secretary*

ASSOCIATION

It must be admitted that the ' Soccer ' season has, so far, not been an unqualified success. There was an ominous lack of support during the Villa and early in the Roman season. Later, the lists were very well subscribed ; but again, after Christmas there was a total lack of response for several weeks, a surely unprecedented state of affairs. Rugger lists suffered the same fate.

The Scots match was played this year on December 27th on the Fortitudo ground. According to the regulation laid down by the Rectors of both Colleges no spectators were admitted to the match this year.

Strangely enough, both the weather and the pitch were perfect. The Venerabile won the toss and played against what little wind there was. The Scots attacked immediately, and after fifteen minutes their persistence was rewarded, Carter charging down a clearing kick by Wells and walking the ball into the goal. The Venerabile replied with several forceful attacks during which the forwards made ground at great speed and kept play very open. Finally a magnificent passing movement by Gallagher and Jones ended in a brilliant goal for the latter. From then until half-time, play was fast and even.

On the resumption of play our hopes soon faded. The defence proved itself unable to stand the strain, and, though it put in a tremendous amount of spoiling work, it was unable to make a combined movement to take play away from our half. The Scots halves moved into an attacking position and our forwards got no further chance. Any attempts at a breakaway were dealt with by a steady Scots defence. Brilliant goalkeeping delayed the inevitable goal for some time. It came finally from a *mêlée* in the goal mouth. There was no further score.

The result was not altogether unexpected. Injuries during the first term deprived us of three of our regular defence and the strain was more than our resources could stand. The truly brilliant goalkeeping of L. Wells and the speed and incisiveness of our forwards were, however, encouraging features of the game.

The Venerabile was represented by Messrs Wells ; Ekbery, Purdy ; Smith, Dawson, Henshaw ; Loftus, Jones, Gallagher, Gannon, Grasar.

English College 1. Scots College 2.

Our thanks are due to the Rev W. Peate of the Beda College for his able refereeing of the game.

The game between Philosophers and Theologians was played this year before Christmas. Despite a marked inferiority on paper, the Philosophers took the lead early in the second half by two goals to one.

From then on persistent marking and robust tackling combined with a systematic packing of the goal area upset every attempt of the Theologians to storm the goal. At five minutes from time it looked as if history would be made, but two quick goals gave the Theologians a last-minute and hard won victory.

We thank very sincerely the Venerabilini who, at the Roman dinner in Liverpool last year, subscribed for a new ball.

J. G. DAWSON, *Captain*

RUGBY

" Well, I suppose Rugby is an acquired taste," was the tactful reply made to my enquiries by one who had just been baptised into the game. There is much truth in that remark, a fact well appreciated by those enthusiastic pioneers who for the past few years have been patiently sowing the seeds in anticipation of the day to come. The fact that the constitutions of the game demand that thirty participate is a handicap which is bound to call for considerable self-sacrifice from a small community which includes a number of " non-combattenti ", the men who already consider themselves justified in talking about " their day ". However, the popularity of Rugby this year and the general enthusiasm shown by all is a fair indication that that taste is bei g acquired. It is a pleasure to see that so many who at first courageously offered their bodies just to make up the number now join in with unrestrained zest, and, we might add, with no little skill. As one acquires experience one's enjoyment and appreciation of the game increase in proportion, and it is to the club's credit that it can now boast of a strong nucleus of players who have learnt all their Rugby in Italy, showing a sound working knowledge of the science and finer points of the game.

As a result of the general support given this year, we have enjoyed some excellent games in Pamphilj. We have a large and enthusiastic band of freshmen who are improving with every game, and will be a great asset to the club in future years. But we have something more substantial to offer you as a proof of our labours. On February 7th, we tested our strength against our old friends of the Roma club, and after an excellent game were able to claim our first victory over them by a penalty goal and a try to a try. The Romans out-weighed us in every department, and, as usual, possessed a clever and strong-running set of backs. However, in scientific and constructive forward play, we were vastly superior ; and with the assistance of a wet day our tactics were to play to this advantage. The quick wheeling and the hard, close dribbling of the forwards were well supported by the backs who clung to their more elusive opponents in admirable style, tackling furiously and kicking well to touch. There is no doubt that had it been a dry day it might have been a different story. But our victory was deserved from the fact that we saw where our superiority lay and the whole team combined to play scientifically to that advantage.

The Venerabile was represented by the following :—Messrs Dawson ; McNamara, Roberts, Gannon, McCurdy ; Henshaw, Newton ; Sweeney, Tickle, Swinburne, Walsh, Lescher, McKeever, Purdy and McReavy.

We will conclude by transmitting our best wishes to Mr Pritchard who has left us. His name will go down to history as the co-pioneer of the V.R.U.F.C. For many years he has hovered over us like a benignant fairy godmother, ever ready to offer us the value of his weight and experience. We thank him very sincerely.

S. G. Lescher, *Captain*

OUR BOOK SHELF

Children of the Lantern, by Lamplighter, illustrations by Robin, preface by Archbishop Goodier S.J. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne). pp. iii, 137. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE MIND of one young and tender, yet addicted to newspapers, about to review his first book, is like Piccadilly Circus at night—leaping and flashing with catchphrases, scored into his brain by numberless publisher's " puffs ". These always have, for example, an aching desire to put the book into the hands of every individual of some species—butcher, or baker, or Young Man at the Crossroads. And to our consternation we find that we cannot avoid this shibboleth. This book *ought* indisputably to be in the hands of everyone who has any responsible contact with children.

A catalogue would baldly describe it as " Lantern Lectures on Religion to Children ". Instead of which it is a small jewel of happy, unaffected and appropriate writing which tells how " Lamplighter " drew a few Roman children closer to Him who loves them. It is a Roman book, tells of things and people Roman, and is full of the sunny simplicity, clarity and freshness of a Roman spring morning ; and in this atmosphere, with never a breath of dullness or obscurity, never a superfluous or jarring word, the Truth is woven into these fortunate little souls. And this beauty is enhanced by a series of child-drawings the best of which E. H. Shepherd himself might not scruple to own.

Have you never puzzled despairingly how children may receive the living essence of the Faith, and their tiny heads be relieved of words—atonement, satisfaction, natural inclinations and the rest ? Read this book and you will see how it is done, and you will pray for more books like it. It is so simple and yet so rare. " Lamplighter " shows her pictures. The children gaze, and chatter about them. She gently questions—merely guides their chatter, until they are almost teaching themselves wisdom, and in their guileless phrases great truths become simple and piercingly clear ; " talking to God ", " looking at Him ",

" having some of His life ", " saying no to oneself " ; these things so unfolded cease to be lessons and are lived ; and if you think young minds cannot be truly absorbed by the Faith—well, again—read this book.

You have read the great stories in which at the end you almost sadly felt yourself shaking hands with the characters ? You will feel a little of that as you part from the Lantern Children. You will wish you could always know that little chap who rushed home from his first morning at school and shouted " Nearly a thousand boys at that school and not a woman in the place ". Or the tiny French lady who called the thunder God's motor-car. You will say with the " Lamplighter " : " God keep them good and make their light shine always " ; and sadly you will think of the countless youngsters who have no " Lamplighter ", and you will hope that this book may spread abroad and give to many more teachers a little of her magic ; and perhaps you will even *do* something to help the spreading !

W.A.P.

N.B.—This book comes from a convent which subscribes to the Magazine—the Holy Childhood Convent of Via Boncompagni. We are always very glad to review books written by our subscribers.—Ed.

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Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY LEE.

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